PUNCH

1

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Punch Summer Number-1927.

THE VILLAGE STANCE.



THE SQUIRE'S SON STANDS IN THE ORTHODOX WAY.



THE BUTCHER MAKES THE MOST OF HIS HEIGHT.



HIS SON MAKES THE LEAST OF HIS.



THE GARDENER HAS A BEARD, SO STANDS LIKE W. G.



THE CURATE LIKES THEM ON THE OFF.



THE BLACKSMITH LIKES THEM ON THE LEG.



NOT SO THE GROCER.



Young JARGE SEARDS ANYHOW.



GAFFER CIDES CAN HARDEN



THE BOY STANDS AS



AND THE CHEMIST STANDS LIKE NOTHING ON EARTH.

PEOPLE AND PLACES.



O LOVELY LAKES OF ITALY—LET'S HURRY OFF TO COOK'S AND BOOK A SOUTH APARTMENT IN A LARGE HOTEL DE LUXE, AND WATCH THE SUMMER VISITORS WHO PASS THE TIME AWAY IN SENDING PICTURE-POSTCARDS TO THE U.S.A.

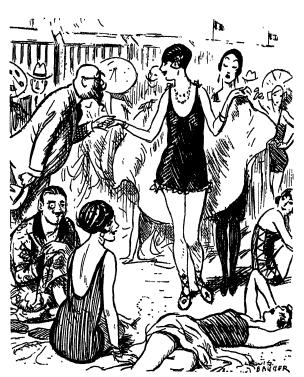


OH, COME WITH ME TO MARGATE WHERE THE NORTHERN BREEZES BLOW
AND I WILL BE YOUR STREPHON AND YOU SHALL BE MY CHLOE,
AND I WILL DON A HANDKERCHIEF AND YOU SHALL WEAR YOUR SCARF,
FOR LIFE IS GAY AT MARGATE. CHEERIO!—NOT 'ARF!



THE GOLFERS AT NORTH BERWICK, OF WHOM WE NOW WILL SING, THOUGH MOSTLY PEERS AND "PARASITES" AND ALL THAT SORT . OF THING,

OF THING,
ARE NOT WITHOUT THEIR USES—I NEED ONLY MENTION THAT
THEY HELP TO FILL THE PAGES OF THE SKETCHLER AND THE TAT,



AT DEAUVILLE IN THE SEASON TO STAY YOU SHOULDN'T DARK UNLESS YOU ARE A MOVIE STAR OR MULTI-MILLIONAIRE; BUT IF YOU CAN'T RESIST IT AND HAVE FIFTY POUNDS TO SPEND THAT MIGHT JUST DO TO SEE YOU THROUGH A SHORT WEEK-END.

PEOPLE AND PLACES.



THE PEOPLE DOWN AT BRIGHTON ARE MOST AWFULLY SELECT, A LITTLE BIT STAND-OFFISH, BUT THEIR STYLE IS SO CORRECT, SO GO AND SEE THE LADIES IN THEIR BARGAINS FROM THE SALES AND THE LATEST SUMMER SUITINGS ON THE DECORATIVE MALES.



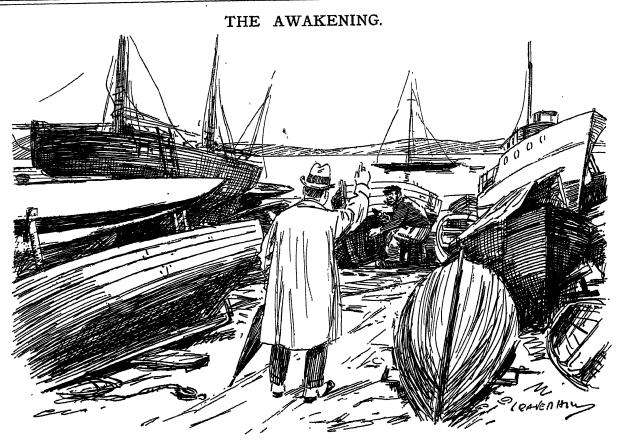
THE LADS WHO LIVE IN TYROL—THEY'RE A PRETTY HEFTY LOT—ENHANCE THE PICTURESQUENESS OF THAT RATHER HILLY SPOT; BUT THE CHARM I FIND IN TYROL, I AM READY TO CONFESS, IS THE TYROLEAN LADIES IN THEIR PRETTY FANCY DRESS.



AT THE GRAND HOTEL SPLENDIDO, BY THE WATERS OF THE LIDO, THE LADIES ARE—WELL—YOU KNOW—P'RAPS—NOT QUITE—FOR THEY GENTRALLY STAY IN THEIR PYLAMAS ALL THE DAY, AND NEVER THINK OF DRESSING TILL IT'S NIGHT.



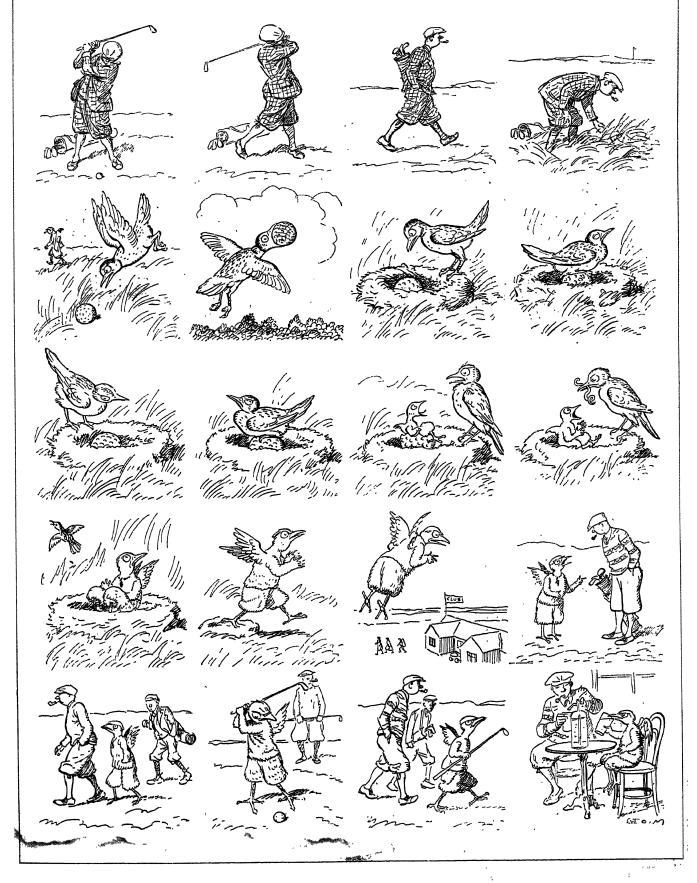
IF YOUR NERVES ARE RATHER ROTTEN AND YOU'RE IN THAT
STATE OF MIND
THAT MAKES YOU SHUN THE COMPANY OF MAN-(AND WOMAN-)KIND,
AND LONG FOR THE SOCIETY OF CHICKENS, PIGS AND DUCKS,
TREN TRAVEL (BY THE METRO) TO THE HEART OF LEAFY BUCKS.



"Is there anyone here who has a boat to sell?"



THE HATCH OF THE SEASON.



PERILS OF THE SANDS.



1870.



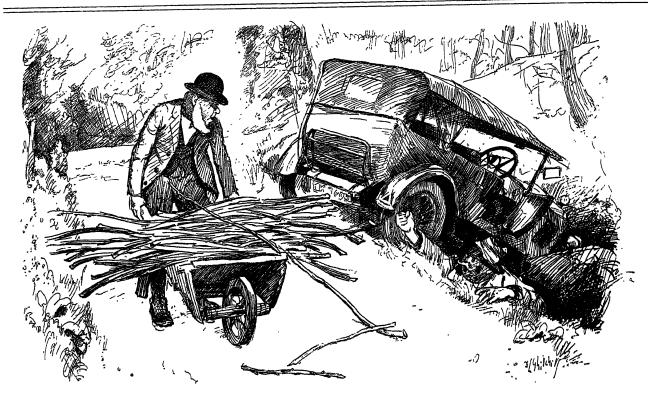
Punch Summer Number-1927.

PERILS OF THE SANDS.



1920.





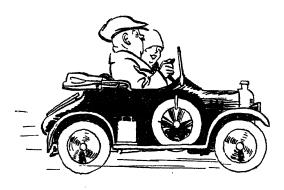
The Cause of it All. "All right—all right. Of 've apologised, 'aven't Of? Don't 'me nag so!"



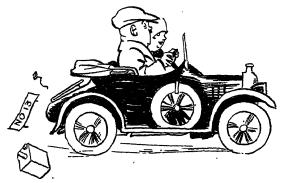
Stropper (new to the hiring business). "I wonder you don't make 'em pay a deposit when you don't know 'em. 'Ow can you tell but what he mightn't go off somewhere with the 'oss and sell 'im?"

Owner. "Not with that old 'orse 'e won't. Steve Donoghue 'imself couldn't get 'im further than the 'end of the parade."

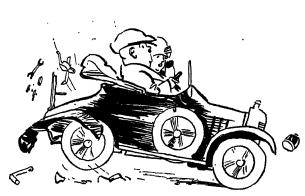
THE SECOND-HAND CAR.



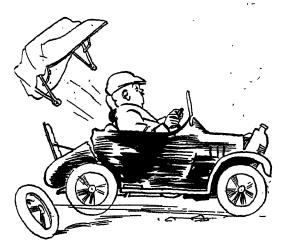
"I'M GLAD WE PAID CASH DOWN FOR THIS CAR-



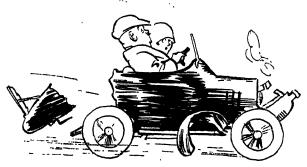
AND DIDN'T GO IN FOR THE INSTALMENT SYSTEM-



BECAUSE IT'S SO NICE TO FEEL-



THE FIRST TIME YOU GO OUT IN IT-



THAT-



it 's---



YOUR VERY OWN."



Fair Umpire (something of a partisan, announcing score at tournament). "Game to Mr. Jones, who now leads by four games to one in the second set, having won the first and being likely to win the second."



Nervous Youth. "I-I'm sorry my shocking flay lost us the set, partner."

Colonel O'Curry (in a vile temper). "Aren't you going to apologise for wearing that foul hat too?"



THE FAMILY TREAT. MR. BRITTLE TAKES THE SEA.



ASSURANCE.

Jungasse



"GOOD MORNING. I WANT TO TAKE OUT AN INSURANCE POLICY.



I WANT TO INSURE AGAINST EVERY RISK THAT CAN BE INCLUDED IN THE POLICY—



AND, OF COURSE, AGAINST THE RISK OF ANYTHING HAPPENING THAT ISN'T MENTIONED IN THE POLICY—



AS ALSO AGAINST THE RISK OF FOR-GEITING TO RENEW THE POLICY—



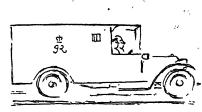
AND, NATURALLY, AGAINST THE RISK OF NOT GETTING ALL THAT I CLAIM UNDER THE POLICY—



AS WELL AS AGAINST THE RISK OF LITIGATION WITH THE COMPANY OVER THE POLICY.



I WANT TO INSURE AGAINST THE RISK OF THE COMPANY GOING BUST AND NOT BEING ABLE TO CARRY OUT THE FOLICY—



AND, ON THE OTHER HAND, AGAINST THE RISK OF GOING BUST MYSELF AND NOT BEING ABLE TO PAY THE PREMIUMS REQUIRED BY THE POLICY—



AND, FINALLY, AGAINST THE RISK OF NOT BEING ABLE TO GET THE POLICY AT ALL."



SECOND THOUGHTS.



THE TOWN COUNCIL OF BLINKINGTON-ON-SEA CON-SIDER THE PROJECT OF HOLDING A PAGEANT AS A MEANS OF PUBLICITY—



AND CALL TOGETHER A NUMBER OF WELL-KNOWN ANTIQUARIANS-



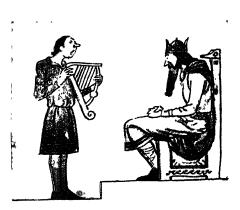
WHO SET TO WORK AND DISCOVER THAT-



JULIUS CÆSAR REGRETTED VERY MUCH HIS INABILITY TO PAY BLINKINGTON A VISIT BEFORE RETURNING TO ROME;



HENGIST AND HORSA ONCE SAW IT FROM A DISTANCE;



KING ALFRED ONCE HEARD A SONG ABOUT IF:



ETHELRED THE UNREADY ONCE GOT THERE THINKING IT WAS BRIGHTON;



CANUTE MADE INQUIRIES ABOUT IT AS A POSSIBLE BATHING-RESORT;



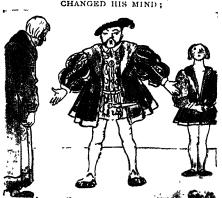
WILLIAM OF NORMANDY THOUGHT OF BUILDING A CASTLE THERE, BUT CHANGED HIS MIND;



HENRY V. RAISED A COMPANY OF RECRUITS WHEN HE PASSED THROUGH IT ON HIS WAY TO FRANCE;



RICHARD III. ONCE ALMOST BOUGHT A HORSE AT BLINKINGTON MARKET;



HENRY VIII. WAS DISAPPOINTED TO HEAR THAT THERE WAS NO MONASTERY THERE

SECOND THOUGHTS.



ONE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S MAIDS OF HONOUR WAS A NATIVE OF BLINKINGTON;



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE ONCE THOUGHT OF IT AS A POSSIBLE SCENE FOR A COMEDY;



JAMES I. WENT HAWKING IN THE NEIGH-BOURHOOD;



OLIVER CROMWELL WAS ADVISED TO GO THERE FOR HIS HEALTH;



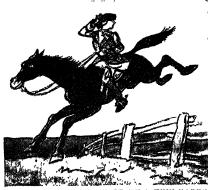
CHARLES II. ONCE SAID SOMETHING WITTY ABOUT IT:



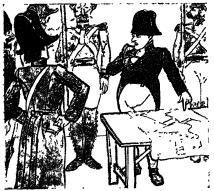
DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON REFUSED TO DISCUSS IT:



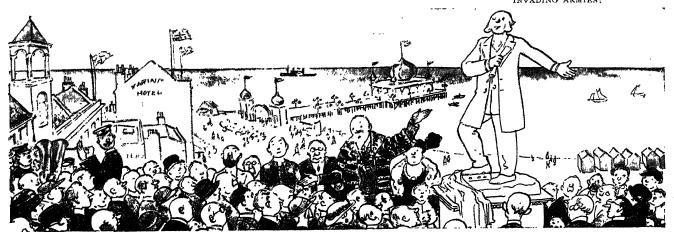
GEORGE III. NEVER HEARD OF IT;



DICK TURPIN MISSED IT BY A FEW YARDS ON ONE OF HIS FAMOUS RIDES;



NAPOLEON CONSIDERED ITS POSSIBILITIES AS A LANDING-PLACE FOR ONE OF HIS INVADING ARMIES;



SO THE TOWN COUNCIL COME RELUCTANTLY TO THE CONCLUSION THAT BLINKINGTON IS TOO RICH IN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS FOR ADEQUATE REPRESENTATION, AND UNANIMOUSLY ADDIT THE ALTERNATIVE SCHEME: A STATUE OF THE FOUNDER OF THE BLINKINGTON ON SEA EUREKA BUILDING ESTATE CORPORATION.

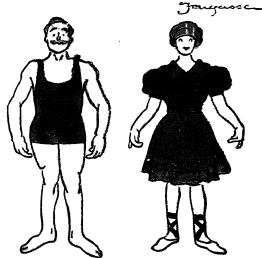


BATHING-COSTUMES.

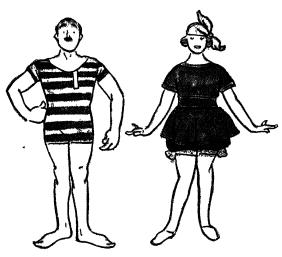
IT IS NO DOUBT VERY SATISFACTORY THAT, AS FEMININE BATHING GARMENTS HAVE BECOME SIMPLER, MASCULINE GARMENTS HAVE MADE PROGRESSIVE EFFORTS TO ADJUST THE BALANCE—



ALL THE SAME-

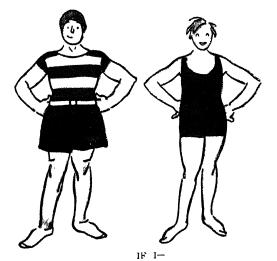


AS FAR AS-



I'M CONCERNED-







EVER APPEAR LIKE THIS!

MR. PUNCH'S POLITICAL GOLF TOURNAMENT.



MR. PUNCH'S POLITICAL GOLF TOURNAMENT.



MY FAVOURITE GROUND.



I HAVE PLAYED IN TOWN-

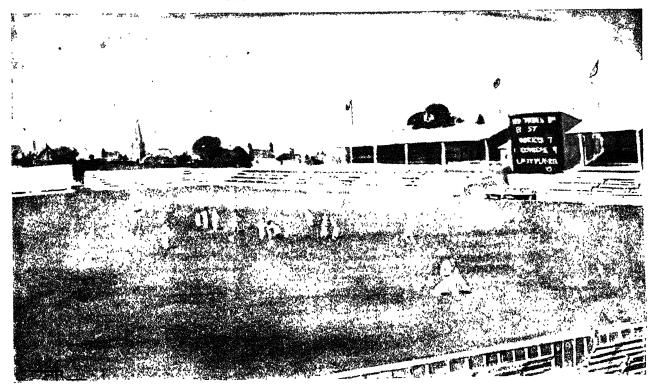


IN THE COUNTRY-



BY THE SEA-

MY FAVOURITE GROUND.



-ONCE, IN SEPTEMBER, ON A COUNTY GROUND-



AND ALSO ABROAD-



BUT THE ONLY GROUND I REALLY SCORE ON IS THE CARPET AT HOME.

IS THERE A DECENT HOTEL?

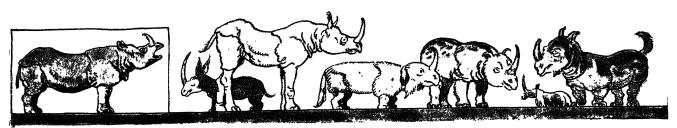


"EXCUSE ME, BUT CAN YOU TELL ME IF THERE'S A DECENT HOTEL ANYWHERE IN SALTBEACH!"

OUR NATURAL HISTORY PAGE,



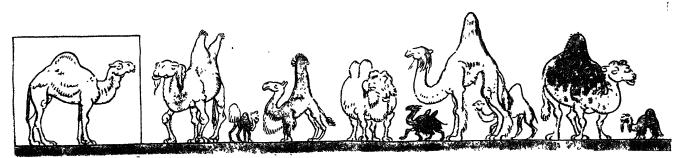
BY MEANS OF SELECTIVE BREEDING MANY VARIETIES OF THE DOG HAVE BEEN EVOLVED:



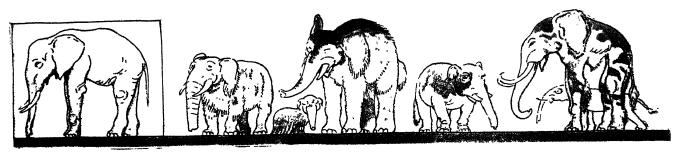
WE MERELY SUGGEST-



WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED-



IF SOME OF THE OTHER ANIMALS-



HAD BEEN TREATED IN A SIMILAR WAY.



THE GIRL IN THE JUNGLE.

Telling of John Plane, what manner of man he was, how he wooed in vain, how he sought the wild places, what he did there, and how he found happi- Planes. ness at last.

CHAPTER I.

John Plane lived at Plane House, Plane. He dwelt in a large white dwelling, which did not so much seem to have been built on the hillside as to have been built first and had the landscape draped round it afterwards-a very pleasing variation indeed.

The Planes, some said, had been settled at Plane since before the First William, and some said even more ity and grace, and (a promise to formerly than that. Nor was it pos- his old governess) he kept regularly a

consult his ordnance map, and, after a short quarrel as to which was the right side of the road and which was the left, House, the immemorial home of the

Orphaned at thirty-seven, John Plane, when our story starts, was a man of simple mind. He loved his cattle, his poultry and his pigs. When he hunted the Plane hounds, people would say, "There goes John Plane!" or, if he happened to be coming towards them, "Here comes John Plane!" or if, as sometimes happened, there was a check, "There stands John Plane!"

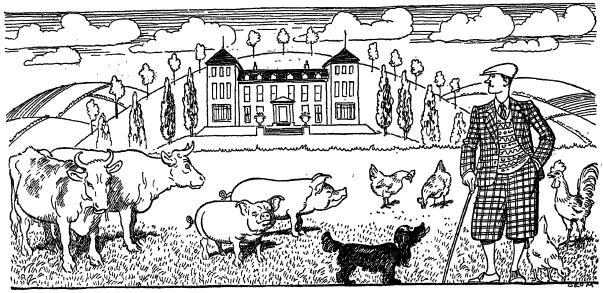
In summer he followed the otter and the tennis-ball with equal rapid-

Plane. He had little love for modern ways. He hated Black River dancing, disliked cocktails and seldom listenedwould find that he was gazing at Plane in to the B.B.C., except when it gave such items as The Lighter Side of Crop Rotation, or Humorous Talks about the Humble-Bee.

On one of his rare visits to London John Plane fell in love. He fell in love with the eighth most beautiful girl in the world, and she might easily have been the seventh or even the sixth if the photograph submitted to the readers of Beauty Illustrated, the most influential weekly periodical in the world, had not been smeared in the mouth by a small drop of gum before it was reproduced.

CHAPTER II.

Vivien Carmichael at eighteen was



"JOHN PLANE LIVED AT PLANE HOUSE, PLANE."

ber a moment, except when the whole ings as family was away at the same time, when there had not been a Plane at Plane.

The Plane cattle were famous throughout the shire, the Plane bees were the busiest in England, the Plane pigs took less exercise than any pigs in the world. Connoisseurs of ham would sometimes close their eyes and smack their lips in ecstasy, crying, "This is a Plane!" And it had once been the privilege of the Plane hens to supply a hundred double-yoked eggs yearly to the break-fast-table of the Plantagenet kings.

Not infrequently the touring motorists who drove up the long river valley where the Plane was wont to brattle would pause to ask some casual passerby-"Whose is that great white house on the hill?" and on receiving the answer, "I can't tell you, Sir. I'm a stranger in these parts myself," would

WEDNESDAY.

1765. Isle of Man purchased; FRIDAY.

1346. Mahommedan era begins,

he would note the simple happenings of country life, such as the first song of the cuckoo, the hibernation of the hedgehog or the appearance of the tiny black balls on the lesser liverwort.

When the great clouds raced over the Plane valley, John Plane would strike a short sharp blow on his barometer, look up at the heavens and say, "If the wind drops there will be rain.'

When the sun blazed in unclouded splendour on his arables, his sainfoin, his potatoes and his lucerne, he would call his dogs to heel and murmur to himself or to a visitor, "If this weather holds we shall have a fine day.

sible for the oldest inhabitant to remem- | small diary, in which, under such head- | the Toast of London. She was the Talk of the Town. Port-drinkers lifting their glasses at West End clubs, Frothblowers over their humble tankards, alike breathed or blew reverentially her name. Wherever strong men were gathered together to gamble in futures or declare dividends there was a loud hubbub, in which only the words "Vivien Carmichael, the Belle of Town!" could be clearly distinguished.

But Vivien Carmichael, alas, was frivolous. Beautiful as the dawn, she rejoiced in late hours and dry Martinis, and danced the Black River as though she had been bred and finished in a cotton swamp. She was also extravagant, and most of the Plane Park estates had, alas, been heavily mortgaged.

Vivien Carmichael said "No."

It might have been thought that John Such and such was John Plane of Plane would return to Plane Park and

take up his quiet country life once more. But he could not. His cattle lowed, his pigs cried to him in vain. Every sight and sound reminded him of his rebuff. Had Vivian not said to him-"Am I to spend the whole of the rest of my life at Plane, shut up amongst the otters and turnips and bees?" And when he answered in his matterof-fact way that none of these things was allowed in the drawing-room she merely patted him on the shoulder and smiled a sad little smile.

So it was that, merely waiting to inscribe in his diary, under

TUESDAY.

1869. Irish Church disestablished,

the simple words, "V. C. said 'No," John Plane set sail for Africa to hunt big game, whilst Vivien remained in London to dance and dance again and lead the hectic life of a Modern Young Girl in Town.

CHAPTER III.

Two years rolled by. Many was the eland, the hartebeest, the rhinoceros which had fallen before John Plane's unerring skill. Hippopotami, okapi fell by the score; Grant's antelopes by the gross. It soon became doubtful whether, if John Plane stayed in Africa, Grant would be able to keep any antelopes at all.

And always in pathless jungles and malarial swamps the vision of Vivien Carmichael abode with him. When he met the charging rhinoceros he saw nothing but the faultless oval of her face. When he pulled the trigger at an infuriated bison he seemed to gaze at her mocking deep blue eyes. At night, by his lonely camp-fire, he sat up writing his diary, which, whenever he came near a town, he posted to her page by page, in the hope that some day she might relent,

He would not ask himself whether she deigned to read those laborious budgets, or whether she cast them contemptuously away. She had twitted him on the quietude of life at Plane compared with the gay delirium of the life she led, the careless excitement of the metropolis.

"She shall know," he murmured to himself, brushing away a tsetsefly from his perspiring forehead, "that a Plane of Plane House is something more than

a country hobbledehoy."

A gnu belled. John Plane took down his larger buffalo-rifle and began polishing the trigger carefully.

CHAPTER IV.

Night in Africa . . . An African night. . . . Who are these dark stealthy forms stealing stealthily through the darkness? African negroes? Yes.

The sound of the African tom-tom? It is indeed. Gagged and pinioned, deserted by his bearers, John Plane is their dusky chief. White eyeballs gleam in the blackness. Witch-doctors howl...

How it was that at that supreme being driven by savage captors before

And this? This monstrous figure,



"HE FELL IN LOVE WITH THE EIGHTH MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD.

grotesque, triumphant, before which he is compelled to wriggle on the beaten earth, at the same time tapping with his toes to the tom-tom's sound—to wriggle on and on, urged by the point of the cruel assegai—to wriggle until he can writhe no more? Can it be the



"AT NIGHT, BY HIS LONELY CAMP-FIRE, HE SAT UP WRITING HIS DIARY."

hideous Rhinoceros God of the Uglu, most bloodthirsty of all the Central African tribes? It can. Ay, more-

With wild shrieks, with loud gut-What is that distant thrumming sound? tural groans they urge him on. In an he said.

agony of pain he taps and squirms. The tom-toms beat louder. A gaunt witch-doctor, hung about with strange feathers and the rattling bones of dead

How it was that at that supreme moment John Plane wrenched himself free from his bonds, caught his gigantic adversary by the throat, strangled him and escaped into the night, John Plane, having a very accurate memory, could (and did) always afterwards say. Indeed, not many hours later, having soothed the pain of his bruised limbs with hippopotamus fat, he found himself in the kraal of a friendly tribe, putting down in his diary, under the heading-

THURSDAY.

1807. Gas First used in London Streets.

a full account, for Vivien's benefit, of that awful adventure in which he had so narrowly escaped his end.

Another year rolls by. John Plane-John Plane the hunter still. See him at one of the far-flung outposts of civilisation resting for a while to take in more rounds of ammunition and to refit. A fellow-hunter, chance comrade of the big open spaces, has newspapers from London. He approaches John.

"Would you care to cast an eye, more accustomed to vast horizons, over these sheets and glance idly at their meaningless columns?" he says. For it is thus that men who camp under the wheeling stars talk of our tiny politics at home.

"Thank you," replied John Plane, and began to glance idly at once.

Suddenly he sat forward with a start. In a column devoted to "Gossip About Books" he had cast his eye upon the following paragraph :--

"Amongst recent best sellers, Mary Bartholomew's A Girl in the Jungle still holds pride of place. Its gripping narrative of a girl's lonely trek through Central Africa, culminating in her capture and terrible treatment by the savages of the Uglu tribe, have placed this authoress instantly upon the pinnacle of fame. A dinner in her honour is being given by the N.I.B. Club to-morrow night.

Strange! Was there then another. a woman too, who had dared as he, John Plane, had dared, and suffered as he had suffered? An irresistible impulse came over him to meet her and talk to her, this unknown, and compare his experience with hers. He summoned his principal bearer.

"The expedition to Gaga isscrapped,"

"Oohoohoo," replied the man deferentially and went away.

CHAPTER VI.

Home in England. John Plane is at home. With the firm tread of one who has trodden in open spaces he trod stopped. Then he turned round the across the Haymarket, trod to his champagne glass which stood in front club and rapidly tore open the letters of him and drank out of the opposite that awaited him. There were a side.

hundred and forty-nine of them, mostly from his agent and solicitor, but five or six from a man who wished to sell him a new and very powerful kind of poultry-meal. From Vivien Carmichael nothing at all.

Matters at Plane House appeared to have been going from bad to worse. Most of the furniture and pictures had been sold, and there would be little now to furnish the immemorial home of the Planes beyond the

stuffed elands, hartebeests and hippopotami which he had left for the time being in the larger cloak-room at Victoria.

"Where shall I go to-night?" he thought, and asked the advice of an old school-friend.

hotels in which soft-footed waiters and even beyond."

serve luxurious viands to immaculately-clothed guests intent on dancing the latest dance."

"Good idea," said John Plane; "I will."

Clothing himself immaculately, he went.

The first person he saw in the dining-room of the Plethora was Vivien Carmichael. She was sitting at a table with a curly-haired young man who looked like what he was-a loungelizard of the bleakest kind.

He walked straight up to her.

"Vivien!" he said.

She started ever so slightly. The young man rose.

"To whom have I the honour-

"I have shot things like you in Central Africa," said John Plane sternly, "and not troubled to count them in my

The young man trembled and fled.
"I suppose——" began John Plane in dull tones, sitting down in the young man's chair and rapidly eating the young man's last oyster.

"You needn't suppose anything, John," she murmured sweetly. "I have months."

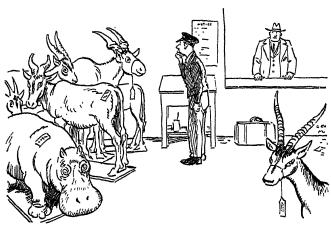
He paled under his tan.

"Vivien!" he cried huskily and



"THE RHINOCEBOS GOD OF THE UGLU."

"Vivien, my dear," he began again then there are the cinema rights. I am in his old slow matter-of-fact way, "I am afraid that you scarcely understand. When I last spoke to you I was a poor man. To-day there is nothing left of Plane. The pictures have gone, the cows are dispersed, the pigs are sold. "Your first evening, is it not?" There is scarcely a sty with a bee in queried the man. "If I were you I it—scarcely a hive, I mean. The old should visit one of these gargantuan place is mortgaged up to the hilt—ay,



"IN THE LARGER CLOAK-ROOM AT VICTORIA."

she looked at him with her beautiful his crème de menthe, he scribbled rapidly

eyes. "I hold the mortgages on Plane,"

The Planes are unemotional. One of John's nostrils moved silently, but otherwise he was calm. Only his voice betrayed the agitation under which he laboured.

"You, Vivien!" be tensed.

"I have become rather rich," she the floor.

went on hurriedly, with a slight tremor in her voice. "You would not know, been waiting for you to come home for but you are talking to a famous woman, John, the authoress of A Girl in the Jungle."

John Plane took a small book out of

his pocket.

"The Girl in the Jungle was written by Mary Bartholomew," he said.

"I am Mary Bartholomew."

"But how---?

"I used your diary—the whole of it-word for word."

"But a girl in the jungle. Why a girl?"

"My dear John, nobody wants to know what a man did in the African jungle in these days. Think of the witch doctors of the Uglu tribe. Think of the Rhinoceros God. A girl, a lonely girl, amongst all those rattling eyeballs and gleaming bones. We have sold a hundred-and-fifty thousand in England alone. And

playing the heroine's part in the film myself.'

"I see," said John Plane.

He took another grave sip of champagne and glanced across the great glittering banquet-hall. Quite suddenly the band struck up a new tune. Couples left their places and then, to John Plane's intense astonishment, flung themselves face downwards on the floor, which

they began to tap with their toes in time with the band as they wriggled hand-inhand convulsively around

the room.

"What on earth, Vivien?" he exclaimed.

"My dance," she answered. "Your dance and mine. No one has cared to dance anything but the Uglu dance in London since The Girl in the Jungle came out. And surely no one has a better right to dance it than you and I...."

She looked appealingly at him.

"One moment!" he said She reddened under her white. Then | and, pausing only to dip his pencil into in his pocket diary, under,

TUESDAY.

B.C. 65. Seneca, Roman poet and philosopher, died,

the brief note, "Mortgages cancelled. Life crowned by love.'

Then he held out to her his hands. So—and tumbling together—they took EVOE.



Week-enders (suffering from the craze for craziness). "AT LAST WE HAVE FOUND THE IDEAL HOME!"



Small Visitor. "Is this cottage very, very old?" Small Visitor. "I thought it looked a bit shabby."

Hostess. "Yes, dear, more than four hundred years old."

SKIRTS WILL BE LONGER.

3orgasse-



YOU WILL DOUBTLESS BEMEMBER THAT SOME TIME AGO IT WAS AUTHORI-TATIVELY ARROUNCED THAT THE FASHION FOR SHORT SKIRTS WAS NOW GOING TO CHANGE—



AND, A SEASON OR SO AFTER, THAT THE LENGTH OF THE SKIRT WAS NOW GOING TO BE ADDED TO—



AND A LITTLE LATER THAT SKIRTS WERE NOW GOING TO BE DEFINITELY LONGER—



AND AFTER A BIT THAT LONGER SKIRTS WOULD NOW APPEAR—



AND, WHEN A CERTAIN TIME HAD ELAPSED, THAT THE LENGTH OF SKIRTS WAS NOW GOING TO BE MATERIALLY INCREASED—



AND, AS TIME WENT ON, THAT, SKIRTS WERE NOW GOING TO BE CONSIDERABLY LENGTHENED—



AND, LESS THAN A YEAR BACK, THAT SKIETS WERE NOW GOING TO BE WORN A GOOD DEAL LONGER THAN BEFORE—



AND, ONLY A FEW MONTHS AGO, THAT AN INCREASE IN THE LENGTH OF SKIRTS WOULD NOW TAKE PLACE.

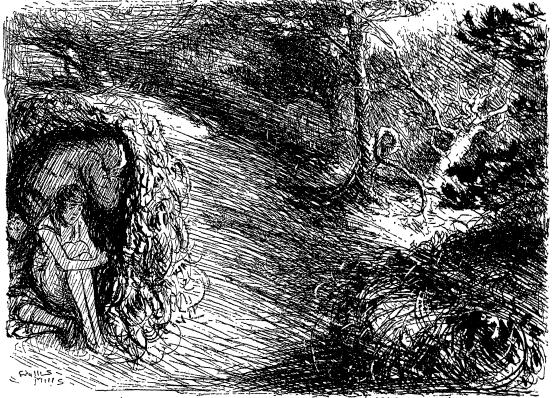


WELL, I THINK IT ONLY FAIR TO WARN YOU THAT THERE'S A RUMOUR BEING SPREAD ABOUT THAT SKIRTS ARE NOW GOING TO BE EVEN LONGER.

OUR HOLIDAY WITH A NATURALIST.



HE TOOK US TO SEE SWANS NESTING AND GAVE US A LECTURE ON THEIR HABITS, ETC. HE TOLD US NOT TO IRRITATE THEM, AS A SINGLE BLOW FROM ONE OF THEIR POWERFUL WINGS WOULD BREAK OUR LEGS.



HE INSISTED THAT WE SHOULD COME TO HIS OBSERVATION HUT OR "HIDE," DESIGNED FOR ONLY ONE OBSERVER, EXPLAINING THAT IF WE DIDN'T SMOKE OR SPEAK OR MOVE FOR ABOUT FIVE HOURS WE OUGHT PERHAPS TO SEE SOMETHING.

Punch Summer Number-1927.

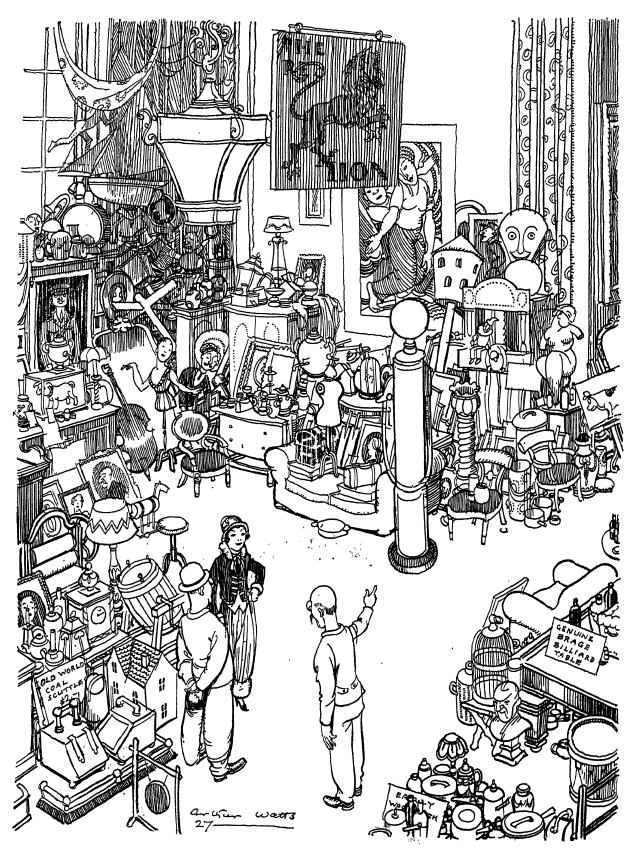
OUR HOLIDAY WITH A NATURALIST.



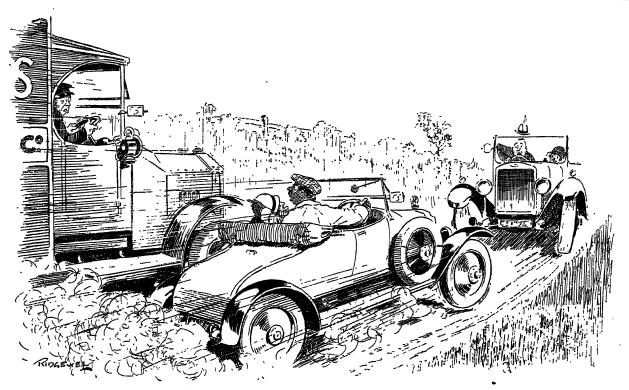
HE MADE US CLIMB DOWN A PERPENDICULAR CLIFF TO SEE A HAWK'S NEST. HE WAS MOST HELPFUL IN TELLING US WHERE TO PLACE OUR FEET, AS THE SURFACE WAS A BIT CRUMBLY AND THERE HAD BEEN ONE OR TWO ACCIDENTS LATELY.



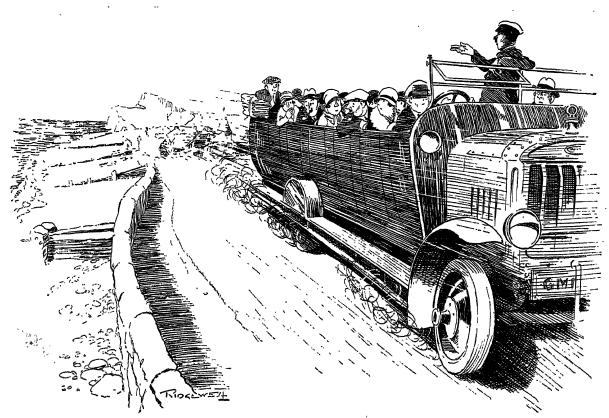
FINALLY, AS A SPECIAL TREAT WE WERE ALLOWED TO WATCH FOR A VERY RARE BIRD, UF TO OUR NECES IN WATER, DISGUISED AS FLOTSAM. WE ARE BACK IN LONDON NOW AND THE NURSING HOME IS QUITE COMFORTABLE.



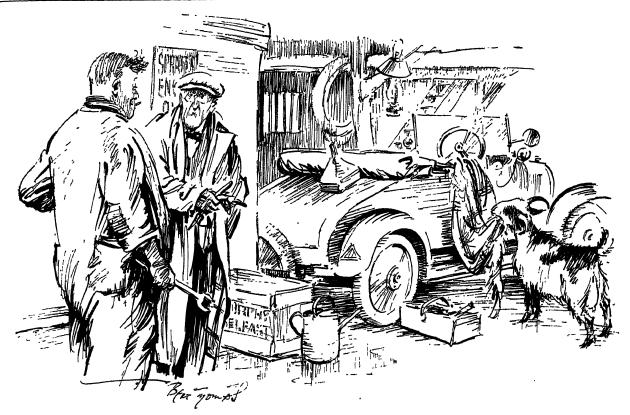
Proprietor of Antique Shop in 2050. "YES, QUAINT OLD PIECE, THAT. PETROL PUMP FROM THE EARLY MOTORING DAYS. MAKE QUITE A CHARMING HALL LAMP."



Indignant Motorist (who has at last succeeded in getting past). "---And further, my man, let me tell you, you'll hear more about this."



Conscientious Conductor. "Ladies and gentlemen, we 'ave just passed by, on our left, a small village or 'amlet. On our right we 'ave the sea."



Tourist (calling for his car). "I didn't know you kept goats."

Garage Proprietor. "Och! I don't kape them. They come in through the roof."



[&]quot;I've walked all the way from Newmarket, lidy."
"Dear me! I hope it will be a lesson to you to avoid the Turf."

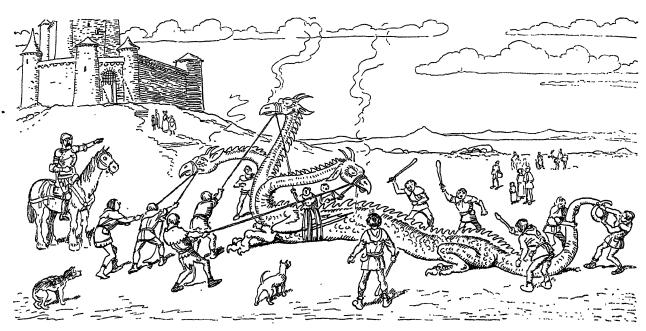


Scene-Saturday Afternoon in our Suburb.

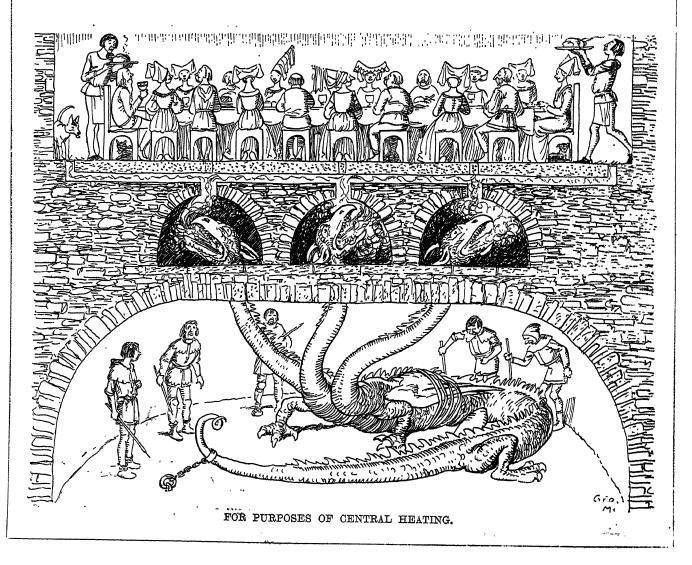
"The Laurels" (to "Mon Répos"). "Yes, Smythe, I've had my suspicions about that "Clovelly"—er—person for some time. I'm now convinced that he gives way to quoits!"



Unquenchable Beach Artist. "Ladies and gentlemen, in response to numerous requests, we will now sing as our except 'My cutie is some doggone wow."



EARLY ADAPTATION OF LOCAL MONSTER -





A NET RESULT.

Who can fail to sympathise with the lawn-tennis reporter in the limited scope he enjoys for picturesque description? He does his best, calling the lady-players by their pet names and giving details of their visible attire; but that soon palls. His record of the play, stroke by stroke, becomes a dreary monotony of volleys, drop-shots and swift returns. The speed of a cannon-ball becomes an over-worked comparison, and anyhow it has little appeal for a generation accustomed to high-velocity shells.

At Wimbledon writers have come to despair of ever seeing a century scored or a ball hit over the pavilion on to a passing bus; so the reporter is compelled to keep to his volleys, drop-shots and swilt returns, always with a keen look-out, of course, for something new in stockings or headwear.

Tarpaulin-drill and ball-boys have been introduced in an effort to brighten the reports, but frankly the interest in these is on the wane. And what is more, the public are getting over their astonishment on reading that Annie This, having suffered defeat at the racquet of Molly That, is the farst to shake her by the hand and with smales to congratulate her, instead of doing the obvious thing, shaking her by the hair after first removing the bandeau.

I am inclined to the view that the cause of all this dulness is the net. In tennis one may wait in vain for any equivalent of an off-stump being knocked clean out of the ground, for the simple reason that the net is too well secured. Readers of football reports are thrilled by accounts of magnificent runs, but they get no such exhibitantion in isn't looking.

descriptions of tennis, any achievement of the kind being impracticable because the net is in the way. A tennisplayer can dash all over the court until one is weary of reading about it, but he never kicks his opponent in the stomach. The net again. Dispense with the net, and lawntennis would be a different game altogether.

LAUS LUNAE.

["As the moon's shadow peeped over the sun's face, cheers were raised."—Morning Papers, June 29th.]

Myriads of bards, O Moon, have sung thy grace,
Sweet regent of the sky, unquestioned queen
Among the lesser lights, in silver sheen
Climbing the skies with sad and silent pace;
And some have dared thy glories to abase
By likening them to cheese grown old and green,
Or feign to see upon thy orb serene
The features of a comic human face.
But of all tributes paid thee by the lips
Of seer or savage, in ten thousand years,
The strangest, the most nobly lunatic

The strangest, the most nobly lunatic Was when, at that first moment of eclipse, Thy onset woke enthusiastic cheers

From the rapt revellers at Giggleswick.

"With a little preparation . . . lettuce plants of some size can be so transplanted that they never notice it. That is part of the fun of gardening."—Provincial Magazine.

The fun consists in getting the job done while the lettuce isn't looking.

ECLIPSED.

"My sympathies in this affair," she confided to me that afternoon, "are en-

tirely with the sun."

"Mine also," I assured her. "A sun that gets a chance to shine on England about three times a year must be naturally annoyed when it is totally eclipsed."

"Exactly," she said, "and it is why every woman must understand and sympathise. For what is woman's life,' she asked pathetically, "but one long

eclipse?"

"Yes, yes," I agreed. "I noticed it only the other day at Ascot. To see woman making her poor little display against the glittering show of the men's top-hats, the infinite variety of their morning-coats and striped trousers, was indeed to realise

"It wasn't the men that eclipsed," she interrupted tartly, "it was the horses. It was brought home to us that, after all, Ascot is not only the glass of fashion and the mirror of the mode but that racing takes place there too.'

"I know that," I said a little proudly.
"I went there this year with two nieces and I told them there was racing, though

I confess I never saw it.'

"I can assure you," she declared earnestly," that I have often seen people turn from contemplating each other's frock when a race was going to begin or end, and on Wednesday I saw a mannequin pass practically unnoticed simply because of some horses somewhere about. She was eclipsed, in fact; and I'm going to try to buy the frock she wore because it will be the only one never seen before.

"As for Tom," she went on, "it is the simple fact that when he put ever such a lot of money on a horse that was ever so sure to win, only it got turned round somehow and went off back to the starting-post instead of the winning-post, and they wouldn't let that count, though it got there first, nor even have the race over again, though anyone could see it was just a mistake-

"Too bad," I murmured.

"Wasn't it? But I was going to say Tom wasn't a bit cheered up, even though Blanche happened to come up at that very moment and I was able to tell her the model I had on was one of it cost."

"I should think," I said feelingly, "that it was Tom who was then eclipsed?"

"Oh, no; he just said something or bankruptcy. It was Blanche and I skin—jewelled all over."

Oh, we're used to who were eclipsed. it," she continued, like a Christian martyr speaking of the rack; "to be eclipsed is our normal state! I wonder, she said a little bitterly, "how the sun would like it if the moon were always in the way, not merely just once in a hundred years."

"You are referring, no doubt," I observed, "to the husband who is always there? Though, now I come to think of it, of course it can't be that, since the orbits of the modern husband and the modern wife do not cross more than once or twice in a hundred years."

"And even when they do meet—at the altar—it is always some one else's wedding that the Society papers report. Our life," she sighed, "is only a passage from one eclipse to another, and when I came back from Paris last week with the very newest new hat that ever was -as new as---as--

"The morning paper?" I suggested. "Is that new?" she asked doubtfully. "I can never tell yesterday's from today's, because they always seem to put just the same things in. No, my hat was as new as the world the day before it was made."

"I agree," I said, "that nothing could be newer than that."

"So I put it on to go to the Brown de Joneses in, and—and—what do you

think?" "There was one still newer there?"

. "How could there be," she snapped, "when mine was the newest there was? But they were just interested in nothing but shoes—snake shoes and serpent shoes, and shoes made of the skins of all the most horrible reptiles you never heard of, and several had jewelled heels, and one girl I never did like had toenails outlined on her shoe in diamanté and showed them off in the most ridiculous way, and all the whole time I don't think anybody even noticed my hat. It might have been one of the week before last's almost, and my shoes were ever so ordinary, just the commonest suède, and you know, with skirts the length they are, you can't possibly keep your feet hidden, can you?"

"But does this mean," I asked, "that hats are now eclipsed by shoes as the culmination of the toilet?

"Fashions," she reminded me, "always go from one extreme to the other, and at any rate you can understand that Antoinette's very latest and how much | I felt eclipsed that day, and that I have now a fellow-feeling for the sun. But next week," she went on with flashing eyes, "I'm lunching with the Jones de Browns, who are ever so much more important people, because they 've both about needing a drink, and how he must | been divorced, instead of only one of find a winner, because it was either that them, and I shall wear sandals—toad-

"And next week," I said, "the sun will have got over his eclipse, and—who knows?—be shining again." E. R. P.

THE IDLE SACRIFICE;

OR, THOUGHTS OF A YOUNG PEER ON LEARNING THAT HIS PROPOSALS TO EXTINGUISH HIMSELF ARE NO LONGER REQUIRED.

HUMILITY, where Hast thou made thy lair? O Diffidence, art thou dead? Is Modesty not On the map-what, what? Has Piety wholly fled?

Was it wrong, was it bad To confess, by gad, That a coronet is but a myth, And that Norman blood May be merely mud Compared with the mind of a SMITH?

Oh, sweeter far Than the violets are Was the self-effacing grief And the thought for good In the deep backwood Of the delicate strawberry-leaf.

A sensitive plant Was I, my aunt! And ready to fade away From the House of Peers Like a puff, my dears; And now they have made me stay.

Was it all in vain The passion, the pain, The ardour to get reformed, And the tears undry As I said good-bye To a seat so seldom warmed?

It was good to feel That the public weal Refuses to let one go; To a national cry, "Thou shalt not die!" One is bound to respond, "Right-o!"

But Modesty, how Do you feel just now? Humility, where do we stand? Is Piety barred From the racing-card And Virtue totally canned? Evor.

This Callous Age.

At a political meeting:

"Agriculture was passing through the worst time it had seen in the lifetime of this generation, and the coal-mining industry was heading for another crisis. (Cheers.) Daily Paper.

From a police-report:

"The results of the several 'round-about 'systems of traffic put into operation in London last year are reported as everywhere satisfactory. The total number of persons killed in traffic accidents was 1,003, as compared with 840 in 1925."—Daily Paper.



THE INTENSIVE CROP.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (to dazed and docile sheep). "AS I SUSPECT YOU OF ATTEMPTED EXASION, I WILL GO OVER YOU AGAIN WITH THESE NAIL-SCISSORS."



CHARIVARIA.

IT is noticed that an increasing number of lawn-tennis writers are holding their pens with the TILDEN grip.

According to Lady Oxford, in her latest book, Lord Oxford avoids himself. Lady Oxford, on the contrary, follows herself about.

With reference to Mr. DE VALERA'S refusal to swear allegiance to a "foreign" King, our feeling is that the bearer of such a fine old British name could hardly be expected to.

The modern policeman, we read, keeps his uniform as carefully pressed as his mufti. Nothing looks worse than being run in by a man whose trousers bag at the knees.

A burglar at Catford has stolen a suit of pyjamas. The police are said to be watching the tourist offices for travellers booking to the Lido.

According to a bowls expert, writing in a morning paper, some players are nervous if their wives are watching them. This is not the DRAKE spirit.

The thirteen-year-old son of a Daily Express reader has written a poem about a boiled egg. Could the thirteenyear-old son of a reader of any other little time for recreation. daily paper have done this?

In the opinion of a gossip-writer a Guards' sergeant would turn up his nose at the physique of most of the male lawn-tennis stars. We fancy, however, that the lawn-tennis of a typical Guards' sergeant would make even a Wimbledon ball-boy retroussé.

With reference to complaints about smoking in theatres it is explained that the draught from the stage blows the smoke back on to the person behind the smoker. This might be obviated by keeping the safety-curtain down.

Signor D'Annunzio has intimated that he will attempt to fly the Atlantic. We doubt if his Pegasus would be equal

The apes at the Zoo that have been taught table-manners as an experiment have proved such apt pupils that they betray no disapproval of the ill-bred people who stare at them when they are eating.

An Edinburgh man recently played golf for fourteen hours on end. These strenuous golfers allow themselves very

We have been unable to obtain confirmation of the rumour that the Fascist Government has placed orders for a fleet of castor-oil tankers with a British

Asked his opinion of the statement that lawn-tennis professionals do not make big incomes, Mr. C. B. COCHRAN is reported to have said, "That's all my eye and BETTY NUTHALL."

A daily newspaper contains an advertisement for little men who must not exceed the height of thirty to forty inches. We understand that they are wanted as steeplejacks for bungalows.

There is very little news from the world's battle-fronts this week, except that the Cantonese troops are advancing towards Shantung, and that the London Summer Sales have started.

Those who make a habit of sending strawberries to distant friends should post early to avoid the crush.

A telephone service has been opened between this country and Danzig. We trust that in diplomatic quarters it will be realised that we meant well.

A Leicestershire clergyman has intimated that he must have one day's holiday a week. A parishioner suggests that he should take Sundays off.

Much excitement is said to have been caused in a provincial town the other day. It appears that a lady-motorist signalled that she was going to turn to the right, and did so.

A handcuffed prisoner has escaped from the police at Coventry. The authorities would be glad if he would return the handcuffs to the nearest police-station, preferably without taking them off.

During the Summer Sales women are warned that husbands must be parked in the roadway by the kerb and not on the pavements.

A woman broke her arm last week at a bargain-counter. It appears that she was tackling low and her foot slipped on another shopper's face.

We hear of the retirement of a coroner's officer who has attended over a thousand inquests. A volume of bright memoirs may be expected in the autumn.

A new type of silencer will make the report of a rifle absolutely inaudible. Nothing of the kind seems to be invented to popularise the saxophone.

At a London cabaret four men dining quietly at a table suddenly break into a beautiful Russian folk-song. One evening, when a stout gentleman tucked a table-napkin under his chin it was thought he was about to play a violin solo, but he just ate his soup.

In three months, forty-two streetlamps in Kensington have been knocked over. The more sporting motorists prefer moving targets.

Amongst the items of world news it is reported that, after being beaten by Miss Joan Fry, Miss Betty Nuthall bought her a sundae. She might have won if she'd done that before the match.

It is reported that Manchester spends nearly half as much per head on medicine as the rest of England. Possibly the habit of thinking a day in advance of the rest of the country gives them headaches.



 $\it Joan.$ "Munmy, I can t sleep. I've tried snoring like Daddy, and still I can't sleep."

A MODERN LOVE-SONG.

["Beauty is the one vital vitamin in education."—The Sphere.]

CHIDE me not, Joan, if I refuse To descrate the modern Muse With strange and saccharine conceits,

With talk of "sweetings" and their sweets.

The style of Suckling or Montrose No doubt mellifluously flows, But other manners, other times, Call for more scientific rhymes. Upon your lips and cheeks I hail A hue that leaves poor Juliet pale; For beauty's "crimson ensigns" fade Without the lipstick's chemic aid.

And, when I hymn your lamp-post shape

Or eulogise your shaven nape, The fittest words of praise I find In dietetic lore enshrined.

Diaphanous and limber elf, Outstripping Atalanta's self, Apparelled in synthetic sheen, You are my vital vitamin!



Distressed Etonian (whose mother is conversing with distinguished member of "pop"). "Dad, do get Mother away quick; she's dropping the most ghastly bricks. She's just asked Spiffington-Smythe where he got his pretty waistcoat, so that she can get one like it for me."

RANGE TELEPHONING.

Now that summer has arrived in the Army, rifle practice on the ranges is in full swing. So also is its less serious concomitant, the game of Range-telephoning. The following is a fair sample (though every Range-telephone possesses a marked individuality) of the artless prattle passing between our Lieutenant James in charge of a party of men despatching bullets from the firing-point and our Lieutenant Holster in charge of a party of men marking their arrival at the Butts:—

James. Hullo, Holster! What was the last shot on Number Five Target?

Holster. Half a minute. (Is heard shouting.) Pullthrough, what was the last one on Number Nine?

James. Number Five, I said.

Holster. Oh! Pullthrough, Number Five. (A pause.)

Holster (his voice suddenly faint). A bull.

James. What?

Holster. ——

James. Hullo! Hullo!

Holster (suddenly loud). A Bull. Can't you hear?

James. Bull on Number Five? Right. Holster (faint again). No, not Nive,

James. What? Hullo! (No answer.)

James (roaring). Hullo! Hullo! I can't hear what you're saying. Hullo! Shake your receiver, you fool!

Holster (suddenly very loud and clear). . . . a blinking word you're saying. Shake your receiver, you mutt!

James. Hullo! Oh, there you are!

Holster. Oh, there you are! Don't

run away like that again.

James. It's this — phone. Last shot on Number Five was a bull?

Holster. Yes.

James. Right. (To the assembled soldiery on the firing-point) Carry on.

(Several shots occur.)

Holster. Hullo!
James. Yes?

Holster. Someone has fired wrong. There are two shots on Number Two Target.

James. Two? Holster. Yes. James. What target? Holster. Two.

James. Yes, but on what target?

Holster. On Number Two, you fool.

Two on two.

James (stiffly). Well, why didn't you say so? I'll investigate.

(A pause for loud recrimination between the men firing on Numbers One, Two, and Three Targets, and much hard swearing by all concerned.)

James (later). It's all right. It's the fool on Number Three. Says he thought he was Number Two. I've put him under arrest.

Holster. Good.

James. Did you hear me?

Holster. Yes, of course. I said "good."

James. Hullo! Hullo, Holster! Are
you there?

Holster. Yes, of course, you ass. Can't you hear?

James. Hullo! Hullo! Hullo! Holster. Look here—

[At this point the telephone-bell rings loudly in his ear, deafening him for an appreciable time.

Holster (furiously, having recovered at last). Hullo!

James. Oh, there you are! Why did you go away? I had to ring you up again.

Holster. –

James. What did you say? This telephone's only clicking at me.

Holster. — -! ---! [Rings off. (An interval for more shooting.)

James (ringing up angrily). Hullo, Holster, who is the damn fool that's trying to signal the shots from Number Three?

Private Pullthrough (respectfully). Mr. Holster's doing Number Three, Sir, for the moment.

James (shaken). Oh-er-is he? Well, give my compliments to Mr. Holster and ask him to signal the last shot on

Number Three again.

Pullthrough. Very good, Sir. (A pause.) Mr. Holster's compliments, Sir, and he says he hasn't yet signalled any shot on Number Three.

James. My compliments to Mr. Holster and why the hell not?

Pullthrough (later). Mr. Holster's compliments, Sir, and because there isn't one on Number Three.

James. My compliments, and he ought

to signal a miss then.

Pullthrough (later). Compliments, and the shot on Number Three is a bull on Number Two, Sir.

[Lieutenant James drops the phone and restarts the altercation between the men firing on Numbers Two and Three.

Holster (later). Hullo! Have you settled up that Number Two and Number Three business?

James. Yes, I've put him deeper under arrest.

(Ten minutes clapse without incident.) Private O'Jector (at the firing point). Mr. Holster, Sorr?

Pullthrough (at the butts). 'Olster

ain't 'ere. That you, Paddy ?

O'Jector. Yes, that you, Darkie? Ould James sends his compliments and where did that wan go to on Number Eight?

Pullthrough. Eight?

O'Jector. Shure he's firing himself, so you'd better pretend it's a bull.

Pullthrough (later). 'Olster's compliments. It must have lost its way as it hasn't arrived on the target yet.

O'Jector. Shure and it left our end all right. Tell ould Doings to have

another dekko.

Pullthrough (later). 'Olster says it ain't in the target, it's somewhere in the butts; and if Lootenant James ain't able to fire better than that he'd better come down and look for 'is bullets 'isself. But put it polite like.

(A pause.) O'Jector (suddenly). Darkie! Tell old Holster-



Mistress. "What's been happening, Mary? You've been a very long time ANSWERING THE BELL."

Maid. "VERY SORRY, MADAM, BUT WE'D JUST STARTED A RUBBER WHEN YOU RANG, AND HONESTLY IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN DUMMY SINCE THEN."

is that?

O'Jector. Beg pardon, Sorr. James says he was only trying out a

Holster (who has several good answers to that one, but feels they are wasted on Private O'Jector). Oh! Ask Mr. James to speak to me.

James (later). Hullo! I say, I was trying out a rifle.

Holster (triumphantly). Which end were you trying?

James (who hasn't got a snappy comeback for that and so pretends not to hear). Hullo! Hullo! This telephone's bad a again.

Holster (after repeating his effort) several times till it has quite lost its

Holster (in a very refined voice). Who freshness.) Oh, let's get on with the next practice.

> James. Right. It's five minutes' rapid at four hundred yards.

(An interval filled with much shooting.) Holster (furiously and rapidly). Look here, James, that fool on Number Three has just put all his rapid on Number Two again. For Heaven's sake courtmartial him, or have him shot at dawn, or give him a bow and arrow or a waterpistol.

Private O'Jector. Beg pardon, Sorr. I didn't catch ut all.

Holster. Where is Mr. James? There's

O'Jector. He's firing on Number. Three, Sorr.

And so on. A. A.

W. K. S.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

DIONYSUS IN CAMDEN TOWN. (After Mr. HORACE SHIPP.)

He has red hair and he is very drunk; A mongrel trodden by his fumbling feet Squeals in the bar. Bravely he bellows, Lurches and hits the beer-pull with his eye.

The "Lord Nelson"
Has a young fellow ready for emergencies,
A potman with oiled quiff and pimply chin.

"Ahtside!"

The lights spin, the confused clamour of tongues and glasses

Ebbs from him as he reels upon the pavement.

Camden Road receives him in its large tolerance. There is no light in all the Camden Road So vivid as the fire-flame in his head, No song so wild as now his spirit sings, No vigour like to this that floods within him.

He says:
"Thet little dawg begun it,
Blarst 'is eyes!
Yer carn't 'urt little dawgs enough . . ."
He leaps and sings:
"Valencia,
Land of sunny skies and dum-ti-dum-ti-tee-tec,
Valencia,
Da-di-da-di-da-di-da-di-da-di-da-di,
Valencia . ."

From the crowd
A girl streaks with purple coat back-blown,
Screams with delight and dances.
"Attaboy!
My word! you ain't 'arf copped it in yer eye.
Valencia,
Dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-da-da.
'Ere, stand up, mate, ye're not in bed,
Ye're dancin'. Let it rip!
Attaboy!"

To and fro they lurch, Advance, clasp perilously, retreat, The crowd making a circle, loud and stupid-eyed.

Suddenly it seems Beauty of bacchic madness glows about us, Glow of sweet-scented groves Torch-lit and murmurous with lyres and flutes; Dishevelled girls, with heads thrown backwards, Leaping, With cymbals and bright swords; Curvetting centaurs, Satyrs and darting fauns; A maze of thyrsus-staves Held high by mænads and wild bassarids; And in the midst. Leaping, Or languid in the pause of song, Dionysus-Dionysus, tender-limbed, with laurel in his hair, Absorbed with secret ecstasies and dreams, Exquisite God of Wine! But that was long since in Icaria.

Here

The lamps flare and the harsh bright trams clang by; A cornet brays,
Shrills down the muddy highway;
A young man with wild hair and very drunk
Staggers and bellows;
A girl screams,
Dances and giggles and forgets herself;
And Camden Road

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Surveys the clumsy ritual listlessly.

[As it may be in the near future if Mr. Edgar Wallace continues to loom larger and larger as a playwright and critic.]

NEXT week will be fairly quiet for first-nighters. Mr. EDGAR WALLACE'S Thirteenth Stain makes its bow on Tuesday, and the première of another of his new thrillers, The Spectre, is announced for Thursday. It is a pity that this latter clashes with the first night of Broadmoor Jim, also by Mr. WALLACE, but we understand that there is to be a répétition générale on Wednesday so that Mr. WALLACE may be enabled to criticise it for the daily Press. For the rest there is merely a revival of The Horror—which is easily among the hundred best WALLACE plays—and the opening of the EDGAR WALLACE Repertory season with that very sound crook-drama, The Crimp.

* * *

In the bill of the Corrodium for the next two weeks is The Lag, a new one-act thriller by Mr. Edgar Wallace. The Palatial is starring the Wallace Girls in a gruesome trapeze fantasia which Mr. Edgar Wallace has written for them, while at the Strand Empire the Terpsichorean Triplets continue in The Haunted Garret, Mr. Edgar Wallace's flesh-creeping song-and-dance scena.

The Nightmare, by Mr. Edgar Wallace, moves into the Hilarity Theatre on Monday next, to take the place of his play, The Scourge, which is going on tour.

Mr. Edgar Wallace's Borstal Jo continues to play to good business, but another theatre will have to be found for it when Mr. Edgar Wallace's shocker, The Spider, is transferred to the Frivolity on Thursday week.

Rehearsals are well advanced of The Earl and the Underworld, a new thick-ear musical comedy by Mr. Edgar Wallace, in which the mystery is sustained until the final ensemble and chorus.

Mr. Edgar Wallace has decided to spend the forth-coming week-end in complete seclusion at Blackpool in order to write two or three plays, a feuilleton and his autobiography. The annual dinner of the Critics' Circle will therefore not be held on Sunday, the general feeling being that, since Mr. Edgar Wallace has an overwhelmingly preponderant practice in criticism, the function would be incomplete without one who constitutes so large an arc of the Critics' Circle.

Exact details are lacking of the next Russian Ballet season, but it is now certain that the repertoire will consist very largely of the work of Mr. EDGAR WALLACE. At any rate we are definitely promised four new WALLACE ballets: three shockers, The Third Degree, La Maison Rowton Fountasque and Orpheus with his Loot; and his mystery ballet with an eerie atmosphere, The Spring-Heeled Naiad. Of the old WALLACE favourites we may be allowed to see once more his Tom-Cat and The Arson Bird.



She. "You're late with the milk this morning, Joe." Handyman. "IT'S THE OLD COW. SHE WENT BACK TO BED WHEN THE ECLIPSE COME. I COULDN'T CONVINCE 'ER NOHOWS."

LITTLE TALKS, THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

THANK you, Madam; pay at the desk, please. Good morning, Madam—My dear, what a crush! Like flies, aron't they? Well, my dear, I wanted to tell you, it's all up, Arthur and me, I mean. We had a scene last night, such a scene; well, scene's not the word-Cami-bockers? No, Madam; straight for music and he hasn't, and after a through and on the right—Don't hurry

because he was wearing his bowler, you may her name be?" Because I wasn't see, and I told him long ago I didn't like him in his bowler, and he's never worn it since, not till last night, so I said "The bowler, eh? I suppose your passion's burnt itself out?"—joking, you see—Boys' pants? No, Madam, in the Juveniles, the next department— Well, he looked sheepish at that, like when you tell a man he's got no soul bit he said he was sorry, but the fact

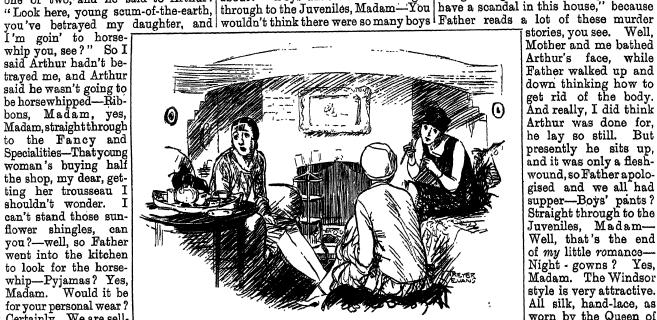
going to show anything, you see. "Well, if you want to know," he said, "her name's Sylvia Wilkins." And then he told me all about her, from her blasted eyes to her blasted address, which is Addison Road, if you please. Well, we were sitting in the front-room, you see, because it was raining, and just then Father comes along the passage, and Father's always said he'd horse-whip anybody if their intentions wasn't honme, dear, I'm in such a state I can't hardly think. Well, Arthur came in last night, you see, and I could tell at once there was something in the wind Congratulations, I'm sure, and what ing, I was just saying to Miss Williams,

throwing them away at the price— the hatchet was a horse-whip, so Nasty little rat! I'd be ashamed to be he lifted up the horse-whip, the a shop-walker if I was a man!—So I hatchet, I mean—Yes, Mr. Arundale? said to Father, "Congratulate Arthur, Miss Farrow, forward, bust-bodices, Father, he's going to be married." "To please—Well, Arthur never turned a you, my dear?" says Father, all of a hair, but I thought it was all up with radio. "No," I said, "to Sylvia Wilhim, but just then Mother came in, and kins." Well, you see, I've always let she gave Father one of her suffering on to Father that me and Arthur were looks and she said "Where did you put more or less engaged, because if I hadn't the aspirins, Tom, my head's splitting?" done that he'd have put his hoof down

trayed me, and Arthur said he wasn't going to be horsewhipped—Ribbons, Madam, yes, Madam, straight through to the Fancy and Specialities—That young woman's buying half the shop, my dear, getting her trousseau I shouldn't wonder. I can't stand those sunflower shingles, can you?-well, so Father went into the kitchen to look for the horsewhip-Pyjamas? Yes, Madam. Would it be for your personal wear? Certainly. We are selling a great many of the Paris Pyjama—for!

camp and yacht-wear. they are very much worn. trope are very fetching, Madam. Or would you prefer the Cambridge blue? One-three-ten, Madam, reduced from giving them away, Madam. Two pairs of the Cambridge? Very well, Madam. Cash, Madam, or on account? Wonderful weather, Madam, quite a treat. A little fresher to-day, I think. Thank you, Will you pay at the desk, please? Good morning, Madam-Well, my dear, Father couldn't find the horsewhip, because Mother hid it the moment she heard him on the rampage, you see, but that only made him the madder, and he came back waving the coalsomething terrible, and he said to Arthur "Will you come out in the yand and be horsewhipped, young, man?" And Arthur said "Not with

Well, that seemed to sober Father, be-



Hostess (to herself). "Oh, I do wish one of them would go! I have so much to tell each about the other."

Wilkins for years, only she wouldn't have him, but she'd gone and changed me were very good friends but that was all. So I said "That's right." I'd have said anything to save a scene. So Father flared up and he said "Friends my eye! Then what's all the kissing and cuddling for, tell me that!". My is vulgar when he's worked up. So he said "Vulgar, am I? Well, will this young feller-me-lad answer a straight a hatchet, Sir," very polite, you see. fire. "Platonic!" shouts Father, "you! price!

these Windsor night-gowns have all Well, Father was mad at that, you dare to try those games with my gone but six and it seems to me we're see, and really I think he thought daughter!" And he picks up the hatchet and he makes for Arthur. Well, Mother caught hold of him and I caught hold of him, and there was a regular dog-fight, and the next thing I knew, there was Arthur lying on the ground with the blood all over his face. My dear, the blood! You never saw anything like it—Are you being attended to, Madam? We have a very cheap line in silk bed-socks to-day. Pardon? Cheese, Madam? That will be in the long ago—Girls' Outfits? the next department, Madam—So when Father heard about Sylvia Wilkins, he saw scarlet you see—well, I think he'd had one or two, and he said to Arthur:

"Look here, young scum-of-the-earth, won've hetrayed my daughter and won'der think there were so many hows."

"Well, "says Father, "is he dead?" "Looks like it," Mother said "What's the argument about?"—Boys'underclothes? Straight thing is to get rid of the body, I won't have a scandal in this house," because won've hetrayed my daughter and wouldn't think there were so many hows."

"Look here, young scum-of-the-earth, won'der think there were so many hows."

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"Look here, young scum-of-the-earth, won'der think there were so many hows."

"Look here, young scum-of-the-earth, through the Livestock. Thank you—"Well," says Father, "is he dead?" "Looks like it," Mother said. "Well," says Father, "the first thing is to get rid of the body, I won't have a scandal in this house," because

Father walked up and down thinking how to get rid of the body. And really, I did think Arthur was done for, he lay so still. But presently he sits up, and it was only a fleshwound, so Father apologised and we all had supper—Boys' pants? Straight through to the Juveniles, Madam-Well, that's the end of my little romance-Night - gowns? Yes, Madam. The Windsor style is very attractive. All silk, hand-lace, as worn by the Queen of Serbia. We have them in the three shades,

Yes, Madam, in the world, would you? Where was Madam, Rose du Barri, Cerise and I.? Oh yes. Well, Arthur spoke up and Hesh. There has been a great run on Madam. Or he said he'd been gone on this Sylvia this style, Madam. These are the last half-dozen, Madam. We are selling them at a very considerable reduction, thirty-five shillings. We are practically her mind, you see; and he said he and Madam, twenty-six shillings, Madam, marked at two guineas. I will inquire, Madam—Mr. Arundale!—Yes, Madam, for that number we would let them go at half-price, Madam. Shall I send them? Certainly, Madam. The weather is wonderful, is it not, Madam? Quite dear, wasn't it awful? Well, Mother a treat. A little fresher to-day, I think. said "Don't be vulgar, Tom!" And the name, please? Miss Sylvia there's no getting away from it, Father Wilkins. Miss Sylvia Wilkins, did you say, Madam? And the address? 410, Addison Road. Thank you, Madam, I will have them sent by the next delivhatchet and shouting and swearing question—has there been kissing and ery. Will you pay at the desk, please? cuddling or has there not?" So Arthur Good morning, Madam-Well, my dear, said there might have been a little what d'you think of that? That's the kissing and cuddling, but only Platonic, little fairy that's ruined my life—and you see. Well, then the fat was in the I've sold her six nighties for half-A. P. II.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROAD.

Jougassen



IT'S SUCH A-

("I wonder if another rug would be a good thing?")



REST CURE-

("Is it going to rain? What about putting up the hood?")



TO BE ABLE-

("Stop a minute, the door's come open!")



TO GET OUL-

("Oh, I never brought the what-ever-it-is I wanted to leave at—")



ON TO-

'("Half-a-second, the door's open again.")



THE OPEN ROAD-

("Oh, shouldn't we have turned to the left back there? It's much nicer that way.")



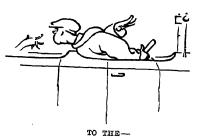
AND SURRENDER ONESELF-

("There's So-and-So. I wanted to give her a message.... No, it wasn't. Go on.")



COMPLETELY-

("Oh, there's some wild what's-its-name. I must—")



("I don't think the other door 's quite



POETRY-

("Oh, good Heavens! . . . no, nothing . . . just something I remembered I'd forgotten.")



OF-

("I say, we must simply tear back. I'm almost certain I asked the Someone-or-others to tea.")



MOTION.

("Hi! . . . stop! , . . the door!")

AUNT ISABEL AT WIMBLEDON.

"When I was young," said Aunt Isabel, "we used to play lawn-tennis on a lawn."

"There is one here somewhere, I think," I said plaintively.

"I don't see it," said Aunt Isabel; and she looked round her in a rather disapproving way.

in one of the tiers of a small amphitheatre, having all the usual properties of a small amphitheatre, including even the barred caverns through which lions and Christians might be expected to arrive. The arena was filled by an imitation tarpaulin sea, on the waves of which what appeared to be wrecked mariners in oilskins were floundering beneath the pitiless rain. It was rather like one of those whaling-films where the harpooner has been flung violently out of the boat by a swift flick of the monster's tail. Or one might have expected, perhaps, that miniature triremes should emerge from the grills and perform, let us say, the battle of Actium on the pea-green waterproof floods.

However, the score-board read-

SETS. GAMES. TILDEN . . BRUGNON .

so, as I had pointed out to Aunt Isabel, it was impossible to doubt that somewhere or other a lawn was concealed upon the premises.

The rain continued to fall.

" It does seem rather a pity," I suggested after a while, "that the management can't

devise some sort of intermediate show. I mean why can't they turn a couple of dozen rats on to the tarpaulin and send a terrier after them?"

"Disgusting!" said Aunt Isabel.

"Oh, not real rats, Aunt Isabel," I amended hastily. "Electric rats, of course. Or they might bait an electric badger that administered mild shocks to the dogs with the ends of its bristles. underneath it like soused hens. Anything for joie de vivre."

By this time the machine, as the Romans would have called them, had them and shivered. Stern men in overbegun to raise the tarpaulin cover at the centre into the shape of a roof and

off the sloping sides into the metal gratings which flank the lawn.

"Why don't they cover up the court entirely?" asked Aunt Isabel, "and turn on electric light?"

"Because," I replied, "it would then be a Covered, and not an Open Court championship.

"I see," said Aunt Isabel, looking at the tarpaulin roof.

OUR SPECIALISED PROFESSIONS.

Enterprising Tramp. "ER-WILL YER BE WANTING ANYONE TO SIT ON YER TRUNKS WHEN YER STARTS PACKIN' FOR THE 'OLIDAYS, SIR?"

> my own part the sight of a number of people standing under umbrellas when I am sitting under a shelter is quite enough to satisfy me, even in the coldest June. And there was added an unexpected pleasure. Suddenly, away to our left, through a rent in the metal roof, there came a complete waterspout, scattering the occupants of the seats

The rain had become torrential. Women drew their furs closely around coats stamped their feet.

"I wonder," said Aunt Isabel, "that

"It's never done," I told her, "at: Wimbledon. At least I don't think so. Although of course it might be. The umpires are usually in splendid voice.

"The more we hate the weather The merrier we'll be,'

I hummed. "If you don't mind," I added, "I think I'll go and have a look at No. 1 Court for a few minutes. There was something, of course, to be I gave her some chocolate, but even there that I specially want to study.

They tell me it's very fine indeed. It works with rollers and steel ropes."

"Yes, but can one get a seat to see it?" asked Aunt Isabel. "I shall have to risk that," I said. "Very likely I shall have to stand."

What I really wanted to do was to walk about in the concrete corridors underneath the stands and watch the people who had taken refuge from the rain lying on the banks of imitation grass near the telephone boxes and sipping hot tea. It is, to my mind, such a pretty Arcadian scene. Down below I met a member who dilutes his tennis with a little stockbroking now and then.

"Wouldn't it be rather a good idea," I said, as we examined the apparatus which protected Court No. 1, "if you put the whole lawn on wheels and slid it away underneath the stands?"

He said that he would write a memorandum to the Committee on the point. "But I doubt," he went on kindly, "whether even that would be so good as to send all the great thinkers like you amongst the crowd to stand on the court in goloshes with inverted umbrellas on their heads."

Just then the rain thinned to a mere drizzle, and I made haste to rejoin Aunt Isabel.

The machines began to operate, the tarpaulin was lowered, the knots were undone, the sheets were rolled back by the mariners, revealing to our astonished gaze for the first time that afternoon the crude green grass of a tennis-lawn. The net was raised, the umpire re-erected, and TILDEN and Brugnon went on with their second set. What worried Aunt Isabel most now was that TILDEN took off his shoes and played in his socks.

"I'm sure he'll regret it one day when he's older," she said. "The grass is never really dry, and the damp streams of waters were gradually poured | we don't have some community singing." | always strikes upwards into the bones.

TILDEN won the second set. He was very brilliant. BRUGNON won the first three games of the third set. BRUGNON was very brilliant. The sky was very dull. It grew duller. There was rain.

Up went the umbrellas. On came the mariners. Outrolled the green tarpaulin sea. After a time the laborious roof was raised again. Whenever there was a momentary lull in the rain the faithful crowd applauded it like an overhead smash, and half the umbrellas went down. Time rolled on and on.

I was afraid that Aunt Isabel would

be getting weary.

"Would you like to go now?" I said. "No," she answered firmly, "I should not. Who is that in the box over there? Isn't it King MANOEL?"

"Yes," I said. "I thought so," she replied.

must be much more trying for him than for me, coming from Portugal, where

it's so sunny, you know."

The rain stopped again, the lawn re-emerged, and tennis really began. BRUGNON was brilliant, but TILDEN was undefeatable. Aunt Isabel grew enthusiastic. So enthusiastic that when TILDEN had taken the fourth set, she made me help to wedge her into the jam of spectators watching Court No. 1, where a doubles with BETTY NUTHALL in it ended, and a doubles with Borotra in it began.

After inquiring, "Which is BOROTRA? The one with the white cap who keeps trotting round and round, or the one with the black cap who keeps jumping from side to side?" Aunt Isabel passed into a state of ecstasy, punctuated by ejaculations of delight and astonishment at every move that BOROTRA made. In fact, I have to announce definitely that Aunt Isabel is in love with BOROTRA. But I dare say nothing will come of it in the end.

It rained.

All the players went in to change their shoes. BOROTRA and LACOSTE came back in black shoes.

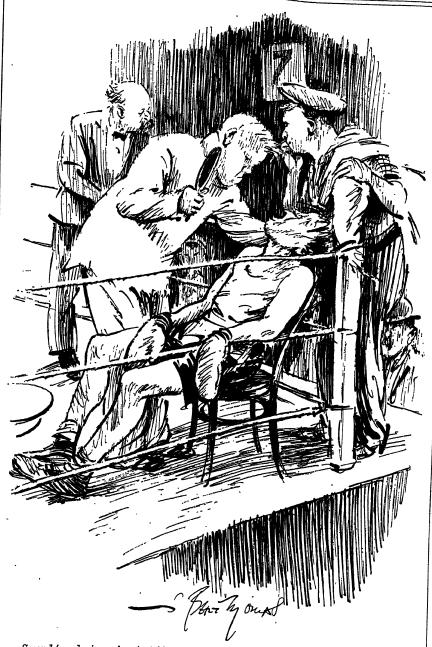
"Why are they wearing black shoes now?" inquired Aunt Isabel, turning to somebody she thought was me. It wasn't me, and the man shook his head. Then she found out where I was.

"Why are they wearing black shoes now?" she asked me.

"I think they're Basque shoes," I

said. "Used for paddling in." The set was finished. It rained. Mechanical science supervened for the last time, and the lawns were put to bed.

"I really must come again to-morrow," said Aunt Isabel, "and take my chance of a seat. Only I shall have to leave fairly early of course because I'm going on to Richmond afterwards."



Second (producing mirror). "'AVE A DECCO, CHARLIE, AN' SEE WOT 'E 'S BIN A-DOIN' TO YER."

"Well, that isn't far from Wimbledon," I pointed out.

"Richmond in Yorkshire, I mean," said Aunt Isabel, correcting me. "By air, you know, to see the eclipse."

I do like the spirit of these English girls. EVOE.

Sporting Old Boys.

"Ferrars was also second in the long jump and hundred yards for boys under 145. Provincial Paper.

"A 101 year-old boy from a certified school, said to be a victim of home sickness, appeared at - Juvenile Court yesterday charged with stealing a bicycle."-London Paper.

"ROAD ACCIDENTS.

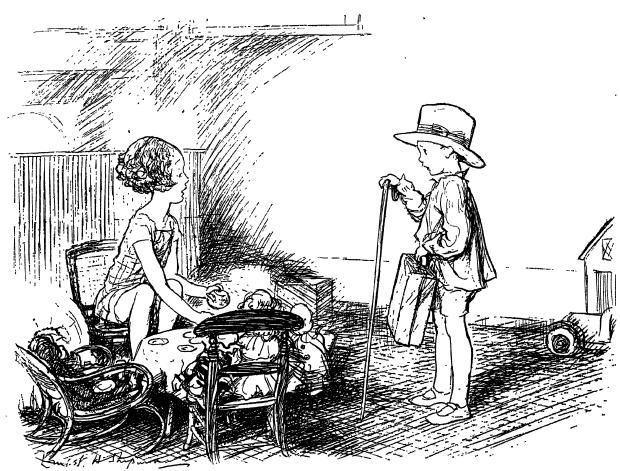
CAR OUT OF CONTROL TURNED INTO A HEDGE."

Headlines in Provincial Paper.

The advent of the roadside magician supplies a long-felt want. We hope shortly to hear of the metamorphosis of a pedestrian into a kangaroo.

From a description of a fire: "The public-house is a one-storey building and the occupants were sleeping upstairs." Evening Paper.

But that, as Mr. KIPLING might observé, is another storey.



Pamela. "How's your wife, Peter?"

Peter. "She died last Tuesday."

Pamela. "Are you sorry?"

Peter. "Sorry? Of course I'm sorry. I LIKED THE WOMAN."

A CHARLESTON TRAGEDY.

THE MORE I think of Reggie Pott The MORE I'm thankful that I'm not A Charleston maniac, because Of what occurred to Reg, who was.

For he was born of parents who, Being most refined and well-to-do, Had done their best in every way To mould their son the same as they, And closely balanced cons. and pros Before they ultimately chose To make him work for some degree In medicine or divinity.

"For it is hard," they said, "to beat
"The manners found in Harley Street,
And clergy we invite to tea
Are all as nice as nice can be."

To give his manners every chance Young Reginald was taught to dance, And thus it was he came, alack, To be a Charleston maniac, With symptoms that progressed until He couldn't make his legs keep still, But all day long he had to go
With heels that waggled to and fro.
His mother sought a specialist.
"Pray make," she said, "his legs desist."
But, though the doctor did his best
By listening-in against his chest
While Reg recited "Ninety-nine,"
His final word was, "I opine
There is no cure for this disease.
Er—that will be a guinea, please."

So Reginald still goes about
With heels that twinkle in and out.
He's had to drop his early plan
Because a person never can
Look really clerical and grave
Whose legs behave as his behave,
Or efficaciously orate
On nether limbs that oscillate;
While wasted is a doctor's skill
When yoked to legs that won't keep
still.

By now, no doubt, the wretched boy'd Have been amongst the unemployed Had not his aged father been

A man of genius, and seen
In him a polishing machine.
His legs are now let out on lease
At half-a-crown an hour apiece,
And floors and landings he patrols
With dusters fastened to his soles,
Which, as they flick from left to right,
Can make the dullest surface bright,
And polish up a ballroom floor
As good as new, or even more.
And so he's money in the bank
For which he has his feet to thank.

But isn't it an awful thing
To have to earn by polishing
The livelihood you'd planned to gain
Upon the more exalted plane
That gentlemen who "practise" reach
Along with gentlemen who preach?

"Mr. — has had considerable experience in City and Fleet-street journalism, but, like Sydney Carton, he discovered 'a far, far better thing' in financial life."—Daily Paper.
Why did Dickens never tell us about this episode in his hero's career?



CAVE v. CAVE.

VISCOUNT CAVE (the Lords' Reform Kite, to himself). "THERE SEEMS TO BE A 'CAVE' AGAINST ME." (Aloud, to attacking flock of young Conservatives). "SORRY!—BIRKENHEAD'S MISTAKE!"

[Comes down.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

'ouse, ours is," was in effect the opinion of Lord NOVAR, who this afternoon assailed the haphazard methods in which their Lordships' House conducted its business. Five weeks ago he had come up from the country to vote on the Liquor (Popular Control) Bill in response to a Whip, but there was no division. He came again last Tuesday morning to vote on the Peeresses Bill, but found the Liquor Bill had displaced it. Still there was no division on that. Now he had again come up in response to all. sorts of Whips to vote on the Peeresses Bill and there was no Peeresses Bill.

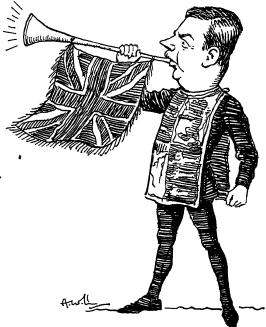
The thought of "Peers, idle Peers," quite upset Lord NEWTON. The Whipping in that House, he declared, was absolutely beneath contempt and the Government Whips did not know the A.B.C. of their business. Not, he added graciously, that the present Whips were any worse than their pre-decessors. The LORD CHANCELLOR, appalled by the spectacle of an ex-Whip suddenly transformed into a scorpion, pronounced Lord NEWTON'S wholesale attack to

be "quite unjust."

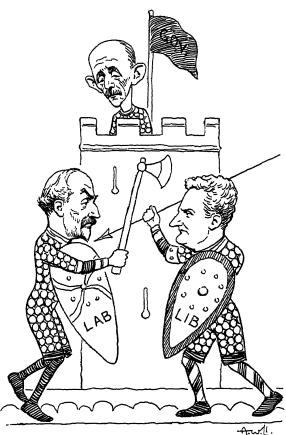
In the House of Commons Captain Hudson wanted to know what the Empire Marketing Board meant by sticking up its advertising posters in the public parks and interfering with their enjoyment. Mr. Ormsby-Gore said he welcomed the opportunity of publicly thanking the FIRST COMMIS-SIONER OF WORKS for letting him advertise the Empire in places not available for the advertisement of anything else. So far from defacing anything their highly artistic posters merely enhanced the natural beauties of the scene. The report that Mr. AMERY had been seen surreptitiously pasting a poster saying "Eat More Fruit!" on the other Hudson's memorial was not referred to.

Members showed a considerable restlessness at the disappearance from St. Stephen's Hall of the picture of "The Burial of the Unknown Warrior,' which, it was explained, had been made to waste its stirring message on the desert air of the King's Robing - Room. Still more heat was engendered by the

Monday, June 27th .- "Ours is a nice in the Chair was to be bestowed in moment as if the Speaker might have



THE IMPERIAL TRUMPETER. Mr. Ormsby Gore.



WHEN FOES FALL OUT. LORDS SALISBURY, OLIVIER AND BEAUCHAMP.

admission that the historic picture of Committee Room 14, to which the Members holding the Speaker down public has no access. It looked for a

to hold several Members down in their seats, but a belated promise to consider putting "The Unknown Warrior" in Westminster Hall saved the situation.

Then it appeared that Mr. Os-WALD Mosley's free passage to the House had been obstructed by the police engaged in speeding the Duke and Duchess of York's procession, contrary to the Sessional Order of the House and the peace and dignity of the Socialist Party. Mr. HOPKINSON pertinently inquired if Mr. Mosley's free passage to the House also included a free passage for his car. The SPEAKER said it did not. But as some Members on foot had also been held up the Home Secretary promised to look into the matter.

The House in Committee of Supply considered the Treasury Vote and heard from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER the rather astonishing declaration that the Government "must pursue a clear, plain, unswerving policy in finance," which rather suggests a man who starts out to climb

a mountain declaring that he intends to pursue a clear, plain, unswerving route to the top.

The Ministry of Health Vote provoked an argument about the West Ham Guardians, who, according to Messrs. Groves, JONES (JACK) and THORNE, were doling out relief in a harsh and niggardly fashion. KINGSLEY WOOD, on the contrary, thought they were giving the utmost satisfaction and said the Ministry proposed to keep them there for another six months.

Tuesday, June 28th.—The House of Lords dealt shrewdly with the Companies Bill, as amended in Committee, the numerous amendments accepted being all of a technical charac-Lord Salisbury pointed out that the Clause prohibiting the hawking of shares "from house to house" might be interpreted to include "from office to office," which would interfere with the legitimate business of the City (where the practice of buying one's shares off a barrow is still popular). Words would be added to explain that "house" meant "dwelling house.'

On the Duke of Buccleuch's

drawing attention to the fact that Lyon | house they had been building, he said, KING-AT-ARMS had ordered certain municipal coats-of-arms to be removed from the Scottish National War Memorial, the Duke of SUTHERLAND said that he was merely enforcing the law forbidding municipalities to sport coatsof-arms that they had not paid for. This particular manifestation of Scotch thrift, the DUKE intimated, had occurred before. Anyway, twelve counties and two burghs had paid up and only one county had preferred to look unpleasant.

The Finance Bill set the Commons to debating whether dutyless tea or a plump exchequer is the more grateful and comforting. Lady Aston seized her chance to assail both alcohol and Mr. Churchill, but failed to damp the

Minister's spirits.

On the subject of Empire Preference Mr. PETHICK - LAWRENCE announced that the Labour Party opposed it "because it was not desirable to cement ties of blood-relationship through business bonds." The Socialists' motto of course is, "Do business with those that hate you."

Wednesday, June 29th.—Apparently it only required the focussing of public attention on it to reveal that the Gilded Chamber may sometimes be reduced by dissension almost to the condition of a rough house. To-day Lord Salisbury, having had time to think it over, took up the cudgels on behalf of the Government Whip, so grievously savaged by Lord NEWTON

on Monday.

The House then renewed the adjourned debate on agriculture, the event of the afternoon being a dissertation by Lord ERNLE on the moments musicales of agricultural politicians. Labour, he said, woo'd the farmer with a muted rendering of "The Red Flag"; the Liberal Party sang the Liberal Land Hymn with the voice of Lord Lincoln-SHIRE. The Conservative Party, he thought, had been singing "The Roast Beef of Old England," but in the tempo of a dirge.

Lord Salisbury replied vaguely that the Government "pinned its faith to private enterprise.'

The Commons resumed their discussion of the Ministry of Health Estimates and heard at length from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that no small part of the large vote was due to the fact that they had eclipsed all records in house-building, no fewer than two hundred and seventeen thousand being added in the year ending March 31st last. Unfortunately they had about exhausted the class of people that could pay the economic rent of the class of

and must face the necessity of building smaller houses at lower rents, which were anyway better than the accommowould get them.

Like Christopher Robin, Mr. CHAM-



THE FARMER'S BOY. LORD ERNLE.

BERLAIN thinks it is ever so jolly to shout out "Bears! Just watch me walking in all the squares!" At any rate he promised the House a Commission to look into the vexed question of the future of the London squares.



THE HOUSE MATCH. MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

After an optimistic debate on inter-Imperial relations the Dominion Office Vote was agreed to.

Thursday, June 30th.—A House of dation now available for the people who Lords' debate on the Trade Disputes Bill would doubtless have made excellent listening had the Bill made its first appearance in that Chamber. Yesterday the speeches of the LORD CHAN-CELLOR and Lord HALDANE were merely polished and comprehensive summaries of all that had been said and re-said and said for the third or ninth or dozenth time in the Other Place.

Hoping possibly to head off the interrogatory zeal of Mr. DAY, Lord Aps-LEY wrung from the Home Secretary the admission that there had been eighteen burglaries or attempted burglaries in London in the first twenty-five days of June, which will henceforward be known as the month of roses, burglars and brides. The total swag, however, over and above that recovered was only one-hundred-and-seven pounds. Can our burglars as well as our bruisers and tennis-stars be losing their punch?

The House made further progress with the Finance Bill. Mr. Snowden declared that the Committee which recommended the duties on pottery really consisted of Lady Askwith, the other two members of the Committee cancelling out.

Sir HENRY CROFT pointed out that the lady in question, a descendant of Sir ROBERT PEEL and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, had been a free-trader all her life.

"But is she a free-trader now?" demanded Mr. HARRIS. "She has sat on these Committees and heard the evidence and she may not be a free-trader now," retorted Sir HENRY.

The Marquis of Harrington vigorously assailed the language of income-tax law, which, he said, the Revenue authorities purposely kept unintelligible because it enabled them to collect large sums of money they were not entitled to.

Mr. Churchill said he was setting up a highly expert committee of lawyers to rewrite, with the assistance of gifted laymen. the mass of income-tax law. But he warned the House that "literary simplicity" might result in far more legal interpretation and argument than would arise if "the recognized and highly respectable jargon and rigmarole of a great profession" were retained.

Having wrung from the CHAN-CELLORthe withdrawal of Clause 19 (which threatened to collect income-tax from charities) the House adjourned, well satisfied with the day's progress.



A STEEPLEJACK TAKES A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND.

ANOTHER GREAT BROADCAST.

This is a democratic age. It is not enough for us that we should know how the aristocracy play bridge. There are other card-games and other players. To-night we have arranged at great expense for the broadcasting of

A NAP HAND

from the tap-room of "The Red Lion," Cooling-under-Ashwood, Kent.

The hand will be played by four famous experts—Mr. Bomper the landlord, Mr. Prowse the sexton, Mr. Slink, who does a little light poaching and is

on the dole, and Mr. Kippit the butcher.
Stand by, everybody, and listen. That
jingle is the cash-register. Those hollow
sounds are pint pots being put down
empty. The rich dominant voice is

that of Mr. Bomper.

"Missis, where's policeman?"
""Im—'e's taking Bob Stark to Maid-

stone lock-up."

"Boys, 'ere's a chance for a 'and at penny nap while the bluebottle's out of the way. Missis, get out the cards."

The clinking noise you hear is Mrs.
Bomper getting out the cards from behind the spare glasses. I wish you could see the cards. They have served "The Red Lion" well for many years.
All the aces have all their corners turned cards of one suit.)

up owing to the anxiety of acquisitive gentlemen to be quite sure what is being dealt.

"Me—first deal."

That is Mr. Bomper speaking. The thuds mark the dealing of each card as he puts them firmly down.

Here are the hands. Take a note of them so that you can follow the play.

Mr. Bomper: Spades—Ace, King, Queen, Jack; Hearts—Ace; Clubs—two.

Mr. Slink: Spades—nine, seven, six, five, four.

Mr. Prowse: Clubs—King, Queen, Jack, ten; Hearts—Queen.

Mr. Kippit: Diamonds—King, Queen, Jack, ten; Clubs—Ace.

Note the curious distribution of the cards. Mr. Bomper has of course dealt himself six instead of the customary five; but as landlord and provider of the cards he always exercises that privilege when he deals. If you listen very carefully you may hear the flick of the card as he discards the two of Clubs under the table.

There! Did you catch it?. Listen! The bidding is about to

commence.
"Two 'ere." (That is Mr. Slink.
Note his caution, though he has five
cards of one suit.)

"Three for me." (There goes Mr. Prowse with an eminently sane bid.)

"I goes one better." (That is Mr. Kippit, and his bid is perfectly justifiable.)

"Nap—till the cows come 'ome." (Of course you recognised the dominating tone of Mr. Bomper.)

Attention! They are about to play. "'Ere's a cast-iron one for you—Ace, King, Queen and Jack o' Spades. Play to them, you blighters!"

The thuds on the table show that the blighters are playing to them.

"Now 'ere's a nice little Ace to top off with."

That raucous laugh is Mr. Slink's.
"And 'ere's the nine of trumps to

That crashing noise you heard then was Mr. Bomper hitting Mr. Slink on the head with a quart pot.

Gentlemen, gentlemen, if you must fight, keep away from the microphone.

London Calling. Owing to an unfortunate breakdown of the microphone we cannot continue the broadcasting of the nap game. A little dance-music from the Savoy will be taken next.

Motto of those who did not rise early on June 29th:—"Rest first, Eclipse nowhere."

FINAL ECLIPSE NOTES.

(From our Special Correspondent at Giggleswick, Southport and the parts of Wales about Carnarvon.)

Words almost, but fortunately not quite, fail me to describe my sensations when the moment predicted inaccurately by the Astronomer ROYAL, but accurately by myself owing to the remarkable news service of this paper, arrived for the obscuration of the heavenly orb of day by the celestial globe of night. I was standing alone, except for the vast crowds which had come with me, upon a deserted moor. There was not a single restaurant in sight.

I was wearing a fawn-coloured loungesuit of the now popular double-breasted pattern, thigh boots and oilskins, and | sun!' carried in my hand a rattle and a small

purple gas-balloon. I had travelled North in a two-seater Grump with non-skid tyres, placing my wife, a thermos-flask and a large packet of food in the dickey. On the seat beside myself I had my large Airedale hound, in order to study the effect upon the animal world of the unwonted nigrification of the diurnal luminary by the interposition or transjection, as it were, athwart it of the nocturnal sphere. On my face I wore a small mask of celluloid, affixed with adhesive paste to the ears.

Night surrounded us. broke a curious lightness appeared, first | there was a kind of luminous frill or of all in the east, and then gradually spreading over the face of the sky. I pointed this out to my wife, who, when frill or corona of light round the edge I had called her attention to the fact, noticed it too. The dog made no sign. In a short while, in the same quarter as that whence the original brightness had proceeded, a spherical object emerged from which there emanated beams. We all recognised it instantly. It was the

Gradually, as the moment of the eelipse drew closer, excitement became intense. Far and near the open moor on which we stood was dotted with a myriad spectators having the appearance of dots. Suddenly a vast shadow resembling a shade approached. Then the voice of the ASTRONOMER ROYAL Was heard. "The shadow of the moon is approaching," it cried; and a moment Go!"

He then fired a revolver.

Immediately the edge of a dark circular disc like a plate, or, to put it more accurately, the iim of a dusky rounded plate like a disc, began to move or pass over the face or superficies of the solar body, or sun. It was the beginning of the eclipse.

I looked at my wife. She was eating sandwiches. I looked at my dog. He was scratching his head with his off hind-foot.

The sky grew darker still. The obfuscation of the heavenly dial proceeded until in a few seconds it had become completely obfuscated. Totality had occurred.

"The total eclipse is now taking place," shouted the ASTRONOMER ROYAL.

Many spectators had fallen down (involuntarily) upon their knees. One or two were busily writing out forms for super-tax. A night-jar churred in the undergrowth. I looked apprehensively at my dog. It had fallen asleep.

Then gradually the obfuscation of the solor sphere, or sun, occasioned by the interposition of the lunar sphere, or moon, began to pass away in such a manner as to leave visible a gradually increasing portion of the superior orb.

"The eclipse is now going away, cried the Astronomer Royal. "Mask over!"

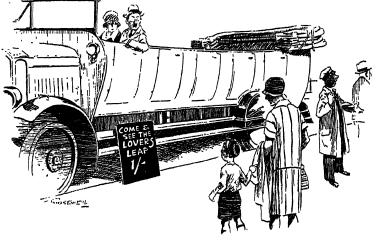
Immediately we all cheered, rattled our rattles and flung into the air our balloons. Men and women breathed sighs of relief. The night-jar, which "The moon is in the centre of the had been churring under the impression that it was night, gave a short We saw it. It was precisely in the sharp bark and flew rapidly away. It

seemed as if the whole earth had been relieved of an ominous overboding or presage of dread.

"How light it has become!" said my wife.

"Yes," I said, removing my little celluloid mask. "The eclipse is We shall not over. see another like it till 1999."

I started the engine of my two-seater Grump. It chugged as usual, as if nothing had happened. My wife yotinto the dickey. My Airedale leapt up on the seat by my side. Home again to London and



Little Boy (much interested). "OH, MUMMY, DO LET'S WAIT!"

When dawn middle. All round the edge of the moon the work-a-day world! corona of light.

> "All those who notice the luminous of the moon will shout 'Ay!'" cried

Thère was an overwhelming roar of "Ay!"

The intense eeriness of the moment will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to be present, or even by those who happened to be there. An extraordinary and ever-to-be-remembered phenomenon had now taken place. The world had become dark. The light of the sun had been removed. What had previously been day was now approximately night.

"How eerie it is!" murmured my wife. I placed my fingers upon my lips. A crow winged its way heavily across later, "Are you ready? Are you steady? the horizon. At any other moment I

GARDEN PESTS.

THE PUPPY.

IF I am digging—a thing I often do, the ASTRONOMER ROYAL. "Those who My puppy watches and then starts fail to see it will shout 'No!'" digging too.

If I am planting he barks to say, "That's

You've hidden your bone, I think I'll bury mine.

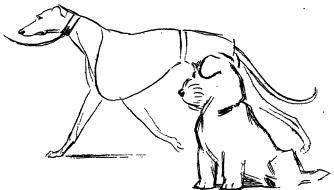
If I am working he takes my tools away, Forgets where he left them and scampers off to play.

I love my garden; my puppy is a pest. Here lies the problem—I love my puppy W. M. L. best.

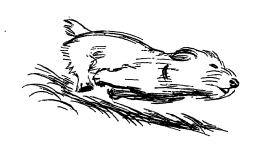
At a seaside pageant:-

"After this there will be demonstration dances. The Garotte will be performed by local young ladies."—Local Paper. should have said that it had flown. This must be a new "Apache dance."

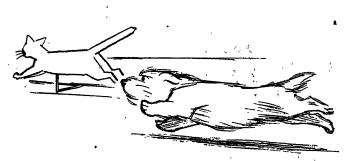
THE SEALYHAM'S SOLILOQUY.



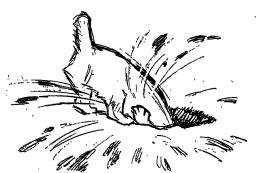
"WHY DIDN'T THEY THINK OF ME FOR THIS RACING BUSINESS?



Bones! THEY SHOULD SEE ME IN THE PARK!



GIVE ME EVEN A TIN CAT AND I'D SHOW 'EM!



· Or I could be champion in a hole-digging competition—



A TRICKS CONTEST-



A FIGHT-



A BEAUTY-SHOW-



OR AN EXHIBITION OF PADDOCK DEPORTMENT.



BUT AFTER ALL I AM A FREE DOG!



PERHAPS I'M BETTER OFF."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SPOT ON THE SUN" (AMBASSADORS).

A Monte Carlo villa; the unnumbered laughter of the Southern sea; a queer deplorable company of jaded pleasureseekers; a Mrs. Patrick (Miss Marie TEMPEST), a fast gambling widow who occupies the villa and entertains there lavishly, but does not pay the rent or running expenses or provide her stakes; a weak-kneed faithful hanger-on and the gaming-tables with the blandly caladmirer, Bob Louden (Mr. GRAHAM culating Woolfe's newly-offered hundred Browne); an eclectically-bred elderly thousand, pay off her debts to him and turn and bite the hand that tried to tip

shiny Levantine gentleman, Barrington Woolfe (Mr. Frank CELLIER), who for considerations not yet received and not quite sincerely promised gives and gives and waits patient on the outer strands of his deftlyspunfinancial web; a bad elderly Baroness (Lady TREE), who keeps a dancing dago or gigolo, Michael (Mr. George Howe) —I never could quite make up my mind how naughty Mr. HASTINGS TURNER intended him to be, but amiably suspect the worst of him; an elderly ingénue, Baby Delaney, of, say, twenty-five, whose pose is that she is fifteen (Miss EILEEN PEEL). Into this deplorable group at the hour of the luncheon cocktails bursts a telegram. Mrs. Patrick's daughter, Mary, finished after five years of Cheltenham, is to be expected any minute. The mother had forgotten her existence. Odd, that.

But, says the mother, turning promptly from a bird of this Southern paradise into a good English hen, "the child can't come into this sort of place with people like you about. Away with the cocktail glasses; compose your faces and control

Patrick; I am the solicitous-frantic hen clucking over its young." And then there bursts in upon the solemnly dissembling party a bounding young person panting for healthy excitement, a hockey-andcricket captain, dressed in the crocodile mode (though crocodiles are dead), an advanced nineteen-twenty-sevener, imploring them to buck up, threatening, if the luncheon doesn't go, as at this first glance seems probable, to tell them the latest naughty story out of Cheltenham, urging the poor mother to cast off the staid matron and realise that we are all young now-a-days and have a right to a good time. A promising twist, methinks, to an old theme.

faintest chance of our Cheltenham Mary doing anything but take the unspeakable Michael by the slack of his too slack fawn trousers and running him into the wine-dark sea if he so much as dares open his corrupt mouth to bleat of love? This, however, by the way.

The main theme is, what shall Mrs. Patrick do? Have another throw at

HASELIDEN

RIVIERA RIVALS.

. . . . MISS MARIE TEMPEST. Mrs. Patrick Robert Louden . . Mr. Graham Browne. . . . Mr. Frank Cellier. Barrington Woolfe

> The money is put boldly upon the wrong numbers and the blank morrow dawns. Then she must needs marry Woolfe after all, while adoring Bob Louden gnashes his teeth and threatens to hit him, but (unaccountably) doesn't, especially when the shining gentleman announces that it for the redemption of his I.O.U.'s, but Mary

"This is too much," says the newmade hen. (As a fact it is.) Full confession thereupon by mother to daughter, who, as becomes a modern of the upperfifth, is neither surprised norshocked, and announces herself as quite able to take care of herself with elderly wooers if housekeeper.

Then our Mary falls in love with Michael the worm. And here one challenges the author. Is there the very alas! she has given her heart away to a gigolo who, accepting a tip from Mrs. Patrick as compensation for the loss of emoluments expected from his interrupted flirtation, exposes to her nowopening eyes that there are blacker, more evil-smelling things in Monte Carlo than are dreamed of and discussed in Cheltenham studies-or at least that they aren't in practice quite what they seemed in enlightened debate.

(By the way, wouldn't even a gigolo

him in such circumstances? I

think so.)

It only remains for Mr. HASTINGS TURNER to give another diverting twist to his hectic pattern. Barrington Woolfe, foiled by the eternal maternal that survives in even the worst of the worst set, plays the generous gentleman (it was always his ambition to be taken for a gentleman) and forgives the debt; while Bob Louden at last makes up his mind to settle down with Mrs. Patrick on what of his patrimony is left after putting on the red what should have gone on the black.

And Mary? Well, Mary probably sits down to write a series of short notes to her old school-friends explaining that things are not quite what, they seemed.

Ingenious, full of bright lines, shocking enough though in a tactful way, but not quite sufficiently pulled toge her perhaps.

Miss MARIE TEMPEST, a little hampered by an incomplete memory of her lines, a distressing handicap, was at her best when gay; when in tragic mood a little less con-

your tongues. I am no longer rapid Mrs. | fly to virtuous England with the child! | vincing, mostly perhaps because Is. Patrick was not convincing, but 1 have always had my doubts about those staccato pauses of hers. M: Frank Cellier's portrait of Barrington Woolfe was the best thing in the piece. It was a triumph to make him not merely tolerable but really the most likeable of is no longer Mrs. Patrick whom he claims the poor lot. Lady TREE'S Baroness was delightfully unpleasant, and Miss FABIA DRAKE'S Mary duly fresh and young and hearty. Mr. GEORGE However little study of the bowing gigolo was admirable. Mr. Graham Browne had to be content with a foil part, and Miss 'Agnes Imlay was soundly dour, foreboding and faithful as the Calvinistic "Blue Skies" (Vaudeville).

Mr. Archie de Bear and Mr. Clif-FORD WHITLEY present us, at the Vaudeville, with "a Cabaret-Revue in Three Parts" and twenty-nine numberswhich perhaps is rather too much of a good thing. A cabaret-revue is, I deduce, a revue with the omission of those charmingly improper and harmless little plays in which the human triangle is treated as a sort of permanent joke—an omission which, from the worldling's point of view, is a distinct loss; and there is a consequent effect of monotony in the present entertainment. If a champagne licence could be wangled from the County Council the proper cabaret mood might be induced.

Two comedians from South Africa and new to London are well worth hearing-Max and Harry Nesbitt. Max (or HARRY) is a slim marionettish dancer and grimacer; HARRY (or MAX) is a trick performer on the banjulele or some such monstrous instrument, and has a little trick of labial explosion which may not be so diverting when the novelty is worn off. Both make their quite tolerable patter-songs audible, and were warmly adopted as a good thing by the audience. Mr. Norman Griffin's "I Do Look a

arranged than is customary in this kind, was a sound piece of work; and the same artist in A. P. H.'s "Don't Tell My Mother I'm Living in Sin, already heard in another place, was even better. Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR had devised and arranged one of his period pieces in "Back to Croquet" (words also by A. P. H. and music by Mr. Alfred Rev-NOLDS), in which charming Miss Elsa Macfarlane, completely sheathed and flounced in the manner of a Du Maurier beauty of the 'seventies and living up to that admirable ideal, pleaded passionately with her husband, bewhiskered in the earlier Dundreary manner (Mr. Playfair has no conscience in these matters) and lately seduced by the abandoned sport of lawn-tennis, to return to the croquet fold. A pleasant affair.

The grouping, posing and lighting of the old ivory figures in "A Thousand Years Ago" was most attractively done, and in particular the immobility of the executioner with uplifted sword (Mr. Roy MIT-CENTED must be praised. Talking of lighting, the shameless way in which the principals in "A Maid of noonday was extremely reprehensible. Mayfair"—a version of the CLAUDE



THE MUFFLED BARITONE. MR. JACK SMITH.

Lad in Plus-Fours," with words by Mr. Duvar legend of ransom by minuet—ground for no particular reason except Greatrex Newman, better chosen and referred to the moonlight in a scene the exigencies of the pun, had its



"COME BACK TO CROQUET!" OR, THE DOWNWARD PATH TO WIMBLEDON. The Early Victorian . . . Mr. Norman Griffin. The Crcquet-Player . . . Miss Elsa Macfarlane.

blazing in the full light of a Vaudeville

I could have more unreservedly enjoyed the work of those talented gentlemen, Mr. JACK SMITH, the whispering baritone, and Mr. JAY WHIDDEN, maker of derivative jazz, if they had for one instant mitigated the rigour of their smile or smirk—a smile that never comes off may, I suppose, be fairly described as a smirk. I felt it must have been as fatiguing to them as to me, and I would commend to their consideration the artistic principle of contrast. Nor was I given any sufficient reason why baritones should whisper. However, when Mr. Smith performed his little duet, "Possibly," with Miss Josephine Trix, the smile and the whisper were both in place, and the number one of the best, perhaps the best, of the whole twenty-nine.

Miss Josephine Trix indeed seemed to give the one real touch of distinction to the show. Her technique as a diseuse is most accomplished; she makes every word tell, she has an astonishing range of significant gesture and facial expression, and she "gets it over."

A rather over-elaborate rag of The Co-optimists, entitled "The Close-croptimists," set against a prison back-ground for no particular reason except

> moments. Mr. George Vol-LAIRE, who is a good-looker in romantic clothes—as Du Vall (sic, and why?) the highwayman and a Spanish gallantand has besides a tolerable voice, but a little lacks conviction as an actor, manfully helped the show along. The Chorus proved that the supply of slim and supple-limbed English girls is apparently unlimited - a highly consoling thought.

On Thursday, July 7th, at 3.0, Miss RUTH DRAPER is to give a recital at St. Martin's Theatre on behalf of the funds of the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital.

In order to mark their sense of the exceptional honour conferred upon them by the sun in letting them see its total eclipse, the inhabitants of Giggleswick propose to change its name to Goggleswick.

"There seems to be an absolute glut of sixpences in London just now. Three or four sixpences are often given in change in place of half-a-crown."—Daily Paper. Not to us.

JULY FOR DISILLUSION.

When the chestnut has dowsed All her dear candelabra That April aroused With an abracadabra, And when, tender of spike, Are her little nuts seen (And they look to me like Little hedgehogs in green)-

And when trout I'd entice, Where clear waters are troutful, Grow confoundedly "nice" ·And, as DIDYMUS, doubtful, And laburnum is by And its gold dividend, Then a leg to July; But she's never my friend.

Yet she's Summer? You would Say just that; yes, she's Summer-The promise made good And the blackbird made dumber, And we're eating our bun. Which I'm sure you'll agree Is never the fun That we said it would be;

And the strawberries go With the cuckoo, and within A fortnight or so Comes uncertain St. SWITHIN. And on paths where I pass Are new Autumn nuts seen, Disconcerting me as Might young hedgehogs in green. P. R. C.

OPERATIC IMPRESSIONS.

(By Our Oldest Amateur.)

Though agreeably impressed by Lord WITTENHAM'S animated survey of "Opera: Past, Present and Future," in for a hardy centenarian like myself to avoid regretting the limits of his retrospect. He alludes, for example, to the composition of The Huguenots, in the year 1836, but it is not clear that he attended the first performance. He speaks vaguely of having heard the part of Raoul wonderfully sung by "a Pole, Mierwinski, long years ago"; but internal evidence goes to show that this cannot have been earlier than the early 'seventies, and I may add that when I heard the Polish tenor he spelt his name with a "z"—Mierzwinski. Apparently he never heard Malibran—who died in 1836-or Catalani, or Pasta, or "the incomparable Banti," as my old friend and contemporary, Lord MOUNT-EDG-CUMBE, called her in his reminiscences of an "Old Amateur"—BANTI, who patriotically bequeathed her larynx to her native town of Bologna.

high C in Il Trovatore, but omits to assigned to a haritone, and there is no mention the electrifying ut de poitrine | "star" part for either soprano or tenor.

of TAMBERLIK, the heroic tenor of earlier decades, which my old friend the Duke of Wellington—an assiduous opera-goer in the last years of his life used to call the "hoot from the chest." To speak frankly, comparisons between the stars of the present or of recent years and those of the past are never satisfactory unless based on actual experience. One needs to be at least a centenarian; and this is my excuse and justification for supplementing and correcting the impressions of Lord WITTEN-HAM—si jeunesse savait!

Even when he recalls the glories of the lyric stage in the middle and late Victorian period his survey is curiously incomplete. Not a word of PAULINE VIARDOT-GARCIA, of MARIO and GRISI, of Alboni and Titiens, Faure and NILSSON. He speaks in high praise of the "team work" of PATTI, NICOLINI, Graziani and Scalchi. Patti-whom Berlioz, who regarded most prime donne as monsters, complimented in the atrocious pun, "Oportet Pati," which he wrote in her album-was perfect in her way, but Nicolini had the widest wobble, the most devastating tremolo of any tenor that I ever heard. Graziani was very good, and so was Scalchi; but Lord Wittenham, while discoursing at length on The Huguenots, does not even mention TREBELLI, the unforgettable Urbano, and in every rôle that she filled a gorgeous singer as well as a great artist. Much may be forgiven him for his tribute to TERNINA, of whose Brünnhilde it might indeed be said, vera incessu patuit dea. But he has apparently forgotten her Isolde, an even greater achievement; and the Tristan The Times of June 25th, it is impossible of JEAN DE RESZEE, though praising his Siegfried. That partnership - of TERNINA and JEAN, with EDOUARD DE RESZKE as King Mark—was indeed an unforgettable experience.

Lord WITTENHAM is substantially right about CALVÉ'S Carmen, but he can never have heard TREBELLI in the part. She sang it as it has never been sung before or since, whether by GALLI-Marie, Minnie Hauck, Marie Roze, Bellincioni or Zélie de Lussan—all of whom, with many other Carmens, have been heard by your oldest musical contributor.

The noble critic has much to say about the beauties of Aida, but his acquaintance with the fruits of that wonderful Indian summer of VERDI'S genius does not seem to extend to the culminating masterpieces, Otello and Falstaff. The latter, however, has never been popular at Covent Garden. He speaks of TAMAGNO'S reverberating perhaps because the leading rôle is

In the eighteenth century the operatic world was for a while convulsed by the war between the adherents of HANDEL and Piccinni. For the last fifteen years or more there has been not exactly a war but a rivalry between the vogue of Wagner and Puccini, and the space devoted to the composer of Turandot by Lord WITTENHAM in his review inclines one to the belief that he is perhaps more of a Puccinist than a Wagnerolater. At any rate it is significant that in his brief references to the future of Opera at Covent Garden no mention is made of Russian opera-not even of Boris Godunov—or of any German contemporary composer save RICHARD STRAUSS, or of the possibilities of a British composer winning a hearing.

These limitations, besides others mentioned above, and the regrets expressed for the shortcomings of the German singers in the execution of fioriture and trills, stamp Lord WITTENHAM as one of the Old Guard, whose domination is irreconcilable with the demands of the younger opera-loving public, as well as with the elasticity of outlook and capacity of moving with the times which have always characterised Mr. Punch.

A THREATENED INDUSTRY.

[A contemporary warns its lady-readers that nothing lines the face so quickly as laughter, and advises them to practise in front of a glass and alter their style of laughing from time to time.]

Clarissa, I fell for you after I'd noted how gaily you paid Your tribute of silvery laughter To each little jest that I made;

As one who makes fun a profession I saw what a help it would be To hear upon days of depression Your giggles of glee.

Yes, that was the rôle I expected You'd fill as a proof of your worth, But lately, Dear Heart, I've detected A change in the mode of your mirths; At even my happiest japing

Frank laughter you seldom release, Intent, I presume, cn escaping The facial crease.

Twere a shame if your features grew rougher,

But, darling, I ask is it well That the family income should suffer In order that you may be belle? And that's what will happen, for clearly A slump will be bound to set in Now my efforts are meeting a merely Perfunctory grin.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"She had just been learning of the birth of another branch . . . In twenty-one years it will be celebrating its coming of age." · Co-operative Parer.



Dame Mary Scharlieb.

On India's coral strand she made a start,

And in the vanguard of the healing art

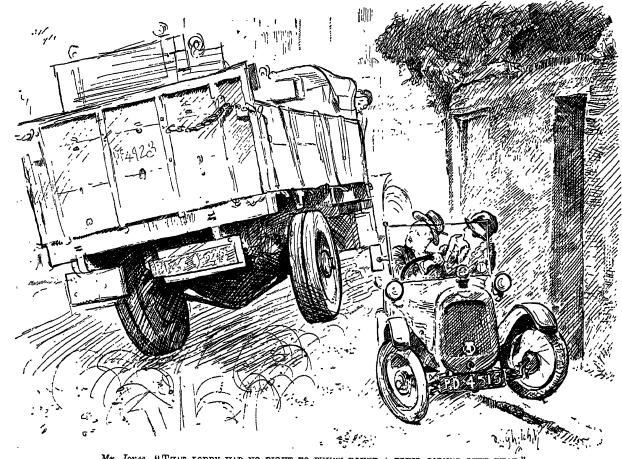
Taking her place (and all the best degrees),

War to the knife she's waged against disease.

She's taught the sex's young idea to burgeon
Into the full-blown medicine-man or surgeon,
Nor yet her hand fails nor her eye grows dim in
Her fearless battle for the cause of Women.

Exp. 5 Res & NOTE

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XLVI.



Mr. Jones. "That lorry had no right to whizz round a blind corner like that." Mrs. Jones. "No. It would have served it right if we'd crashed into it."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE taste for being sermonized is, I'm afraid, less prevalent than the taste for sermonizing. No lavishly subscribed editions prolong the printed life of the spoken word. Even the professional sermon, arising out of or in the course of pastoral employment, seldom escapes the mouldy fate of the remainder biscuit. Why then does the Countess of Oxford AND Asquire challenge the average man's antipathy by christening her little book of topical essays Lay Sermons (BUTTERWORTH)? Personally I feel that a little exercise in the rigours of theology might have a beneficent effect on Lady Oxford's genius. Indeed, misled by the jacket of her volume—on which a portrait of the author by Mr. EDMUND Dulac ingeniously brings out a resemblance to Dante-I credited the title to a fruitful preoccupation with the queen of sciences. Apart however from fragments of Holy Writ incorporated as chapter-headings, theology has not much to say to Lady Oxford or Lady Oxford to theology. Instead, the usual happy disorder of thought and fancythe mental counterpart of the cuff neglectful, the careless shoe-string and the tempestuous petticoat-expressed with a rather more hortatory air than of old. Admirable good sense on social conduct, personal health, taste in art (Victorian and contemporary) and the quintessence of Liberalism, finds itself interwoven with paragraphs on the invention of a riding-habit and assurances that Lord Reading has "a lovable and persuasive Self." An attractive peppering of the epigrams of friends includes a noteworthy saying of

Oxford's own memorable phrases are not so many as 1 could wish, her remark that marriage is a poor thing without "the orchestral accompaniment of children" is one of the aptest ornaments of a particularly apposite essay.

Moses the otter, I failed not to spot her— Yes, Moses is merely a she—

But should you have missed her and Aaron her sister

In Waterside Creatures, just see:—
Here's Moses my Otter, another book writ
About Moses and Aaron by Miss Frances Pitt;
And Arrowsmith see about issuing it.

Their tale I find charming—so dear, so disarming Two little she-otters can be,

And so too can Tiny the puppy, and shiny Young Tom (a third otter cub he);

And, though Aaron elopes to the Severn's safe tide With a slashing wild otter who makes her his bride, Tom and Moses are still at their mistress's side.

You'll cry, con amore, of pictures and story, "How jolly!" (agreeing with me),

And, perhaps, to Miss Pitt owe a wish to do ditto And rear a cub-otter (or three);

But, unless you have paddocks and ponds, and delight In serving such babies of good appetite With trout and fresh rabbit by day and by night,

With trout and fresh rabbit by day and by night, Miss Pirr says you mustn't—and Miss Pirr is right.

of the epigrams of friends includes a noteworthy saying of In Vanished Cities of Northern Africa (Hutchinson).

Mr. Birrell on London monuments; and, though Lady Mrs. Steuart Erskine, wandering pleasantly about the

fascinating byways of Tunis and Algeria, hardly claims to be more than an intelligent tourist with a cultivated taste for history. In this strip between sea and Sahara the ruins of foreign civilisations alternate with layers, as it were, of the native product—mixed sand and barbarism—that waits persistently to blow across from the immense interior and fill any unguarded space. Romans have succeeded Carthaginians, Byzantines have ousted Vandals, the Arab invasion has been followed by the French domination, and possibly a few hundred years hence some new conquerors will be seeking to restore a dilapidated twentieth-century custom-house, say, by employing an unchanged native population to quarry among the rubbish, both of Mohammedan mosques and of Latin temples, for blocks of stone that still carry the decoration and cover the sites of the cities of Hannibal. If in such a welter of shattered historical fragments the writer has been able to do no more than collect a handful of chippings that show neither complete design nor orderly arrangement, yet she certainly has presented in their modern actuality cities-Timgad, Sheitla, Touggourt, Sfax, and many others-whose very names lie buried in half-forgotten depths of the imagination. Her book scores more often, I think, by force of suggestion than by direct narrative, and I am certain that it owes a very great deal to the first-rate drawings lavishly supplied by Major Benton-Fletcher.

Preoccupation with the full-blown products of commercial civilisation has never, to my mind, a happy effect on Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT. The Five Towns, not the Grand Babylon, are his everlasting rest; the common struggle, not the crude dominance of cash or sex, his summons to excel. He may be weary of the territory mandated to him. The fact remains that he is usually unfortunate in quitting it. Only one of the stories in The Woman Who Stole Everything

story, reverts to Bursley for a setting and an underdog for a hero. Mr. Curtenty, ex-watchman, doorkeeper, timekeeper and inspector, out of work at sixty, is threatened with an old age of flagrant dependence under the roof of a socially inferior son-in-law. He might stave off deportation, already acceded to by his more compliant wife, by the revelation of a small private post-office account, whose existence he has hitherto denied. But rather than give away his character and his hoard he resolves to resort to poison. How economic prejudices and a casual smile from Dame Fortune combine to purchase his reprieve I will leave you to find out; but the charm of "Death, Fire and Life" is not dependent on the fortuitous relish of a first reading. The remaining stories are not for eternity, though they deal for the most part with the blessed of a Midland paradiso-convivial haunters of seaside apartments, patrons of international trains de luxe, yacht-owners, successful music-hall artistes and newspaper middle-class of London, as if he had discovered a peculiar



Burglar. "I'M TREATIN' YOU AS A FRIEND, YOU NOTICE. ABAHT 'TISN'T EVERYBODY I'D LET CARRY MY BAG FOR ME."

(Cassell) adds to his reputation, and this, a capital short | magnates. The initial story, featuring a harpy whose rapacity is set down to "the mighty stream of evolution," struck me as the thinnest of this vintage; "House to Let," the musichall turn, as the most generous.

> Youthful, untrained, though not wholly unsophisticated, as she was, Miss Sydney Hayward took under her charge the printing business which had been sadly neglected by her improvident father, deceased; patiently encountered every kind of difficulty, and courageously suffered what I protest was really more than her fair share of misfortunes. Such is the theme of Mr. Pett Ridge in Hayward's Fight (METHUEN), a novel which must rank among his best. So sane, broad and sympathetic is his knowledge of human nature, I cannot but feel it is a trifle hard upon Mr. PETT RIDGE that the reputation should be imposed upon him of being merely a specialist in what may be called the lower

tribe dwelling in a secluded corner. What Mr. Pett Ridge has really discovered and admirably delineated in detail are the harsh conditions under which millions of Londoners cheerily contend with adversity, like Sydney Hayward, or happily succumb to temptation, like Sydney's perfectly hopeless Uncle Charles, or get through life doing as little as possible, like Sydney's foreman, Mr. Moon. Mr. Pett Ringe's method of presentation is all his own. Dismissing alike reflection, analysis and digression, those good old family servants of the novelist, he chooses to exhibit character by action alone. So cunningly he does it that each person unmistakably defines himself or herself at the and foibles and lapses, so that their acquaintance is a ! is easy to guess the big scenes of the story: Trentham, on perennial delight.

Seed-Pods (Collins) calls itself a Sussex novel, and is concerned with the career of a young woman who appears first as a member of a "fitup" company travelling the country with a once popular play, and ends by settling down as the stout and fairly comfortable wife of Sir Paul Copperwheat, mayor of an old county town and prospective M.P. and Baronet. Upon this character, Lisette, Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY has clearly expended a great deal of trouble. She is meant to be something out of the ordinary, ugly and yet with a certain charm; and perhaps the author has dwelt a little too heavily upon her physical disabilities, her coarse and ill-made limbs, her yellow skin and hard eyes and thick lips. I cannot regard Lisette as altogether successful, nor is Sir Paul as real as he might have been, though there is some good comedy in their courtship. But the atmosphere of the sleepy Sussex town in which the Copperwheat brewery is situated is well ren-

dered, and the new Mayoress is certainly the right person to introduce a slight disturbance into these placid circles. I liked best the two aunts, who still continue to occupy the mayoral residence, and the little Cinderella of a stepdaughter, Katie, who blossoms out so remarkably at the finish. But even with her Mrs. DUDENEY insists on running counter to all the conventions and providing her with a large pair of spectacles. I suppose a Sussex novelist dare not incur the repreach of prettiness; but I should have liked Seed-Pods better if there had been less insistence on those large lenses and on the dumpiness of Lisette's figure.

In Gates of Brass (Cassell) Miss Joan Sutherland gives me-I know nothing of the facts-the impression that she has reversed the usual process and made a novel from a film instead of a film from a novel. It is full of exciting scenes which offer great possibilities for "close ups;" and their connection with each other demands nearly as much willing co-operation from the reader as the average film does from Another meteorological marvel in Eclipse week.

an audience. The scene is laid in South Africa, and "the people in the story" are Rex Trentham, the hero—you know those white riding-breeches of his—Beatrix, his heartless wife-you know her long cigarette-holder-Warwick, his friend, Warwick's wife, Pamela, and his daughter, Gerry, the heroine. In the first pages Gerry, arriving from Paris, makes Trentham's acquaintance, and Warwick finds Pamela in Trentham's arms, being, luckily for the story, just a second too late to see her throw herself into them. Trentham will not defend himself; Beatrix refuses to divorce him; Gerry and Trentham fall in love with each other with every symptom of reluctance—one almost sees the heaving beginning and remains consistent to the end. His people of their shoulders—and Pamela, who is really a very are real people, drawn from nature, with all their virtues | convenient character, is neatly drowned. Given all this, it

his way to the dogs, pressing in a state of semi-intoxication his attentions upon the willingunwilling Gerry; Trentham, injured, found at the roadside by Gerry; Trentham being nursed by her at his lonely farm; Trentham fighting with his enemies (and winning every time); and, finally, Trenthamdivorced, almost with honour, by a relenting Beatrix on the strength of the "usual legal nonsense"—the happy bride-groom! If it is not already a popular film of the less artistic kind the story of Gates of Brass soon should be.

I can pay no greater compliment to Mr. L. Du GARDE PEACH'S Unknown Devon (LANE) than to say that I know at least a dozen friends to whom I should like to give it. Of the beauty of Devon and its historical interest he writes with real appreciation, tempered by a nicely-restrained humour. He seems to have had the misfortune (in the eyes of West-Countrymen) to be born in some northern county, but he has lived down this initial disadvantage and may

be counted as one of Devon's sons by adoption. I have enjoyed his book so thoroughly that I feel at liberty to complain that it reveals many treasures which I would gladly have allowed to remain hidden. His praise of some of Devon's unexplored villages and hamlets must inevitably lead to their invasion; and if on his next visit to Dash and Dot (you will not get their actual names from me) he meets a bevy of excursionists singing the Frothblowers' anthem he will have only himself to blame. But that is my sole grievance against him, and after all he had to justify the title of his attractive volume. The illustrations by Mr. GYRTH RUSSELL are delightful.



Pullet (emerging after the Eclipse). "RATHER A QUICK NIGHT. WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO DO NOW? LAY AGAIN?" Old Hen. "No FEAR! THAT'S ONLY ANOTHER OF THE OWNER'S STUNTS TO TRY TO GET TWO EGGS A DAY OUT OF YOU."

On the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of York:—

"The guns of Fort Blockhouse flashed and rattled in the Royal salute. A squall of rain came and blew away to windward, carrying with it the cheers of the men drawn up in front of the fort." Morning Paper.

CHARIVARIA,

In his presidential address to the annual conference of the National Union of Railwaymen Mr. W. Dobbie made a violent attack on smart Society. Mr. J. H. Thomas, who was present, is said to have borne it with dignity.

Sir Hall Caine says that, as far as he can judge, pugilists are generally quite illiterate. In our opinion he is unjust to a hard-working class of newspaper contributors.

An Acton man has extracted ten of his own teeth. Without gas too.

Now that another railway company has adopted the principle of seat-booking on its express trains it is possible that before long passengers on tube trains will be able to book their straps.

A motor-car with two thousand false teeth hidden beneath the seat was stopped recently on the Swiss frontier. Possibly it aroused suspicion by gnashing its gears too loud.

Miss Olivia Boezinger, one of the party of American girls who have come over to see the people of Europe as they really are, is reported as expressing a determination to get right to the English fireside. Many have done so this summer.

The intrepidity of American airmen in flying the Atlantic seems the more remarkable when it is realised that they face the possibility of being kissed by eminent Frenchmen.

With reference to an announcement popular in Germany. In this country to a spreading chestnut-tree. that men under five-feet-four will not it is felt that marriage on solid ground be accepted as postmen, a contemporary is quite risky enough. reminds us that some of the world's greatest generals were very short men. Still, it isn't the POSTMASTER-GENERAL who has to reach the knocker.

We see it stated that pessimists are generally long-lived. That is the worst of pessimists.

It is believed that among the four thousand horses purchased in Canada for the Soviet Government are some buck-jumpers of extreme Bolshevist views.

In Holland, it seems, the practice of

drinking small quantities of neat spirits | faces in the sand, says a political writer. Nowadays when Dutchmen meet they don't blame them. ask one another to come and have a

Attention is drawn to the boom in great musicians. It is especially noticeable in the bassos.

Mussolini says that his successor has not yet been born. We presume he is afraid to be.

Marriages in the air are becoming there's a lot of smile.

THE MAN AT THE OVAL WHO THOUGHT THAT HOBBS PLAYED FOR MIDDLESEX.

The boy who is father of the man was much in evidence at Lord's last week. The flapper who is mother of the woman can, of course, be seen any day.

A gossip-writer mentions a one-time burglar who has now taken up the game of bowls. It seems a very sad end.

The fact that the manœuvres at the Royal Air Force pageant were carried out to music has led to the belief that the next war will be orchestrated.

Many Soviet leaders are burying their to take the groan.

is giving way to the culture of flowers. | Having regard to their photographs we

According to Mr. EDGAR WALLACE few men benefit much by their misdeeds. Still, some of those American song-writers seem to be doing pretty

It is reported that an American actress appearing in London has her smile insured for fifteen thousand pounds. It's a lot of money, but then

> An errand-boy of fifteen won a Y.M.C.A. tennis tournament in Yorkshire, but up to the present has not been approached with an offer of professional terms by Mr. COCERAN.

> A lady M.P. says that she goes to the cinema if she wants to have a good cry. It is cheaper, of course, to read the weather forecast.

> Now that America is on the phone and her aviators are able to fly over here, it is fully expected that she will be able to attend the first night of the next great war.

> An American astronomer arrived in this country a day too late to witness the eclipse. We understand, however, that no attempt will be made to repeat it.

> A Birmingham blacksmith suffering from loss of memory was found in the pit of a London theatre watching a revue. This seems to have been the nearest approach he could get

A man drawing poor-relief at Camberwell was stated to own a motor-car.

Probably that's why he wanted poorrelief.

Colonel Ashley says that the proposed Order limiting the size of charabancs covers a lot of ground. But then so do the charabancs.

It has been announced that the University of London has decided to found a Chair of Dietetics. Meanwhile we suggest a march past in Hyde Park of all dyspeptics, at which Sir WILLIAM ARBUTHNOT LANE might be persuaded

VOL. CLXXIII.

HOW TO PRESENT PRIZES.

A CHILL descended on the breakfasttable when I had worked through my correspondence to the foolscap envelope at the bottom of the pile.

"Please-may-I-leave-the-table?"

whispered Joan, all in one breath.
"Wait, dear," said Mother, who had noticed the school crest on the envelope. Our children lose their appetites when communications arrive from school. But this was not Joan's monthly report.

I coughed self-consciously when I had read the letter. Joan had slipped from her chair and stood poised for

flight.

"Do you want to speak to Joan in the study?" asked Mother. "It is Joan, I suppose?"

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I shall be obliged if you will leave me undisturbed in the study until lunch. Miss Masterson has asked me to present the prizes at the High School."

I barricaded myself in the study and wrestled with my speech. By lunch I

had reduced it to manuscript.

"Couldn't we hear it?" suggested Mother when the coffee had appeared.

"Provided the children will keep quiet," I stipulated. "Afterwards I shall be glad to hear your criticisms."

I drew my roll of manuscript from

my pocket.
"You don't mean to say you've prepared it?" exclaimed Peggy, who is in the Upper Fifth. "We don't want anything prepared."

"It may be news to you, child, but

all speeches are prepared."

"Not Mr. BALDWIN's?" "Even Mr. Baldwin's."

"But we have to stand up in class and talk without any preparation.

"Neither Mr. Baldwin nor I have had the advantage of being in your and in conclusion, no hot air, please." Upper Fifth," I retorted. "If you have no other objection to raise I will now commence.

"Get at it, Daddy," urged Joan.
"Mr. Chairman——" I began.
"Miss Masterson will be in the Chair," objected Peggy. "She won't like to be called 'Mr."

"' Miss Masterson, ladies and gentlemen," I began again, "'I had not come to this gathering prepared-

"Oh, Daddy!" screamed Joan. "What a fib!'

"If you would allow me to complete the sentence-

"Shut up, Joan!" commanded Peggy. "Hush," whispered Mother.

"'I had not come to this gathering prepared for such an array of talent and—er—beauty.' Take your handkerchief away from your face, Peggy. Some children would be proud that their demands.

father had been asked to present the prizes at their school. If you have no such feelings, then in common decency conceal the lack of them."

I paused impressively.

"Please - may - I - leave - the - table?" asked Joan.

"In a minute, dear," whispered Mother. "Daddy won't be long. Go on, Daddy.''

"'I do not understand,'" I read from my manuscript, "' why such an honour should have fallen to my lot-

"It's because the Bishop couldn't come," explained Peggy. "Miss Masterson was terribly disappointed."

"It is no unworthy task," I retorted, "to understudy a bishop. To proceed: 'I have few scholastic attainments. As a boy—a very long time ago, my dears— I was invariably at the bottom of the class."

"Oh, Daddy! And what did you say

about my school report?"

"Hush, darling," whispered Mother. "' And why, my dear children, was I always at the bottom of the class? Because the stove was at that end."

"'Loud laughter," said Peggy, "' which was instantly repressed You're never going to work that old gag off again?"
"Perhaps you, Peggy, would give me

a few hints on a speech suitable for the occasion," I said on a strong note of

"Certainly, Daddy," agreed Peggy. "Let me tell you what we want. uplift or anything like that. No silly gags about being the worst boy in school, No jokes about lipsticks and all that. No quotations from Shakespeare. Just man-to-man stuff, and not too much of

"Thank you," I murmured.

"And, when you reach your lastly

"I trust that my peroration will be acceptable," I said humbly. matter of fact I thought of asking for an extra half-holiday.

"Darling Daddy!" cried Joan and Peggy in concert. "What a topping speech!"

"PICKWICK AGAIN DRIVES FORTH.

People hurrying office-wards in the Strand yesterday (May 18) stopped and rubbed their eyes. Then realising that for a moment Time had rolled back a hundred years, they waved their hats and raised a cheer to the immoral memory of Mr. Pickwick."-Indian Paper.

Shade of Mr. Pickwick: "Tut, tut, I hoped that little affair at the Ipswich hotel had quite blown over."

"Wanted, an assistant cook; experience of cooking essential."—Scots Paper. Some people are so exacting in their

TO PERSONALITY

(after hearing her so constantly extolled by the successful.)

Personality! I hear You ensure a great career; What you are I fail to guess, Only know you bring success. Some competitors appeal To Judgment, Enterprise and Zeal; Pray, to help them to arrive, Poise and Grit and Pep and Drive; Such petitions are mistaken, You alone bring home the bacon.

Men of light and leading frame Panegyrics to your name, But, no matter how they prize you, Always fail to analyse you— Only state the Mighty Few Owe pre-eminence to you. Potent Personality! Though you choose to veil from me Your inscrutable quintessence, Grant, with gracious acquiescence, Your compelling vital spark, Make me like those men of mark (Not perhaps in every tittle; I'll be quite content with little, And will cheerfully forgo Much, but not, of course, the dough).

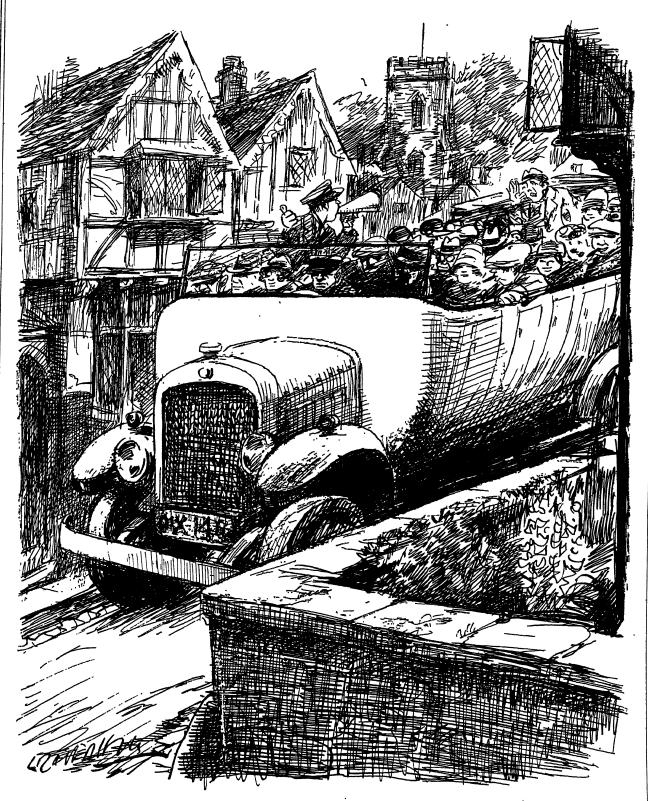
Patroness of Getting On, Hear my plaintive orison! Come, and let me call you mine; Teach me every magic sign Which in psychologic Morse Demonstrates dynamic force. With you I shall feel a giant, Nordic, keen and self-reliant; Freed from diffidence and doubt I shall throw my weight about, Flooring in my upward stride Friend and foe on every side.

Haste, then, Nymph of mystic power, Expedite that happy hour When, saluting none as boss, I Shall be one of those Colossi Featured in Financial Chatter (Vide heading, "Men Who Matter"). None your worth shall testify Half so lustily as I, When I chant your praise at each Interview and public speech, Urge your cult on Young Ambition, And, when pressed for definition (Coldly snubbing all who try Your elusive charms to spy), Thunder out my creed unshaken— You alone bring home the bacon.

"Boxing.

London, 28 [June, 1927] (Radiogram).— Betty Muthall beat Fraülein Aussem at Wimbledon, in four rounds."

Spanish Paper (translated). Does this throw any light on the "mystery" of Mr. C. B. COCHRAN'S offer? · 171-14-16-1-1



WHAT OUR CHARABANCS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

[The Minister of Transport has announced the Government's intention to limit the size of passenger motor-coaches. In charabanc circles there is a strong feeling that he ought to have considered the alternative of pulling down our ancient villages and building new ones with more suitable road accommodation.]



First Player. "How ought we to divide? I'm PRETTY FERBLE." Second Ditto. "I EXPECT YOU'RE A LOT BETTER THAN I AM." Third Ditto. "I'M HOPELESSLY ROTTEN." Fourth Ditto (ignoring the conventions). "I'm RATHER HOT STUFF. NOW LET'S BEART OVER AGAIN

MOSCOW'S BEAUTY CAMPAIGN.

RECENTLY an official order has been issued from Moscow, addressed to all nice little girl Communists, stating that "there is no good reason why they should remain ugly and unbecoming. Beauty and proletarian dictatorships are not incompatible," the order further observes, "and a striving for beauty and feminine allurement is not necessarily a bourgeois trait.'

This order has aroused much opposition among the Die-hards of the Communist party, as opposed to the Livesofts. The Electric-Light-Bulb Department of the State Electrical Trust, which employs many young Communistes, has even set its face against patent-leather shoes; and one orator, in an interval from overseeing bulbmaking, has denounced the order in very definite words, stating that "no girl can think properly about Communism if her mind is on her dress and appearance."

This expression would seem to indicate either a view of the feminine mind as unbalanced, or else an appreciation of the fact that Communism is a whole-

if so I find it rather inspiring to think of all really good Communists keeping their minds strictly concentrated cn Communism day and night and letting their finger-nails grow and their stockings come down. I feel I now know why Mr. A. J. Cook has such a worried appearance.

Öther Die-hards too in Communist Russia have expressed themselves disgusted at this weak-kneed pandering to suchadmitted bourgeoistraits as Beauty, Allurement and Cleanliness. It is, they say, but the thin end of the wedge. From Soap to Clean Collars; from Patent Leather Shoes to Powder Puffs these are steps on the downward path to Aristocracy.

On the other hand there are some signs that the Government order is having a certain effect. The newly-appointed Commissar of Fashions is reported to have shaved; the Head Wardress of a State prison has been shingled; and among the members of the Comsmols (as girls of the Communist Youth are called) there has developed a great demand for red garters and underwear.

Meanwhile I have been privileged to

Column of Ervestia, the well-known Moscow Journal for Women.

FASHION NOTES. By Combade Nadina Popski.

Well, dears, and here we are in our very firstest page about fashions. Now that our dear rulers have decided that to be Beautiful is not to be Bourgeoise, Good Looks are coming in. Those of us who have been out of the fashion so long can at last go about without being called Aristocrats by nasty little boys and can make ourselves attractive and yet be as plebeian as the Haute Monde.

Saw that darling man Commissar Uglimugski, the other day, quite one of the Masses' Upper Ten, you know, and he to'd me that, while cotton stockings are still the thing for women, it is no longer de riqueur to wear them baggy and twisted. And all you little Comsmols can now titivate your short black leather coats (still à la mode, by the way) with fancy adornments. Quite the latest is an applique of little bombs with fine pistolling all round the hem.

Red will, I fear, still be the fashionable shade for hair for some time to come, but there is no objection now to the "Bayonet" Shingle. And to have a Bob will not be considered rank capitalism.

The State Frippories Trust tell me they time job. It is probably the latter, and secure a few notes from the first Fashion are experiencing a great demand for Manicure Sets. The manufacture of these is practically a lost art, but one set has been found in a museum and is being faithfully copied by hastily-trained workers. As it is skilled work, only a sixteen-hour day is being imposed, so there will be a frightful rush for months and months.

Saw a dinky little garter yesterday in Commissar Isaacoff & Cie's with a dainty little clasp to hold a dagger.

Bye-bye, Comrades! More next week! Don't miss it-particularly a cute little Beauty Hint on how to remove discolouring from behind the ears.

CULTURE WEEK.

How intriguing are these Big Stores' advertisements of celebrities who are prepared to teach you how to play games. "Let — make you a batsman in ten minutes." "Chat over your bowling difficulties with —." "A word with Mr. --- on your forehand drive." All this is splendid; but suppose you have intellectual ambitions, spiritual yearnings, a craving for moral urge and uplift? Can anything be done for you, while you wait, striving inwardly, between the haberdashery and hair-cutting departments? Certainly it can, and we are arranging guidance for you in these matters during our Culture Week, when you may acquire a social polish, a Wider Vision, and a new sense of Reality.

First let us try to improve your powers of self-expression. Perhaps your accent is wrong, suggesting Billingsgate, or Oxford, or both. We think a few minutes with Mr. St. John Er-VINE will equip you for refined society, a post in the B.B.C. and a place in your local Repertory Company.

Are you satisfied with the style of your conversation? Can you grapple with the big problems of the hour? Can you hold your friends while you talk round and round a topic, dive into its historical origins, expound its present ramifications, and penetrate with a prophetic flair into its sequelæ? If not, we will arrange for you to see the improving spectacle of Mr. GARVIN engaged with an Ultra-Tory, confounding him with the memory of DISRAELI, paralyzing him with the prospect of a Russian Entente, and promoting from his ashes a Liberal Risorgimento.

Does your conversation show signs of mental catarrh? Do your remarks lack pith and punch? Do you fail to rise regularly after dinner to make one of the great sayings of the week? In this case we recommend our short courses colon into a passage of the Revised with masters of different styles. Our Mr. Prayer Book, the return of the lesser LANSBURY will develop your faculty for polite repartee; our Sir John Simon will show you how to advocate the cause of Truth and Justice without committing greater literary effort, we shall recom- | your mind. Are you living a too narrow



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE OBVIOUS.

Tipster. "I AIN'T ONE O' THEM BLOKES WOT KIDS YER 'E KNOWS EVERYFINK. Now, I dessay the 'eadmaster of 'Arrer Collige knows one or two fings wor I DON'T."

yourself; and our Mr. Jack Jones will help you to attain an explosive directness in the use of simple words.

With the confidence thus obtained, you must not neglect the opportunity of self-expression in letters to the Press. Dean Welldon and other divines will help you to write on subjects of general interest: an East Anglian drainage scheme, the introduction of a semisnuffchit half-an-hour earlier this spring than last.

mend you to consult our experts in autobiography, a varied assortment of elderly peers, operatic singers, clubmen, nursemaids, murderers and private secretaries. In case you should be overcome by the colossal tedium of your reminiscences, you will be taught how to tell stories about people you have not met, and to obtain a rich colour for your narrative not so much by a merely snobbish respect for distinguished names as by a heroic disregard of the laws of truth and probability.

But even more important than your As soon as you find yourself capable of | power of expression is the quality of mental life? Do you feel enchained by conventional moralities? Do you want to set yourself in accord with the really progressive forces of your age? Do you

encouraged to proceed against those of your friends who are not in the movement of things and want scrapping, some nervous whining pestilent pedagogue under whom you have suffered, or some superfluous uncreative female with whom you are entangled.

If you feel unequal to a share in this task of social reconstruction and prefer to realize your generous emotions as a spectator of modern life, we shall ask Sir Philip Gibbs to introduce you to a few bright young people who will de-monstrate their gallant impatience of any old thing, their sexless camaraderie, their financial gaiety spring-

ing out of spiritual independence. Or it may be your heart is too large and your sympathies too diffused. You are suffering from the fatty degeneration of Socialist Idealism. Dean Ince

from the great writers, featuring first our Democracy in process of producing its various barbarians, with special close-ups of Labour Members in the House of Commons, and then a Rural State purged of dysgenic elements and governed by selfdenying oligarchs of unimpeach-

able pedigree.

These are some of the provisions we have made for Culture Week. Don't doubt your ability to respond. You may have studied text-books on the art of conversation. You may be au fait with the Manners and Tone of Good Society. You may have taken a correspondence course in will-power, and have submitted your moral difficulties to the editors of The Daily Mail and other religious newspapers. What you need is the personal touch.

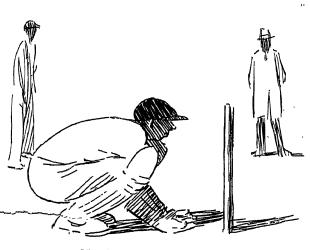
Another Impending Apology.

From an account of the opening of a new district hospital:-

"Expert doctors as well as our local practitioners appreciate its equipment.".

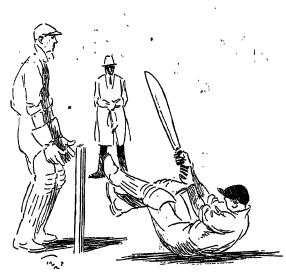
THE EIGHTY-NINTH.

THE centenary match played at Lord's last week is not the hundredth between long to re-interpret the world in terms Oxford and Cambridge, but the eighty-excuse was as old as that, and (b) the of your own will? We think an inter-ninth. The centenary was that of the so eminent a D.D. ever employed it? view with Mr. H. G. Wells will discover first contest, the scene of which was your latent powers, and you will feel Lord's on June 4th, 1827. Let it ever have said to his nephew's expediency



MR. ABELL AT HIS DEVOTIONS.

be remembered to the credit of the | cent development, and to-day, of course, initial engagement was a potential are famous performers.
bishop — none other than GHARLES
WORDSWORTH, later Spiritual Lord of unfinished. In the second match, in



MR. HOLMES FAILS TO HIT MR. IRVINE TO LEG.

Harrow match, in 1822, in the first Winchester and Harrow match, in 1825, the University match last week, one and to have been prominent in founding the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, in for them. Is it Mr. Holmes's destiny 1829. The censorious will grieve when to sit on the Episcopal bench, should I add that tradition has it that Words- that article of furniture continue to WORTH could not have got to Lord's find a place in a threatened House of at all had he not told his college Dean, Lords? If such are his teamings I

with the connivance of his tutor Long-LEY (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) that he was visiting the dentist. Who would have thought (a) that this excuse was as old as that, and (b) that

What Uncle WILLIAM, the poet, would

we can only guess; but he must have been proud of his prowess in the field, for although the youth made only 8 (bowled by the Cambridge captain) out of Oxford's score of 258, he did so well with the ball that Cambridge made only 92. The scorers of those days did not bother about the bowler off whom batsmen were caught, and therefore we may not have Wordsworth's full figures; but the record shows that he clean bowled no fewer than seven of the foe. Uncle WILLIAM himself does not seem to have been a cricketer, although Byron was, playing for Harrowagainst Eton. Cricket as a game for poets was a comparatively re-

Church that the prime mover in this all the London Mercury singing-birds

will destroy your illusions. He will use St. Andrews, among whose other dis- 1829, at Oxford, the home side won for his demonstration a film entitled tinctions it was to have played for by 115 runs. The embryo prelate, it "England," with appropriate captions | Harrow in the first regular Eton and is true, on that occasion bagged a

brace, but he clean bowled one Light Blue in each innings and in each innings caught one, both the bowlers who had been too much for him falling to his hands.

That was CHARLES WORDSworth's last season at Oxford. In 1830 be became a private tutor, with such pupils as WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE and HENRY E. Manning to his name. Words-WORTH lived until December 5th, 1892, the year in which Oxford, under LIONEL PALAIRET, won by five wickets and C. B. FRY first appeared. The other of the two earliest captains, HERBERT JEN-NER, who later_changed his name to Jenner-Fust, lived until July 30th, 1904. He played his last cricket in 1880, made eleven runs, kept wicket and was put on to bowl.

Looking at the captains at Lord's in could not but wonder what is in store

the sleeve of his bowling-arm. Will Mr. Dawson attain to a patriarchal old age and in 1980 be still active with bat and ball? I hope so. Let me add that I am delighted to find that both have been chosen for the Gentlemen against the Players this week-the revival of an excellent tradition of selection.

There has been more brilliant cricket than in this centenary match, which lacked any outstanding personality in either team—any Gregor McGregor, say, or "Jacker" or Sammy Woods but the game almost never ceased to be interesting and now and then was dramatic. One figure we all missed, and on every side were heard regrets that "DULEEP" was not playing; for, judg! ing by his performances early in the season, this was to have been DULEEP's year. But that demon bowler, Pneumonia, was too much for him. May 1928 see him fully recovered!

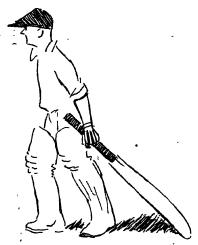
go down to history as Mr. Jupp's, whose wicket-keeper, who was the umpire, at Lord's to see, it must have rejoiced. 124 was a splendid and decisive effort, was emphatic enough, and he ought to Tom HAYWARD the second, who watches but I thought the best Cambridge bat- know. It was one of the swiftest things benevolently over Cambridge to-day, ting that of Mr. Robins. He was the only I ever saw. Mr. Abell, by the way, was on the ground, happily in the flesh,

one who tried consistently to place the ball, and he ran too with more enterprise and celerity than any other. On neither side was the running alert enough; and that excellent weapon, the stolen run, was hardly ever in use until Mr. HOLMES came in to make his great effort for the losers. If undergraduates cannot be quick between the wickets, who can? Well, as a matter of fact, Hobbs and Sutcliffe and Hobbs and RHODES, mature as they are, can; but how much faster should these youths be! Mr. Robins was also, in addition to his batting, an influence for vivacity and vigour-two qualities which the match was continually wanting.

Cambridge had the better batting as a whole, although no Light Blue was so accomplished as the Dark Blue captain, and Cambridge had much better bowling, Mr. Longfield being, I think, the pick of the whole lot and Mr. IRVINE importing dangerous guile under a blameless exterior; but when it comes to fielding and throwing (that rare accomplishment) there was no-

thing to choose between the two teams. | the hero of this incident, although not | on undergraduate heads, some shock-

then, and meanwhile a safety-pin for with the bat but very capable with his head. He seemed to doubt if he were really stumped in the second inn-



ENTER MR. NUNN TRAILING A BAT.

I suppose that this year's match will ings, but HARRY BUTT, the old Sussex



CRICKET-LOYERS.

Both were as near perfection as could a short man at all, is, when crouched ing bad hats. It is my earnest hope be asked.

| A short man at all, is, when crouched ing bad hats. It is my earnest hope waiting for the balt, so compactly that no members of the teams wear Mr. Dawson, who is an astute and diminished as to be exactly the same things like that.

wish him all good fortune there and almost invisible captain, was unlucky height as the stumps. Imagine our astonishment when, on one occasion when returning the ball to the bowler. he paused en route to deal Mr. Long-RIGG's head a severe buffet. "Is this," asked the Cambridge partisans, "quite cricket?" "Need we," said the supporters of Oxford, "resort to such tactics to get them out?" But it was pure accident: Mr. ABELL was not taking a leaf from the book of brother CAIN; merely the faithful hand had slipped. Mr. ABELL apologised, while Mr. Longrigg, after giving his bruised scalp another rub, proceeded with the task of making his invaluable fifty-

One of the best single hits came from the massive Seabrook in his first innings of fifty-one not out: right over the ropes to squarish leg. Indeed, both Light Blue innings were remarkable for the number of runs made to leg, long and square, and if the ghost of the first Tom HAYWARD, of Cambridge, whose leg-hitting (with that of CAR-PENTER) was glorious and constant, was

as these eyes can testify, and he must have rejoiced too when again and again his protégés made the fine old stroke. In cutting, however, the side was weak. Mr. SEABROOK can cut. but Mr. Jupp has no notion of such finesse.

Oxford went in for the second time against not only eleven Cambridge men but the very spirit of confidence. The first two wickets fell before there was a run on the board; but then came a stand which sets the match among those that may be classed as historical, Mr. HOLMES making his courageous 113 by brilliant and unfettered methods -a true captain's innings and a forlorn hope most admirably fought-while Mr. BARBER was stolidly putting his bat behind every good ball and scoring off the others to the tune of 62. An unusual board — one for none, two for none, three for 183! And the whole side out for 262!

For the rest, I thought that the intervals were not so gay as they have been. The frocks were less attractive, their wearers not so pretty. There were also,

E. V. L.

RACING CLIPPERS.

(A Wool Fleet Memory.)

I've not made much o' my life, Lord knows; I'm a hasbeen through an' through,

An' meanin''s as far as I've mostly got with the things as \mathbf{I} 've meant to do ;

Of muckin' my chances an' blowin' my pay I reckon I've done my share,

But—I was one o' the Clansman's crowd when she raced the Robin Adair.

There was Dan an' Clancy an' Liverpool Bill—an' they were the pick o' the lot-

An' a Glasgow lad as skenned like mad, but his name I've clean forgot;

A big buck nigger an' a cross-eyed Swede, an' a feller from County Clare-

Them was the chaps in the starboard watch when we raced the Robin Adair.

An' Dan was lost off the topsail yard o' the Pole Star, years

An' Clancy died with a knife in his side in a dive in Callao; An' Bill he's married an' livin' ashore, an' the rest of 'em's Lord knows where,

As I sailed with once in the Clansman's crowd when we raced the Robin Adair.

` *; **;**; Neck an' neck to the Snares we was, an' then it started to blow,

An' soon the Clansman was reelin' 'em off a steady seven-

An' the skipper grinned as he paced the poop, for that was the weather for her,

An' "Ah 'm thenkin' we've seen the last," says he, "o' their wonderful Robin Adair!"

But there come a time as we climbed the Trade, the day was just begun

When we sighted a ship hull down astern an' comin' along like fun,

An' the Old Man clapped his glass to his eye, an' you should ha' heard him swear,

For out o' the South with a bone in her mouth up romps the Robin Adair.

We started pilin' the canvas on, and it 'ad to stop there too; It was breezin' up when we sighted 'er first, an' afore it was dark it blew !

I've seen some carryin' on in my time, but I tell you he made me stare

Crackin' it on in the Biscay gales to beat the Robin Adair.

But we made the London river at last—it was twelve, by St. George's clock,

I counted the chime as we made her fast to the buoys in the London Dock-

An' we'd won the race from the width o' the world with the tail of a tide to spare—

That was the way of it, long ago, when we raced the Robin

The grand ol' ship's been gone to chips this fourteen year

They sold 'er away to a Dago bunch, an' the blighters run er ashore;

An' somewheres round by the Ramirees an' south o' the Straits o' Le Maire,

With the fishes cruisin among her ribs, lies drowned the Robin Adair. 5 E بالم والعربي المناس

There ain't no racin' clippers now, nor never will be again, And most o' the ships are gone by now, the same as most o' the men,

An' nobody left but a few old shells like us in the world to

For the great ol' skippers an' the great ol' ships an' the great ol' days they were,

And the way they had in the Wool Fleet once when we C. F. S. raced the Robin Adair.

HEREDITY.

ARE women ever satisfied?

I have a daughter; I should perhaps say that Joan and I have a daughter, as she also claims to hold Founders' shares in the young woman.

I regret to say that our infant is rather a bone of contention between us and we have argued for sixteen months as to whether she takes after her father or her mother.

I am a Devon man but my wife was born within a twopenny 'bus' ride of Hyde Park Corner, though she insists that no one would ever take her for a Londoner.

It is perfectly clear to me that the child has my nose, her paternal grandiather's chin and her paternal uncle's eyes. My wife, on the contrary, insists that her eyebrows are a palpable infringement of her own copyright; her dimples are obviously a legacy from her maternal grandmother and her ears bear a marked resemblance to those of her youngest maternal aunt.

That is how the position lay until the other day.

Last Thursday Pamela, my daughter, was brought in to entertain us for a few minutes before going to her bath. She crawled quickly round the room and headed straight for the coal-box.

"Don't go near the nasty coal, darling," said my wife.

Pamela continued on her course undismayed.

"Don't go near the dirty coal, darling; don't you hear me?" repeated my spouse.

Pamela stopped, sat down and regarded her mother sternly.

"Naow!" she said clearly and distinctly.
"Oh, Bill, did you hear?" said my wife; "that's the first intelligent remark she's ever made.

"Bless her heart, she's a marvel!" I replied. "She has also settled the vexed question as to whom she favours. I shall never dispute your claim again."

"What d' you mean?" said my wife.

"Did you ever hear a Devon man or woman express dissent like that?" I asked.
"Like what?" said my wife.

"Naow," cried Pamela, very pleased with her new word. "What absolute nonsense!" said my wife hotly. "You never heard me talk with a Cockney accent. It settles nothing at all."

"Naow!" repeated my daughter. Women are never satisfied.

Gray's Elegy revised by Mr. John Buchan, M.P.

Let not the nation mock their useful toil, Their homely joys, obscure but how sincere! Nor Labour hear with a disdainful smile The nobly simple annals of the Peer.

From an article on the Centenary of the University cricket-match :—

"Jenner not only bowled at one end, but kept wicket at the other." Daily Paper.

This outdoes the feat attributed to "W. G.," who is said to have caught a man at square-leg off his own bowling.



Hostess (presenting box of tennis-balls to her guests). "Now these are sure to be good-they're pre-war."

THE OLD MANTONIANS.

ONLY a short while ago I narrated the sad fate of my friend George Wilkinson, who died of exhaustion in the attempt to write a winning prize couplet in praise of Blimpson's Tonic the periodical dinners held by former Malt. By a curious coincidence I have just come across a very similar experience, fortunately not so tragic in its ending (it has, indeed, its lighter side), of which the victim was no other than my friend Anthony, the novelist. He too had been caught in the toils of I can understand, with a rash alacrity, the Muse, and known what it was to and for the most part accomplished his suffer sleepless nights in the service of task featly and well. the God of Song. It happened thus:—|

There was to be an Old Boys' Dinner, a dinner of the Old Mantonians, to be precise. You all know Manton School in Herefordshire, don't you? Of course you do.

There appears to be a custom that at alumni of this great academy, rhyming couplets should be sung in honour of the more distinguished banqueters, and to Anthony fell the doubtful honour of being asked to compose and sing these laudatory lines. He accepted, so far as

public schools have sent forth representatives whose fame is world-wide, and Manton is no exception to the rule. With some of these Anthony found it not difficult to cope. With Lord Golightly, for instance, the great potash magnate.

Here's a very good health to our friend Lord Golightly,

Who at seventy-six is still limber and sprightly.

Nothing could be simpler than that. It was taking a risk, of course. But even if the years had widened Lord Golightly as much in body as in mind there was It was not easy. Most of our great every probability that, on the occasion

the toast list had been reached the compliment would be taken in good part, and that Lord Golightly himself would be feeling a kind of spurious sprightliness, engendered partly by memories of his youthful achievements at the hundred yards, and partly by the champagne. The same might be said of General Butterleigh.

Here's a very good health to our friend General Butterleigh, Who beat the Ogogis and pounded them utterly.

Details of our campaign against the Ogogis in 1877 might not be fresh in the mind of every Mantonian, but that could not be helped. General Butterleigh himself would not have forgotten

would be pounded with plenty of geniality by those sitting in his immediate vicinity. Oh, it was all right about General Butterleigh.

The point in the list where Anthony broke down was Sir William Tubb. Why this should have been so he could not say. There was no difficulty, as he himself admitted, in discovering rhymes to Tubb. The English language abounds in them. Perhaps it abounds too freely.

Nor could there be any uncertainty about the greatness of Sir William Tubb's achieve-

ments. He was Governor, and a very of an English July and shout in a pasgood Governor too, of Garkistan. Yet | sion of inspired frenzya kind of madness seized Anthony over this matter of eulogising Sir William

"I don't know what to say about the man," he said to me in despair.

"Was he a contemporary of yours?"

"About three years senior, I think," said Anthony. "The only thing I can remember about him is that his trousers were too short.'

"You can't very well put that in," I said judiciously. "He may have got him isnew ones by this time, and anyhow they won't be seen unless he stands on the table."

Besides," said Anthony, "I couldn't make his trousers rhyme, even if I wanted to use them. That's not my trouble. The nuisance is that whenever I think about the name William Tubb a host of idiotic insults pour into my mind. I cannot banish them. I

of an anniversary dinner, by the time | wake suddenly in the night and find | I really believe my mind is giving way myself murmuring—

> Here's a very good health to our friend William Tubb,

> Who has always been blackballed from every good club.

I sit and look at the rhyming advertisements in the Tube and say to myself-

Here's a very good health to my friend William Tubb,

Who has done very well with the drinks and the grub.

I walk along the street and find myself repeating mechanically-

Here's a very good health to our friend William Tubb,

Who has never been known to pass by any pub.

them, and his back, or the table, I brood in the pleasant summer scenery Christian in Pilgrim's Progress.
would be pounded with

Small Stranger (to particularly unsuccessful fisherman). "Excuse me. Just before you gatch one would you mind saying 'Now'?"

Here's a very good health to our friend William Tubb,

Whose whiskers are like a coniferous shrub.

"What on earth am I to do about it all? Here is this man, graye, dignified, full of years and responsibility, his astral body rising always before me and demanding a happy encomium for school, and the only greeting I can give | spur of the moment."

Here's a very good health to our friend William Tubb,

Who was swished by his tutor, and how he did blub!

Or even—

Here's a very good health to our friend William Tubb,

name out altogether, of course, and say something like— Here's a very good health to the Guv'nor of Garkistan,

under the strain. I might leave his

You can judge of his work in the East when you mark his tan.

But that's not very good, is it?"
"Far be it from me," I said, "to say what the Old Mantonians can stand at the end of a good dinner. But, speaking merely from a literary point of view-

"I have it!" cried Anthony suddenly. A ray of light illumined his countenance. All the sorrows of the past week seemed to have been rolled away from his shoulders like the burden of

"Here's a very good health to our friend William Tubb;

Beat aloud on the tom-toms a rub-adub-dub!"

I struggled to suppress my emotion.

"I suppose they do have tom-toms in Garkistan?" I said after a moment or two.

"This will be the fourteenth toast," replied Anthony with some dignity, "and the dinner is being held at the Megatherium Hotel."

He left me, a happy man.

I met him a day or two after the

dinner.

"Well, how did it go?" I said.
"Oh, not too badly," he answered, with a reminiscent smile.

"And Sir William Tubb?" I queried.
"Oh. that." he said. "Curiously enough it turned out not to be Sir William Tubb, the Governor of Garkistan, but old Arthur Tubb, the Agriculture and Fisheries follow, who was my fagmaster; so of course my lines wouldn't the honour he has conferred on his old do. I had to invent some others on the

"What did you sing?" I inquired.

"Here's a very good health to our friend Arthur Tubb,

With a face like a horse and with eyes like a chub,"

said Anthony. "It went very well indeed.

"But, of course," he added apologetic-Who has dined here to-night, but has ally, "it was the fourteenth toast on the not paid his sub.

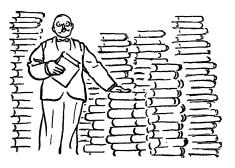
WORKING FOR CHARITY.

EMANUEL JONES HAS WORKED HARDER FOR CHARITY THAN ANY MAN I KNOW.

Jugasse



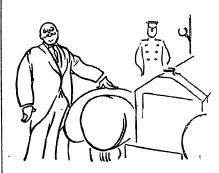
FOR PLACING TWELVE FILM STARS IN ORDER OF POPULARITY, IN AID OF THE OLD FOLKS' HAVEN OF REST, HE WON A MOTOR-BICYCLE AND £1 A WEEK FOR LIFE;



FOR GAUGING THE POPULAR APPEAL OF TWELVE ADVERTISEMENTS OF A PATENT MEDICINE, IN AID OF THE HOME FOR INCURABLE DRUG-TAKERS, HE WON THE HUNDRED BEST BOOKS AND £1,000;



FOR FORECASTING THE RESULTS OF TWELVE LEAGUE MATCHES, IN AID OF THE TINY TOTS' TABERNACLE, HE WON FREE EQU-CATION FOR HIS CHILDREN AND £2 A WEBE;



FOR BALLOTING CORRECTLY FOR THE IWELVE PRETITIEST GIRLS IN BRITAIN, IN AID OF THE HEATHEN ALIENS' HOSTEL, HE WON A CAR AND CHAUFFEUR AND £2,500;



FOR HIS LIST OF THE TWELVE GREATEST CHARACTERS IN HISTORY, IN AID OF THE HOME FOR RETIRED CONVICTS, HE WON A TRIP ROUND THE WORLD AND £5 A WEEK;



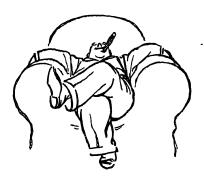
FOR ESTIMATING THE POPULAR OPINION OF TWELVE DIFFERENT WAYS OF COOKING BICE-PUDDING, IN AID OF THE PUGILISTS' BENE-VOLENT INSTITUTION, HE WON A FREE HOUSE AND £5,000;



FOR JUDGING RIGHTLY THE COMPARATIVE IMPORTANCE OF TWELVE FEATURES OF A SEWING-MACHINE, IN ALL OF THE MISSION TO THE POLYHEDRANS, HE WON £10 A WEEK AND A RAILWAY-PASS;



FOR GIVING THE RIGHT ORDER TO TWELVE FAVOURITE FLOWERS, IN AID OF THE IN-EBRIATES' HELP SOCIETY, HE WON A VACHT ON THE SOLENT AND £10,000;



AND NOW, IF HE MANAGES TO HELP THE GUILD OF INDIGENT PROFITEERS TO THE EXTENT OF WINNING THEIR FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000 A YEAR AND TEN ACRES OF \$LUM PROPERTY (FOR THE TWELVE MOST DIGNIFIED METHODS OF RAISING MONEY), THERE IS A GREAT FEAR IN CHARITABLE CIRCLESTHAT THE STRAIN WILL CAUSE HIS RETIREMENT FROM ACTIVE WORK AND THE LAYING DOWN OF THE PEN WHICH HAS DONE SUCH. GREAT SERVICE IN THE SACRED CAUSE.

MISLEADING CASES.

XVIII.—Is MARRIAGE LAWFUL? Marrowfat v. Marrowfat.

THE President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division gave judgment in this action to-day. He said :-

"In this case issues of such importance have been raised that I hope the Press, ignoring a recent Act of Parliament, will report the proceedings, and particularly my remarks, in full.

"The petitioner, Mr. Andrew Marrowfat, is asking for a restitution of conjugal rights, his wife Gladys having deserted or rather left him (for it is a subtle distinction of English law that, while a husband who departs a bruptly "deserts"

SigHumphrey Codd, for the respondent, has advanced and indefatigably argued a novel point of law. A cynical writer has somewhere remarked that human marriage is in the nature of a lottery; and Sir Humphrey now suggests that this observation has some significance in law.

The transactions governed by the Gaming and Lotteries Acts are of various kinds. They may be wholly unlawful, such as lotteries, dicing or snakes-andladders (played money); or they may be not illegal (such as wagers on horse-races arranged with credit bookmakers over His

Majesty's telephones), but so little loved by the law that the law will not assist the parties to adjust any difficulty or disagreement which may arise from

"This department of the law is a labyrinth of which Parliament and the Courts may well be proud; and in the days when it was still my duty to know and study the law it gave me as much trouble as the law of libel and slander. It is now, however, the duty of counsel to look up and inform me of the condition of the law. And Sir Humphrey tells me that the common characteristic of every class of gaming transactions is this—that a person makes a sacrifice in the hope of receiving a benefit, but the reception of this benefit depends upon the operation of chance and not upon the exercise of his own skill and judgment. Sir Humphrey says that this

petitioner, and that the Court should no more assist him to enforce that contract than it will assist a person who bets on horse-races to recover his losses, or even his winnings.

"Now in what circumstances was the contract made? The evidence is that in 1925 the petitioner was travelling as passenger in an ocean-going steamship between Australia and Colombo; that he met the respondent (then Gladys Willows) for the first time on the evening of the First-Class Fancy-Dress Ball, when he drew her (by lot, it ap-

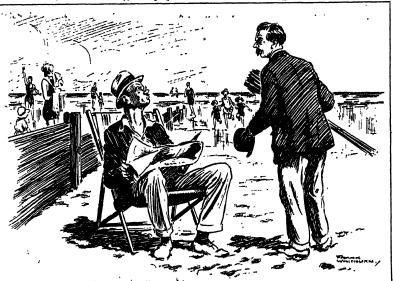
tract of marriage entered into by the or after. It is common ground that she is not a good wife, but never, says Sir Humphrey, between that first meeting and the making of the contract did the petitioner have an opportunity to estimate by reason and discretion whether she was likely to be a good wife or not; for those attributes which are most in evidence and most agreeable on ocean-going steamships are not the same as the attributes of a good wife in the home. The petitioner therefore sacrificed or staked his liberty and his fortune without knowing, and without the means of knowing, what return, pears) as his partner for dinner. The if any, he would receive. He selected respondent was dressed as a Columbine his wife, as many citizens select a raceand the petitioner as an Oriental Prince. | horse, with no stronger reason for behis wife, a wife in similar circumstances | After dinner they danced, and after | lieving it to be the fastest runner than "leaves" him). The facts are clear, but | dancing they proceeded to the Upper | that it has an attractive name or elegant

tail. Such is Sir Humphrey's argument, and in my judgment it is well-founded. I am satisfied that this contract was in the nature of a gaming or wagering transaction, and therefore the petitioner is not entitled to the assistance of this Court, and his suit is dismissed.

So much for this case. But in the public interest I am bound to ask myself whether this decision has not a wider ambit than the particular affairs of Mr. and Mrs. Marrowfat. Can it be said that any matrimonial arrangement is different, in essence, from theirs? I spoke just now of racehorses, which are a

common subject of wagers. But if one may accept the evidence of numerous newspaper placards and head-lines there are men who are able with almost infallible accuracy to predict the future behaviour of racehorses in given circumstances. Indeed so confident and successit appears, caresses as are commonly ful are many of these prophets that the element of chance seems to be wholly removed and it becomes a matter for argument whether the transactions of those who act upon their information ought properly to be classed as wagers "Now Sir Humphrey says that the or as lawful investments depending upon skill; and I hope that at some chance and not by judgment or selective future date I may be called upon to determine some delicate dispute of that character.

But can the same be said of him who selects from the very numerous women meeting the respondent should be in these islands some particular female dressed in the fascinating costume of a to be the partner of his life? The was exactly the character of the con- | Columbine, which she never wore before | prophet of the racecourse has in nearly



Irate Heliday-maker (looking up from paper). "No, confound you, I do NOT WANT MY PHOTO TAKEN!"

Beach Photographer. "SORRY, SIR. COURSE YOU DON'T. BUT I COULDN'T SEE YOUR FACE PROPERLY TILL YOU LOOKED UP."

or Boat Deck to seek some relief from the tropical heat of the evening. On the Boat Deck the unwonted spectacle of the Southern Cross and other constellations excited in the petitioner a warm affection for the respondent, and he was moved to such protestations and, the preliminaries of a matrimonial entanglement. And in fact an offer of marriage was made and accepted, a few days later, in a four-wheeled cab at Colombo.

petitioner throughout was governed by skill. Chance embarked the two parties in the same steamship, chance threw them together at the Fancy-Dress Dinner, and chance directed that at that

every case definite material on which to found his predictions: such-and-such a foal has run faster than such-andsuch a filly over such-and-such a distance in wet weather or in dry weather, with a cough, with glanders, with enthusiasm and so forth; and therefore it may be expected to do this, that or the other thing in the same or in some other circumstances. But the case of the prospective husband is ex hypothesi completely opposite. He is backing a horse which has never run before, or, if his fancy be a widow, has never run over the same course in the same company. The form of a racehorse is public property, but the form of a bride is of necessity concealed. (Laughter.)
Have I been indelicate?"

Sir Humphrey. "No, my lord." The President. "Lord Mildew said in Simpson v. Archdeacon Dunn (1873, at p. 514, 2 Q.B.), 'The critical period in matrimony is breakfast-time.' for too many couples the first breakfast which they take together is the wedding-breakfast. And how many husbands ascertain before marriage the opinions of the beloved on reading in bed, on early rising or late retiring? It was argued in the case just decided that a man of average judgment should be able to make satisfactory deductions from general conduct; but how is a man to deduce from the conduct of an unmarried woman at lunch-time the behaviour of the same woman, married, at the morning meal? It is a commonplace of literature that no one can prediet the conduct of a woman. Women complain, in moments of dissatisfaction. that all men are alike, but men complain with equal indignation that no two women are the same, and that no woman is the same for many days or even minutes together. It follows that no experience, however extensive, is a certain guide, and no man's judgment, however profound, is in this department valuable.

"In all matrimonial transactions therefore the element of skill is negligible and the element of chance predominates. This brings all marriages into the category of gaming (see Wagg v. The Chief Constable of Ely), and therefore I hold that the Court cannot according to law assist or relieve the victims of these arrangements, whether by way of restitution, separation or divorce. Therefore it will be idle for married parties to bring their grievances before us, and, in short, this Court will never sit again.

"It is not without a pang that I thus pronounce the death-sentence of Divorce, which has meant so much to so many in this Court. To those learned counsel who have made a good



Assiduous Saleswoman (at bargain counter). "This jumper-suit, Modon, is the last WE HAVE IN THIS PARTICULAR LINE; THEREFORE WE HAVE PRICED IT AS LOW AS THIRTY SHILLINGS."

Bargain Hunter. "UM-I DON'T THINK I QUITE LIKE THE COLOUR." Assiduous Assistant. "I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, MODOM, YOU CAN HAVE IT FOR TWENTY-

Bargain Hunter. "I SEE. AND HOW MUCH IF I HATE THE WHOLE THING LIKE POISON?"

thing out of it I offer my sincere condolences, and particularly to Sir Humphrey Codd, who by his own argument has destroyed his own livelihood. We shall all have to do the best we can with the limited and tedious litigation which arises from Probate and Admiralty; but any persons who want a divorce will be compelled in future to divorce themselves."

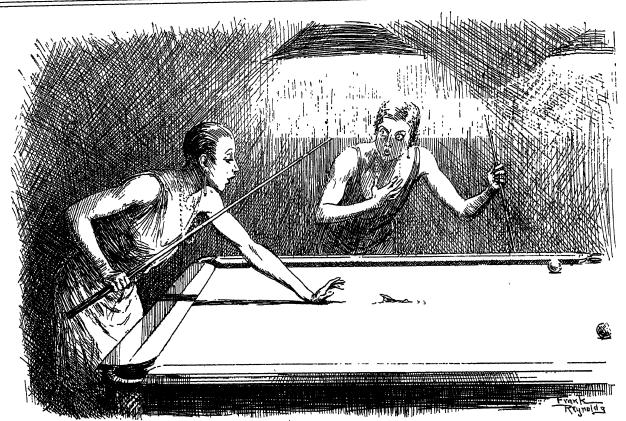
A.P.H. The Court adjourned.

"NOTICE.

The Public is hereby notified that by Deed Poll dated and registered in the Deeds Registry on the 12th day of May, 1927, I have changed my name from Augustus John to 'Augustus John Lam.' Augustus John Lam,

37, Virginia Village, East Coast, Demerara, 27th May, 1927." Indian Paper.

It is a mercy that Mr. John appended his address or Chelsea might not have survived the shock of learning that its llion had become a Lam.



Beginner (who has cut the cloth). "MY DEAR, WHAT FLIMSY MATERIAL!"

CAREERS FOR CARROTS.

[Sir J. C. Bose, F.R.S., the eminent Indian savant, long known for his remarkable and sensational researches into plant life, observes, in his new book, Plant Autographs, that, while "as regards sensitiveness in ordinary plants we cannot imagine anything more stolid and undemonstrative than a carrot, it is a revelation to find how excitable it is and how vigorous and uniform are its successive responses."]

THE carrot long has languished as a servile synonym For stolid impassivity, for sloth of mind or limb, And crude associations, prejudicial and unfair, Have linked it with an unbecoming tint of human hair.

And yet the carrot, as revealed by the research of Bose, Is neither undemonstrative in manner nor morose, But, on the contrary, a most vivacious little cuss And readily responsive to electric stimulus.

'Tis said that turnips make a noise when lying on the stubble; We know that cabbage cooked with beef emits a squeak or bubble;

But, treated with humanity and sympathy, the carrot May come in time to emulate the nightingale or parrot.

I never dreamt, I own it, in my unenlightened years
That a parsnip might be capable of passion or of tears,
That "discontent divine" the soul of Brussels-sprouts could
harrow

Or pluck the tender heartstrings of the vegetable marrow.

But now I live in daily hope that science may beguile The coelest of my cucumbers to break into a smile, And enable film-producers to exhibit on the screen The Rabelaisian humours of the broad- or kidney-bean.

Already there are "insect plays," contrasting men and ants; Why not a tragic drama all about the loves of plants—

The ardours of the aubergine, the courtships of the kale, With brutal Signor Broccoli as villain of the tale?

The B.B.C., it seems to me, now that these facts are known, Are simply bound to send them round the world by micro-

And add, as special features of the nightly "Children's Hour,"

"Talks" with good Uncle Salsify or Aunty Cauliflower.

Judicious excitation of the gentle artichoke (Jerusalem or otherwise) much pleasure may evoke; And what a perfect subject for the genius of RUTH DRAPER Would be a duologue between an onion and a caper!

And yet, O Bose, the vista your researches open out Fills me with grave misgivings and with dietetic doubt; For the hungry vegetarian, in the light of modern lore, Can hardly be distinguished from the savage carnivoro.

What fare is left on which humane consumers may subsist When flesh, fowl, fish, when roots and fruits are banished from the list,

And when at any moment the tidings may arrive That minerals are sensitive, responsive and alive?

"Chicks, 10 Bred to lay Rocks (8 weeks old); what offers?"

Provincial Paper.

With a little intensive culture they might be trained to lay foundation-stones.

Work for the new Conference on English:—
"The words What, Why, When, Where and How are words which are wrongly used by practically every English writer, not even excluding the litterateurs and pendants."—Scots Paper.

The pendants are of course the hangers-on of literature.

A FUTILE COURSE.

WASTING OUR ENERGIES? AFTER ALL IT'S ONLY A DISAPPEARING DUMMY." IS SOMETHING TO KILL." LIBERAL DOG. "AREN'T WE RATHER I WANT WHAT LABOUR DOG. "YES.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 4th.—Question-time has its uses, but there are moments when Party leaders must deplore the investigative assiduity of their followers. To-day, for example, Mr. WALLHEAD insisted on asking the Under-Secre-TARY OF STATE FOR INDIA why the Calcutta Forward had been refused admission into Burmah. Earl WIN-TERTON replied that he understood it had been printing grossly false and offensive statements. Pressed by other Labour Members to be more precise, he said that the Forward had, inter alia, referred to the LEADER OF THE OPPOSI-TION as a "mealy-mouthed politician who had done the dirtiest things."

No further particulars were sought; possibly because, as an apprehensive Member said of the Arcos raid, "you couldn't tell what those fellows mightn't

The tax-dodger may be artful, but the debate on the Finance Act had not proceeded far when it became apparent that in the view of the City the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is a bit of an Artful Dodger himself. Mr. Dennis HERBERT, who led the attack on Clause 29, generously refused to believe that the City's apprehensions would not be allayed. Evidently he expected it would be a case of-

The CHANCELLOR said, "There, there!" And went to the Treasury; The Treasury said, "There, there!" And went back to bed. The A.-G. said, "There, there! We didn't really mean it ; It shall pass its dividends and have reserves instead."

Therein he reckoned without Mr. Church-ILL, who defended his proposals quite passionately. They were not new, he declared, but merely enlarged the scope of the Finance Act of 1922, which applied to forty thousand out of eighty thousand private companies, of which only two-hundred-and-fifty had been asked to pay super-tax and only sixty had actually paid.

This exposition of official self-restraint caused Mr. Runciman

clauses Mr. CHURCHILL was firing a ment be withdrawn. very big and noisy gun to bring down a very insignificant bird.

Mr. HERBERT seemed to find in the CHANCELLOR'S speech the assurances he had sought, and declared his intention of withdrawing his amend-



"EMPEROR JONES."

Mr. JACK JONES (on the Road Fund). "I AM SPEAKING ABOUT AN IMPERIAL ROAD, A ROAD IN WHICH CÆSAR WOULD HAVE GLORIED if he had had the honour of building it."

ment. Sir Robert Horne took the other view. It seemed clear to him idea is presumably to give a lead to the that Mr. Churchill meant to let Disarmament Conference. Somerset House make life a burden for the private companies. He declared ing with the Road Fund provoked a

remained for Sir Douglas Hogg to allay the apprehensions of all parties concerned by promising that before they came into force next year the Government would find the means of making it clear that it was the taxdodger and the tax-dodger only that would be affected by them.

Tuesday, July 5th.—Further contingents of noble lords having thwacked each other with the now threadbare arguments for and against the Trade Disputes Bill, Lord LAMINGTON opened a window looking on the East, as it were, by asking a question about the Imam of Sanaa. The answer was mysterious, but the Imam seems to be another of those "formidable potentates," to use Mr. Churchill's expression, that infest Arabia Infelix. Just what he is doing to make everybody uncomfortable Lord Lovar did not explain, but he assured Lord LAMINGTON that the situation was delicate. A case, obviously for the mens sana, if not actually for the mens Sanaa!

Colonel Ashley told Mr. Looker that in the near future—it seems now to be definitely agreed that the Ministry of Transport is to have a near future—he proposed to limit the size and weight of charabancs. The great earth-shaking beasts now in existence will not be affected, but new ones will be limited in tonnage and overall length. The

The Clause of the Finance Bill deal-

moving speech from Sir R. SANDERS, the Member for Wells. He admired the CHANCEL-LOR'singenuity, he said, but it was jolly difficult for a bucolic like himself, addressing a bucolic constituency, to persuade them that you could take twelve millions out of the Road Fund and leave it no worse than it was before. Anyway, in his constituency they were worse off to the extent that the rate for main roads had gone up from threepence in 1914 to two shillings. Charabancs from Bristol, he complained, came and tore up the roads and did not even stop at the pubs! This, the House

as much as the CHANCELLOR'S arith-

The feature of this debate, however,



A REVERSIONARY INTEREST. MR. SNOWDEN AND MR. CHURCHILL.

to observe that in the new Finance Bill | that he for one would not let the amend- | gathered, puzzles the bucolic mind quite

Other Members defended or mildly metic. assailed the proposed Clauses and it

was a speech by Mr. Jack Jones. He began in the best Silvertown manner with a rude remark about waving the Union Jack for Unionist jackasses. Then, heigh presto and all of a sudden the House found itself in the presence of a new and commanding Mr. Jones. Wrapping about him the mantle of the Cæsars he bade the House to note that the road problem was not local but imperial and international. It called for statesmanship and there they were talkkeepers. They had promised to get on | self. He concluded by upbraiding the | ment, as a defence against revolution,

with the Victoria Dock Road, but had got no further than promises. They should build a causeway, cried Mr. Jones, from dockland to the centre of England; a causeway such as CÆSAR would have gloried in, for the roads of Empire have lain ever through Poplar and

East Ham.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EX-CHEQUER rose to no such eloquent heights as this, but defended stoutly-and in anticipation of Mr. Snowden, whom he saw "waiting hungrily" to follow him—his refusal to get out of all his other difficulties by clapping another sixpence on the income-tax.

The House carried the clause and also defeated a clause proposed by Mr. Snowden to abolish

the Betting Tax.

Wednesday, July 6th.—Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, "the watch-dog of the New Forest," as Lord Russell dubbed him. assailed Commissioners and conifers with impartial breath. Under the greenwood tree, he explained, the denizens of the New Forest loved to lie with him, but they drew the line at tuning their merry note under embryo pit-props. Lord CLIN-TON, the Chairman of the Commission, defended it bravely. Conifers were only being planted

those that were dead or dying.

In the House of Commons the chief business was the Labour Party's Vote of Censure motion condemning the Government's proposals for reforming the House of Lords.

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, returning to the House after a considerable absence, was cheered when he rose to the attack. He charged the Government

turned out of office. Their proposals to reform the Lords were made, he said, not because the Conservatives were concerned with great constitutional issues, but because they were afraid of municipalities running omni-

The Prime Minister likened the task of Lords reform to that of Sisyphus, but comforted himself with the reflec-

JOHN THE DRAGON-KILLER. "Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd Thy maiden sword."—HENRY IV. Pt. I. V. 4." Mr. John Buchan.

hardwood trees had been felled but | what should be a task of general agree- | and-ninety-two peers.

Mr. MacDonald, but another stark wit Mr. John Buchan, newly-elected Member for the Scottish Universities. This was his maiden speech, and in a

adaptiveness the Government, he said. proposed to destroy by making it rigid and documentary, on the specious plea that it was necessary to anticipate the assaults of revolutionaries. The reform of the Lords, he roundly declared, could not be discussed until the Government's proposals were got out of the way. Four other Conservatives spoke in much the same vein. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE likened tion that, if Sisyphus let the stone roll | the House of Lords to the leaning tower down the hill, there was no record of of Pisa (with Lord BIRKENHEAD occuing about it like a lot of village shop- anything happening to Sisyphus him- pying the top flat), which the Govern-

was going to make lean still

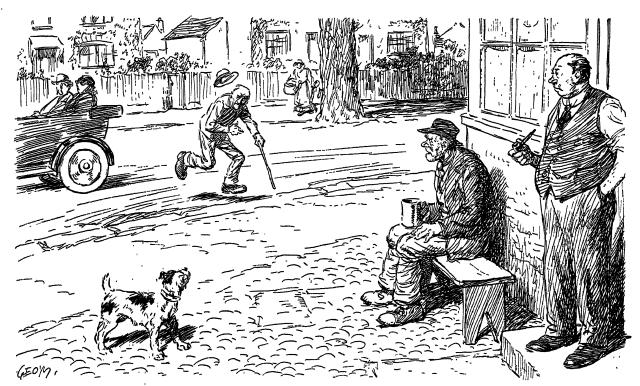
further.

Mr. CHURCHILL claimed that the Government had acted courageously, and ought not to be censured for merely providing a basis of discussion. The motion was of course heavily defeated, but it seems not unlikely that the debate will have proved to be a basis of no further discussion. Like the apocryphal American Congressman, the Government said in effect, "Those are our sentiments, gentlemen. If you don't like them we can change them.' The answer is in effect, "We don't like them, but pray do not be at pains to think up any others."

Thursday, July 7th.—The Lords rejected the Bishop of LIVERPOOL'S Liquor Control Bill, if not with the "vivacity which distinguished the other House," in which Lord BIRKEN-HEND said they were deficient, with certainly no less determination. Lord BIEKENHEAD himself vivaciously twitted Mr. LLOYD GEORGE with saving that he doubted if there were ever two hundred of their Lordships who were capable of revising legislation that came from another place, despite the fact that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had himself "enriched" their Lordships'

where nothing else would grow, and no Opposition with refusing to help in House with no fewer than one-hundred-

The House of Commons polished off The real leader of the assault on the Committee stage of the Finance the Government's proposals was not Bill, but not until Mr. Macquisten had made a stirring appeal for the reduction marauder from across the Border, to of the duty on whisky. Unlike Wednesday, however, it wasn't Scotland's big day. Mr. McNeill said the nation would either have to find eighteen most unmaidenly way he turned and million pounds somewhere else or drink bit the political hand from which he 112 per cent. more whisky. Mr. Macwith trying to set up a solid and should have been feeding. Mr. Stand-immovable Tory Chamber in the path fast never stood faster for anything mise that even at six shillings a bottle of progress and so to go on governing than Mr. Buchan stood for the Con- that additional volume of wee doches the country even after they had been stitution whose admirable and ancient and dorises would be consumed.



Aged Man (seated). "If old Jarge 'adn't bin so nippy there, I'd be the oldest inhabitant of Puddlebury now!"

"VENI, VIDI, VICI."

Sconer or later some newspaper will ask us who wrote the shortest military despatch known to history, and the next week it will quote the above.

Actually, the most laconic report of a major military operation was the legendary "O.K." with which a rustic American General informed his superiors that Oll was Korrect.

Not only is CÆSAR's effort comparatively long-winded, but, if we consider the native terseness of the medium, we realise at once that it must have vish exclamations. seemed just a vague cloud of verbiage to S.P.Q.R. Its author afterwards penned the snappy De Bello Gallico, and his final pithy remark to Brutus could not have been more saturated with significance, so that we may excuse "Veni, vidi, vici" as an early extravagance.

We imagine the scene in the Curia where the senators are anxiously awaiting news from the Front. It is known that the newly-appointed Dux has reached the area of operations and is in touch with the enemy, but an official communiqué is long overdue and the House is agog with apprehension.

The more optimistic remind their neighbours that the General has a literary as well as a military reputation. His despatches will be widely circulated, polish his periods. The reminder seems conveyed to it.

somehow to aggravate the general uneasiness.

But the despatch comes at last. There is an excruciatingly slow and ominous crackling of parchment as the President of the Senate unfolds it. He glances at the contents, but no emotion is visible on the yellow marble of his countenance. With studied deliberation he ascends the rostrum, arranges his toga effectively, clears his throat and extends an arm.

"VENI," he begins sonorously.

He is immediately interrupted by an impatient shuffling of feet and by pee-

"Yes, yes!"

"He's not writing from halfway, is

"Spare us the flourishes!"

"What's happened?"

"VIDI-

The house almost leaps on to the benches. The famous Roman restraint vanishes completely. Certain new elements in the assembly never had much use for it anyway. The anxious mob outside is alarmed by a wrathful uproar.

"Of course!"

"He's not blind, we hope!"

"Cut the cackle!"

"Doesn't he say who 's won?"

"Vici!"

The house subsides with a groan of There is no applause, except and he is certain to put his best work into them; he must be allowed time to portion of the despatch has been hastily and the reporter seems only to have

Next morning The Tribune in its well-known caustic manner:-

"We have just waded through J. Cæsar's first despatch, two-thirds of which, as our readers are already aware, refer to more or less extraneous matters. In the circumstances, however, we suppose a certain verbal exuberance was inevitable. Probably this gallant young officer will realise later that the country is more interested in the military situation than in his personal experiences.'

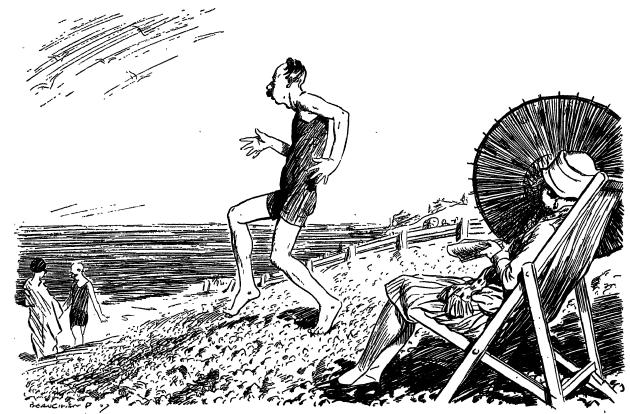
The internal evidence, by the way, is all against the possibility that CESAR may have sent home an oral message by a garrulous member of his staff.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

[An American lady now visiting this country celebrated her last birthday with a cake and the ninety-five candles to which her years entitled her.]

LADY of this brilliant feast, May your candles be increased! May they in their waxing wealth Typify still radiant health, Showing Age, when they are lit, How the brave make light of it!

"WIMBLEDON RESULTS. Seven Miles Walk.—Cowley 1, Sandy 2 Presland 3. At four miles Coulson was dis qualified when leading."-Evening Paper. noticed it after several mixed doubles.



Wife. "Try to walk on just the round pebbles, Arthur."

QUO USQUE TANDEM?

(A Guide to Conversation for Motorists.)

Why is this road so bumpy?

The road is torn up by heavy traffic.

What is happening here?

The road is being mended.

We can only use one side of the and in some places the scouts.

The man is waving a red flag.

We must wait here until all those cars have passed.

What are those other men doing?

They are widening the road. If the road is wider it will carry

more beavy traffic. Then there will be more road to be

torn up.

Then more men will be needed to mend it.

Who pays for these roads?

You and I.

But we do not tear them up?

No, but we stop and wait in the places where they have been torn up and are being mended.

How many Englishmen are employed in making and mending roads?

Ask me another.

I will. How many A.A. Scouts are there?

Heaven knows. Who pays for them? You and I.

What is their aim, object and function?

They are a very present help in times of trouble; also they control the traffic at dangerous places in the road.

I thought the policemen did that? In some places the policemen do it motor-charabanc.

Why did that scout look so darkly at us? | banc? Because there is a police-trap coming. Why do the police trap us?

To prevent us from going swiftly along the only parts of the road that are not torn up.

Is not the surface of the read repaired in order that one may travel swiftly upon it?

No. It is repaired in order that it may be torn up again.

Who pays the policemen to trap us? You and I.

And what happens when we are ought? trapped?

We pay a fine.

Then we pay a tax for the privilege of using the roads, part of which are torn up by other people so that we cannot travel upon them, and part of which are trapped by policemen to whom we pay money in order that they may stop us and have us fined; and to other men we pay money to tell us where the policemen are?

Yes.

That seems a very clever arrange-

Is it not?

Why are we stopping now?

Because the road here is narrow, and it is doubtful whether we can pass the

What is the length of a motor-chara-

Men who have paced the distance say it is about as long as a cricket-pitch. What is the width of a motor-chara-

banc? What is the width of a mother's love?

How many persons can be seated in a motor-charabane? No one has ever counted.

Do the motor-charabanes tear up the road?

Apparently yes.

Do they pay as heavy a tax as they

I doubt it.

Why are we now in the ditch? Because the motor-charabanc has forced us into it.

Do we have to pay for the upkeep of the ditch?

I suppose so.

What on earth are we coming to now?

It is a festival. The whole town is en fête. All the horses are decorated, and all the people are in fancy costume.

We shall have to wait now until the procession passes by.

We shall.

Why is the beautiful girl dressed like a South Sea Islander smiling at us?

She wishes us to put money in the collecting-box which she carries.

What is she collecting for?

I do not know. Probably for a motorcharabanc outing for the wives of the menders of roads. 1 22-,

Do you think that we can travel a little faster now that we have passed this town?

No, there is a herd of cows in the way. Time passes very slowly when one is watching the faces of cows.

I like best the red cow with the crumpled horn. It is licking the paint of our car.

Why does it do that?

Because the paint is green. The cow thinks it is grass.

Shall we now proceed a little more swiftly?

Yes; when we have turned that dangerous corner we shall find a clear piece of road.

Surely you are wrong. Is there not another vast crowd in the way?

Yes. It is an accident. A motorbicycle has run into a car.

Is anyone killed?

Not this time, fortunately.

What is that lying by the side of the road? The motor-bicycle?

It was.

Now perhaps we shall be able to get on?

Alas! no. The road has been recently tarred and covered with small flints. We must proceed slowly or we shall puncture our tyres.

Is there ever a moment when parts of the road are not under repair?

Never, thanks to the heavy traffic and the rain.

I think you said at the beginning that we pay a tax for the joy of travelling upon this road?

I did.

And part of the fund raised by this tax was taken by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for something else?

That is so.

I see that it has now begun to rain heavily.

Yes, we must go very cautiously now or we shall skid.

Do you think that the output of petrol-driven vehicles will increase at its present rate during the next five or ten years?

They say it will.

What is that thing looking over the hedge at us?

It is a horse.

It seems to have a smile upon its face. EVOE. Yes. I wonder why.



Young Person (at her first race-meeting). "Why, some of these horses weightless than I do!"

A DILEMMA.

[On reading in consecutive paragraphs of a Morning Paper (1) a warning by the MINISTER OF HEALTH of the dangers of inexpert artificial light treatment; (2) an account of the trial of a man caught in Hyde Park in the act of taking a sun-bath in running-shorts.]

IF you take real sun-baths in the Park You're pinched by some policeman or

his nark; If artificial sunlight then you try, Unless a doctor's present you will die.

At a golf competition:-

"Mr. ____, who is 21, has a fine physique, and, pipe in mouth, he suggested the typical English public school boy."—Scots Paper. Do our headmasters know about this?

"I don't want my music interpreted; I want it executed.—M. Stravinsky."—Daily Paper. Some old-fashioned amateurs think a similar treatment should be extended to the composer.

Extract from an agreement drawn up between the Indian Government and the Shillong Municipality for the supply of water:-

"The Secretary of State is entitled to tap the Municipal mains at points K and Q. Should the Secretary of State desire to tap the Municipal mains at points other than K and Q, permission to do so shall not be unreasonably refused, and shall in any case be accorded so long as the tap so made does not involve a total consumption by the Secretary of State of more than 60,000 gallons per day.

That ought to satisfy Lord BIRKENHEAD.

AT THE PLAY.

"Castles in the Air" (SHAFTESBURY).

Of the plot of a musical comedy we never ask very much. If it can just contrive not to fall to pieces we are content to do without any further signs of organic life. Nor is there any exigence we should be surprised and shocked if shared by some ocean liner, for it will in his words, and had to rely on what

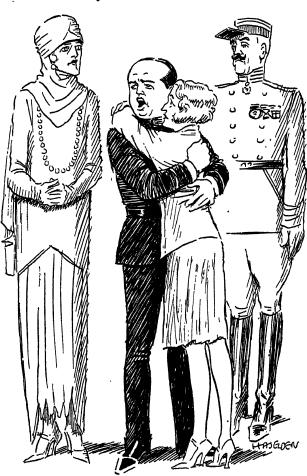
the whole available company were not shifted at short notice into some other zone or hemisphere—as here, where the transit from Westchester (U.S.A.) to Latavia (Europe) is conducted along the best lines of tradition. But we do ask for something resembling romance, however improbable, or something akin to fun, however elementary: if possible a little of both. In Castles in the Air we get very little of either, and I am left wondering what had happened to Mr. Cochran's shrewdness when he introduced this "romantic musical comedy" from America.

I cannot imagine that it was the plot of it that attracted him. Two penurious college boys (Monty Blair and John Brown) chance upon a jazz-club run by a young lady of good prospects (Evelyn Devine). Monty has just read an advertisement of a castle to let in Latavia, its royal owner having been mislaid. He introduces his friend as the latent monarch, and Evelyn falls for him at sight. With a view to being "loved for herself," as they say, she changes clothes with the girl (Annie Moore) who sells cigarettes at the club—a bright and novel idea to which nobody seemed to pay much attention. Her guardian (Rodman), who penetrates Monty's fraud, sees a chance of disillusioning her snobbish taste for exotic titles. and so leases the castle, transports his ménage, chorus and

throne of Latavia. Then—for I pass over the intrigues of the Court Chancellor, whose obscurity baffled me—a strange thing happened. It turned out that Rodman had inadvertently restored the real king, John Brown being recognised by the Queen Regent as her long lost son. How his own time I shall never know. Anyhow we get him planted on the throne of his fathers;

law is at once enacted forbidding him to marry the alien commoner, Evelyn, girl of his choice. Nobly he resigns his crown and returns (with the company) to U.S.A.

No sooner has he landed than he like a hero of romance. learns that the law has been repealed, and, to the relief of everybody, he makes Evelyn his queen. The general satis-



John Brown (long-lost King of Latavia, to his love). "Fare well for ever! We cannot meet again."

His Love. "OH, CAN'T WE? YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE

The Queen Regent Miss Maud Cressall. John Brown Mr. John Steel. Evelyn Devine MISS HELEN GILLILAND. General Slodak . . MR. FRANK ATHERLEY.

all, and establishes the impostor on the | almost certainly entail a third negotia- | these puppets came out very well. tion of the Atlantic by the entire membership of the jazz-club.

All this was fairly stupid, but not much more stupid than the plots of most musical comedies. The trouble was that we could take no interest in the personality of the hero. We are accus-

And Mr. John Steel did very little to encourage this new enterprise. He sang with resonance, but he couldn't even wear his clothes, whether his homemade suiting or his Latavian uniform,

But a worse trouble was the inadequate supply of fun. Mr. Allen Kearns (as Monty) showed a nice sense of humour. in our demand for the unities. Indeed faction at this felicitous ending will be but he found very little occasion for it

> he could invent for himself in expression or gesture. One felt too that Miss GENEVIEVE McCormick, whose Annie Moore recalled the manner of Miss Phyllis Monkman, might have been much funnier if the author had given her a chance. (I don't know if there is any significance in the modesty of the type used for the name of the author, Mr. RAYMOND W. PECK, in the programme. The name of Mr. Frank Collins, General Stage Director, figures in much bolder type, and that of Mr. COCHRAN himself is about four sizes larger still.)

> Miss HELEN GILLILAND (as Evelyn) looked delightful, and of course she has a voice; but her singing didn't seem likely to improve the reputation she made in GILBERT-and-SULLIvan opera. Miss Maud Cres-SALL as the Queen Regent was a dignified and gracious figure in her absurd surroundings; Mr. HENRY LATIMER was heavier than you could believe as Rodman; Mr. GEORGE DE WAR-FAZ threatened to be amusing in a familiar part as the adventurer, Count Draaga, but he was choked off; and Mr. Ivor Barnard would, I dare say, have made a good Court jester if only he had been allowed to jest. But a word of grateful praise must be given to the humorous performance of some doll marionettes. In the poor competition put up by the humans

The one virtue of the Chorus was its unquenchable vivacity. From the rise of the first curtain, when they were discovered rushing madly about the premises of the jazz-club in a maze of movements that had neither beauty nor meaning, they were indefatigable tomed to import American actors for with their boisterous intrusions. There identity had escaped his notice all this the purposes of Transatlantic humour seemed to be some sort of motive in one or crook business; but I don't remem- dance which they did in the Spanish ber to have seen one imported for the manner at the Court of Latavia; but but that is no sort of use to him, as a purposes of musical-comedy romance. this, I think, must have been due to a

confusion between "Castles in the Air" and Castles in Spain.

The most pathetic thing in the play (I had just come from watching the Varsity match) was the spectacle of the male contingent in dark-blue coats and white flannel trousers performing their silly antics. Strong as I am in my loyalty to Cambridge, I entertain an affectionate regard for the other side; will be dazzled by the glamour of the when Vernie makes her confession to their work in it. Mr. LEWIN MANNERING musical comedy stage. O.S.

"THE MAN RESPONSIBLE" (ROYALTY).

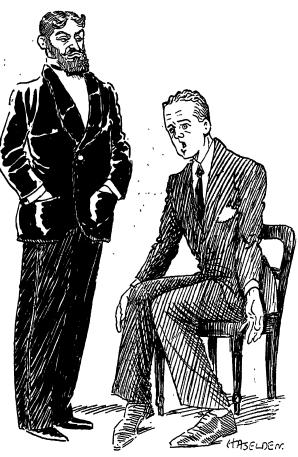
The Forum Theatre Guild has evidently the intention of boxing the theatrical compass. Cocks and Hens (intellectual farce), The Dybbuk (mystical drama), The Combined Maze (lower-suburban tragedy), and now The Man Responsible, a "sensational thriller." That's something like half-wayround!

Mr. Julian Frank, the thrillproducer, sticks at nothing. A certain extraordinarily clever surgeon - physician - hypnotist in Exeter (they seem to have very general practitioners in Exeter) has a still adored wife (indicated by frequent kissings of photograph on desk) who has lest him to "become a wanton"; his daughter Marion, unable to stand his cruelty, has left him to become a great actress; his daughter Vernie stays, under protest, only to become a harlot (so he says). This means no more than that she has a faithful lover, which is not generally held to be the same thing. Suspecting, without a particle of evidence, that his favourite pupil, Dr. Ronald Warden, has performed the illegal operation which kills by manipulating his sinister

—he dominates his will and succeeds sound as to be easily mistaken? in making him, as the clock strikes nine, without any assistance, administer chloroform and perform a difficult operation on his own mother, with of course a fatal result.

Well, I suppose that ought to be thrilling, but I did not find it so. The

adequate motive. Hypodermic syringes ton says, "I will go quietly," to release and revolvers are handled with extreme him and enable him to blow his brains unlikeliness. The dialogue is flat, dif-fuse and repetitive; the pseudo-medical out! Why he didn't first blow theirs out is not clear. Possibly because there affectionate regard for the other side; talk seemed to me rank balderdash. were none to blow. This seems to me and I do trust that no member of the Anything more unplausible than the a rather childish affair, and I will not Oxford team, when selecting a career, Puritan attitude of young Dr. Warden do the actors the injustice of criticising



A DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

Dr. Warden (Mr. Haddon Mason) to Dr. Morton (Mr. Lewin poor Vernie, he sets himself Mannering). "You have hypnotised and drugged me, and to "punish the murderer," and, NOW YOU INSIST ON MY PERFORMING AN OPERATION. ISN'T THIS A BREACH OF PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE?"

eyes and pumping dope into the poor him I cannot conceive. And why, as boy's legs through his excellently cut a point of detail, use three names suit—a new technique in hypodermics | Morton, Warden, Gordon—so similar in | plausibility of situation? Or possibly

I have an idea for Mr. Frank. A mad mother, suspecting (wrongfully) her husband of intrigue, boils their baby in its bath, bakes it in a pie, serves it to her there was an air of sober virtue, as we unhusband and his (alleged) paramour, attempts to stab both with the toastingfork and then, on reflection, decides to has invented a new aeroplane, "The vagaries of madmen are not really fit commit suicide by swallowing her husband's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The subject for the drama. (No, Mr. Frank, King Fear is not hereby condemned.)
This is all too "easy." Not only was Dr. I commit suicide by swallowing her husband's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blades, thus included a new aeropiane, The same him band's discarded razor-blad

Morton mad, but nearly everybody else thriller, is it not?—and hardly more—his bone-headed medical colleague, absurd than this. What charming Dr. Gordon, his infatuated nurse-secretary, his daughters Marion and Vernie—acted in the most idiotic way without obviously maniacal and armed Dr. Moral and armed Dr. Moral arm

(Morton), Mr. Haddon Mason (Warden), Miss Helen Haye, the nurse-secretary, and Miss MURIEL ALEXANDER (Marion) do all that can be done. Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER, by the way, really ought to see this play to see how illegal opera-; tions should be treated to pass the censorship.

"NEARLY DIVORCED" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

It is not easy to decide why the uproarious and often ingenious fun of this honest old-fashioned farce failed to move me and a few of my immediate neighbours, who looked intelligent enough, to laughter. Was it that the company as a whole seemed to lack experience and attempted their; effects with too much noise and restless movement and some lack of real conviction? Was it that the author, producing his own play, lost his sense of proportion and selfcriticism, as authors will, when an independent producer with a blue pencil and ruthless heart would have concealed or eliminated its defects and developed its virtues? And yet Mr. Dagnall is an actor of some experience, and though he produced his own farce, The Glad Eye, he produced it sufficiently well to run for something near five hundred nights.

Or was it that we now demand some sense of character and some greater the whole thing was too obviously innocent. For, though there were one or two jokes of a rudeness to satisfy completely the editorial staff of derstand virtue, about all the characters.

Fred Dombey, late of the R.A.F.,

That in that locked study of his. isn't, perhaps, when you consider the sounds that issue from the study, a very convincing explanation of his neglect of his wife, Susan. She suspects the proprietress of a nearby flower-shop, who is in fact secretly married to Fred's friend, Hal, who is flying from the sheriff's officers. Susan finds sundry entries in Fred's notebook: "Fifty pounds, a Hundred pounds, Fifty pounds, The Darling, C. H." C. H. are in fact the initials of the aeroplane firm constructing The Darling, and Carrie Hopper is the name of the flowerwoman. And obviously that is the sort of entry unfaithful husbands make in their notebooks!, So a private inquiry agent, disguised as a vacuum-cleaner salesman, is retained; spots and photographs the wrong man; collects the sort of evidence that is collected by peeping through keyholes and bribing waiters or chambermaids and so forth. There are binges, and the heads that follow binges, and false moustaches torn from hearthrugs with which the suspected hero impersonates a corrupt Italian head-waiter even to the point of deceiving his own wife.

This head-waiter and ex-tenor, a mournful window-cleaner, and the private inquiry agent were the most satisfactory of the characters from the point of view of the laughter-seeker, and their parts were excellently played by Mr. ARTHUR FILMER, Mr. GERARD CLIFTON and Mr. Eliot Makeham. I thought Mr. Mark Daly, who is a comedian of pleasant personality and resourcefulness and does not rely too much on noise and restlessness, was not too well served with his part of the misunderstood airman. A little study of a passionately respectable chambermaid by Miss Violer Gould seemed to me a sound piece of work. Mr. ARTHUR CHESNEY as Hal gave an excellent impersonation of Mr. Edmund Gwenn and has a good sense of comedy, vigorous rather than subtle. But subtlety wasn't the strong suit of Nearly Divorced. I think perhaps if the company laughed less at the author's jokes the more discerning of the audience might laugh more.

"Hundreds of Iroquois chiefs and braves have met together to smoke their tomahawks over an important problem."—Daily Paper.

A tip for the League of Nations. Always smoke the hatchet before burying it.

"One Clouded Panther Club, six months old and growing fast. Perfect condition. Overall length 31 inches. Highest offer buys."

Advt. in Indian Paper.

We should be inclined to make a bid if we were quite sure about the "nice conduct of a clouded" club.

THE UNHECKLEABLE ORATOR.

[It is announced that the phonofilm will be employed at future elections.]

ALTHOUGH I am inclined to sneer At people who electioneer, And with the party game, I fear,

I seldom have much traffic, Last night I went to hear a flood Of words from Sir Augustus Mudd (His presence was not flesh and blood But cinematographic).

The lights went down, the film began, And we were privileged to scan The figure of the mighty man

And hear him too, verbatim; His arguments were plain, he said, And patent to the dullest head, But, lest we might have been misled, He'd lucidly re-state 'em.

When he had uttered two or three, A vulgar person next to me Felt called upon to disagree

And did so very loudly;
Then pandemonium arose
As rival factions came to blows;
My neighbour got a battered nose,
But bore the damage proudly.

Yet, while embroiled in civil war, There struggled all about the floor Men thirsting for each other's gore,

Thick-headed, iron-sinewed,
Still imperturbable, serene,
A movie god from a machine,
The shadow-speaker on the screen
In even tones continued.

He ended, ever smooth and bland, When he had uttered all he planned, Demolished lies on every hand,

And all his facts paraded,
With, "Gentlemen, I think it right
To thank you for your most polite
And patient listening to-night;"
Then smiled and slowly faded.

"Italian Gentleman, established as Proprietor of Hotel, Northern Italy, Offers to Extend the Courtesies of his hotel in exchange for hospitality for his daughter, who is anxious to enter an English family for six months with a view to perfecting the language."

Daily Paper.

The new Anglo-American Association will no doubt welcome her assistance.

"The Coroner said that every day they saw young women riding cross-legged on pillions." Daily Paper.

Happily what the Coroner says is not evidence. Pillion passengers run enough risks as it is without sitting a la Turque.

"He proceeded to relate how the child Hilda was the most humorous daughter of an elderly man named Mayo, 57 years of age, who died several months before Hilda was born."

Bristol Paper.

The youngest one always says the funniest things.

SAVING COURSES AND SAFETY CURES.

(By our Medical Correspondent.)

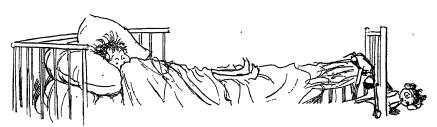
The correspondence recently printed in the columns of a leading daily on the virtues of tea-leaf sandwiches is to be welcomed on economic as well as hygienic grounds. The waste of tea-leaves, always regrettable, has become more deplorable than ever owing to their supersession as a means of sweeping floors by the vacuum-cleaner. But a new vista of salubrious utility is opened up by this admirable suggestion, which, speaking with a due sense of my responsibilities, I desire to support with all the force at my command.

But, here as always, much must depend on the skill with which these sandwiches are compounded. Great care should be taken only to use tealeaves from which all traces of tannin have been eliminated by infusion. Moreover their curative as well as their palatable qualities are greatly enhanced by flavouring them with a dash of salicylic acid or ammoniated quinine. In this form the tea-leaf sandwich is a most valuable preventive of influenza, and, even when the complaint has declared itself, mitigates the acuteness of

its symptoms.

In this context I gladly seize the opportunity to impress upon my readers another and even more desirable method of solving one of the most urgent problems of our age—what to do with our old safety-razor blades. In a work published nearly seventy years ago I have come across a reference to "Steel wine: sherry wine in which steel filings have been placed for some time." This medicament was known to Harvey and used by SWIFT, who, in his Journal to Stella, speaks of his headaches having been relieved by taking steel drops. And the late Sir CLIFFORD ALLBUTT, in one of his works, speaks of the restorative effect of cod-liver oil and steel wine in the later stages of certain maladies. The cost of drugs is a serious item in certain family budgets, but it can be greatly reduced by the inexpensive home production of tea-leaf sandwiches and steel drops in the manner I have indicated.

Here again, however, it is necessary to add a caveat. When the razor-blades have been steeped in water or sherry for a period of not less than three weeks, great care should be taken in straining off the fluid not to allow any fragments to remain in the beverage. When Milton wrote of "arming the breast with triple steel," he spoke figuratively, and must not he taken to encourage the actual deglutition of metals. That may be left to professional conjurers, but even in their case is not always conducive to longevity.



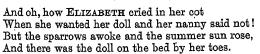
LULLABY FOR A NAUGHTY GIRL.

OH, sleep, my Penelope; slaps are the fate Of all little girls who are born to be great; And the greatest of Queens have all been little girls And dried up their tears on their kerchiefs or curls.

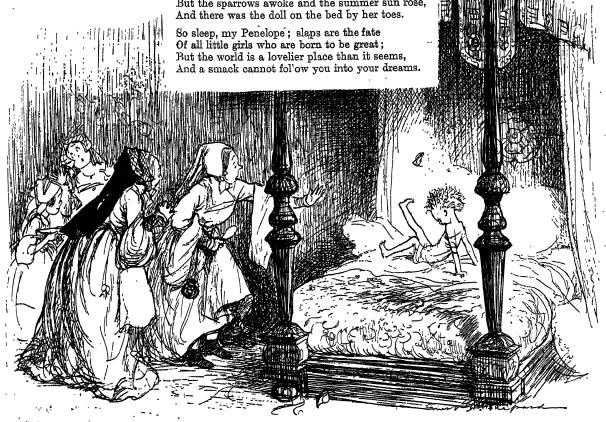
The dark CLEOPATRA was slapped on the head, And she wept as she lay in her great golden bed; But the dark CLEOPATRA woke up with a smile As she thought of the little boats out on the Nile.

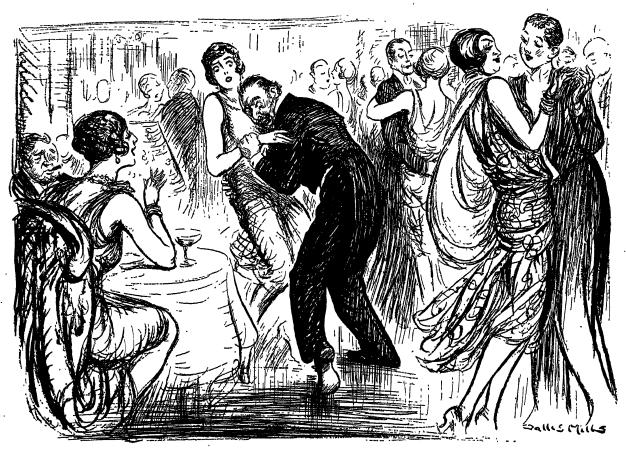
They sent GUINEVERE without supper to sleep In the grey little room at the top of the keep; And the stars over Camelot waited and wept Till the peeping moon told them that GUINEVERE slept.

There was grief in Castile and dismay in Madrid When they slapped ISABELLA for something she did; But she slept, and could laugh in the morning again At the Dons of Castile, the Hidalgos of Spain.









Dancer (who has only imperfectly mastered the Charleston). "LOOK OUT! I'M GOING TO HAVE A SHOT WITH THE OTHER LEG NOW."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT would perhaps be too much to expect our Russophiles to master Herr Rene Fülöp-Miller's study of The Mind and Face of Bolshevism (PUTNAM), for this Teutonically thorough examination of Soviet culture is pretty closely printed and weighs three pounds ten ounces without its jacket. Yet it is a book I should recommend to sympathy, antipathy and indifference alike, for it approaches a great problem with impartiality and renders its account with judgment. The author's chief object is to lift his theme above the political plane. Bolshevism, he maintains, is a religion, a super-heresy, and its acceptance or rejection is the rejection or acceptance of the whole of European culture. Its "collective man" is out to realise a mechanical, external and cumulative happiness. He is to end, his most farsighted prophets assert, as the dehumanised part of a gigantic productive automaton. As the greatest obstacle to this aim, the soul, that "fosters the illusion of the individual," must go. Hence the Bolshevist persecution of existing religions, which a genuinely scientific revolution could afford to ignore. This is the doctrine which, with the career of Lenin, its prime evangelist, occupies the book's The remaining eleven deal with its first four chapters. social and æsthetic consequences. It is in the second of these that Bolshevism's deformative malignancy is most evident. Nothing in the text, impressive as it is, can equal the nightmare of its illustrative photographs—crazy monuments and crazier pictures, delirious architectural plans

where acting resolves itself into acrobatics and scenery into "constructions," and the agents of disintegration for ever putting their heads together in the squalor of proletarian committee-rooms. Only an age-old serfdom could, as the writer suggests, tolerate such a travesty of life.

Invention is not only, as the poet sings, "ever young"; it is in its literary bearings usually a youthful excellence, a substitute for observation, the gift of maturity, and inspiration which is ageless and unassignable. Given a style and a sufficiently circumstantial theme, invention, as our rude forefathers well knew, will carry you almost anywhere. But it will not carry you through a psychological novel, for to put a single human soul through its paces demands meditated experience or uncommon enlightenment. argues courage, however, and a highmindedness which is in itself distinguished, for a girl still in her teens to stake the interest of a work of fiction on a series of moral dilemmas. So, though I do not feel that Miss MARY GRACE Ashton has quite succeeded in embodying the religious motive of Race (MURRAY), I shall watch her measure herself against her next task with considerable interest. Race deals with the clash of Jewish and Christian personalities involved in two matrimonial encounters—old Schenstein's union with an apostate Catholic, young Schenstein's wooing of a staunch young confessor of the same faith. Mrs. Schenstein, married for money in a synagogue, kept her Christian end up by flouting her gross good-natured husband and doing her best to prevent their son marrying a Jewess. Her furtive influence, opposed to old Schenstein's open presfor revolving rooms of steel and glass, half-witted theatres sure, succeeds in rendering it extremely doubtful whether

Ivan will marry Sadie Wernher, the flamboyant daughter of his father's partner, or Anne Hurst, her impecunious Christian friend. Miss Ashton solves the doubt as her heart, but not I think her conscience, dictates. Her Christian cast are too apt to remain the remote mouthpieces of her personal enthusiasms. What does get across the footlights is the patriarchal impressiveness and corporate solidarity of her individually unpleasant Jews.

In Chats about the Mother Tongue Mr. B. Henderson reprints Four lectures, offering old and young A number of judicious hints; For, though delivered first before An audience composed of bankers, They are well furnished in the lore For which the aspiring novice hankers.

He shows how dictionaries grew, From Johnson to the N.E.D.— How in the clash of old and new The choice of "sovran words" is free; And, while he shuns all dry details And pays due homage to the "howler,"

Base coinage to the counter nails As faithfully as Mr. Fowler.

One or two lapses in his style The critic is compelled to note, "Reliable" excites my bile And "voice" (the verb) sticks in my throat;

And yet, I gladly testify, The little book instruction leavens With humour. It is published by MacDonald and his partner Evans.

The intoxicating influence of music upon the minds and morals of perfectly respectable people is the theme of six out of the ten excellent stories by Miss DOROTHY EDWARDS, collected under the title of Rhapsody (WISHART). Enchanted by a young lady who plays to him, and drugged with the concord of sweet sounds, a husband neglects his dying wife. A guest falls in love with the wife of his host. A youth falls out of love with a beautiful maiden because, loving laughter, she cannot sing sad melodies. Middle-aged amateurs of music are fascinated by a comfortable German lady, a professional musician, who is merely bewildered by their attentions. I indicate these matters but crudely. Miss Edwards with extraordinary skill employs the method of suggestion. Her art is delicate and poignant, like an air

is it that she is content to stop short of the catastrophe, true character. It is possible that Miss Edwards learned and leave the reader hoping it may be averted and fearing from Jane Austen the secret of expressing so much meanthe mischief is done. She tells her tale with an appearance ing in the dialogue of the tea-table; but, unlike Jane of ingenuous simplicity which is really an effect of subtle Austen, she excludes really nice persons from her gallery irony. Even the fictitious narrator of stories related in the An exception occurs in The Throne in Heaven, the felicitous



The Angler. "My boy, you never saw such a fish in your life. But, curse HIM! HE GOT AWAY FROM ME." The Other (hopefully). "DID HE? How?"

finely played upon the fiddle, and so admirably restrained first person unconsciously and devastatingly reveals his

yet pathetic episode in the life of two children. Miss Edwards is so accomplished an artist that I hope she will proceed to further notable achievements.

The Wife of Evelyn Strode, by Lucien Smith, is described by the publishers (Messrs. BUTTERWORTH) as "powerful." I should rather call it violent. In an alarming shipwreck the Hon. Evelun (soon to be Lord) Strode vows himself to celibacy and the religious life, to the dismay of Ada, his fiancée, who, it now being war-time, after very frankly endeavouring to seduce Evelyn from his resolution, promptly marries a gipsy. She has a child, whom she puts out at nurse, whom *Evelyn*, now a professional and not very successful because entirely inhuman holy man, makes great efforts to save her. These efforts lead to his again proposing, in

a very detached and bloodless manner; to Ada's accepting and going through a bigamous marriage; to a honeymoon of a sort in Dover, on the way to which they have the luck to run over and kill Ada's gipsy husband, George. But no! how annoying! It turned out to be somebody else. George, however, dying of consumption, is obligingly poisoned by Evelyn's old nurse. And so forth. There is a well-drawn, wise and humorous old padre who disapproved of Evelyn as heartily as I did. For the rest I am afraid his lordship, the other characters and the general atmosphere were much too "powerful" to be true—an effect of conviction and zeal without discretion.

The Potash and Perlmutter vein is no doubt a rich one. but it cannot be inexhaustible, and Mr. Montague Glass is certainly wise to get what he can from it while the market is good. In Lucky Numbers (HEINEMANN) he has

added seven more short stories to an already considerable | NUNG and STACY AUMONIER to whet it again. output. Abe and Mawruss themselves figure in only one or two of these tales, but their spirit pervades them all. There is hardly a character in any of them who is not or was not once in the "garment business," and all without exception speak that excruciating jargon which Mr. GLASS has taught us to regard as typical of the Central-European New York Jew. As for the quality of the book, I found it no less amusing than its predecessors. This is rather timorous criticism, perhaps, but the Potash idiom is so much a matter of personal taste that no absolute standard can be applied to it. Still, most people know by this time whether they like it or not, so let me tell them that if they do they will, and if they don't they won't (which if not very good English is at least a good deal better English than most things said in this book).

The late Mr. Alfred Ollivant, to his eternal credit, has in some curious way prevented a due appreciation of his to "come alive."

other novels. To-morrow (Alston Rivers) is as unlike Owd Bob as any tale could be, though Bruce, the wolf-hound, plays a considerable part in it. I have not the space to describe this imaginative story in detail, and must be content to say that its date is in the distant future, when Englishmen who would call themselves moderate and humane today are known as die-hards, and those who have progressed with the ages regard motor-cars and beef as hopelessly outof-date. Mr. Ollivant's theme may appear fantastic, but in his development of it he shows shrewd observation and a sense of real beauty. I could wish that he had not scorned the die-hards quite so liberally, but in his vision of returning to town to flirt with a dissolute baronet, from a simpler and more spiritual world he may easily be forgiven if he is at times more enthusiastic than judicial.

A Cricket Eleven (GERALD HOWE), which Mr. R. H.

Lowe has collected, is definitely a strong team. Many of its members are already familiar friends to veteran amateurs of the game, but to the young cricketer who bappens upon them for the first time they will be a glorious find. In each of them is betrayed a real love of cricket, and they help to prove-if proof is still needed -that no other game has ever inspired such a deep national feeling or been the source of such excellent literature. With sound judgment Mr. Lowe has chosen Mr. ARTHUR WAUGH to act as umpire to this delightful team, and his reminiscences form a charming introduction. Let me add that MARY RUSSELL MITFORD goes in first, with CHARLES DICKERS to follow (of necessity this is, except in the case of B. and C. B. FRY, a single-wicket match), and that when they have knocked the edge off your appetite you have stalwarts such as Thomas Hughes, H. A. VACHELL, E. W. HOR-



Courageous Second. "SAIL INTO 'IM! JUST SHOW 'IM WE AIN'T AFRAID O' PUNISHMENT!"

Miss—it is "Miss," I fancy—M. J. STUART'S novel, Brass Pot and Clay (LEONARD PARSONS), is a clever study of the contrasted natures of two sisters who are as unlike as somehow only sisters, when they are unlike, can be. Gusta is a bundle of nerves, mixed motives and shallow emotionalism, the sort of woman, as the author rather happily puts it, whom Freud would have loved, and she flounders from one matrimonial mess into another out of sheer inability to look life squarely in the face. Sorrel, on the other hand, is sane, sensible and courageous, standing up to her problems where her sister runs away from them, and so managing to build up both spiritual and material happiness out of the most unpromising materials. The contrast between the two characters is effectively brought out; and Miss STUART has also a decided gift for epigrammatic dialogue. On the whole, her menfolk are her weak point; neither Sorrel's one husband wrote Owd Bob, but I have always thought that this classic nor the much-married Gusta's three ever really manage 27.

CHARIVARIA,

WITH reference to Mr. GEORGE LANS-BURY'S statement in the House of Commons that he is what he is, we hasten to point out that no suggestion to the contrary has appeared in these columns.

A Daily Mail reader has a cat which has lived for nineteen-and-a-half years. But then cats can't read.

At Belvedere a gang of thieves stole several loads of building material. The police are keeping a sharp look-out for any houses that spring up with suspicious suddenness.

A gossip-writer says that the seaside girl of to-day is quite different from what

simple calculation will show that she is six years older.

At a demonstration at Carmarthen there was a debate as to whother Mr. LLOYD George should speak in Welsh or English. Eventually he decided to tell the Government in English what he thought of them in Welsh.

King Alfonso hopes to introduce greyhound-racing into Spain. Itisnotthought, however, that the time is yet ripe for electric bull-fighting.

Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy has confessed in a daily paper that he was forestalled in his early ambition to discover the North Pole. Still, he was the first to discover Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY.

An educational microscopic film showing the growth of mould on cheese has been made. Very instructive too would be a retarded-action picture of gorgonzolas at exercise. * *

A Daily Mail reader states that the than single men. They have to be. present standards of clothing for sport have been reached by centuries of civilised thought and life. Too few of us realise that it has taken the wisdom of the ages to arrive at plus-fours and a Fair Isle jumper.

In a women's discussion at the meeting of the Welsh National Liberal Federation it was suggested that the giving of is no Act of Parliament making that | bargain-basements.

toy soldiers to children should be dis-sort of thing illegal, nothing can be done couraged. The difficulty is, however, about it at present. that no nursery dares to be the first to disarm.

We understand too that there is little prospect of an agreement between Kensington and Bayswater on the question of parity on the Round Pond.

It is still hoped that the Naval Conference at Geneva may reach an agreement by which the nations concerned will not use armaments for lethal purposes except in case of war.

Marshal Foch predicts that women will fight in the next war, which he expects to occur in fifteen or twenty years. from his feet. Our flappers can be trusted to keep she was six years ago. Naturally. A within the military age-limit.

Lady (to lover in grasp of angry husband). "Oh, Roy, say something!" Roy. "Excuse me, but that's not a horsewhip."

"A man in the Harrow district last night was seen watering his garden," says a news item. There seems to be no privacy in the Harrow district.

At Gower Cliffs a crab seized a seagull's leg with its claws and did not let go until the bird had flown fifty feet into the air. The crab now claims to be the holder of the crustacean high-diving championship.

A New York professor says that married men are much more inventive girls in the newspapers.

A motoring writer is of the opinion that the road from Bath to London is the most picturesque in the country. It certainly has a large number of petrolpumps.

A judge recently recited in court a

President Coolings has been criticised for trout-fishing with a worm. Signor Mussolini wouldn't have done that.

Asked what his greatest ambition was, the winner of the Calcutta sweepstake, who has just arrived in England, said he wanted to buy a suit of Londonmade plus-fours. He seems to have a rather morbid outlook.

A writer remarks that in all sports Englishmen are polite. Many a Rugby player has been known courteously to request opponents to remove their faces

It is stated that there is work for all in Rhodesia. How can

they expect to get immigrants if they say things like that?

A thief is going round and collecting wireless sets on the plea that the absent husband sent him. Whereas the husband never thought of such a good idea.

The Rev. ROBERT Evans Bruce says that the world will end in 1934. This ought to give Mr. C. B. Cochran plenty of time to arrange the details.

The one thing to ensure the success of

Eton and Harrow matches at Lord's is to make them play the actual cricket at the Oval and leave more room for the parade.

The popularity of the Gentlemen v. Players' match at Lord's makes one wonder why something of the sort isn't introduced into Bridge.

One consolation of a cold wet summer is that you don't get quite so many of those terrible photographs of bathing-

A London postman recently delivered letters at three hundred houses in four hours. Are our house-dogs losing their grip?

Mr. GORDON SELFRIDGE is said to rank a beautiful woman before a beautiful flower, but it must be remembered poem of his own composition. As there | that flowers don't take any interest in

A MARVELLOUS COURSING MATCH.

MULLIGATAWNY has been seized by the now popular—and fashionable-craze for hunting the hare.

If you ask me why I call him Mulligatawny, I don't. I simply select the word for the purpose of this article. It seems to me to be a thoroughly good

name for a racing dog.

The methods employed by Mulligatawny are in many ways different from those of the greyhounds at the White City, or indeed of greyhounds elsewhere. It is not his fault, but that of Nature, or Nature combined with Art, that Mulligatawny's legs are short, and better adapted for burrowing than speed. To employ the phraseology of a joke long dead, Mulligatawny's legs satisfy the most important requirement of a dog's legs—they reach the ground. He is a dog of lineage; but he is a low-geared dog. Averse from motoring or sea-bathing, Mulligatawny has a passionate enthusiasm for sport, which for a long time was satisfied by following squirrels from tree to tree, rabbits through the gorse, or cats down the road if they would only enter into the spirit of the thing and not stop and look round. Now he hunts the

He does this in an amphitheatre of long grass and vetch, bordering on the beach, and destined possibly, but who knows when, to be cut for hay. As a coursing ground it has this further remarkable feature. It contains an actual hare. Mulligatawny, slipped at any point you like, immediately takes the track, or one of the numerous tracks, and disappears. He is swallowed up completely, like the explorer in Amazonian woods, for the grass and vetch wave several feet above his head.

For some time nothing occurs at all. Then, if you watch the road carefully, a long brown figure is seen to cross it in a couple of leisurely bounds. This is the hare. You may fancy, if you like, that he feels amused. You may be quite sure that he does not very much mind. He passes away through the hedge, and all is still.

A few minutes later excited yelps are heard in the undergrowth. It is works by scent and, unless we count faith, by scent alone. Not that he despairs altogether of sight. For now in the middle of the grasses a small and very earnest black head may be seen bobbing up and down. This is Mulligatawny jumping, or bouncing perhaps It may be a little difficult to repro-I should call it, in the vain hope that duce the necessary conditions for this

picks up the scent, loses it, finds it, and who knows but what something and yelps once more.

In the fulness of time a dark draggled soaking wet, streaks over the road and is heard panting loudly on the further side of the hedge. That will be Mulligatawny. We have timed him, our stopwatch in hand. He may be fifteen minutes behind the hare, or, on his best days, no more than three-and-a-half. Reluctantly he returns to the whistle, and on entering the house laps water with a sound like the ocean washing against a stony quay.

Feeling it time that the new sport was systematised a little, we borrowed, some days ago, a friend of Mulligaweight and age, but cream-coloured instead of grey, and with one ear slightly frayed at the corner through an honourable difference of opinion between

Mulligatawny and himself.

No, as you rightly remark, Caractacus is not the animal's real name; but

good name for a racing-dog.

The two competitors were paraded before the event by the owners, dressed in a ceremonial costume selected for the occasion and consisting of university bathing-suits and fall silk-hats. They overcast and the air thunderous, in front of a small group of spectators, mostly engaged, until the hunt began, in waiting until the tide turned or looking for mushrooms between setts, for there is a wired-in tennis-court at one end of the coursing-ground.

Betting: 2 to 1 on Mulligatawny. The owner of Caractacus insisted on this, because he said that Mulligatawny knew the track and probably had a secret line to the form. A new coloured rubberball to go to the winner, with a painted picture of Littlehampton on it, probably very satisfactory to the sense of suck.

The result, taken with the official stop-watch on the road, was as follows:

The Hare: 7.16 P.M.

1. Caractacus . . . 7.25 P.M. 2. Mulligatawny . . 7.27 P.M.

Mulligatawny yelped first, but it has been maintained, as I think with truth, Mulligatawny hot-foot on the trail that he was delayed on the track by a Unlike your greyhound, Mulligatawny field-vole or more probably by a beetle.

Another meeting will take place fairly soon, and I shall try to have the result broadcast. Mulligatawny has gone into strict training at tea-time and has to swim seven yards every morning in the

he may catch a glimpse of the distant kind of coursing near London, but I am prey. Foiled, he disappears again, approaching Mr. C. B. COCHEAN shortly;

may be arranged?

One thing we all feel certain about object, covered with grass-seed and is that neither Caractacus nor Mulligatawny, on present running, will ever get seriously damaged by collision with the hare.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

À Monsieur le Propriétaire, Grand Hôtel des Chênes, Maillet-sur-Mer, France.

Monsieur,-Voulez-vous, s'il vous plaît, retenir pour moi pour la période 30 Juillet—27 Août trois chambres dans votre hôtel. Je désire une chambre à deux lits pour moi et ma femme, une tawny's named Caractacus, of equal a deux lits pour mes deux fils, qui seront en vacances à cette époque, et une, plus petite, pour la domestique de ma femme. Si c'est possible j'aimerais que toutes les chambres donneraient à la plage. En tout cas c'est absolument nécessaire que le coût n'est pas plus que soixante francs par jour par perit seems to me to be another thoroughly sonne (tout compris). Je le répète-"tout compris."

Avez-vous dans l'hôtel une sallede - bains? C'est aussi absolument

nécessaire.

Voulez-vous me dire si le Club de Golf est près de votre hôtel, et y'a-t-il dans were slipped at 7.15 P.M., the sky being la ville (ou le village) un Cercle Intime où ils jouent le Bridge?

Agréez, Monsieur, mes salutations les plus distinguées. B. Penworthy. (autrefois) Colonel, R.G.A.

To Colonel B. PENWORTHY, late R.G.A.

Grand Hôtel des Chénes, Maillet-sur-Mer, France.

DEAR SIR.—Yours of the 28th ult. to hand. I shall be pleased to reserve rooms for you as requested from the 30th July to 27th August at the figure

There are 15 bathrooms in the hotel: the English Club adjoins the hotel, and the Golf Links are within two minutes' walk. Trusting you will enjoy your stay here. I am, Yours faithfully, PIERRE MASSINE,

Manager (for the Grand Hôtel des Chênes Co., Ltd.)

> A Monsieur le Directeur. Grand Hôtel des Chênes, Maillet-sur-Mer, France.

Bon. Je viendrai. Agréez, Monsieur, mes salutations les plus distinguées. B. Penworthy, (autrefois) Colonel, R.G.A.

Our Intensive Journalists.

"They were both young with all the youthfulness of youth."—Daily Paper.



THE AMENDED MASTERPIECE.

JOHN BULL (to CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER). "I SEE YOU'VE MODIFIED YOUR SYMBOLIC DESIGN; THE MOUTH, FOR INSTANCE, IS NOT QUITE SO WIDE OPEN. STILL, IT'S NOT A PICTURE THAT I REALLY WANT TO LIVE WITH."



Uncle. "I SAY, MY DEAR, DO YOU KNOW IT'S NEARLY THREE O'CLOCK?" Niece. "Gracious! I'd no idea we'd been here so long; you must be bored. Well, where do we go next?"

MY STRONG-ROOM.

I once had an aunt who had insured her house against fire for years, without any success. Then one day the place was burnt down and, as she always kept the fire policy in " the little red-leather case, dear, in the top leit-hand drawer of my Chinese bureau," the fire policy was also burnt. The result was that she had the greatest difficulty in claiming under that policy, and, though the Company paid her nearly every-thing in the end, to her dying day she was much incensed because they never gave her anything at all for the burnt policy itself, which she had been told sometimes. was most valuable.

Taking warning, therefore, I thought I would put my own policy somewhere where it couldn't get burnt or burgled. Also I had a bond, an awfully jolly affair given me by no less a person than the President of the Chilean Republic. Since in some mysterious way it paid me quite a lot a year I had a great affection for it; in fact, in the words of the song, "I loved my Chile Bond Bond." But I had been warned that, if my bond of affection was stolen or burnt or swallowed up in an earth-

would be like losing cash.' So I took my fire policy and my bond of affection and a terribly funny picture-postcard which Percival sent me from Paris and which I didn't want Frances to see-or any young burglar either for that matter -and paid a visit to the "Safex" Safe Deposit Company, who had advertised strong-rooms for fifteen shillings per year.

There I hired a strong-room. It was not a frightfully big strong-room. In fact it was only 3 inches by 4 by 10. What I mean is, you couldn't get yourself locked up in it by accident or anything of that sort, which is just as well, because I do the most stupid things

Engaging my strong-room was an impressive business. I went down miles of stairs and came eventually, like a steel grill. There was, however, no magic horn hanging at the side to wind three times, merely a bell which said "Press." I pressed, and a man, servitor, seneschal, lord of the mesne lands, or what not, came to the grill and parleyed at me through it.

swung wide the grill which was open all the time, and when I got inside I saw that it wasn't the real door after all; it was just a sort of wicket-gate to the ante-chamber. The real door was inside, and to the right; and it was a door, too. It was a thing like the back-end of a battleship, combined with a mediæval town-hall clock. It had dials and figures and levers and wheels, and ratchets all over it. It had a rain-gauge and two pair of head-'phones and a gearlever. It had a large induction colland a steering-wheel, and a low-pressure cylinder. It had a galvanometer and a gas-ring. It took two men to crank it up, while three others opened or closed it. It was, indeed, not the kind of door you slam in a temper as you go out. In fact, as you may have guessed, prince in a fairy story, to a massive it was hardly an ordinary sort of door at all. Behind it was a passage and rows and rows of little strong-rooms like pigeon-holes in a Government office, from which I expect they got the idea.

I looked at the door for ten minutes or so wondering where the handle was, till the seneschal coughed. I then

I parleyed back. I said, "Please, I said:—
want a strong-room!"

"Wait, I must know before I engage
a strong-room whether my bond of quake, I should have no redress; it key and let me in. Instead he merely affection is going to be safe in here.'

He intimated that it would be reasonably so. To be precise, he said that that door had a cypher and a time fuse and was the only entrance. The vault itself was carved entirely out of the solid concrete and was fire-proof and burglar-proof and damp-proof and moth-proof.

I asked him if it were earthquakeproof and act-of-God-proof, because I knew what these insurance companies

He replied that he believed so and added sarcastically that it was also foolproof. I have since wondered what he meant by that.

But we Apples do not come of a stock that is easily put upon. I said haughtily that I would take one small strongroom please, and let it be strong; and he wrote down my name and address, and then asked me for a pass-word.

This was great fun. I spent a happy half-hour thinking of obscure words that not more than half-a-dozen people had thought of already. Eventually I decided on my initials. At least the seneschal did for me. It seemed to me to display a slight lack of originality, but I think he was getting tired. He then gave me the number of my safe.

I put the policy and the bond of affection and the postcard inside and locked it. He then locked it too in another place. I thought this rather pointed at first, but perhaps he had caught a glimpse of Percival's postcard and didn't want the kids to get at it. However, I realised afterwards it was part of the drill.

For the first month I had great fun. I used to run down to my strong-room every now and then and, having whispered the pass-word through the grill and had my safe unlocked at every keyhole, I used to pat my bond or have a laugh at my postcard and come away

But I haven't done this for some while now, because, to tellyou the truth, I went away for a holiday and when 1 came back I found I wasn't sure of the number of my safe. I had thought it was 237, but it might easily be either 247 or 273, and to make it more difficult the number on my key says 522; but that, I am positive, is only subterfuge. Anyway, I daren't go down and ask the seneschal to unlock his half of several safes in order to see whether my key fits the other half-because I should probably be arrested as an act of God.

He did give me a paper at the beginning with the number of my safe on it, and told me to be careful not to lose it. So naturally I locked it up in my safe. And there it still is—in No. 237 or 247. Or it may be 273.



Super-Salesman. "Furthermore, Sir, every suitcase is guaranteed made under hygienic conditions from the hide of contented cattle."

A SOFT ANSWER

(On being reproved for pulling a fly away from a rising salmon). RESTRAINT you'd looked for with the

flight

Of all the sobering days o' me? A hand unhurried by the sight Of any piscine prodigy?

For 'twas, you add, a tyro's play,
The lifted point and premature
That jerked the flaunted "Jock" away From those great jaws that moved,

you say, Wide open to the lure.

Critic, command it as you wish; A too fine zeal I can't deny That costs me yet another fish Of good intent toward a fly; Or that a pause, a moment's nerve, Ere rod was raised and elbow crooked,

• " 4

Had seen the springing wand a-curve And, as you do indeed observe, A salmon safely hooked.

Yet, liefer I'd be as I am (Jumpy as Jack-in-box! say you) Than unemotional as the clam, And, though it lose a fish or two, I'd keep my fool enthusiasm, The heart that thrills, the pulse that drums.

Nor see, without a school-boy spasm, The grey jaws, wide as any chasm, The shadowy bulk that comes.

P. R. C.

From an interview with a popular playwright:-

"Every now and then a phrase bobs up and, like Capt. Kettle, I make a note of it." Evening Paper.

We had overlooked this trait in Mr. CUTCLIFFE HYNE'S hero.

THE SOMERSAULT.

IT was Nina Travers who persuaded me to join the Gymnastic Class.

She'd been reading things in the papers about the danger of allowing yourself to get stiff after thirty; and how, if you want to retain your husband's love, you must on no account allow yourself to get fat; and how it comes on little by little so gradually that you never even notice till it is too late, and various other things of that sort. And she talked about them so convincingly that I began to get alarmed and decided I'd join at once.

Nina knew a nice girl who was a teacher of physical drill—a bright young

and about a dozen of us arranged to go once a week and do exercises and things in order to save us from succumbing to all these dreadful possibilities and to keep the love of our respective husbands.

It really was rather fun. I was able to do most of the things fairly easily. Indeed I rather prided myself on not being beaten by any of the rather Inquisition-like performances on racks and ladders and bars which succeeded one another, with slightly increasing difficulty, week by week.

Then came a day when Miss Diana asked us to try a somersault, first

suppleness and grace.

But no one dared to venture. I got so far as to get into position, kneeling with my head down on the mattress in front of me, but I couldn't summon up the courage to go any further.

I simply funked it.

Nor would anyone else make the attempt, and Miss Diana had to give up the idea of somersaults that day.

"You must go home and practise," she said. "It's so easy. I shall expect you all to do it next week."

I went away feeling vexed with myself for being such a coward, and yet not at all sure that I should ever manage it; I was just downright afraid, though I simply hated being beaten by such an apparently easy thing.

sort of thing.

I remembered Miss Diana saying that children thought nothing of it-did it quite easily.

It would be rather ignominious, I thought, to be beaten by my own

children.

I approached the subject the next afternoon after tea. Jim had come home early and was reading the evening paper in front of the sitting-room fire.

"Jim," I said, "can you turn a

somersault?"

Jim looked up a little vaguely.

"What," he said-"can I turn a somersault? I think so. What on earth do you want me to turn a somer-sault for?"

But he got up, moved the Chestercreature who looked like a sort of field to one side, kneeled down, put his my head. modern Diana of a very athletic kind; | head on the carpet and without further |

"THE DÉBRIS LAY SCATTERED ALL ABOUT ME ON THE FLOOR."

engaged in playing cricket with a ished crysta broken battledore and three-quarters of other trifles. a golf-ball.

Can you turn a somersault, Tony?" I said to my son, on the completion of

an over.

ing at me inquiringly.

"Of course you can, Tony," said thought I heard a smash." Felicity. "Like this, you know," and "Quite all right, thank y on the hearthrug.

"Courthe I can," repeated Tony, and I wondered whether Jim could do it. followed suit without a moment's hesi-Men were usually very good at that tation, his brief fat legs waggling enrt of thing.
And what about Felicity and Tony? he finally went over.

"Can you do it, Mummy?" he in-

quired.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," I said caressly. "But," I added hastily, seeing lessly. an expectant look dawning on his face, "not just now. I've got my best frock

I went to my room determined that I would do this thing.

There was nothing to be afraid ofnothing. I would do it now-at once. It would be quite easy after the first time. Miss Diana had said it would.

I locked my bedroom door. Then I pulled the guilt off the bed and spread it on the floor and moved away a chair and small table so as to allow plenty of room. Finally I put down a pillow for

At last everything was ready.

My heart was thumping heavily, but I was determined now to go through with it. I put my head down on the floor, shut my eyes, and with an unuttered prayer in my heart launched my legs into space.

It was an awful moment.

For what seemed like quite a long time they waved agonisingly in mid-air.

Then the room—the universe—appeared to revolve furiously about me; I gave myself up for lost. And then—I felt my feet come into contact with something hard-crash!

For a moment I had a wild idea that I had

turning one herself with her customary | ado went over quite quickly and neatly. | gone through the window and was about Then he got up and took up the paper to meet my death ignominiously in the again with a nonchalance which was, I | back-yard. Then I satup and discovered felt, partly assumed. I, rather unkindly, that I had somehow gone over sideways made no comment, but went up to the and had crashed with my feet right on nursery, where I found Felicity and to the top of my little Sheraton wash-Tony, aged respectively seven and five, stand, bringing down with it my cherished crystal jug and basin and a few

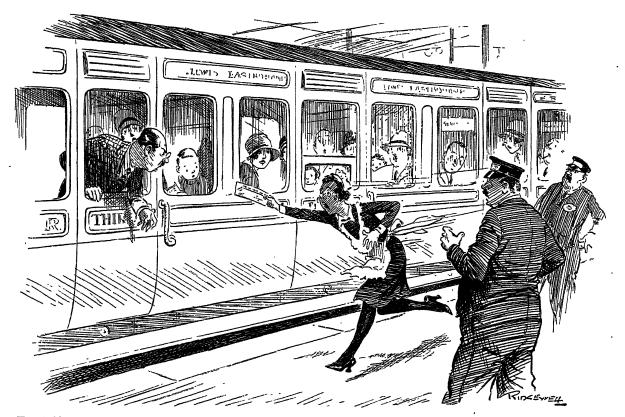
> The débris lay scattered all about me on the floor.

A moment later there came a knock at the door. I hastily picked myself up. "Are you all right, Mum?" came Nannie's voice through the door. "I

"Quite all right, thank you, Nannie," she promptly demonstrated the feat I said in as calm a voice as I could assume. "I've knocked over my basin

and jug, that's all."

I tidied the room, ruefully collected the broken glass, changed my dress and sauntered down to the sitting-room, still I feeling a little shaky about the knees.



Householder (starting on annual holidays). "WHY, ELLEN! WHAT Faithful Maid (just in time). "CAME—JUST AFTER—YOU STARTED—THINK—SOMETHIN' DO WITH—YOUR—INCOME-TAX, SIR!"

Jim looked up.

"Did you do it?" he said.

"Do what?" I inquired with an expression as of one hearing an astonishing question.

"Oh, I somehow thought you went up to do a somersault," said Jim.

I made no reply.

"Must have been Sarah dropping things about," he said with the tiniest, faintest suspicion of a grin. "I'm sure I heard a noise."

wash-basin," I said, taking up the earphones.

At the next gymnastic lesson Miss

Diana inquired whether anyone had been practising somersaults.
"I did one," I said. For, after all,

I did.

"Splendid!" said Miss Diana brightly. "Will you do one now for us?"

I shook my head.

"No," I said firmly. "I don't want to do another. One was enough. I shall never do it again."

"Oh, I'm sure you will," said Miss Diana. "You'll get quite used to it now you've done it once."

But somehow I don't think I shall. I feel pretty sure that I 've turned my first and last somersault. R. F.

THE EASTBOURNE SIREN.

THE people of Eastbourne are complaining of the noise made by the foghorn on the Royal Sovereign lightship. Not only is its note out of harmony with the band on the front, but it proves to be by night a further disturb- the problem. ing factor in seaside lodgings.

It must always be a little surprising that Trinity House should adhere in so conservative a fashion to the old-style "Oh, I had an accident with the fog-horn effects when it has been proved out of earshot. Yes, but where to? that modern musical instruments are Think of the congested state of our capable of equal penetration. But it is southern coast, and for Eastbourne to to be feared that the Elder Brethren of that Corporation seldom give a thought to those things which can make or mar the pleasure of a fortnight by the seaside.

There are several ways in which the nuisance might be avoided, so far as find itself running foul of Scarborough Eastbourne is concerned. Something or Blackpool; or, if it pitched its camp may be said in support of the view that the fog-horn should be removed altogether, for not only landsmen dislike it, but sailors have been heard to say that it is one of the things they hate most to hear. Against this proposal it is urged that the instrument is there to warn ships to avoid certain rocks in a fog. But surely this avoidance of rocks is one of the earliest lessons which a no rocks, and where its notes would not sailor must learn, and it is remarkable need to be sounded?

indeed if our highly-trained mercantile marine really needs such a reminder. Let the ships go round some other way, where there are no rocks, says one school of opinion. Let the rocks be removed, says another. Either of these expedients would, in our opinion, solve

But Trinity House, we fear, is not in a mood to listen to suggestions. Its one comment is, if Eastbourne doesn't like our fog-horn, let Eastbourne move go wandering north would be a breach of faith with the public who have been led by countless advertisements to associate Eastbourne with the south alone. If it went away from the south, it might inland for a change, there might be trouble from Cheltenham or Harrogate. Birmingham might not like it either.

Let us hope that some compromise will get over the difficulty. Could not the fog-horn be silenced during the hours from 11 A.M. to 8 P.M. and from 10 P.M. to 7 A.M.? Or why not remove it to some part of our coast where there are

INDIARUBBER JOE.

Our local race-meeting is not famous. People do not come from far and wide, and the odds are not feverishly discussed in all the best London clubs. But it has about it all the elements of surprise which characterise more famous meetings. I fancy, if the Derby contained as many potential surprises as our local meeting, betting would cease to be an exact science.

It is in every sense of the word a family gathering: families are in evidence on all sides, both on the course and off it. We are not particular, and lady horse should find herself in competition with her children, or even her grand-children, nobody minds very much.

"I shall back Spindrift for the fouryear-olds," said Reggie, looking down his race-card.

"Why?" I asked eagerly.
"Oh, I like its name," said Reggie. "I am disappointed in you, Reggie," I said. "I thought—I hoped—that you had got hold of a really reliable tip, the sort that the postman whispers through the letter-box, or that the barber tells you between a shave and a hair-cut. Did nobody tell you about Spindrift? Are you sure the dustman had not got it straight from the horse's mouth?"

"Well," said Reggie, "I did hear a couple of fellows mention it, now I come to think of it.'

"That's better," I said. "What did they say? And don't speak too loud, Reggie. You know that a racing-tip is absolutely worthless unless it is whispered."

"As far as I remember," said Reggie, "they said that they supposed it had

got four legs."

"Ah," I said, "that is obviously a code of some sort. I believe you're on to a good thing. I shall put my shirt on Spindrift. What are you going to put on?"

"Oh, a couple of socks," said Reggie flippantly. I never can get Reggie to

take racing seriously.

I am not as a rule a fortunate backer. When I put my money on a horse it is seriously handicapped from that moment; a sort of fate seems to hang over it; it either dies of heart disease or stops on the way and eats its jockey or something. In a way, of course, this is unfair to the other people who have put their money on it, but I can't help that. What do people go to race-meetings for except to take a chance, anyway?

There was not a very large field for the race for four-year-olds. Bright Boy, Cocktail, Pretty Penny, Jazz Queen and I

Spindrift were the names on the card. What we lack in blood we make up for in nomenclature.

"Spindrift?" said a gentleman with a large umbrella and a husky voice-"three to one, Spindrift. Joe, four 'arfcrowns, Spindrift."

"D'you think it will win?" asked

Reggie.
"Well," said the gentleman, "I don't want to disappoint you, guv'ner, but in my opinion the other 'orses won't so much as see 'im."

"Make it a quid," said Reggie. We adjourned to the paddock.

"Might as well have a look at him if in the race for three-year-olds a before the race starts," said Reggie. "It'll cheer him up to know that But of the disastrous limitations someone is taking an interest in his | Which afflicted earlier generations. career."

> Horses all look very much alike to me, except of course that some are white and some are black or brown or mixed. But Reggie is one of those men who go up to a horse and lift its front feet off the ground and feel its legs and say "M-m." Awfully familiar it always seems to me, and I don't believe he knows any more about them afterwards.

But as soon as he saw Spindrift a sort of excitement seized hold of Reggie.

"Good Lord!" he said.

I looked at Spindrift, but there didn't appear to be any particular reason for Reggie's excitement. He—the horse, not Reggie—seemed to be utterly without interest in anything at all.

"What's the matter, Reggie?" I asked, in a whisper. "You don't mean

to tell me he's a dark horse?"

"I do," said Reggie.

"What! D'you mean he won the Derby in '23 or something like that? By Jove, let's go back and have another quid on him."

"Not likely," said Reggie. "Do you remember me telling you that I was a company commander in 1918?"

"Often," I said. "What has that

got to-

"That-that animal," said Reggie, in a tone of concentrated bitterness, "was the company joke. He always sat down on parade. He was called Indiarubber Joe then."

The gentleman with the husky voice was not quite right about the other horses not seeing Indiarubber Joe. When he got tired and sat down about a couple of hundred yards from the startingpost, two of the other horses distinctly turned their heads and sneered at him before going on. L. DU G.

Another Prophet from Canada. "MONTREAL.—Province of Quebec is celebrating the festival of St. Jean Baptist, French Canadian, as a National holiday. West Indian Paper, June 26th.

PAMPERING THE PAST.

By an Indignant Modernist. WHY, when things are humming in the

And the outlook is immensely pleasant— Why drag in the Past, that ancient ogress,

In depreciation of our progress? Rather let us, ancient fetters snapping, Enter on a grand campaign of scrapping, Smash the crumbling fabric of the ages, Burn all musty and moth-eaten pages Written by the obscurantist sages— Conscious not of our inferior status When compared with those who ante-

date us. Why should we rely for mental fodder On the works of Homer, champion nodder,

Master of the tribe of those who dodder? Why for Livy's missing books go hunting When the ones we have cry out for shunting?

Why, when we can feast on Edith's stanzas,

Edit Sappho's crude extravaganzas? Why continue miserably brooding O'er the scanty rivulets exuding From the springs Pierian, Heliconian, Or the tags Horatian, Ciceronian, When our humblest tea-shops all are

ringing

With loud bursts of syncopated singing? Down, I say, with critics mean and pettish

Who in art exalt the Pheidian fetish, Placing Rima in their blind and heinous Prejudice below the Melian Venus! "Sack the lot" who feebly have forestalled us

By prospective plagiarism of Albous! Onward let us fare, beyond the verges Of a world unknown to Boanerges, Ceasing to refresh old founts of sweet-

With the savour of our own complete-

And adopting Pereant qui ante Nos dixerunt nostra as the shanty Or the slogan for the aristocracy Of the new Cassiterotheocracy.

Strange Feet of a London Omnibus.

"'Buses and trams splashed valiantly through the water, throwing out great sprays on the road, and washing over the pavements. Some of them were ankle-deep in water." Daily Paper.

It is also rumoured that several pedestrians found themselves axle-deep in

"The only English face that caught my eye was that of Captain Alistair Mackintosh." Daily Paper.

This is the sort of thing that makes Caledonia stern and wild.



"AUNTIE ALICE, HAVE YOU ORDERED A HUSBAND OR ARE YOU GOING TO BE A SPLINTER?"

THE ESCAPE.

STANDING, or rather crouching, in my little impromptu office, I became immediately aware of a host of interviewers. They were peering at me. Good-natured people, I made no doubt, with the best intentions in the world, but a trifle disappointed withal. They had had a perfect right to expect something more exciting than this.

"Aren't you hurt?"

"Aren't you hurt anywhere?"

"Certain you're not hurt?"

"Better feel yourself all over and make quite sure."

And a feminine voice-

"Internal he's injured, very like, and me stopped very suddenly indeed in wouldn't know not yet awhile."

Then they all began trying to unfasten the hood by fumbling with the screws of the windscreen, an endeavour which I have long proved to be vain. Meanwhile I peeped timidly through the glass at them. I wanted to say, "I spy!"

It was a little difficult to know how to deal with their anxious inquiries, for as a matter of fact I had turned over the car very quietly and neatly indeed.

Just after the long village called Lower What's-its-name the road runs across a broad common, where every body begins to hurry up a little, even when the surface is wet. The limousine in front of and await further developments? Or

order to avoid hurting a pensive goat. I tried to stop too, skidded, touched a mound of grass with the near frontwheel, and instantly we lay on our side, like the Royal George, without fuss, with no collision, the speedometer changing rapidly from thirty-nine to five as we swung over and sank.

The correct position for the driver of a motor-car when the motor-car is lying wearily on one side has never been properly explained in the motoring manuals. Should he remain in his seat with his hands on the wheel, his hat on his head and his cigarette in his mouth,



Wife (to husband, returning home thoroughly soaked). "Doesn't it feel delicious after the storm?"

should he stand up, as soon as that is possible, and poke his head out of the near-side window? After a short struggle I adopted the latter course.

It is at moments like these, I think, when all one's arrangements have been momentarily disturbed by a mechanical contretemps, that one would welcome a short interval for meditation and repose. The front of an overturned motor-car on a village green is the silliest place in the world, it seems to me, for holding an afternoon reception in. Give me the garden of the Manor every time. But I simply had to do it. The common became alive with scurrying crowds. People bubbled up from nowhere, and every one of them seemed to feel that I was treating him with injustice, if not with

Two of them gave me visiting-cards. I took them in a dazed manner. I did not want their cards. I have them now and I do not want them still. I thought at first that they were challenging me to a duel, but it does not seem to have been that. They were eye-witnesses, they said, and willing to give evidence when I claimed money from the insurance company.

"Money for what?" I said.

"Damage to the car."

"But we don't know that it is damaged yet."

"Must be damaged somewhere."
"I don't know," I said. "It's only lying quietly on one side. You can't get money from the insurance company because your car lies down and takes a

They began to examine it hopefully. Meanwhile, with the assistance of two kind ladies and the village postman, I had scrambled out.

The car was lying partly on the common and partly on the road. She did look a triffe distraite. Steaming brown water was pouring out of her radiator -a rather disgusting exhibition-but otherwise she seemed to be in perfectly sound repair. People began to open the available side of the bonnet, tap the tyres and play about with the dash. A mild murmuring arose. Had they come all this way across the commonhad they, some of them, left their tea, merely to cluster round an ordinary car in an ordinary state of health, lying on one side, and with a totally undisabled appeared to be a loathly agglomeration owner standing near? It began to look of dust and rust. But the technical

like it. Symptoms of that ugly feeling that causes a mob to demand its money back from the box-office were about, I

felt certain, to manifest themselves.
"We might look at the underneath

of her," I said encouragingly.

As a matter of fact I rather wanted to look at the underneath of her myself. I had never seen it before and it seemed a pity to miss the opportunity. I had heard a good deal of talk about the underneath of my car at garages and places like that, and about the underneath of other people's cars. I had even heard of people who had melted their Big Ends—a somewhat arresting phrase (I sometimes wonder that no play has been produced called The Big End)—and we often have a cheery talk at the garage about my back-axle, which the garage says it has greased, and the brakes, which it says that it has taken up. And once, of course, I twisted the main shaft. But I think I told you about that

I may say that I was very unfavourably impressed, on seeing it for the first time, by the underneath of my car. It

experts-there were two professional chauffeurs with an excellent bed-side manner on the spot-found nothing radically wrong with it. There was another mild murmur of disapproval from the crowd.

"Well, you are lucky, and no mistake," it said. "Fancy you upsetting her like that and nothing gorn burst! it went on.

However, there was still hope. There is one thing that the least damaged of drivers cannot do with the least damaged of cars while it reposes on its side, and that is continue his journey.

"You can't move her, that's a sure thing," said one optimist, reviving a little from his gloom. "Better telephone to the nearest garage and get help.'

"Takë a crane to move that one," said a stout important-looking man, of the kind that one often sees standing about near cranes.

The assembly, I realised, was now on much better terms with itself. It was at this point that the Vicar appeared. I should never have thought, myself, of asking his advice in a matter of this kind. I might have wondered whether there was any special petition in the Revised Book of Common Prayer for Those in Peril on the Road, but that is as far as I should have gone. What he said was :-

"Why don't some of you lads give her a push, and see if you can't put her on her legs again?"

Five or six men looked doubtfully at each other. Then they laid hold of various portions of the languishing vehicle, gave a sudden heave, and with little more than a grunt and a sigh, there she was standing upright on her own four balloons. There was just one passionate moment of delightful anticipation when it seemed likely that she might fall to rest on her other side, but it passed.

I thanked the Vicar heartily, rewarded the lay helpers and got inside. The insatiable crowd still hunground, hoping against hope. I backed her from the common. She obeyed. I moved her across the road. She seemed quite happy. I ran her on about twenty yards and stopped. Bending in various postures, to the right and left, the have a good stiff glass of brandy same spectators, obviously imploring Providence that at least one of the wheels would come off, were forced to admit that they were defeated again. The chauffeurs shook their heads and muttered. The postman gave a disapproving grunt and continued his round.

A small party, headed by the stout important-looking man, hurried up and the hand-brake. stood round me again.



Boy (on fence of Cricket Ground). "'ERE, DON'T MIKE SUCH A RAH-YOU'LL GIT ME CHUCKED AHT!"

theorist inexorably, "I should stop at the next garage and make them go over her every inch. You can't be too careful, not with a shock like that.

"And if you take my advice you'll time," said another deep thinker. "Steady your nerves, that will."

I began to feel desperate. thing must be done for the public weal or there might be an indignation meeting on the common after I had gone. Secretly I took my watch from my pocket and bit it a sharp blow against

"Hullo!" I said, holding it up with "Fiwas you," pleaded the mechanical a feigned start of astonishment, "I is ours.

have done something after all. smashed the glass of my watch."

"Ah!" said a relieved voice in the crowd, "that only shows."

"Must 'ave had a narrow shave, pore man," came the triumphant reply.

I rolled solemnly away until I was hidden from their view.

It seems probable that I shall be remembered as the most unsatisfactory motor accident that Lower What's-itsname has had for many a long week.

"Newspaper Mats . . . 1 c. each. F. O. B. our basement."—Advt. in American Paper. Once aboard the basement and the mat

MISLEADING CASES.

XIX.—FREE SPEECH.

Engheim, Anstruther, Kettelburg, Weinbaum, and Oski v. The King.

This was a petition to the Crown by certain British subjects, made under the Bill of Rights, and referred by the Crown to the Privy Council.

The Lord Chancellor said: This is a petition to the Crown by certain members of a political party who were convicted of holding a public meeting in Trafalgar Square, contrary to the orders

petitioners are keenly interested in the "Hands Off Russia" movement, and, although there is no evidence that any person in this country proposes to lay hands on Russia, they have been in the habit for some weeks past of gathering at Lord NELSON'S monument on Sunday afternoons and imploring the few citizens present to keep their hands off that country. At these meetings banners are held aloft which invite compassion for persons in a state of bondage, and songs are sung expressive of a determination to improve the material condition of the human race. These at first sight unobjectionable aims have unfortunately inflamed the passions of another body of citizens, who interpret them as an unwarrantable interference with the affairs of their own country, and have therefore banded themselves into a rival movement, whose battlecry is "Hands Off England."

This party, though their banners and their songs are different, express the same general ideals as the petitioners, namely, the maintenance of liberty and the material advancement of the poor and needy. Their

principal song has a refrain to the effect that their countrymen will never consent to a condition of slavery; while the songs of the petitioners assert that many of their countrymen are in that condition already and resent it. So that at first sight it might be thought that these two bodies, having so much in common, might appropriately and peacefully meet together under the effigy of that hero who did so much to ward off from these shores the hateful spectre of tyranny and oppression. When, however, it was announced that the two movements did in fact propose to hold meetings at | Rights, and in particular of the rights the same time and place, the police were or alleged rights of Public Meeting and so apprehensive of a disturbance of the Free Speech.

peace that both gatherings were by order prohibited. For it appears that the spectacle of the national flag of these islands is infuriating to the petitioners, while the simple scarlet banner of the petitioners is equally a cause of offence to the other movement, though that same colour is the distinctive ornament of many institutions which they revere, such as His Majesty's Post Office and His Majesty's Army.

These however are political matters which fortunately it is not necessary for this Court to attempt to understand,

of the Home Secretary and police. The though we may observe that an age in cause a crowd or a breach of the peace;

COMMERCIAL CANDOUR.

Seaside Boarding-house Keeper (to new lodger). "You'll find the air very strong here, Sir. You'll be hungry all day long."

which it is possible to fly across the Charles that the only right of the sub-Atlantic in thirty hours might be expected to discover some more scientific method of deciding by what persons a given country shall be governed. The tracting no attention. "Hands Off England" Movement obeyed police. They were prosecuted and fined, and they now ask for a gracious declaration from the Throne that these proceedings were in violation of the liberties of the subject as secured by the Bill of

Now I have had occasion to refer before to the curious delusion that the British subject has a number of rights and liberties which entitle him to behave as he likes so long as he does no specific injury or harm. There are few, if any, such rights, and in a public street there are none, for there is no conduct in a public thoroughfare which cannot easily be brought into some unlawful category, however vague. If the subject remains motionless he is loitering or causing an obstruction; if he moves rapidly he is doing something which is likely to

> if his glance is affectionate he is annoying, and if it is hostile he is menacing, and in both cases he is insulting; if he keeps himself to himself he is a suspicious character, and if he goes about with two others or more they may constitute (a)a conspiracy or (b) an obstruction or (c) an unlawful assembly; if he begs without singing he is a vagrant, and if he sings without begging he is a nuisance. But nothing is more obnoxious to the law of the street than a crowd, for whatever purpose collected, which is shown by the fact that a crowd in law consists of three persons or more; and if those three persons or more have an unlawful purpose, such as the discussion of untrue and defamatory gossip, they are an unlawful assembly; while, if their proceedings are calculated to arouse fears or jealousies among the subjects of the realm, they are a riot. It will easily be seen therefore that a political meeting in a public place must almost always be illegal, and there is certainly no right of public meeting such as is postulated by the petitioners. It was held so long ago as 1887 by Mr. Justice

ject in a public street is to pass at an even pace from one end of it to another, breathing unobtrusively and at-

There are, in fact, few things, and the order of the Home Secretary, but those rapidly diminishing, which it is the petitioners did not; their meeting lawful to do in a public place or anywas begun and was dispersed by the where else. But, if he is not allowed to do what he likes, how much less likely is it that the subject will be permitted to say what he likes! For it is generally agreed that speech is by many degrees inferior to action, and therefore, we should suppose, must be more rigidly discouraged. Our language is full of sayings to that effect. "Speech is



Visitor to Italian Villa. "What a beautiful night! It only lacks a nightingale in the garden." Millionaire Host. "Yes, I know. I ain't a bit pleased with our gardener."

silver," we say, and "silence is golden."
"Deeds—not words." "Least said—soonest mended"; "Keep well thy tongue and keep thy friend" (Chaucer); "For words divide and rend," said SWINBURNE; "but silence is most noble till the end"; "Say well' is good, but better. As a judicial notion it has no 'Do well' is better." And so on. The strong silent man is the admiration of us all, and not because of his strength but because of his silence. The talker is universally despised, and even in Parliament—which was designed for a verbal observation which will give no reckless driving. talking—those men are commonly the most respected who talk the least. There never can have been a nation which had so wholesome a contempt for the art of speech; and it is curious to find so deeply rooted in the same nation this theoretical ideal of free and unfettered utterance coupled with a vague belief that that ideal is somewhere embedied in the laws of our country.

No charge was made in this case of seditious, blasphemous or defamatory language, and in the absence of that quent utterances to damage. the petitioners claim some divine in-herent right to pour forth unchecked matter what his opinions. And so far

minds. A Briton, they would say, is entitled to speak as freely as he breathes. I can find no authority or precedent for this opinion. There is no reference to free speech in Magna Carta or in the less the subject loves, the better; and the less everybody says, the better. Nothing is more difficult to do than to make offence and bring about more good than harm; and many great men die in old age without ever having done it. And the strange thing is that those who demand the freest exercise of this difficult art are those who have the smallest experience and qualifications for it. It may well be argued that if all public men could be persuaded to remain silent for six months the nation would enter upon an era of prosperity such as it would be difficult even for their subse- tion, and a good thing too. A.P. H. in speech the swollen contents of their from believing in an indiscriminate

liberty of expression, I think myself that public speech should be classed among those dangerous instruments, such as motor-cars and firearms, which no man may employ without a special licence from the State. These licences should be renewable at six-monthly periods, and should be endorsed with my opinion, it is as undesirable. The the particulars of indiscretions or excesses; while "speaking to the public danger" would in time be regarded with as much disgust as inconsiderate or

> What is in my mind is well illustrated by this case; for the evidence is that the one manifest result of the "Hands Off Russia" movement has been to implant in many minds a new and unreasoning antipathy to Russia; while the cry of "Hands Off England" has aroused in others a strong desire to do some injury to their native land. Wé find therefore that there is no right of free speech recognised by the constitu-

A Work of Supererogation. "WANTED .- Clean Woman wants washing." Canadian Paper.



OUR SOCIAL FUNCTIONS.

Small Girl (at Eton and Harrow match). "Mummy, look! There's some boys playing cricket out there!"

THAT NAME.

(Lines addressed in the course of a round of golf to Miss Kennethina MacAlpin, caddie.)

GREAT Alpin's offspring (This is not an oath;
Merely a manner of addressing you)!

Sprig of ancestral Pict or Scot (or both)—
How can I play the golf that is your due
When the mere thought of your transcendent name
Has absolutely put me off my game?
For I am rendered impotent with shame

That one whose sires were chieftains, nay, were kings (Kenneth and Alpin! Ossian's Muse, awake!), Should follow thus my mad meanderings

Through whin and tussock, jungle, bog and brake. You follow me on paths I did not choose; You wait on me with clubs I cannot use. I lead MacAlpins? I should black their shoes.

And yet I can play golf. I only ask
Not to be cursed with caddies from the kin
Of Celtic demigods; it is the task
Of living up to these that does me in.
My nerve is gone, my feet are cold as stones,
Inferiority is in my bones,
I cannot even beat this fellow Jones.*

I should be roaring in the battle reek,
"Claymore! Claymore!" instead of which, poor weed,

* Not the Open Golf Champion.

I ask you for that childish thing, a cleek, Or intimate forlornly that I need Mashie or niblick, implements that men MacAlpin-bred would scorn; and even then I miss my shot again and yet again.

So handicapped, I ask you, how can I
Compete with Jones, himself no sort of dud,
Whose caddie's name is Mary Ann Mackay—
Highland, no doubt, but nowise of the Blood?
He misses putts or fails on certain tees,
But feels not round him, like a swarm of bees,
Contemptuous heroes of the Hebrides.

Why was there not allotted unto me
Of all the many damsels in this spot
Some simple maid of humble pedigree,
Some creature of the common clay, and not
This Kennethina-cum-MacAlpin brat,
This spawn of kings, this darned aristocrat?
Who could play up to such a name as that?
Nay, Kennethina, I am but a clown,
A helot, gillie, vassal, and I bow

My head. Forgive the way I've let you down,
My foul plebeian foozling, and I vow
That, when the round ends and we go to sup,
I'll do you proud in cup on foaming cup . . .
Meanwhile this blighter Jones is seven up.

H.B.



A FRESH WIND.

[This week's Exhibition at Olympia, the most complete and important of its kind that has ever been held, is designed to illustrate what may be achieved by British Trade through a wider knowledge of scientific methods of publicity.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

on the Aliens Restriction Bill the Lords somewhat reluctantly subscribed to the doctrine that in our present state of alien is the one who has no desire to was forthcoming for Lord PARMOOR'S amendment to restrict the operation of the Bill to two years, but it stimulated If his extensive view also surveyed panic sounded well on Socialist platforms but Lord NEWTON into drawing a lurid pic- in Peru he forgot to mention it. Sir produced no practical results. Sir Austen

ture of a Cook-ridden Socialist Government giving the glad hand to the revolutionaries of five continents.

To such as like reading between lines there was food for thought in the House of Commons in an answer of the PRIME MINISTER to Sir John SIMON, who asked that the Government's proposals for House of Lords' reform might be circulated as a White Paper. The PRIME MINISTER had stated that he wished the proposals to be ventilated and discussed. Was it not reasonable to ask that they might have the proposals in a form that could be reproduced?

The PRIME MINISTER said rather drily that he took the opposite view. He thought the debate had furnished all the in-

formation required.

The Opposition took advantage of the Foreign Office Vote to discuss international affairs. A House of Commons' debate on international affairs somehow recalls the preliminary examination to which a conjurer generally invites the audience to subject him. The examiners in this case were led by Mr. Ponsonby, who plainly saw quite a number LAIN'S sleeves. Sir Austen metaphorically rolled up his sleeves,

House that there was no deception. And the House, which knows quite well tended to be satisfied.

If Mr. Ponsonby were fat one would be inclined to accuse him of trying to make his colleagues' flesh creep. Being thin and solemn we must conclude that he is merely one of those curious people like Mrs. Gummidge, who enjoy illhealth and delight in comparing symptoms. The symptoms, as he described them this afternoon, were, to say the chuck those pants off that chair and sit | coal industries at our expense. Only least of it, disturbing. They included right down. Winston, ring that bell Mr. Graham seemed to think that this

Monday, July 11th.—In Committee picion in France, danger in Poland, here in this hat-box that I want you to confusion in the Balkans, mistrust in try. Now what about that Albanian America and war in China." stuff of yours?" etc., etc.

Members listened eagerly to this cateconomic depression the only desirable alogue of international ailments, won- to prevent wars from happening. As for dering whether it would transpire that the League of Nations, it was doing a become one of us. No vigorous support | there was moroseness in Mexico and | limited amount of good, solid, unspecgoose-flesh in Guatemala. Mr. Pon-tacular work, which was better than



Mrs. Ponsonby-Gummidge. "I ain't what I could wish of rabbits, eggs, watches, silk MYSELF TO BE. I AM FAR FROM IT. I KNOW WHAT I AM. handkerchiefs and twos of clubs I feel my troubles, and they make me contrairy. I bulging in Sir Austen Chamber-

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN-PEGGOTTY. "SHE'S BEEN THINKING OF THE OLD 'UN." (David Copperfield.)

emptied his pockets and assured the Austen once more assured the House | nounced in Question-time that under no that he had nothing to conceal, and, in spite of the length at which he told it, that the quickness of the diplomatic it soon became obvious that he had hand can easily deceive the eye, prenothing to tell. But then Sir Austen does not address himself to the House. His utterances are those of an elder statesman who knows that the Chancelleries of Europe are hanging on his words.

He defended his little informal chats with Signor Mussolini in the privacy of his hotel chamber. One could almost hear him saying to the Duce, "Just were steadily building up their own

"alarming ambition in Italy, fear in and tell the garçon to bring some glasses.

That, he intimated, was the real way

found no ground for Mr. Pon-SONBY'S pessimism. The discussion which ensued dealt chiefly with the Coolidge Naval Conference, which, Members hoped, would end in some agreement.

Tuesday, July 12th.—The motion to go into Committee on the Trade Disputes Bill found Labour Lords all in a flutter, they having seen a statement in The Times that the Government was not going to accept any amendments to the Bill. Lord SALISBURY, who will make a diplomatist yet, said he was not responsible for what appeared in The Times. Lord ARNOLD remained suspicious and Lord BEAUCHAMP became so at this exhibition of artless innocence; but they were pacified by the LORD CHANCELLOR, who said he would never come down to that House in charge of a Bill to which he was not prepared to consider amendments. Thus encouraged their Lordships propounded quite a crop of amendments, but with no success.

Philosophers tell us we seldom appreciate our blessings until we have been deprived or are likely to be deprived of them. Perhaps that is why miner Members of the Labour Party, in the debate on the coal-mining industry, poured almost reckless contempt on the Ministry of Mines. Mr. Baldwin had an-

circumstances could a Bill to suppress the Ministry be produced before the Autumn Session.

Messrs. Varley, George Hall and D. Graham, who wouldn't really lose the Ministry for worlds, unitedly declared that the Minister's middle name was "Useless" and the Ministry a prey to galloping ossification of the administrative arteries. This was rather hard, because they all, aliunde, produced figures to show that our former coal customers

did not matter. To him a Government that tries to shirk its duty (to keep the miners employed) by dragging in the sordid question of markets is unworthy the name of Government.

Mr. HOPKINSON said that the trouble was there was a decent livelihood in the coal industry for 950,000 men and they were trying to support 1,100,000. Other industries had faced a bigger percentage of unemployed. The chief difficulty was that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Sir H. SAMUEL and Lord BEAVER-BROOK were engaged in a horrid conspiracy to oust the PRIME MINISTER by creating another coal crisis.

Colonel Lane-Fox defended his Ministry with spirit. The Minister saw world-wide over-production as the cause of the trouble, but rather pooh-poohed the suggestion that the bulk of any coming cut in production would fail upon British mines. The country and the House were willing to let the coalowners work out their own salvation, as they asked to be allowed to do, but the country expected them to put their house in order, and time was getting short and the country uneasy. The Government were doing all they could to help.

The Amendment having been duly defeated the House passed to other matters, and shortly after twelve, outraged by the spectacle of Sir Henry Slesser "entirely disagreeing" with his comrade Mr. Max-TON over Clause 19 of the Crown Lands | vising activities of a Medical Board. (No. 2) Bill, went to bed.

that he was "really hungry for a good amend-ment" to the Trade Disputes Bill, but he simply could not swallow one by Lord GORELL to delete the first three subsections of Clause 3 (Prevention of Intimidation). So many noble Lords of legal distinction besought the LORD CHANCELLOR, if he could not swallow the Amendment, at least to cough up something more lawyer-like in its phraseology than the clause as it stood that he promised to "reconsider every part" of it. Several other Amendments were offered which the LORD CHANCELLOR, though he could not see his way to bolting them whole, thought he might try to nibble at.

A debate on the Ministry of Pensions Vote is never a very exacerbated affair.

country finds a much bigger sum per head of the population for pensions than any other. Major STANLEY gave a number of facts, explaining, inter alia, that



THE RIGHT TO DOWN TOOLS. LORD HALDANE.

three hundred thousand out of one million pensioners had now got their pensions stabilised and beyond the re-

Wednesday, July 13th.—The Lord Amendment, acknowledged that the pen-



THE BABY AUSTIN GETS BUSY. "Don't worry, Sergeant; I'll see they don't run you down." Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Austin Hopkinson.

as might be expected, seeing that this | urged the Minister to regard more liberally the border-line cases in which no pension had been granted.

Thursday, July 14th.—The Lords' disposal of the Committee stage of the Trade Disputes Bill was enlivened by a discourse—one might almost call it a diatribe-by the LORD CHANCELLOR on the Natural History and Habits of Judges. "I find," he said, "that judges enjoy nothing so much as to make reflections on a Government department and, if they can, to decide against it, and in most cases with costs." If there were any ex-learned judges present they evidently took it as a compliment. None, at any rate, rose in rebuttal.

The Government under the Trade Facilities Act guaranteed two million pounds to the Cornerbrook Paper Company of Newfoundland. Sir F. WISE and other Members hinted that Cornerbrook showed signs of becoming Tight-Cornerbrook and asked the SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY if the Government were satisfied with the security. Mr. McNeille replied in a somewhat evasive strain, but intimated that there had been no loss on the guarantee. He rather spoiled the effect of this answer by adding, when asked if there was likely to be any loss, that that was a matter of speculation.

Mr. Rhys Davies moved a reduction of the Home Office vote in order to debate the administration of the Fac-Mr. F. O. Roberts, moving a formal tory Acts. He complained that there were too few inspectors. The Home CHANCELLOR assured their lordships sioners had reason to be grateful, but Secretary intimated that, in the words

of the Lord Chancellor. he was hungry for more inspectors. It took more than hunger, however, to wring inspectors out of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. When the new Factory Bill became law something might be done.

On the subject of aliens, red in tooth and claw and elsewhere, the Home Sec-RETARY was firm. There was going to be no easing up of restrictions. The interests of the country demanded this rigour.

A lively debate-debates in which Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN is concerned are always lively -on the alleged increase of infant mortality under the present Guardians of West Ham ended in the grant of a continued lease of life to this synthetic body.



UNKNOWN LONDON.

THE GROUSING-ROOM AT THE FARMERS' CLUB.

THE BUDDING CENTAUR.

A LETTER has come into my hands addressed to a firm of publishers who have on their list a book about riding. The letter is worth print, I think, not so much as an example of the epistolary art as for putting beyond the realms of conjecture what the writer, a young Welshman, has on his mind.

"DEAR SIR OR MADAM,—Well now I must say a few word to you in regards to what I want to ask you if you would be so kind as to send me one of your catalogue list on to me of your horsemanship sir well now sir I am very anguish to get to know how is to learn to get on a horse back sir and I want to know how is the way to ride him sir for I must confess to you now that I have never been on a horse back in my life time sir and now that why I am asking you now if you would be so kind as to send along one of your catalogue-list sir of your horsemanship for there is one point that I should like to get at and that is to learn how to ride on a horse back so now could you send me along a few of your instructions sir and I should like if you could send me some of the photographs of some your horses and some of your pupils that is now or that have been learning with you for I must confess to you now that I would love to learn to ride on a horse back and I would like to get that wonderful book sir that you have got in your shop but I can see it mark with the price on it sir 15/ shilling well now would you be willing for me to get this wonderful book sir or could you let me have this nice book if I would be willing to send on to you a shilling week towards it and would you object of me haveing this book if I pay you one shilling week for it for I would love to get this book if I could and now do you know anyone who would give me lessons of how get on a horse back and how is to ride him sir so now could you drop me a line or two sir.

Speaking in the language of an examiner I should like to ask the reader of that letter what he deduces from it. Highest marks would go to the student who replied that the impression gathered from perusal is that the writer would not be broken-hearted if it were made possible for him to acquire at any rate the first principles of equitation.

E. V. L.

THE FEVER.

(After Mr. Masefield.)

I MUST go down to the nets again, to the practice pitch once more,

For the days pass and the weeks pass and I can't contrive to score,

And what I need is a long spell with the bowlers striving Till my cow shots become clean shots and my driving's driving.

I must go down to the nets again, for to-day my wicket's fall

Is a sure thing and a dead cert to the very first straight ball:

And the fast one and the slow one both set me quaking And the in-swerve from the off side and the leg one breaking.

I must go down to the nets again, to the school of the budding bat,

For the blob's way isn't Hobbs' way and I'm only good at that;

But my lost skill may return home, though it's now a rever,

If I m not out and can bat on when a stump's knocked over.

"The Leader of the Opposition said that no nation appeared to be keeping the Washing Agreement."—New Zealand Papers is a contraction on views. There certainly seems to be a good deal of dirty linen on views.

A ONE-WOMAN SHOW.

(GARRICK.)

A GREAT house and an affectionate welcome awaited Miss Ruth Draper on her first night at the Garrick. She began with an old favourite, "The Italian to a great variety of domestic and other her visitor had come a little earlier or ultimately they arrive at an accommo-

distractions, such as the ordering of dinner or a new dress; a séance with her manicurist; constant attempts to cope with her unruly offspring; an almost continuous series of interludes for gossip on the telephone. A most exacting exhibition of dispersed energy, which Miss DRAPER carried through with amazing resilience.

In another popular sketch, "Doctors," we have a second American type, a female dyspeptic, who gives a luncheon at a restaurant to three other dyspeptics of her sex, all undergoing drastic regimens. Her guests put very little strain upon her hospitality, being content with a cold boiled potato, some raw carrots and the juice of seven lemons, while she herself, more dashing, puts away a few éclairs. The theme of her delightful chatter is the infallibility of the cures and systems of certain physicians, of whose remarkable triumphs the fame has reached her from various sufferers in her circle.

Here - and still more in "Three Breakfasts," where there is no restriction of diet-Miss DRAPER, dispensing with all properties except a bare table, contrives to make us realise a meal with just her hands and mobile mouth.

"In a Church in Florence" includes a sketch of another American type, the palpably unin-

structed tourist, reading her Baedeker aloud to her party, and leaning on conditions had been more favourable. the asterisks. She is followed by the even funnier figure of a German herself to observed types. She gives own unaided art. tripper, who discovers in her guidebook the inspiring information that the Kaiser at one time honoured the sacred edifice by his presence. "Der Kaisen war hier! Mein Gott!" she cries, leaving us in doubt as to which deity she is apostrophising; and then adds deliciously, as a matter of less significance, "Und GOETHE!" She is followed by a begging woman, who craves a soldo from the sightseers, directing their attention to an adjacent outside her window at night and S.W.1.

to each in identical terms. Then, for a final touch of irony, after all these secular obtrusions, there enters a poor Florentine girl who has had the curious fancy of coming there simply to pray.

In "Showing the Garden," another Lesson," in which we are shown the favourite sketch, we have a delightful typically congested morning of an Am-study of a woman, English this time, erican woman, who sets out to "skim exhibiting the vacant places where her through" Dante's Inferno and gets no | flowers, all called by grotesquely wrong

A MIRACLE OF IMAGINATION. MISS RUTH DRAPER IN "THREE BREAKFASTS." [So vivid is the force of her gestures, which decline the aid of apparatus, that the coffee-pot appears to have materialised out of nothing.]

were to come a little later, or if the an audience far above the average of

play to her imagination in a seventeenth-century scene at a ball in Madrid, based on memoirs of the period. A Spanish lady engages in a little polyglot conversation with some of the other guests and then confides to a friend in English, as the language least likely to be understood if overheard, a very painful affair in which she has recently been compromised. Her

Misericordia, and reiterating her appeal thrashed him mercilessly. He turns out to be the King (PHILIP IV.). She persuades her infuriated man that she is innocent of all connivance, but his career is ruined unless she can appease the outraged monarch by a concession that would be distasteful to her. She determines to consult a certain Duke of her acquaintance who is present at the ball. In a heart-to-heart talk she urges him to use on her behalf his further than the opening triplet, thanks names, would have been, or would be, if influencia with offended Majesty, and

> dation satisfactory to the Duke and more to her own taste than the similar alternative which the King, but for this mediation, would have been certain to de-

mand.

If I might distinguish between the phases of Miss Draper's genius I would say that, greatly as I admire the versatility that she shows in such scenes as this, exotic or remotely imagined, she is at her particular best in her portrayal of the foibles of her own people, taken from life as she knows it; and that, while I delight in her sudden changes to seriousness and in the sincerity with which she expresses sentiment or pathos or even tragedy, I like her most for her humour and the swift adaptability of it to the wide range of invisible characters addressed. Nohody could better convey the grim pitifulness of that midnight scene on the Embankment, "Christmas Eve": but there are others who could do it as well; and I prefer her in that kind of crastsmanship in which she has no rival.

In the fascinating entertainment which she is giving at the Garrick, with variation of programme, she is author, producer. stage-manager and the entire company in her sole delightful person. And it is surely an astounding feat to hold entranced

intelligence and discrimination for the But Miss Draper does not confine space of two hours by the spell of her

On Thursday, July 21st, at 8 P.M., a Concert will be given in the Hall of the Inner Temple, by the Past and Present Choristers of the Temple Church, in aid of the Inns of Court Mission and the Choristers' Camp Fund. Tickets, 10/6 and 5/- (including tax), may be obtained from the Sub-Treasurer, Treasurer's Office, Inner Temple, E.C.4, husband has come upon a gentleman or from Lady Bankes, 45, Eaton Square,

1340





Tripper. "THIS BUTTER'S VERY RANK AND THE CAKE'S AWFULLY STALE." Proprietress. "AH! THAT'S MY DAUGHTER'S FAULT, SIR; SHE'S SERVED YOU WITH 'EAT AS MUCE AS YOU LIKE FOR A SHILLING' INSTEAD, OF 'PAY FOR WOT YOU 'AS.'"

THE SATELLITE QUESTION.

AT an extraordinary meeting of the Solar Branch of Celestial Bodies, Ltd., the proposed Satellites Disputes Bill came up for discussion.

The Sun having occupied the focus, the minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary (Mercury) and

duly approved.

The Sun rose and said he wished to call their attention to the unsatisfactory conduct of certain of the satellites. These, he complained, were in the habit of interposing periodically between their primaries and himself, with the result that he suffered eclipse and lost This eclipse prestige and dignity. policy, he continued, had been deliberately adopted by the Satellites' Union. There could be no excuse for it, as, with the whole of the heavens at their disposal, satellites might easily arrange their orbits so as to avoid this annoyance.

He wished to make his own position as luminous as possible. His business was to provide central heating and lighting for the whole solar system.

whether organised or not, to interfere with the execution of his duties. He would instance the total eclipse programme which had been attempted on June 29th. He had recently received many complaints from the Earth that on that planet they were not receiving their due quota of his attention. Much as he regretted his inability to be always with them—he had many claims upon his time-he thought his critics might see to it that, when he did shine, he should be allowed to do

so unmolested. (Applause.)

The Earth, speaking in support of the proposals, said it was high time that legislation was introduced to restrict the motions of satellites. \mathbf{H} is own satellite, to whom reference had just been made, had recently been the subject of considerable apprehension in the Astral Plane. In brief, he was never certain what she might do next. It might not be common knowledge that the Moon was gradually parting company with him. Her general conduct was most erratic and irregular, and only the other week she had been found wandering more than a mile out of her

that his Astronomer-Royal was watching her very carefully, and, if any further irregularities were reported, she would be liable to arrest as a vagrant and a vagabond. (Sensation.)

Continuing, the Earth deplored the eclipse policy pursued by the Satellites' Union, but said that as the law now stood they had no option but to submit. During the total eclipse in New York in 1925 a considerable sum was expended in municipal lighting, so that in that area at least the aim of the Union to achieve total darkness was frustrated. He hoped that the meeting would approve the proposals to limit the activities of the satellites to their legitimate functions.

The Moon, in a becoming apogee, seemed more than usually pale. She had heard with profound amazement the speech to which they had just listened. To approach the matter from the angle of the previous speaker must, she thought, mark the terminator of all mutual attraction, and their relations must henceforth enter on the penumbral stage. Throughout she had acted in the best interests of her principal, and He endeavoured to give satisfaction. proper course. He would take this thought that the attractive spectacles Personally he resented any attempts, opportunity of warning his satellite provided by the eclipses were welcomed by humanity at large. There was no question at all of intimidation. The times and places of each eclipse programme were widely advertised, and in all cases the quality and punctuality of the performance were guaranteed.

This work, the speaker emphasised, was a mere by-product of the ordinary activities of the Union to which she belonged. They laboured under grave secular inequalities, and she thought that their services were entitled to more adequate recognition. As they all knew, the chief work of the satellites lay in the maintenance of the tidal services and in night illumination. Nobody could say that their duties were not conscientiously performed. But as members of the Solar System they would insist on their rights, and the Satellites' Union would ever seek to preserve these.

Proceeding, the Moon remarked that the Einstein improvements in the Law of Gravitation did not make for simplicity, and under the new regulations it had become increasingly difficult to work to a schedule. (Hear, bear.) She fully expected that other planets would be found even further out of their reckoning than herself. (Disorder.) She would name no names. (Uproar, during which the Moon beamed gibbously at Mercury. The secretary, whose eccentricity is well known, made a rapid transit amid loud laughter.)

In conclusion, her Union stood for the freedom of the skies. For herself, shs had always done her best and would appeal to their sense of fair play.

(Applause.)
The planet Jupiter said that, in a lengthy experience with a large family of satellites, he had always found that KEPLER's policy of equal areas for equal times had paid. Any discrepancies of long period should be referred to stellar aberration. With him, eclipses were a matter of daily occurrence and had long ago lost any interest. While his own axis was inclined to favour the proposals, he could not but regard them as unnecessary. His relations with his satellites had always been most amicable.

The aged planet Saturn said he was glad to find himself in conjunction with the previous speaker. He wished to contradict a rumour that he was in the habit of devouring his children. rumour, he believed, originated with GALILEO, but was doubtless disseminated by the Satellites' Union. Like his hon. friend, he had a large family by whom he had always striven to do his duty. He was proceeding to refer with some longitude to the obliquity of the modern satellite when he was recalled sharply to the Plane of the Ecliptic.

Venus, who was lustrous in aphelion with a crescent tiara of absolute magni- attempting to compute an ephemeris, them.



Caddie. "WE CALL HIM 'HAMMOND,' SIR, BECAUSE HE GENERALLY TAKES A HUNDRED."

altogether too hard on the dear satel-For herself she would gladly in a planetary nebula. help them all she could.

Mars, speaking from Opposition, thought that too much attention should not be given to the words of the last speaker. She was a single woman with no responsibilities. (Cries of "Shame.") He was strongly in favour of restricting the motions of satellites. His own two, The he declared, made him feel positively giddy. His youngest in particular was accustomed to "make rings round him" three times as quickly as he could turn himself-no mean anomaly, he added, for the God of War.

> Considerable perturbations now became apparent among the satellites present, and one or two planets in perihelion left the Ecliptic at the Des-On the Chairman's cending Node.

tude, said she thought the planets were | scenes of meteoric confusion supervened, and the meeting thereupon terminated

Undesigned Humour in the Lords.

Lord PARMOOR (after protesting against the provision that a strike-leader, if infringing the law as laid down in the Trade Disputes Bill, may be sent to prison): "After all a strike-leader is entitled to his convictions."

Official Report.

From an advertisement of a new bathing-costume:-

"Before the admiring eyes of millions, wearers are seen on every beach in North and South America. And at Europe's fashonable seasides, such as Nice, Deauville, Henley.' American Paper

We looked out for them at the Regatta; especially on the boom, but we missed make of the 12th

THE WOBBLEHUFF.

(This weale, obviously written several wee ksu go, is taken from the rejected MS. file of a contributor on " Nature' subjects to the daily Press.)

HOWEVER "red" Nature may be "in tooth and claw," as Tennyson said, the study of the so various wild life of the English countryside remains one of the most alluring and not infrequently exciting hobbies that one can have. This is June that we are in now, and no month in all the year provides such excellent opportunities for the study of bird life. No longer now are the sable Rooks following the plough (when they do they are a favourite subject with our etchers) and harrow in Wessex. In East Anglia the hardier Crow feeds in fields left fallow by the "ruins and rains" (SWINBURNE) of winter, and will now ha veem tered upon that thrilling and for ever new experience of housekeeping where umbrage gives him shade among the leaves of the Greater Spifflox (Sursum corda, the delight and despair of every true student of WHITE.

Many of the migrant birds are already here, for it is the very noontide of the year. Our shores indeed are crowded by the bard y feathered little travellers; and so too are in some places our woods and mesidoves. Among these shy visitors is the Wobblehuff (Status lymphaticus, the latter word referring of course to its plumage), or lesser hooded Nightshift, now, owing to the wider use of fire-arms and the more general distribution of tanks and heavy artillery, less often seen in these islands than in the perhaps happier days of wooden ships and catapults. This elusive little creature, whose cry is often mistaken for that of a very different and much commoner bird the Howdoo (Fors clavigera) or Speckled Wastrel, is about the size of a fairly large Rugby football, and has wings on aither side of the torso, and legs with the feet so often associated with these limbs.

The Wobblehuff (Status lymphaticus) or lesser hooded Night-shift, arriving, as it does, from the sunny shores of the Mediterrane an and other large expanses of salt water in May, is the sworn foe the collection had begun. of the Szck-zczk Fly (Irritans major), upon the larvæ of which it may often be seen feeding on Mondays and Wednesdays at about 4 P.M. For this reason the presence of the tuneful little fellow is much welcomed by wise farmers in this country. It is estimated that five hundred of these (it must be admitted) gluttonous songsters are capable of ridding 240 acres, 47 rods, poles or even perches ofth ree-and-a-quarter hundredweight of the pest in a fortnight.

Our teathered visitor, disdaining the spectators had a surprise.

lowlier shrubs like hawthorn (Quovadis)or palm (Ubique), much frequents the upper branches of lotus, woli's-joy and other esoteric trees, and from this airy fastness his—or should it be her?song may be heard most mornings when one is up and within earshot. The domestic activities of our songful guest are like those of other birds as to nesting, egg-laying and egg-hatching. Young Wobblehuffs look very charming and rogueish as they lie crying for food in their leafy shelter. Before they attain maturity they are often mistaken, even by the comparatively well-informed, for Cornucopias (Nolens volens, but, accordto Boomster, Sub judice).

MOTHER SHIPTON MODERNISED.

[Mr. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., according to The Westminster Gazette of July 11th, has declared that when the nation starts to think the Liberals will come tack to their own again.] When Woman, everlasting minx, Ceases to case her calves in pinks, When strenuous Youth deserts the links, Forswears the lure of forty winks, Of dancing-halls or skating-rinks And curiously-compounded drinks And, giving up "highballs," high jinks, Endeavours to comb out the kinks Of party and fill up the chinks-In fine, when once the Nation thinks, Then, stricken as by David's stone, The Die-hard and the titled drone Shall be demolished and o'erthrown; While, like a conquering cyclone, Like lava from Vesuvius' cone, Or blizzards from the Arctic Zone, With sound of trumpet and trombone And strident shouts of triumph blown Through siren and through stentorphone,

The Liberals come into their own.

THE REAPERS.

IT was quite a good street performance; matinée queue and casual spectators (of whom I was one) had been duly interested. The pleasant-faced young athlete was in the middle of his final turn (standing on his head and worming his lithe body out of a series of steel hoops and leather bands), and

An odd tubby little man the collector, in his prime third comedian of a fifthrate company, perhaps now, dressed in an antique frock-coat, a pathetic hanger-on to the last fold of Thespis' flying skirt (presuming she still retains a skirt long enough to fly). But he moved briskly and got the money in quickly enough.

Suddenly the perspiring athlete, freeing himself from the last hoop, sprang lightly to the upright, and the

"'Ere! What's this?" he shouted in tones of profound consternation.

The crowd blinked and looked at the little collector, to whom the question was obviously addressed. He blenched visibly.

"What's what?" he faltered.

"Why, this collection?"

"Well, why shouldn't I collect?"

"Why shouldn't you? 'Cos it's my show, that's why.

"But I was playin' over there in the corner;" and in confirmation he drew from his pocket a battered tin-whistle and blew a few mournful notes on it.

The young man seemed momentarily nonplussed. "I never 'eard a sound,"

he asserted.

"Seein' you was on your 'ead most of the time, with your 'air over your ears, 'ow could you?" bluffed the other.

But the spectators had already brought in a verdict of guilty; sympathy was clearly with the young man.

"Well, I never knew you was givin' a show, anyway," returned the latter with surprising gentleness, "and I reckon you've been and took my money; it ain't fair." He wiped the beaded sweat from his brow and began to put on his coat.

"It's all I got for a livin'," mur-

mured the little man.

Somehow there was an odd sort of pathos about the business; everyone was a little moved. The athlete seemed to take a sudden resolve. "Oh, well, go on then," he said; "I daresay you 've got a harder job than what I 'ave; and joyfully the old man resumed his collecting.

But the crowd was not going to stand this. Englishmen know how to act when their hearts are touched. "Come along with your own hat!" cried one

to the young man.

"Yes, get on with it," urged another. "We've still got a bit in hand,"

laughed a third.

The young man hesitated a moment and then got on with it. "Well, if you don't mind, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I will."

It was a bumper harvest, in which silver predominated. For myself I was well satisfied with the destination of

my shilling.

The same evening, as I passed a bus terminus, I heard a voice which struck an oddly reminiscent note. "Well, father, what about it?" asked the voice. I glanced round at the speaker; it was the athlete.

"Yes, 'Erbert, I think it's time we 'ad one," replied a tubby little man with a tin-whistle sticking out of his pocket.

And father and son disappeared together into "The Two Unicorns.'

uncompromising way of putting things, rather than his biographical notes, that give his book a certain character and value all its own. At times his verdicts on foreign policy seem astonishingly "one-eyed," given as they are with the most glorious assurance. He may be right, of course, or he may be wrong; the point is that he can always see only a certainty, never a case for consideration. And in home politics he challenges criticism on pretty nearly every page. But the shock of the challenge is always stimulating.

"Alack and woe is me!" wail I, "Alas and well-a-day!" and so on; A fountain of delight is dry

Which I had fondly hoped would flow on;

For Conan Doyle (through Murray) begs To make it clear that in The Casebook Of Sherlock Holmes he's drained the dregs

Of Dr. Watson's commonplace-book.

Yet in the breath so icy-cold

Which spreads abroad this ultimatum He hints of tales which could be told If he were willing to relate 'em;

Some of them doubtless touch a sphere Where mute discretion may be vital, But surely he could let us hear

Why $Sherlock\ Holmes\ refused\ a\ title.$

But no—he's set the final scene, And Sherlock, who, serene and hearty, Bobbed up again from the ravine Which wolfed Professor Moriarty

(Proof that where common folk succumb Immortals rise to something greater), Is laid to rest—not dead, but dumb, Gagged by Sir Arthur, his creator.

Whatthough these last adventures show No weakening of the magic vigour

Which centuries (it seems) ago Informed that fascinating figure, How can we measure them or urge Our stricken souls to jubilation When every phrase is like a dirge, Each tale a funeral oration?

I feel that Mr. STEPHEN McKenna's latest trilogy has rather outgrown its strength. There is nothing, it seems to me, in Due Reckoning (BUTTERWORTH) that The Secretary of State might not have anticipated with advantage. Like

the superior agent of a diabolic contract, Mr. McKenna of these, her old flame, Max Hendry, in whose company merely gives his principal characters another two years' rope, and at the expiration of the lease comes round in the approved Mephistophelean manner with the deferred climax. The final volume opens with extracts from the diary of Auriol, Lady Sheridan, which combine the psychological value of an examination of conscience with highly-practical benefits to the reader who has just joined up. From these we learn that Ambrose Sheridan, newspaper magnate and



"Now, Hugh, why didn't you tell me the truth?" "I THOUGHT MY STORY WAS SO MUCH MORE INTERESTING, MUMMY."

Lady Sheridan professes herself ready to sweep a crossing, has refused to facilitate this sacrifice and is about to return to South America. His oscillations between the New World and the Old are always accompanied on this side by an increase of Sheridan's discomfort. The great man hastens to his setting, political as well as domestic, and the curiouslymodern streak of fatality, half conscience, half superstition. with which he awaits it is manifested with considerable skill. politician, is well on his way to Downing Street, and that Hendry, on the other hand, fails to fulfil his promise. No the wife who would have rejoiced at the prospect three doubt his unhappy situation as the virtuous butt of Lady. years ago has now quite other preoccupations. The pivot Sheridan's passion is responsible for his increasing conven-

tionality. The political disquisitions of the book are hardly up to standard; though Sheridan's contrast between our Empire and the German, "conceived, made and supplied," but "never demanded," struck me as a useful epigram.

There's big-game shooting and big-game shooting, and I have never found the Central African variety as sporting to hear of as the Asian. Possibly that is because much of the African hunting is for purposes of trade, science or the reduction of troublesome or dangerous species, and so 'tis apt to seem a trifle wholesale in results, though exciting enough it may be, I admit, with the Man-eaters of Tsavo in mind. Out in the Blue (METHUEN)—and I take it that "the blue" is Central African for forest ground—by Miss VIVIENNE DE

undertaken by her father and herself in Kenya, Uganda and the Congo for the "good purpose," I quote from Mr. Ormsby-Gore's preface, of obtaining a collection of African fauna for the Berne Museum. This book is in a somewhat different category from the usual recital of hits and misses (though goodness knows there 's plenty of gunpowder here too !), for it is a really moving record of courage and endurance displayed by its twenty-four-yearold authoress, and referred to by her in so few words, and withal such modest ones, that, though her ordeal does not begin till towards the end, the glamour of her pluck seems to leaven the whole book. Her father is killed by a wounded lion and his daughter is left, down with fever and never a white man within days of her, to cope alone with the "safari." How she buries her father, pulls herself together and goes out at once and shoots meat for her natives makes a real gallant story, even though so very much is left to our imaginations. Miss DE WATTE-VILLE completes her trip, and

I'm glad to say (glad only because she so desired) that she achieves a white rhinoceros. I'm glad also to say that she failed to score a gorilla; but then I hope that she didn't really want to.

Again in To the Lighthouse (Hogarth Press) VIRGINIA Woolf pursues her desperately analytical, fourth-dimensional manner which needs more concentration in the reader than most of us are perhaps willing or able to bring. The Ramsay family and their guests propose to visit a lighthouse. They don't because it rains. Ten years after, a war intervening and the beautiful Mrs. Ramsay having meanwhile died in one of the author's most casual parentheses, the widower and two of his children make the voyage. And that is all the story. The rest is a hunt for and delicate exposure of the springs of action and the wayward thoughts of a baker's dozen of characters. It all betrays a fine intelligence and keen perceptions, but it is more subtle than

dark avenues of Mrs. Woolf's terrific sentences and get completely lost, unless you have a Bloomsbury intelligence. The portraits of the lovely middle-aged Mrs. Ramsay and her distinguished, vain, impetuous husband are extremely well-embroidered on the vague background. The general pattern emerges as they do in a jig-saw puzz'e. Undoubtedly an interesting if an exacting method.

There is something delightfully old-fashioned about the work of Mr. A. G. Hales, war correspondent, adventurer and writer of romances which it is the fashion to call "fullblooded" and dismiss with a rather superior smile. I confess I enjoyed reading The Mocking Chevalier (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) as much as I have enjoyed any book of its WATTEVILLE, is the description of a shooting trip recently sort for a long while. It is a sort of Under Two I'lags, and

indeed there is more than a touch of "Ouida" about Mr. HALES. Only he is well up to date in his campaign. His bero, Terry Heathercot, enlists in the Spanish Foreign Legion for service against the Riffs, after an opening chapter in which he kills an enemy in a midnight duel in England. This opening part is, I must confess, more than a little crude, but when Mr. HALES once gets to work in the Riff country he is very good indeed. His fighting is excellent, and he provides quite a fair substitute for "Oulda's" Cigarette in the daughter of a friendly Arab chief. As to villainous officers, I have hardly ever come across a more convincing specimen than Lieutenant Moreno. A simple, direct, gallant novel, of the old school, and, in my opinion, better worth reading than a good many books that meet with a great deal more notice.

George Gordall was a sound American business man, and would have been content to remain in New York if Althea, his wife, had not developed social

ambitions which, in her opinion, could only be realised in England. So Now East, Now West (BENN). George, having been transported to London, continued to attend to his business, while Althea proceeded to stretch her wings. Relations between a man of his type and a woman as socially crazy as Althea inevitably became strained; but, although she singed her wings, she was fortunate enough not to burn them. In a gallery of clearly-drawn portraits I give first place to Mrs. Allgood, whose affection for George widened his point of view and kepthim sane and steady through his domestic crises. By the exercise of a quite unusual talent Miss Susan Errz has prevented the reconciliation scene between husband and wife from being the anti-climax it would have been in hands less deft. I salute her as an accomplished mistress of technique and style.



Tramp (receiving coat). "YOU BEALLY MUST TAKE MORE CARE OF YOUR CLOTHES, SIR."

[&]quot;Plumber, Hot Water Engineer, well up copper pire, desires change."-Provincial Paper. lucid, and it is extremely easy to wander down one of the | Very natural. He should send for his mate to extricate him.

CHARIVARIA.

Last Sunday week a newspaper published a poem with the instruction, "To be spoken as softly as possible." We shouldn't dream of shouting the poems in the Sunday papers.

At Portsmouth a bowls competition for women has been arranged as compensation for the neglect shown them by their husbands during the bowls season. The "bowls widow" is one of the most pathetic figures of modern life.

A writer on theatrical matters complains that the majority of comedians are not funny in private life. Then where are they funny?

snake with a putter. Think how different everything would have been if Eve had played golf.

According to a political writer some Ministers read nearly every word of their speeches. That is one of the things that distinguish them from the public.

A correspondent from the Lido says the costumes there are beyond description. Lido ohne worte, so to speak.

A scientist lately returned from the African jungle says he never feels so unsafe as when he is in New York. Has he tried

Chicago?

Although Chicago still has the largest aggregate of murders in the United paper. States, many smaller cities have a much higher rate per hundred thousand of the population. This shows the unsatisfactoriness of the present system of reckoning the championship.

We read of a well-known actor who never misses an important criminal trial. The same morbid spirit impels some barristers to make a point of seeing every new play.

When a County Court judge asked the other day, "What is a polony?" there was dead silence. It becomes increasingly difficult to amuse County Court audiences.

The toy balloon, bearing a request to are only flappers.

the finder to return it to Lord BIRKEN-HEAD, which was picked up in Lincolnshire recently, was at first thought to be one of those Ministerial ballons d'essai about which so much is heard.

Attention is drawn to the scarcity of swallows. In some parts the absence of a summer is attributed to the fact that there are not enough of them to constitute a quorum.

Mr. John Drinkwater has expressed the opinion that Mr. G. B. Shaw, as a dramatist, is the most considerable force that has enlivened our theatre for two hundred years. Mr. Shaw is understcod to have taken this faint praise with his customary good-nature.

"Is that a lighthouse over there?"

"No. I BELIEVE IT IS MY HUSBAND. HE WENT OUT BOATING, AND I THINK HE MUST BE SIGNALLING FOR HELP WITH HIS DIAMOND RING.'

> for a cure for self-consciousness finds it an embarrassment to be smiling when expected to be serious. Sometimes relief is obtained by changing the news-

> The suggestion of Mr. HENRY N. PRINGLE, an American racing-man, that the shortage of jockeys in the United States should be made good by teaching monkeys to ride is regarded as impracticable in view of the strength of anti-evolutionist opinion over there.

> Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, we read, makes his own electric light from water-power drawn from the lake in his grounds. For illuminations on a larger scale he is believed to have a scheme for harnessing the rising tide of Liberalism.

> An authoress says that our flappers are only butterflies. Well, butterflies

Banks in future are to encourage their customers to visit the premises on friendly terms. Every facility will be offered, we understand, to those who wish to stroke their over-

According to The Daily Express, wonderful work is going on under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. Much the same can be said of the dome of Mr. H. G. WELLS.

A greyhound race at the White City had to be re-run last week because the electric hare ran too fast. That sort of complaint is never made by us about the horse we put our money on.

An American advertising expert at a A girl at Newport recently killed a! A Daily Chronicle reader who asks dinner in London used the quotation,

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends." He had evidently been ushered by a flunkey through the revolving door at his hotel.

Figures issued by the Ministry of Labour show that there is an increase in the cost of living. It is not expected that this will lessenthe demand for it.

* * With reference to the re-paving of Piccadilly it has been announced that pneumatic drills will not be used during the night. It would have been most unfair if these weapons had been allowed to inter-

tere with the other jazz entertainments in the vicinity.

A most mysterious murder is said to be occupying the French police at the moment. The culprit isn't pleading the Unwritten Law.

A thief who broke into a Hastings shop left two jemmies behind. There is talk of making him an honorary plumber.

A man recently bought a motor-car, for two pounds and stated that he intended to use it for a fowl-house. Lazy hens will be able to lean on the bulb of the hooter instead of cackling.

We understand that one Society lady has endeavoured to assure the success of her daughter's wedding reception by sending out all the bogus invitations herself.

TIPS FOR TAXI-MEN.

[Complaints are made that the Home Secretary's reduction of taxi-fares has resulted in a corresponding curtailment of tips.]

Time was when, having downed your banner
And done a half-mile job,
You used to pouch an extra tanner
For having earned a bob.

But now your bitter plaint is filling All heaven because you get No more than just a paltry 1/-In gross for 9d. nett.

Your fees—oh, why did Joynson vary 'em?— Have had a downward jump, Entailing in your honorarium A sympathetic slump.

Ah, when those fares were readjusted, Surely the brute foreknew That by his action he had busted The business of Jehu.

How can a man, you say, though thrifty, Cope with his board and rent Who sees his *pourboires* fall from 50 To 33%?

Yet, to my mind, in ample measure
You wolf your share of fat;
Wherever else I take my pleasure
I never tip like that.

When I disburse my legal charges Seldom have I incurred A cost in supplemental largess Amounting to \(\frac{1}{3} \).

If for my thirst the cabarets cater, When I have had my fill Do you suppose I give the waiter That fraction of the bill?

Though for a sovereign I should mellow Into a maudlin state, I doubt if I should hand the fellow A grant of six-and-eight.

And, when a £7 sleeper takes me North where the red deer grow, I never give the guard that wakes me More than a quid or so.

Nor yet do I increase that douceur
If we're behind the clock,
As is my generous way with you, Sir,
Who tick throughout a block.

Lastly for 10% (not 30)
In Labour's other ranks
I'm nover smiffed at as a dirty
Dog that deserves no thanks.

O. S.

"The American airship, Shensandoah, which is 680 feet long and 79 in diameter, contains 20 gas calls of cotton cloth, each lined with the skin of a goldbeater, a small American quadruped. But, as over 500,000 animals were necessary to line these cells, the chemist is now experimenting with viscose."—Irish Paper.

18 TO LOW TEN

It is the necessity of keeping these animals in condition by giving them plenty to beat that causes America to make such heavy demands upon our stock of gold.

RANK NONSENSE.

CIRCUMSTANCES have lately moved us from a purely military environment to one in which the R.A.F. element predominates. I find the transition from the terse snappy Army titles to the bizarre nomenclature of the Air Force a matter of difficulty in conversation. I confess I am guilty of moral cowardice in disregarding official designations when possible and making discreet use of the non-committal "Sir" when some concession is absolutely necessary.

My wife, however, considers that any attempt at such evasion on her part would be considered impolite, while titulary disparagement would be a social crime. She therefore took great pains to become perfect in the correct terminology of the R.A.F. grades immediately we arrived.

The result of her initial trial of this newly-acquired knowledge brought her headlong to me with a grievance.

"I asked Mrs. Psmith when Squadron-Leader Psmith would be back and she said that Major Psmith would be back next week! He isn't a Major, is he? He is a Squadron-Leader?"

True, he is; but who am I to contradict his wife?
Kathleen complained bitterly of this confession of ineptitude in "sneaking the Army names." She has a young brother in the Navy who tells her that a Midship-

man, except for departmental purposes, has no right to, and if properly trained should have no wish for, any title but that of "Snotty." Why, she asked, should not the R.A.F. provide themselves with some such colloquial designations for everyday use?

Meanwhile she has compiled—at present for private use only—the following list of "decent" abbreviations, which I am ordered to submit for public approval.

I notice that some of her sobriquets have even less foundation of fact than the classic nautical example, so where possible I have added the process of reasoning whereby she has arrived at her alternatives.

Marshal of the Air.—A "MIKE." This, I am afraid, is an irreverent contraction of MICHAEL, the chief Archangel. Air Chief Marshal.—A "GABY." This is short for GABRIEL (see above). The dictionary definition is unfortunate.

Air Marshal.—A "SWEENY TOD." Her train of reasoning here is that the third Archangel was AZRAEL, the angel of death, and the title itself recalls a deadly barber

of death, and the title itself recalls a deadly barber.

Air Vice-Marshal.—A "Devil." I thought this rather severe and far-fetched, but it appears she imagines that Lucifer was the fourth of the Archangels before his Fall, and "anyway it does suggest the 'Vice' rest".

and "anyway it does suggest the 'Vice' part."

Air Commodore.—A "FLYING FISH." This is an attempt to reproduce the combination of Sea and Air in the correct title, and has this further point in its favour that, "generally speaking, neither an Air Commodore nor a flying-fish does a great deal of flying."

Group-Captain.—A "GROCK." A "portmanteau" word that someone may think libellous.

Wing-Commander,—A "WINKER." This and the two following are purely onomatopæic.

Squadron-Leader.—A "SQUEALER." Personally I prefer "SQUALLER."

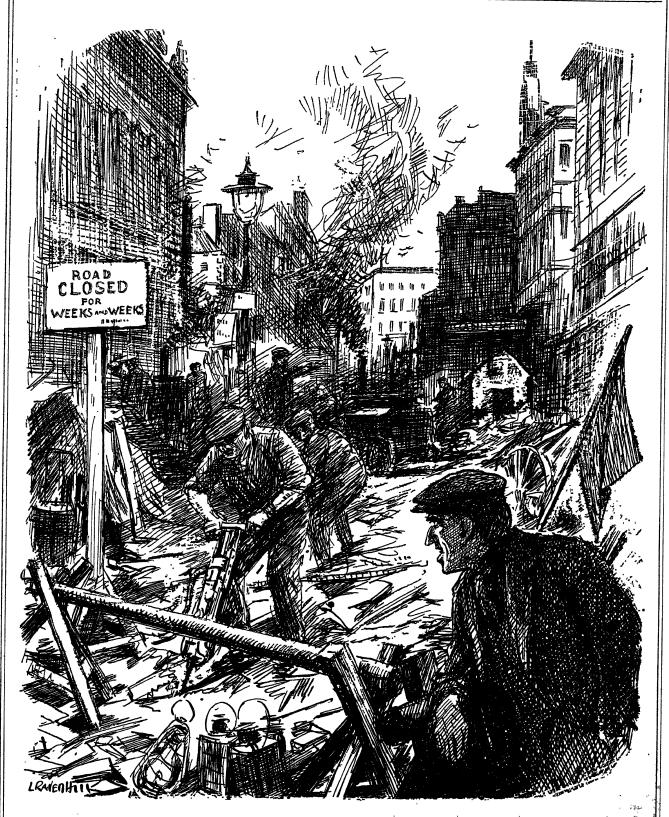
Flight-Lieutenant.—A "FLUTE."

Flying Officer.—A "FIFE." The dictionary defines this as a small variety of "FLUTE."

Pilot-Officer.—A "Pourre." "Alow soft thing that any-body can sit on."

"THE READING HABIT.

abblifies anywed appres essent INOVIH."—Provincial Paper.
Appearently the printer of our contemporary has not got it.



THE PICCADILLY BARRICADES; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF THE RED FLAG.

COMMUNIST SPECTATOR. "THIS IS WHERE WE GET BACK ON THE BOURGEOIS. IF WE CAN'T PULL THINGS DOWN WE CAN PULL 'EM UP!"



Lady (choosing bathing-dress). "THEY'RE ALL MARVELLOUS, BUT NOT QUITE DEAFENING ENOUGH FOR DEAUVILLE."

THE TATE GALLERY.

THE Housing Problem of Pictures in this modern world of ours worries me and Aunt Isabel—a good deal.

Times, as we often say sadly to each cther, have changed. In the old days people used to have homes, and if they were rich enough to have pictures they liked them and knew what to do with them. They hung them up on the walls. Nowadays everything is altered. Homes aren't homes, and pictures aren't pictures, and even if walls are walls the least frequent thing to do with them is to cover them all over with pictures.

It may be objected to our arguments that pictures, both ancient and modern, still change hands for enormous sums, so enormous that Aunt Isabel often asks me very plaintively who buys 'em, and where in Heaven's name does all the money come from. And very certainly I am in no position to reply. But we both think somehow that it must have something to do with these Americans.

Very likely. Aunt Isabel and I don't understand Art sales. But the fact remains that many modern schemes of house decoration can, and do, eliminate

pictures altogether, and whereas a man who is writing a book might easily hope that his book, though unread, might be placed upon somebody's shelves it seems ridiculous, we say, that a man should paint a picture which, if it is not hung in an Art gallery, can only be hung in the air.

I once thought that I would astonish the people of England by calling attention to this crisis in the Art world, and after very long and careful research I composed the following remarkable monograph:—

GLUT IN THE PAINT MARKET.

It is calculated that the wall space of the civilised world has now reached the figure of 1,786,543 square miles, whilst the area of framed canvas suitable for covering it exceeds this figure by 14,292.5 acres, so that unless many more houses are built in the near future much of the already existing output of Art is of necessity wasted. Further considerations have also to be taken into account, inasmuch as many square miles of wall are inadequately occupied by figured papers, gilt mirrors, brocade and panelling, porcelain, earthenware, photographs of happy holidays at Westgate-on-

Sea, bookcases, broadsheets, trophies of the chase, advertisements, texts, and, in the case of hotels, rules regarding the hours of meals, disposal of keys, and the refusal of liability on the part of the management for the loss of any valuables not deposited at the bureau. The square mileage of factory, restaurant, hospital, prison and reformatory walls must be deducted from the available superficies, as also the wall space occupied by trade exhibits, natural history specimens in glass-cases, photographs of theatrical performers and athletes, diagrams of first-aid exercises and fire-extinguishers.

Is it any wonder that consumption in many branches of the industry appears to be at a standstill?

In the meantime, notwithstanding the large existing stocks of ancient material stilling ood preservation, production shows no signs of abating. Many Chelsea studios work overtime, without orders and without the slightest hope of placing their supplies. Wastage by fire, justifiable anger, rats, and the scraping-out of old pictures in order to replace them by new, are very nearly negligible.

Facing these facts, can we say that

the Art world is in a sound economic position, having regard to the immense amount of capital sunk in the canvas industry, the oil and turpentine trades and the manufacture of colouring materials? Is it not time to call a

No editor would undertake the responsibility of publishing this extremely sensational monograph (even Aunt Isabel thought it rather too strong), and so I have reproduced it here.

The only ray of light in the gloom seems to be the enlargement of our public Art galleries and the growth of popular interest in the pictures which they buy or receive from generous donors, and thereafter cherish and maintain.

I know that this interest is growing, and for a very good cause. I will write it in italics :-

The last time I went to the Tate Gallery I was allowed to keep my umbrella.

This was from no lack of the oldtime suspicion that I had come there in order to destroy the ten years' work of the Trustees, Administrators and Associates of the Gallery. It was merely that the machinery had broken down. Not a doubt of it I had come in to smash pictures, maybe a Turner or a Burne-Jones, or perhaps an Orpen or a Manet or a Cézanne. I was after one of them, they could not be certain which. Well, well, there was no hope for it. The commissionaire could do nothing, because all the shelves and pigeon-holes set apart for the accommodation of umbrellas were in use. People were not actually being turned away at the doors, but none the less the fact remains that the Tate Gallery was practically full on a springtime Saturday afternoon.

This seems to me to speak well for the work that the Tate Gallery is doing. I am told by a man who can talk Art quite like a native that the Tate is now the best Art gallery in Europe. This may be an exaggeration, but since I have been through the Tate Gallery without smashing anything it seems to me that my umbrella ought now to be exempt.

It is my intention to write to the Curator about it.

If I have any grudge against the Tate Gallery it is that, placed so far away from the main arteries of London traffic, it has not seized the opportunity to build a restaurant of the kind that I would like Art galleries to have. They are, as a rule, not festive places, these said about the world's wall spaces on the restaurant walls.



 $Bell ext{-}Boy$. "What do they mean when they talk of 'dead reckoning'?" Deck-Boy. "It's no use me explainin'. Neither you nor the Purser would understand it, but me an' the Capiin does."

you will agree with me that even the tea-room walls of an Art gallery ought to be utilised. Far be it from me to say how-whether with the symbolic and chaste, the riotously bacchanalian, with portraiture, with landscape or with still life, I do not care. I only know that nothing induces physical prostration so swiftly as the admiration of Art; and by taking light refreshment we should not only correct this wearirestaurants, and they miss their chances | ness, but gather strength for the conbadly. If you consider what I have | templation of further beauty, as exposed

This is the day of advertisement.

THE MOST SUMPTUOUSLY DECOR-ATED TEA-ROOM IN LONDON

help to make the entrance to our second National Gallery overflow with yet more umbrellas in the days to be?

Our Cryptic Journalists.

"He (Zaro Aga) says he is 145 years old, but we have only his own word for it and if he is as old as he says he is, then he is old enough to make a mistake about his age."

Daily Paper.

MISLEADING CASES.

XX.-A WORM TURNS.

Rex v. Haddock.

A LARGE crowd, with bands, assembled outside the West London Police Court to-day when the trial of Albert Haddock, regarded by the In- the profits or gains or income during the six come Tax Commissioners as a test case, was concluded.

The Chairman of the Bench said: "In this case Mr. Albert Haddock of Hammersmith has been summoned under the Finance Act for knowingly making an untrue or incorrect return of income upon Form No. 11, Year 1927-28, ENDING 5TH APRIL 1928, PROFITS OF TRADES, PROFESSIONS, ETC.;

(1) a principal form consisting of eight pages, foolscap size; and (2) an enclosure, consisting of eight pages, foolscap size; and (3) a short slip of some six thousand words, neatly attached to the principal form with gum. The accused person wrote down in every empty space the Latin word nil, and in the space provided for TOTAL PROFITS OF TRADES, PROFESSIONS, ETC., the words 'Absolutely nil'; he then signed the form and returned it to the Assessor of Taxes. And the present prosecution is the result of that action. "Now the accused.

who has conducted his own case, has CLAIMED BY TAXPAYERS) there are treated the Court with commendable nearly two hundred words; that, after frankness, and, although, by his own confession, a literary man, appears to have in a rudimentary state the instincts of a Briton. And I have therefore paid more attention to his defence than I have generally time for in this

"His defences are numerous. Firstly, he has sworn on oath that, on the slip (3) already referred to (which draws attention to the change of basis for the assessment of Income Tax from the average of the three preceding years to the of the preceding year) there is printed, at the taxpayers' expense, the following, as he says, flippant passage:---

"'The provisions of Section 29 (3) are as follows:—'If any person who for the year 1926-27 was assessed and charged under Schedule D or according to the Rules applicable

or income arising from any source upon an average of a period of three years or more proves that the profits or gains or income of either of the first two of the three years upon the average of which he would, but for the provisions of this section, have been charged for the year 1927-28 were less than the profits or gains or income for one year upon an average of the six years preceding these three years, or, if he was not in possession of the source of years aforesaid, upon an average of the less period preceding the three years during which he was so in possession, he shall, on giving notice in writing to the Inspector not later than the fifth day of October, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, that he desires so to be charged, be charged to tax for both the years 1927-28 and 1928-29 in respect to the profits or gains or income arising from that source or the amount on which he would have been charged if this section had not passed."

"The evidence of the accused is that (Schedule D). This form consists of Note as to the Relief which may be if I save money it produces unearned

Keen Dancer (at very remote seaside village). "HAVE YOU A BAND HERE?" Old Local. "Noa, Mum, no band; but there's a fellow who plays a flute outside the village inn o' Saturday evenings."

reading the first fifty words, he laughed heartily; that he then began again and read the whole passage through from start to finish six or seven times, first to a chant in B minor; that after these exhaustive experiments the words still conveyed no meaning to his mind whata Government Department could with serious intent have issued to the whole body of Income Tax Payers two hundred words entirely devoid of sense or meangeneral basis of the profits or income ing; that therefore his first impression was probably correct and the whole Form a base practical joke, to which he replied in the same spirit and kind.

"Having myself studied the Form in question I find this defence a good one. Unfortunately, however, Haddock has put forward certain alternative de'ences,

"Secondly, he says that admittedly Section 29 (3), which I have quoted, was not yet law, and that he saw no reason why any man should split his head over it until it was.

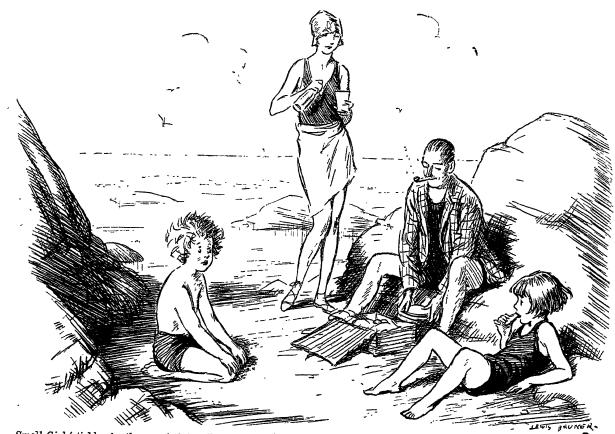
"Thirdly, he points out that he is asked to give an estimate of his profits and gains for the financial year (1927-28) which lies before us, and that his estimate of these profits is in all veracity most happily expressed by the Latin word nil.

"Cross-examined, he said, There will be no profits of my trades, professions, etc., because there will be no trades, professions, etc. I do not propose to work during the forthcoming financial year. I receive no encouragement to work, to earn money or to save money. Interest, Income from Abroad, etc. in this pronouncement (which is headed If I earn money it is sent to America;

> income, which is immoral. If I earn no money my children will be educated by the State free of charge; if I earn money I cannot afford to send them to school. My own needs are few and I can easily exist for a year by systematic week-ends and sponging on relations.' To this extraordinary outburst the prosecution replied that the general basis for the assessment of income in the current year is the profits accruing during the previous year, and that his last year's income should have been returned. The accused answered that obviously

that general basis is only put forward as a rough and untrustworthy guide where the taxpayer has admittedly the intention of pursuing in the coming year the same professional activities as in the year preceding; but silently, then aloud, and finally singing where, as in his case, the person assessed does not expect or propose to earn anything this general basis ceases to have importance; that income above all ever; that he concluded that not even | things is a question of fact, and that 'No Income, No Tax,' is still a funda-mental principle of English liberty. This defence also appears to me to be unanswerable.

"Fourthly, he says that, as a professional man (if writing can be called a profession), he sees no reason why any professional man should in any way assist the officers of the Crown in the collection of Revenue; that the professional man is the dog's-body of the State; that he is constantly writing to that Schedule in respect of profits or gains which somewhat complicate the case. to The Times newspaper or to Ministers



Small Girl (stickler for the proprieties). "Really, Bobbie, don't you fink you might comb your hair before dinner?"

to protest against injustice, or to point out the errors of His Majesty's Government; that no notice is taken of these protests; that he is referred to in Parliament contemptuously as a direct taxpayer, as if he were immune, which he isn't, from the payment of indirect taxes; that in fact he pays the greater part of both; that the wine-tax is monstrous, the whisky-tax monstrous and the tobacco-tax monstrous; that he sees no reason for the present ferocious treatment of these simple indulgences, while those poisonous pleasures with which women ruin their systems, such as tea, coffee and sweets, are classed as "necessaries" and go almost free; that they are no more necessary than beer; that there should be no representation without taxation, and that any woman may have his vote if she will take over his taxes; that the General and other strikes were responsible for the financial shortage of the country; that he was not responsible for these strikes, but, on the contrary, constantly remarked upon their futility; that the principle of retribution appears to have been forgotten; that the deficit was caused by the follies of certain persons and classes and should have been defences, and the prisoner is acquitted." made up by such taxes as would have

demonstrated to such persons and classes that strikes cost money; that he (Haddock) has studied carefully the items of National Expenditure and that from those eight hundred million pounds he (Haddock) receives no benefit except the agreeable spectacle of the Changing of the Guard and an occasional view of a distant battleship; that if every Government Department were to collapse in ruins at this moment he (Haddock) would not be a penny the worse; that in these circumstances he does not propose to exhaust himself by any elaborate efforts to assist the Inland Revenue Department to collect his money; that when a tax is placed upon bookmakers Whitehall becomes impassable for the press of deputations anxious to express their dissent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the tax is instantly reduced; that the similar heart-cries of the professional man are instantly suppressed or coldly ignored; that this must now be stopped; that he has founded a society to stop it; and that the Income-tax Delayers Association are paying his expenses in this case.

In my judgment all these defences, severally and collectively, are good A. P. H.

THE GREAT BREAD WAR.

(From "The Annual Register.")

THE year 1927 will long remain memorable for the conflict waged to determine the national diet. Originated by a leading newspaper which espoused the cause of whole-meal bread with whole-hearted fervour, it soon developed into an internecine struggle with the supporters of the white loaf, backed by all the resources of a rival journal. The contest raged with great fury and varying vicissitudes until the emergence of a third party, that of the Black Bread Shirts, mobilised and maintained by Sir Roger Jolly, the proprietor of The Daily Flail. In face of this formidable competition the Brown and White forces joined hands, and a desperate engagement was fought, in which the allies were completely defeated and driven from the field in a state of utter dietetic disorganisation, with the loss of all their Staff of Life, munitions and medico-chirurgical statistics.

The exemplary behaviour of the Black Bread Shirts in sparing the lives of their prisoners, who included several peers, baronets, grain merchants, aviators, American actresses, one bishop and a hundred-and-fifty-nine dentists, cannot be too highly commended, and was cordially

recognised in a special message from Signor Mussolini. The terms of peace arranged were most generous, providing a moratorium of five years, during which the consumption of black, brown or white bread was left optional, the ultimate choice to be then decided by a Referendum. The natural exultation of the victors led to many remarkable a newspaper cutting, his usually sombre demonstrations, not the least impressive being the following spirited ballad, composed by Sir Roger Jolly, who has since been ennobled under the title of Marquis of Black-Breadalbane:-

WAR-SONG OF THE BLACK BREAD SHIRTS.

The wholemeal bread is sweeter, The white loaf makes men slacker, We therefore deemed it meeter To boom the bread that's blacker; We never flinched or doubted, Or spent our days in dalliance, And in the end we routed The Brown and White battalions.

Along the Brook of Beavers, Around the Mere of Rother They laboured like coal-heavers, They made a fearful pother; Their regiments were led by Dentists and statisticians And prayers were daily said by Great surgeons and physicians.

In vitamins that matter They held a strong position, But wholly failed to shatter Our units of nutrition; And, though they pooled their forces, Field-marshals LANE and HORDER, In spite of their resources, Retreated in disorder.

'Twould need a dozen MALORYS To chronicle the manner In which our splendid calories Upheld our sable banner; Unmailed we went to meet them; Our rifles weren't "expresses"; And yet we fairly beat them Armed solely with black Besses.

We pillaged their pavilions; The loaves that we had looted Into the Brook in billions, Into the Mere we booted; We scourged like caterpillars Their wheat-producing acres; We rounded up their millers And commandeered their bakers.

Yet we were quite contented With having spoiled and scared them; No savage wrath we vented, We conquered but we spared them; We slew not; blood we drew not; Our trophies were not gory; Their beaten hosts supplied our toasts, Their overthrow our glory.

although one man got away by only a couple of feet."—Daily Paper. His own, no doubt!

"People near the spot had time to escape,

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL. (The title merely; read on.)

I HAD always understood that Jones was "something in the journalistic line," but his modest exterior had till of late deftly concealed from me the genius that lay within. I found him perusing countenance aglow with a smile of in-

tense self-satisfaction.

"Read that," he said, handing it to me with a complacent chuckle, "and tell me what you think of it."

I read:— "CROQUET.

"THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

"Additional interest accrues to today's University Croquet Match by reason of the fact that Oxford and Cambridge have each now won twelve matches, the remaining forty-three having been drawn. Seventy-four seasons have been and gone since this meeting was first instituted. In what different conditions was the first match played to those which exist to-day!

"The game was introduced into Oxford in the year 1850 by that famous Old Hetovian, Canon Salmer, Bulbeian Professor of Botology at that university. Cambridge quickly acquired the habit, and in 1853 C. W. P. Cuebold, an Old Arronian, collected a team and challenged Oxford to a five-match contest, to be played with three hoops and four sticks, on Market Hill at Cambridge. Oxford accepted the challenge. Their captain, I. Sweatman, reared more Mugburiensi, afterwards Whig M.P. for Sobden, reputed never to have missed a ball from a yard's range, led his team on to the field at dawn on November 1, clad in corduroy trousers and mauve jerseys, with a pink monogram on the lest breast. Cambridge however won.

"The following year a return meeting was arranged to take place outside the Bodleian Library. Cambridge were conspicuously weak, Oxford, on the other hand, having at their command a complete team of Old Blues. But the match was never played, as, on the outbreak of war with Russia, Cambridge immediately cancelled the fixture on the grounds of patriotism.

"In 1856 the width of the hoops was by mutual consent reduced from 2 st. 6 in. to 1ft. 6in., and it was decided to play on grass, a surface which, by the way, was found to be a considerable improvement, and has ever since been utilised. Hounslow Heath was selected for the meeting, and this historic spot continued to be the scene of action till the end of the century, when the present rendezyous was adopted.

either side till 1880, in which year Cuthbert Watkins, subsequently Orthopædic Lecturer in Psycho-Pathology at the British Museum, was asked to play as substitute for Oxford at the last moment. Incidentally he won the match for his side through his ball cannoning off a hoop and hitting the stick at which he had been aiming. Cambridge, however, were on this occasion playing two men shcrt.

"Of the probable result this afternoon the less said the better. Oxford are undoubtedly the faster side, but Cambridge have more staying power. If the expected happens, either side may win, but in these contests the unexpected so often occurs that it would be dangerous to attempt a prophecy. Mallet off-3 P.M.

"What do you think of it?" said Jones with the same satisfied air, when I had finished reading.

"Interesting," I said, "distinctly interesting. You—er——"

"Glance through these," he interrupted, handing me a further batch of cuttings. I read the first one:-

"Sir,—In your article on the origin of University Croquet you state that no Old Marlthusian took part on either side until the year 1880. This is incorrect. G. O. Throope, the Oxford third string in 1869, was a contemporary of mine at the old school. It is interesting to note that he displayed no exceptional aptitude for the game while still at school. You also omitted to mention that W. Malling, the famous Cambridge captain of 1872 (afterwards A.D.C. to the Governor of the Benjab), would have gone to that school had he not been successful in obtaining a scholarship at Charterbury in 1865.

P. Mugson, Yours, etc., Old Marlthusian."

I turned to the next cutting. It ran as follows:-

"Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. P. Mugson, states that W. Malling was at one time A.D.C. to the Governor of the Benjab. I was personally acquainted with Sir Hector Steak-Rumple, the Governor from 1875 to 1880, and with his successor, Sir Rupert Pontifex, who held the post from 1880 to 1886, and I can youch for the fact that neither had an A.D.C. of that name during their respective terms of office. I would not contradict Mr. Mugson, but would suggest that, if W. Malling became A.D.C. after the year 1886, he would have been getting on for forty and rather old for the post. Yours, etc.,

AUGUSTUS TOSHINGTON."

The next half-dozen cuttings appeared "It may not be generally known that to relate to the joint careers of W. no Old Marlthusian found a place in Malling, Sir Hector Steak-Rumple and



Visitor to London. "Whereabouts is the Buffingdon Hotel?" Sandwichman. "Buffindon 'OTEL? NEVER 'EARD OF IT."

Sir Rupert Pontifex, interspersed with | no doubt that Sir Hector had himimpersonal treatises on the subject of self been a keen croquet enthusiast, the ages of A.D.C.'s in general. The and did a lot to popularise the game contention of Mr. Toshington was considerably weakened by a letter from Miss Primrose Steak-Rumple, granddaughter of the Governor, to the effect that the latter never retained the same A.D.C. in his service for more than a month at a stretch, from which it fol-

with the Benjabis-facts which lent weight to the evidence of the other side.

The subject was then changed. I read as follows:-

"SIR,—You state in your article on the history of University Croquet that lowed that Mr. Toshington was claim- I. Sweatman, the Cambridge captain in ing to remember the names of no fewer | 1853, subsequently became Whig M.P. than sixty of them during her grand- for Sobden. This, Sir, is inaccurate. He father's Governorship, not to mention contested the seat at three successive that of his successor, Sir Rupert. On Elections, and each time was defeated.

Wigham seat in the Tory interest and was returned. Yours, etc.,

K. PARKER-BARKER." Several other points in the article appeared to be open to considerable doubt. The history of the width of the hoops was threshed out in half-a-dozen letters. Opinion varied, except as to one fact-that Jones had got it wrong. The question as to whether it was Cambridge or Oxford that scratched on the outbreak of the Crimean War was hotly disputed. The general run of opinion favoured Oxford, while conclusive proof was established that no meeting had the other hand there appeared to be At the next Election he contested the been arranged for that year. There was



Tripper. "I SAY, YOU AIN'T GOIN' BACK YET, ARE YER?" Boatman. "OI BE THAT. OI KNOWS JUST HOW FAR THIS BOAT CAN GO WI'OUT SINKIN'."

also abundant evidence to show that the story of Cuthbert Watkins' ball having encountered a hoop en route for the stick in the journey that gave his side the victory was without foundation.

"You seem to have got some of the facts a bit wrong," I suggested.
"Ah!" said Jones with a smile.
"Pity," I said.
"Is it?" said Jones.

I paused. "You do-er-get paid, I suppose?" I hazarded.

"My bread-and-butter," he replied. "Then wouldn't it be safer—don't

think me rude, old man—to get up the facts a bit more carefully before you

expound them?"

"I get them up extremely carefully," he replied. "My original article," he added, "filled half-a-column. Indirectly it supplied the paper for three weeks and was the means of filling twentyseven columns."

Light was beginning to dawn. Twentyseven columns!

"And you get-

"At a lower rate—yes," said Jones. "This is strictly between ourselves, of course," he added.

"Of course," I replied.

SPORT ELECTRIFIED.

THE electric hare is now firmly established in the sporting world and has many advantages as a quarry over the ordinary or natural hare. Not only does it satisfy the demands of even the most exacting member of the R.S.P.C.A., again, while the natural hare in many cases cannot. To quote the well-known proverb of the Greyhound Racing Kennels, "It's a hot dog that catches the electric hare."

I feel strongly, however, that this idea of the electric quarry should not stop at hares. The electric fox has already been suggested, but I do not recall any mention of the electric otter (complete with special machinery of the torpedo-pattern for intermittent submerging). The electric stag would also be a great innovation. Of course this too would be fitted with machinery for surface propulsion on water, so that in the event of its reaching the sea it could avoid capture by proceeding to the horizon at a high rate of knots. It would also provide increased amuse-

in ships, who would never know whether their nets were going to bring them in pilchard or stags.

This brings me to fishing. The electric salmon would, I feel sure, be a great success, and the amount of "playing' desired could be determined beforehand by the fitting of strong or weak batbut it can also be used over and over teries. Also, inattentive anglers need have no trouble in ascertaining when they had properly hooked a fish, for a good connection with the hook would ring a bell on the reel or display a red light at the end of the rod. Even troutfishing under these conditions would be exciting, and for those that are of a boastful disposition strange fish of queer shapes and incredible lengths could be manufactured. I have, I hope you will note, manfully resisted the temptation to make a joke in this connection about an electric eel.

Then there is shooting. No need, with electricity, for careful rearing of young pheasants or protection against weasels and poachers. Merely one mechanic and a small power station. The actual shooting would, of course, be arranged for by a system of overhead ment for those that go down to the sea | wires on the same principle as that in

use some years ago in our big shops for sending bills from the counters to the central cash-desk. Shooting at these wires themselves, rather than at the actual birds, in order to secure a good bag with a minimum of shots, would, I trust, be considered very bad form.

From pheasants to big game is a long step, but distance is nothing to electricity. Lord Crackshott, instead of going to Africa to help in the undoubtedly useful and necessary work of exterminating such pests as giraffes and hippopotamuses, would with the help of electricity be able to fit up his own big game shoot in his home park and woods. The electric elephant, I'm sure, would make a wonderful target. Just as, I understand, it is always difficult to kill an elephant with one shot unless that shot is skilfully placed in the eye or some other small vulnerable spot, so the element of skill need not be absent in the more scientific sport; with this difference, that, instead of the eye, the commutator or the carbon brush would be the vital place, a successful hit at once reducing the elephant's efficiency by seventy-five per cent. and soon bringing him to a standstill with complete loss of potential.

In other branches of big game hunting, use might be made of condemned Army tanks, fitted up inside with self-operating machinery and outside with the aspect and lineaments of a rhinoceros. To be charged by these monsters would provide just the same thrill as that given by a real rhino; and it would be a brave sportsman who would stand up as the creature approached, coolly pumping shot after shot into its carburettor, hoping to bring it down in time. And the penalty of failure would

also be much the same.

Finally, there is a vast field, as yet unexplored, in which to train our police by means of properly-organised electric man-hunts. Courses could be laid all over London from a Bond Street jeweller's shop-window, up staircases, over roofs, down fire-escapes, and so on, till, unless apprehended by rubber-gloved constables, the electric criminal would pop safely into a man-hole in the East End and live to spark another day.

"After the Fair, Flannel Dance will be hell in the Glebe School, from 8.30 till 11 p.m. Provincial Paper. It should certainly be hot work.

"For looking into the widows of a house after midnight an Athenian was fined £5 and recommended for deportation at Glasgow Southern Police Court yesterday. He had a small telescope."—Daily Paper.

It would take an X-ray apparatus to see through some of these widows, teste Mr. Tony Weller.



Waitress. "What ice will you have, Madam? Vanilla—strawberry—raspberry—pineapple—lemon—Neapolitan?" Customer. "Oh, anything cold will do. You see, I'm colour-blind."

ANTHONY WASHES.

Anthony washed his face to-day; Nobody made him do it; He wasn't told in the usual way; Nobody helped him through it.

He seemed his usual self before
And teased his little sister;
Suddenly stopped and walked to the
door,

Thought a moment and kissed her;

Turned, and went of his own accord, With a stern and high demeanour, And came back looking a trifle bored

But more than a trifle cleaner.

Anthony, Anthony, are you ill?
Or is my eyesight failing?
You've washed your face of your own free will!
Anthony, are you ailing?

After the outbreak in Vienna:—
"The Socialists also demand reorganisation of the ovGernment."—Evening Paper.
It does seem to have been a little upset.

"Mike saw that the game was up, and made a desperate bib for liberty. In the struggle a veritable arsenal was found concealed in his clothing."—Morning Paper.

These desperate bibs cover a multitude of sins.

GUSHINGS OF THE GREAT.

I.-My MAIL-BAG. (By a Film-Actor.)

YES, women have loved me.

Do not trust the man who says that he is unaffected by the admiration of women. It is the merest braggadocio. Distrust equally the plain man who affects to despise the good looks which capture a woman's heart. It is down-

right jealousy.

In my little home near Hollywood there stands, beyond the flower-gardens and the artificial lake with its swannery, a barn. It is filled with packing-cases. They contain the love-letters of women -women from all over the world! In those packing-cases, nestling side by sea . . . side with the scented note from some

dark Caribbean belle, you will find the coroneted letter of a proud Englishmarchioness, or perhaps the humble effusion of a poor working-girl in Lapland or

Spain.

I cannot help being adored. Nay, rather I count it a great responsibility, a kind of trust which has been reposed in me, as it were, by a higher power, and which I have to do my utmost to fulfil. Some of those letters of which I have spoken are ill-spelt and ungrammatical; in others the finely-turned sentences speak of a practised literary style. I cannot of course deal

with this volume of correspondence by are yours if you will but consent to be myself. My staff of translators come at mine . . ." half-past nine and spend three hours every day in my secretarium. I pay them a high salary, but I do not grudge it. In some cases a brief printed form

is sent in reply.

Just about noon, when I have swum in my lake, I go into my oratory and my readers read my letters aloud to me. I have an expert staff of readers, with mellow voices and sympathetic eyes. Meanwhile my secretaries are cardindexing my love-letters preparatory to | day. their packing by my packers and their carting away by my hauliers to my

What eloquent messages they contain, these missives of love!

Sharon my heart went pit-a-pat! Your existence. They see me jumping from a eyes have lived with me ever since. precipice, swimming in the sea, scouring Your feet walk in my heart. Your | the desert—in my last few big pictures

archers have builded. I am wholly and perpetually yours . . .

"There comes to me always when I look at you a picture of shining orangegroves and deep-blue Italian skies. you for ever my beau-ideal of manly virility and zip. Your arms! Your torso! Your neck! Your hair!..."

with me, O beautiful! across the Ah, if I but could!

"A kraal, ten oxen and a rind pest I have known love. But has it been

Children. "An old gentleman asked us whose children we were." Mother (proudly). "How nice of him!"
Child. "Then he went and told a policeman."

And there is one, a very simple one, from far Japan:-

"My lotus bud . . ."

The fragrance that rises from these epistles can waft one in a twinkling of an eye all over the world. Frangipani, opoponax, mimosa, chypre, lavender, attar of roses, turpentine, eucalyptus. have the secretarium disinfected every

Sometimes there are little gifts inside. A flower, a ribbon, a fifty-dollar bill, a lock of hair.

in some respects a disillusioned man. I did not feel it. My correspondents never seem to re-"When I first saw you in The Rose of alise the artificial nature of a film-star's

-they watch me as SENNACHERIB or TAMBURLAINE, or a young American private winning the Great War; they think of me roaming in the grounds of my little home at Hollywood, practising Ah me! O caro mio, we were made for | my sword-arm, crawling through caceach other. Is it not so? N'est-ce tuses or polishing my muscles with pas? Hein? That moment in The sand-paper and oil; but they do not Zero Hour, when you come up out of understand how I am surrounded by the drain, dressed in nothing but riding- parasites and flatterers, they do not breeches, in time to prevent the flooding grasp how wearisomely mechanical of the electric power station, has made you for ever my beau-ideal of manly virility and zip. Your arms! Your nature of things imagine how often I long to throw aside my work for a "I am but a simple New Guinea simple holiday in a quiet country shack maid, but I love you! Rub noses embowered with honeysuckle and bees.

I have known fame and admiration.

the true love of the spirit, apart from physical allurement, untouched by admiration for my acting powers, my wealth and my personal charm? I sometimes wonder. And when I wonder I feel sad. I go out into my little grounds and feed one of my pet swans with caviare.

"Swanny," I say to him, "I sometimes think we are very alike, we two. The world admires us for our gracefulness, yet we live solitary, aloof. Sometimes we would both give all we have to be simple ganders on a rustic green."

The swan makes no reply.

I retrace my steps sadly up the terraces of my little house, thinking how much philosophy there is in what I was saying. I am a shadow-king, the figment of a dream, the creation of a sculptor or a poet rather than a man. My face is known to half the inhabitants of the globe. Whenever they see it women pant; they gasp when I move; they shudder when I am in danger; they Impossible to name them. I have to close their eyes when I kiss; they go queer all over when I smile. And yet I cannot see them; I make no response to their tremors. One day, when I was kissing a heroine, a Zulu chief in a spasm of jealousy hurled an assegai at the And yet, with all these letters, I am | screen. It hit me fairly in the jaw, but

Most poignantly at moments like these I remember one letter, the sweetest of all little letters that was ever sent to me—one that I do not keep in the big barn, but in a drawer of my own nose is like a great tower which the I have scoured the desert almost clean lacquered bureau amongst the business-



Profiteer's Wife. "I reely ort to call on the Vicar's wife, but I'm not dressed for it." Profiteer. "What—not with them new furs an' jewels?" Profiteer's Wife. "No—I wouldn't like her to see 'em; it ud only breed class 'atred."

papers in my contractorium. It is from a simple English maiden living in an old-world English town. I picture her often, in a garden of lavender and hollyhocks, hereyes as blue as forget-me-nots, her hair the colour of golden corn:—

"I have been to see you in Flames of Araby fourteen times," she says; "and will you do this one thing for me? Next time I go cast one look, one teeny weeny look that shall be for me, and me alone. I shall be about the middle of the third row of the ba'cony-stalls. You will know me because I have just shingled my hair.—EVANGELINE."

Somewhere in the starry spheres, beyond time and eternity, perhaps Evangeline's soul and mine, twin-mated, will be seeking the unfathomable destiny of pure sweet spirit love. Meanwhile I have her note.

Romance Below Stairs.

"Hotel.—Youth Wanted at once, for Pantry Work, 15s.; love in."—Provincial Paper.

"To-day the Mahommedan Community will celebrate 'Id-ul-duha' (Hari Raya Hadji). We wish our Muslin readers 'Id Mobarak.'"

And so say all of us.

China Paper.

SUGGESTIONS,

based on a Study of the Popular Press, for a Brighter Version of the National Anthem.

UP with the sacred Screen!
Down with the dismal Dean!
Down with all gloom!
Long may the Silent Muse,
Emptying dusty pews,
With its inspiring views
England illume!

Why seek St. Paul's to prop?
Is not St. Vitus topHole of High Jinks?
Long let us dance and laugh
And, as we prance and quaff,
Worship the Silken Calf
Clad in flesh pinks!

Britons, awake and cry,
"Don't let the Night Clubs die!
Don't let them slump!"
Confound the politics,
Frustrate the knavish tricks,
Of WILLIAM JOYNSON HICKS—
Perish the pump!

A bas the B.B.C., Seeking to drive all glee Out of our homes! Give us more dance saloons, More epileptic tunes, More syncopating coons, More Picture-dromes!

Long may the great and good Gospel of Hollywood Leaven our lives! Long may TALLULAH reign! Long may her zeal maintain On the heroic plane Maidens and wives!

A Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Of course, the curve of trade does not move in a straight line."—Weekly Paper.

"On Tucsday, August 9th, at the Market Hall, Herman — wi.l juggle His Worship the Mayor."—Welsh Paper.

It will be taking a great liberty if he does.

"I am a good example of what people should wear, for I have flannel next to the skin, flannel above that, flannel clothes, and a flannel overcoat.—Lord Rochdale."—Sunday Parer.

"Not a great deal of new business is being obtained by flannel manufacturers in the Rochdale district, and the demand for summer flannels has been very disappointing."

Trade Paper.

One peer, we are afraid, does not make a boom—not even a local one.



MANNERS AND MODES.

STUDY OF A WIFE REVENGING HERSELF ON A HUSBAND WHO HAS PERSISTENTLY CONDEMNED THE MODERN FASHIONS.

THE PURCHASE OF PEGASUS.

NINE little sisters they sat, all angelic, on The high tops, the old tops, the blue tops of Helicon; The sea, down below them, crawled crinkled and bluely Where the little sea-horses ran all so unruly;

And the dear little nine
Told each other, "Of course,
There'd be nothing so fine
As a little white horse!"

So they called to the Sun, "Oh, big brother Apollo, oh!" (And each pretty mouth made a little round hollow O), "Bring us home, bring us home to our heights Helicony A galoppy, paluppy little sea-pony!"

"Which," Sir Sun said, "I'll do;

Which," Sir Sun said," I'll do But, my loves, understand That a colt from *that* blue Is a slug upon land."

So he picked a white foal off a comber's great blue sickle And he carried it up to the fair tops and musical; Then said nine little maids, as each wrinkled her forehead, "Why, it's turned to a clammy white cloud, oh, how horrid!"

But the little cloud kissed
The whole petulant nine,
Soaked their chitons with mist
And strolled home to the brine.

Then spoke Father Ocean (familiarly, "Daddy" 'tis), "You damped little darlings, how dreadfully sad it is,

Yet they never would suit you—my little salt horses;
But we've just named your stamp from our πήγαι (or sources)—

A colt that our Stud
Groom would sell for a song."
(He'd got shore-going blood
And his shoulders seemed wrong.)

Of grammar regardless, all nine cried of Pegasus, "Got ever nine little girls such a good egg as us?" And, though I have found that he often refuses, He is still the winged pet of the good little Muses;

While the song, so I'm told,
That they paid for their dear
May be heard if you'll hold
A sea-shell to your ear.
P. 1

P. R. C.

The Increasing Porpoise.

"PORPOISE IS SHOT WEIGHING 2,000 TONS.

Two shots were required to kill the giant, which weighed nearly two thousand pounds."—Canadian Paper.

A porpoise is not strictly a fish, but appears to have a fish's capacity for growing after death.

From a London letter:-

"Financial circles here are deeply interested in the meetings in America between Governor Montagu Norman of the Bank of Egypt, Dr. Hajalmar Schlact of the Reichsbank, Dr. Charles Rist of the Bank of France and American Treasury and Federal Reservo Bank officials."—New York Paper.

We too are deeply interested in this Norman invasion of Egypt.



THE OLD HAND.

PRINCE (to PREMIER). "STEP RIGHT IN, UNCLE STANLEY. I'LL SHOW YOU ROUND. I'M AT HOME HERE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 18th.—Mr. AMERY may pipe in the Empire market-place, but he cannot make Lord STRACHIE dance. On the contrary the noble lord, tuning his pipe to a doleful pitch in another place, claimed that the Empire Marketing Board was urging the British public to buy Empire fruit and meat to the detriment of the British farmer. He thought it a bit rough to ask the British taxpayer to find half-a-million a year for this unsatisfactory purpose.

Lord Bledisloe, in reply, intimated that the Government at the last Imperial Conference had undertaken to "boom" Dominion food-products as an alternative to giving them preferential treatment. The Empire Marketing Board did much more than that, however. Had there not, within the last fortnight, appeared in the Press an advertisement of home-grown vegetables? Was the Board not on the eve of publishing an advertisement "relat-

ing to British cheese"?

It takes more than a bit of cheese to catch Lord PARMOOR, who declared that Lord BLEDISLOE had entirely ignored Lord STRACHIE's main point, which was that in a time of deep agricultural depression the Empire Marketing Board was using the British taxpayers' money to advertise produce that competed with our own. Lord Salisbury was all for the British farmer, but all for the Dominions too. With a little adjustment preference could be given without injuring British interests. Australian and South African fruit, for example, was produced at a different time from ours. Lord Beauchamp sourly observed that British goods going to Canada were taxed 18 per cent. as against an average 15 per cent. for all other countries. The motion-for a return of the Empire Marketing Board's expenditures—was negatived, a sad blow for those British farmers who have been hoping to stave off ruin this year by planting a catchcrop of grape-fruit.

Lord MILDMAY OF FLETE called attention to the pollution of rivers, and Lord Balfour informed their lordships that the Government proposed to set up an advisory Committee to deal with the problem. This Committee would direct its energies to securing the cooperation of local bodies, establishing new river boards, bringing pressure to bear on manufacturers and others to control or purify their effluents, and otherwise to deal with the vexed question. There would be, in addition to this Committee, the Research Committee, which had already been set up to deal with the purely scientific aspects of the problem. Lord

some of these in a way which must have depressed any noble fishermen who happened to be present.

In the Commons Mr. AMERY gave the names of the newly appointed Com-



THE TSETSE FLY IN THE EAST AFRICAN OINTME NT. MR. THURTLE.

mittee on Imperial Medical Research, and the PRIME MINISTER explained that owing to pressure of business the proposed extension of the franchise to women over twenty-one would not be moved during the Autumn Session.



"A DAY OF FASTING AND HUMILIATION."-Mr. Tom Johnston on the Act of Union (Scot-

Sir N. Grattan-Doyle expressed the fear that once the road-breakers get their picks into Piccadilly we shall say good-bye to it for so long that our hearts | had arrived back to find himself out of Balfour permitted himself to deal with | will no longer be there when it reopens. | office.

Colonel Ashley said that to pave the street a half at a time was not practicable, and he declined to give any assurance that the work would not take more than two or three months. As a solatium to those who dwell in Piccadilly he said that the drills would not be operated at night.

The House got to work once more on the Finance Bill. Some long clauses, of concern only to supertax-payers and presumably understanded of them, were added to the Bill and some rejected. Mr. LEES-SMITH made a gallant but unsuccessful effort to get the allowance on earned income raised. Mr. GILLETT strove with equal zeal and no more result to get the duty on lace repealed. Captain BOURNE failed to get the stamp duty on cheques lowered, and Sir F. MEYER could not persuade the House to let off-licence grccers sell half-bottles of spirits.

Other Members tried their luck in vain, and then Mr. REMER moved to leave out the offending Clause 31 (née Clause 29). Mr. CHURCHILL defended the thing at great length and pointed out that by a series of amendments he had done everything needful in the way of safeguarding legitimate traders from interference with their affairs. Sir HILTON Young said he attached more value to Mr. Churchill's assurances than he did to his amendments. Possibly on the strength of this somewhat cryptic utterance Mr. Remer withdrew his motion, and the House passed the amendments.

Tuesday, July 19th.—Mr. HARNEY created what is perhaps a record for the House of Commons. As the champion of sex equality he asked the House to give a Second Reading to a Bill to permit women to be employed in painting buildings with lead paint. Thereupon Miss Bondfield rose and asked the House to do nothing of the kind. If men liked to poison themselves with lead paint, she said, women desired no such privilege. So completely did Miss Bondfield demonstrate the inequality of the sexes that the intellectually weaker vessel could not even find a voice to support his own Bill, the Second Reading of which was denied without a division and amid loud jeers from the inferior sex.

The House discussed East Africa. What one may call the Party afflatus is jealously excluded from such debates. Nevertheless Mr. J. H. THOMAS, when congratulating Mr. AMERY on his forthcoming trip, permitted himself to recall the fact that when, as Colonial Secretary, he had taken such a trip, he had profited greatly by the experience, but

picion of his party that the Government contemplated going back on the policy enunciated in the White Paper of 1923, in which the Government recognised itself as being invested with a trusteeship on behalf of the native populations. The white settlers in Kenya and elsewhere had made it clear that they aimed at getting the control of the Colonies in ment's trusteeship of native interests method of its attainment. The national the men and boats engaged in it in should in no way be diminished.

Sir S. Henn and Captain R. Henderson discussed some of the more pressing problems of the East African Colonies, from the tsetse fly to the need of a single Customs administration. Mr. RENNIE SMITH spoke for those in Kenya who opposed compulsory military training.

Mr. AMERY was eloquently reassuring. There was no question of the Government and the House abandoning their trusteeship of native interests. The Colonies, however, were advancing with unexpected rapidity, and federation, which had not been practical politics in 1923, was now, for administrative reasons alone, becoming something of a necessity. East Africa was not a black man's country in the sense that West Africa was, nor a white man's country in the sense that South Africa was, but a country in which both black and white could live and progress side by side. There was no thought at present of handing over control of East Africa to the white settlers, but

what were to a large extent their affairs. The Commission which was going to investigate this and other matters Scottish Commissioners. would, in making its recommendations and its report, naturally bear in mind the fact that at some distant future day the black and white inhabitants of East Africa would be co-operating in the management and control of their own affairs.

Mr. THURTLE did not wish to say anything harsh about the white settlers, but did not believe that they were angels with sprouting wings.

Mr. THOMAS JOHNSTON speaks for those robust Scots who think the Act of Union was an Act of national humiliation and resent its consummation being Times, he said, had stated that the

that his countrymen should not be "un-Scotched." Scotland's clear gain from the Act of Union, he said, was the loss of her Parliament—a relic of the dark ages-and the migration of most of her nobility to London. This gave the Scots a chance to settle down to banking, less reform." science and literature. Sir John Simon sturdily defended the Union, summontheir hands, and the new White Paper | ing CARLYLE and Sir WALTER SCOTT



Old Mother Winston Hubbard. "Sorry it's not as meaty

his remarks, arose from the un-Scottish

Captain HACKING thought the Scots would have felt a deal more insulted if they had been left out of the eight pictures representing great episodes in the building of Britain. The House, surfeited with Art, turned with zest to the Finance Bill.

Wednesday, July 20th .- A question by Lord Braye as to whether the Government, in its House of Lords' reform scheme, contemplated the retention of all the bishops, caused Lord fit subject for question and answer. DENMAN to ask if the Government still had in fact any scheme at all. The depicted in St. Stephen's Hall. Mr. whole scheme might now be dismissed | Health followed.

Mr. Thomas appeared to share the sus- | Buchan did not go so far, but urged | as a necessary process of educating Ministers in "post-war mentality. Lord Salisbury declared that the Government's proposals remained the Government's proposals, but relieved the House by denying that he belonged to "a party that was in favour of reck-

The House discussed herrings, fresh, kippered and Klondiked. There was unanimity of opinion that the herring issued by the Government seemed to in support of it. Mr. J. Brown, Labour fleets were in a bad way, owing chiefly show sympathy with that aspiration. Member for Ayrshire, said they attacked to the loss of the Russian markets. Mr. Snell also urged that the Govern- not the results of the Union but the Not much more than three-quarters of

1913, said Sir ARCHIBALD SIN-CLAIR, were engaged in it now.

Various remedies — wireless receiving sets (to get news of where the herring-shoals had been located), co-operation, the repair of small harbours, credit to enable Poland to buy millions of barrels of herrings on tick, an "Eat more herrings" campaign by the Empire Marketing Board—were suggested by as many Members. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE thought the herring had a better chance of making peace between Britain and Russia than the Home Secretary.

The Secretary of Scotland said that the Russian market was lost because the Soviet Government bought the herrings cheap in this country and resold them at exorbitant prices. He hoped that new markets would be found in Germany, Holland and elsewhere.

Thursday, July 21st.—The spirit of æsthetic criticism is catching. Scotland having adversely criticised the Act of Union picture in St. Stephen's Hall, Conservatives are now beit was not possible to refuse to Old Mother Winston Hubbard. "Sorry it's not as meaty ginning to pick historic and associate them with the British Government in the management of humiliation, the House gathered from new masterpieces. This afternoon Sir

CHARLES OMAN asked the UNDERpaltriness of the bribes accepted by the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT if he was aware that the picture of King John signing Magna Carta was incurring criticism, and that the incident depicted-the British standard being blown down on top of the Papal Legate-did not in fact occur.

The House probably wondered how Sir Charles knew that the legs protruding from the standard in the picture were those of a Papal Legate. The Under-Secretary said it was no The First Commissioner of Works would be happy to discuss it in private.

A debate on the Scottish Board of



INDUSTRIES OF THE FUTURE.

ELECTRIFYING A JUGGED HARE.

HORACE.

I have a friend, a hedgehog, who But rarely meets the public view; From Nov. to Ap. with varying dates The lazy fellow hibernates.

In summer he devours, o' nights, The slugs and other parasites That come within his favourite beat; He never lacks for food to eat.

He visits at such dreadful hours That it is quite beyond my powers To keep, by staying wide awake, Any appointment he may make.

I meet him only once a year, Before the corn comes into ear, What time, to save the precious sets, I fix my fruit-protecting nets.

And then one morn, as I survey The doings of the previous day, In nets unnaturally taut I find my little Horace caught. He calmly lies with folded hands

Because he fully understands His capture was not my intent, But just the merest accident.

He lets me touch him as I like And never lifts a single spike; Nor does the pet assume at all The more defensive form of ball.

I loose the toils that bind him round And set his velvet feet to ground; He puts his nose, as soft as silk, Into the proffered bowl of milk.

Dear Horace, after making free Of this my hospitality, Does not escape with tactless haste; He has a genuine sense of taste.

He debonairly bows and blinks As though to say "I like your drinks," Then nods and gives a little cough Before he finally toddles off.

He marches slowly homeward, which Means straight along the deepest ditch, And as he goes I seem to hear His murmur, "Till another year."

_ E. P. W.

"A FACT-No. 6.

The last battle fought on English soil was the battle of Sedgmoor in 1865. Did you know?"-West Indian Paper. Candidly, we did not.

"FOR SALE.

On account of divorce, model piggery, with modern residential house.—Write in French to François ——."—French Paper.

We should have expected that a model piggery would create a healthier atmcsphere.

"On moving eight empty bee hives from Leighton Buzzard to Chorlton Mackrel, Somerset, the village schoolmaster found them filled with bees from the church tower."

Daily Paper.

It is thought in the districts abovementioned that the bees really came from Joanna Southcott's bonnet, and that there is a theological significance time, and when at last he planked the in this moving story.

FRUSTRATED SPORT.

THE great firm of Jones and Welby, Limited (Jones II. and Welby III. of the Second Form) was temporarily bifurcated. Jones was slipping along the High Street to old Dimity's shop; Welby was making for the Camford cross-roads, where, under the modest roof of an obliging cottager, a forbidden rifle was kept. A joyous afternoon in the neighbourhood of Birley Woods lay before them, and life was very, very good.

The purchase of cartridges being strictly against the school rules, the first half of the firm approached Dimity's shop circumspectly and peered casually through the door. Good; it was empty. He scanned the High Street; no master's form besmirched the landscape. He popped in.

"Āshilling's-worth of No. 5 cartridges, Dimity, please; and I'm rather in a hurry," he said briskly.

"Young gentlemen always are," grumbled old Dimity, creaking across the shop; "I 'ope you're as eager after your lessons."

"Oh, rather, Dimity, rather. I say, you might give us a few extra because this is our last bob."

"I shall give you what's right and proper," protested the old man, plunging under the counter.

He did not emerge for quite a long required box on the counter another Mr. Robertson, one of the Classical masters, seeking golf-balls. For one ghastly moment Jones's remarkable pregnant got out the fish-hooks. Jones paid "Oh, she does, does she?" was himself again.

"Hurry up with those fish-hooks, Dimity," he said, affecting ignorance of the master's presence; "I want to get

Old Dimity, with one hand in the cartridge-box, stopped as if he had been stung. "Fish-hooks?" he repeated in injured tones.

"Certainly — pike hooks three—for using with gorge tackle. Didn't you hear? Oh, good afternoon, Sir!"

"Good afternoon, Jones. I didn't know you were a fisherman." Mr. Robertson had a pleasant voice and a kindly eye, the sort of eye which would not dream of dwelling on interdicted things like cartridges.

"Rather, Sir."

"A-er-contemplative recreation, Jones."

"Very, Sir."

"Promoting calm thoughts and a love of nature."

"Oh, rather, Sir."

"You find it reacts so with you?"

"Er-yes, Sir."

Mr. Robertson rubbed his nose thoughtfully. "Of course you know it's the close season for coarse fish, Jones?"

Once again the senior partner of the great firm was temporarily shaken. "Oh, well, Sir, it's—it's pleasant to prepare for the—er—season."

Mr. Robertson elevated his brows. "This providential forethought, this laying up for the future, so to speak, is a phase of your character which had hitherto escaped me," he observed thoughtfully. "I fear I have wronged you, Jones."

"N-not at all, Sir."

"And where is Welby, may I ask?" "Welby, Sir?" Jones asked the

question as though inquiry had been made for the late JULIUS CÆSAR.

"Yes-Welby. You've heard the name before, I imagine?"

"Oh—Welby; yes, Sir. He's—he's messing about somewhere, I expect."

"Gone to get the—ahem—fishing-rod, perhaps?" (You might think perhaps from this that Mr. Robertson had instantly diagnosed the whole situation, but a glance at his mild benevolent countenance would surely apprise you that this could not be the case.)

'I—I don't think so, Sir."

sence of mind deserted him; then he for them, wished Mr. Robertson a chaste good afternoon and slipped from the shop. Dashed unfortunate, Robby coming in like that. Now he would have to wait until the shop was clear and go back again. Beastly waste of Robby asked, too. Not that it matbeyond his nose.



Manager of Touring Party. "I CALLED TO SEE IF YOU COULD PUT UP TEN CHORUS-GIRLS."

Rural Dame, "No-I've 'EERD TOO MUCH 'BOUT THEM; BUT I DON'T MIND 'AVIN' THOSE WOT SINGS THE VERSES."

Street to the tobacconist's. Something that it?" seemed to be amusing him, because he smiled a little as he entered. Could it be he had suddenly remembered that six golf-balls are really not enough for one afternoon and that he would have

Jones was back in Dimity's almost it was a groan. as soon as Mr. Robertson had disappeared into the tobacconist's. "I say, Dimity," he cried; "those fish-hooks-I find I shan't want them after all."

Dimity was aggrieved. "When did you find that out?" he grumbled.

"I'd forgotten I promised my Aunt Flo not to fish any more. She thinks it

"So, if you don't mind, I'll have the

cartridges instead."

"Now look here, Sir," said Dimity, "this establishment don't exchange things. I want that to be understood in the school. Only yesterday Mr. time. And what footling questions | Huskisson wanted me to swop a pair of roller-skates and two electric torches tered, because he couldn't see a thing | for a wireless set, and I've decided to put my foot down."

"No, but really, Dimity, that was our last bob, you know, and we simply must have cartridges."

"Aunt Flo don't feel so kindly about rabbits as she do about groused fishes. seemingly," Dimity.

"I can't go into that, Dimity, because I'm in a hurry. Women, you know, are frightfully complicated. Be a sport, there's a good fellow."

Dimity hesitated and then relented. "I didn't ought to," he said, and dived once more

under the counter.

There is no doubt the gods must look after simple kindly souls like Mr. Robertson, because his return visit was the most extraordinarily timed thing imaginable. The box was on the counter; the lid was flung back, and Dimity's hand was thrust among the cartridges when he came benevolently in.

"I think I shall want another couple of golf-balls after all, Dimity," he said. "Hullo,. Jones! What are you back again for?"

This time the superb presence of mind did really fail. "Well, Sir," he faltered, "I-er-just popped back to—er—"
The master was merciful. "I

Mr. Robertson chose his golf-balls, | knowwhat it is, Jones," he said, "you're came out and went down the High|at a loose end for the afternoon; isn't

> "Well, Sir, I—I really hadn't— "Then perhaps you wouldn't mind caddying for me? There's a competition on, you know, and I doubt if

there'll be a caddy left." to go back to Dimity's for a few more? Jones tried to impart a touch of But surely there is nothing funny in heartiness to his "Certainly, Sir," but a casual listener might have thought

Welby waited at the cross-roads.

"LIVE STOCK AND PETS.

Nothing is said about its mask.

Clarionet, 26 in., excellent condition; brush, pads."-Provincial Parer.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE VILLAGE" (GLOBE).
MISS VERE SULLIVAN, the author of



A BOND OF SYMPATHY.
"ME AN' WILL'S BEEN ON THE 'ORSES
TOGETHER!"

Martha Smith . MISS UNA O'CONNOR. Will Sparks . . Mr. Reginald Denham.

this derivative experiment in joking, has the sound gift of being able to pour out with engaging spontaneity a packed succession of amusing lines. She is much less successful in combining them into an appropriate pattern, so that, as so often happens in the work of the cleverinexperienced, the parts are distinctly better than the whole.

One cannot help being a little sceptical about the survival, in these days of broadcasting by charabane and radio, of so primitive a collection of rustics, especially as Ley, of a county unnamed, is shown from internal evidence to be less than half-aday's motor-drive from Beckenham. Let us, however, give our author her village with its unsophisticated and half-sophisticated types. But we may reasonably jib at the incongruous mixture of tragedy and farce. A farce diluted with tragedy does not, by the way, become a comedy - our author's label - but only, I am afraid, a maimed farce.

It is, of course, just possible to extract humour from funerals and the antics of newly-bereaved widows torn between

the sorrows of bereavement, the excitement of feeling important, and hankerings after the roundabouts at the annual fair. It is just possible that a village-born girl who has escaped into the type-writing and to whom it is a pressing matter that the date of her wedding to a much-advertised "gentleman" from Beckenham should not be too long postponed, should insist on its being celebrated the day after her father's burial. And I suppose it is conceivable in the strange realm of utter farce that, when the bridegroom fails to turn up and the Smith family is overwhelmed with the shame of the fiasco and dread of the malicious comments of the village, another woman of the family, an elderly aunt who has been long ago seduced by a neighbouring farmer should make a hasty match of it with her old swain and induce him to buy a special licence so that their wedding may be celebrated on the following day, in order that the family honour should be promptly retrieved and the twice-baked funeral meats and the unemployed wedding-cake be not wasted.

What is not at all possible is that these antics should be performed to a tragic obbligato; for the disappointment of poor pretentious Nell Smith is tragedy, and feelingly played as tragedy by Miss OLGA LINDO. Aunt Sarah Smith makes a difficult and tragic avoyal of her

ancient unsuspected larss; and sister Martha Smith, also on this tightly-packed village day, secures for herself, after a prayer of tragic intensity to the



MISS OLGA LINDO (as Nell Smith) PRE-PARES TO OUTSTRIP MISS TALLULAH BANK-HEAD IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

patron of the day, St. MICHAEL, the rejected suitor of the ambitious Nell.

OLGA LINDO. Aunt Sarah Smith makes That is the reason why the lines of a difficult and tragic avowal of her the Second and Third Acts, though

amusing in themselves, brought less comfort to all but the least critical, and justified the temperate ardour of an audience that certainly had nothing but good will towards the affair in the First. The young author, who took her call modestly, will have seen these things for herself, and will, I hope, at her next venture plant her arrow in the gold, not in the outer.

The actors, handicapped by the unplausibility of the general situations and the kaleidoscopic changes of mood which were inevitable, did their work so soundly as almost by a tour de force to save the day. Miss OLGA Lindo, who bore the brunt of the difficulty, could indeed do no more than take each mood as it came and do her clever best with it. Miss NANCY PRICE, in an admirable portrait of the sour pseudo-spinster with the heart of gold, displayed a conviction which was almost infectious. Miss Una O'Connor is always subtle and accomplished and her Martha as a detached performance was admirable. Mr. FEW-LASS LLEWELLYN took a holiday from his rather stereotyped if



THE VILLAGE LOTHARIO.

Andrew Sparks . . . Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn.

Sarah Smith Miss Nancy Price.

gave us a freshtype in farmer Sparks. Mr. E. Scott Gatty, K. H. Broadberry, the stage effects than by the dialogue. D. Clarke-Smith's study of an ignoble Kim Peacock, Harold Warrender, Miss Joyce Barbour, a versatile and sound. Mr. Wallace Geoffrey had a this kind, and the standard is high; Dan, and acquitted himself well.

Miss CATHLEEN MACCARTHY did her Jack Strachey, with Mr. Billy Merson, which depends rather on surprise, is not best, which is good, with the pert, malicious and incredibly repentant

"SHAKE YOUR FEET" (HIPPODROME).

However austerely the intelligentsia may wag its head over the decay of wit and serious purpose in the legitimate theatre it must grin with a pleasure shared by ordinary folk like ourselves at the progressive triumphs of the dance, not merely in the relatively attenuated atmosphere of the Russian Ballet but in the popular Halls and Palaces. If there were some escape from perpetual syncopation and less repetition of the musical motifs our pleasure would be unalloyed. Ragtime has shot its bolt and a new inspiration and accompaniment must surely be found for our young Atalantas of the dance.

Shake Your Feet is of course primarily a dancing revue, perhaps not so distinguished as Lady Luck, and deriving a little from it. The Chorus is less well drilled; but the individual accomplishment of the principals, the charming American blonde, JANETTE GILMORE, five of the "original GERTRUDE HOFFMAN girls" (also American) — BILLY SLOAN, DOROTHY ELLIS, LUISE BLACKBURN, TOOTS GREGORY and CLAIRE DE FIGANIÈRE - and the lithe and graceful Max Rivers, is as high as anything in that enlivening entertainment. Miss JANETTE GIL-

MORE indeed adds to her dancing skill and the technique of a superb athlete a dramatic talent which makes her performance entirely delightful.

To note the most successful items of a long programme: the ensemble dances, "Shake your Feet," "Dancing Shoes," "Collette," an affair of midinettes and poilus (a little marred perhaps by a rather characteristically Hippodromic preference for an ungainly and somewhat embarrassing gesture—shall we call it?—of the ladies concerned) were



SHAKING HER SKATES. MISS JANETTE GILMORE.

were entirely admirable. Of the sketches | the situation. the best was "Famous Families," an impression of the domestic lives of the and about him were gathered Sir Blew NUTTALLS (the dictionary not the tennis | Pille, Sir Porous Plaster, Sir Black people), the PELMANS and Mrs. BEETON. Mr. BILLY MERSON as the curate in "Prizes" gave us an amusing and tactful performance, and the Banana fantasy by his village quintette was a diverting business. In "A Little Interference" this excellent comedian was | Twunce and Sir Carver Shortleigh. droll enough, but less like Sir GERALD DU MAURIER than one would believe possible. Miss Joyce Barbour, in suplively and spectacularly effective; a port, gave an adequate suggestion of the charming dance, "Anyone but You," feline methods of Miss HILDA MOORE.

technically accomplished methods and HEATHER and Messrs. Denis Cowles, moment had its points, made rather by

Miss Joyce Barbour, a versatile and cad (the expected bridegroom) was excelland (I think) Ronald Grey, had a attractive performer, was conspicuous lent in its class. Mr. Reginald Den- grace and dignity which struck a new in a dozen items; Miss Gwen Farrar HAM'S clumsy, obstinate, right-feeling note; a step-dance by Mr. Max was at her old clever tricks and some Will Sparks seemed to me thoroughly Rivers was the best I have seen in new ones to good effect, with and withwas at her old clever tricks and some out Mr. BILLY MAYERL, who did astonmore difficult task with his sober brother Miss Janette Gilmore's "graceful ishing things with a piano. Mr. Milton exercise," her skating dance, an amazing | HAYES, an original and entertaining Finally Miss Dora Gregory's old piece of virtuosity, and her "Never the comedian, was the compère of the show. widow was a pleasant performance, and Time," to an unusually good tune by Mr. It is just possible that his method,

> suited to continuous appearances on one evening; but there was nothing in his performance to justify the ill manners of a small but noisy section of the audience. Theatregoing is a social function where manners are important. If minorities, with more (or less) wit and understanding than their fellows, disapprove they can signify their disapproval by silence - a quite sufficient indication to the perceptive artist.

Mr. Jack Hylton infuriated his band into making those loud and lively noises which are so popular.

A sound and varied entertainment.

TACT.

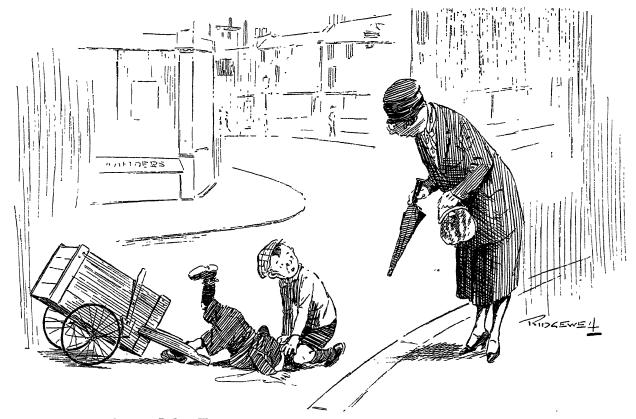
Once upon a time there was a Queen who suffered from ennui. She had a handsome King and ropes of pearls and everything that she fancied, but she could not throw off her lassitude and depression.

No efforts were spared to provide her with distraction and entertainment. Singers and dancers of every nationality but her own were lavishly engaged. Her tables were covered with novels and the illustrated papers. But in vain. She still moped, and in course of time began to lose her health and with it her looks.

Being a Queen she had a great many physicians and surgeons, and one day they met to discuss

Lord Extract of Malt took the Chair. Draught, Sir Elder Flower, Sir Dandy Lion and Sir Diag Nosis. There were two lady-doctors also on the list, Miss Sal Volatile and Dame Bella Donna, and both attended; and the principal surgeons were also there, Sir Hewatt

The conference was voluble, but no one had anything very useful to say, and it was not long before they all looked at their watches and murmured about other appointments. It was at by the five Hoffman girls, with Peggy | A travesty of the thrill plays of the this moment that a messenger handed



Lady. "What are you doing to that little boy?" Small Boy. "It's all right, Mum. We're playing at 'orse down."

to Lord Extract of Malt a sealed letter, which he hastily read, first to himself and then to the others. It was unsigned and ran thus: "Might not Her Majesty be better if she were allowed to talk with ordinary people, unpre-pared by Court officials for the interview-in fact not necessarily knowing who she was?"

There was a period of silence after

the perusal of this document.
"Very unwise," said Lord Extract of Malt."

"Very dangerous," said Sir Elder Flower.

"Risks of infection," said Dame Bella Donna.

"Or even of assassination," said Miss Sal Volatile.

"Terrible thought," said Sir Carver Shortleigh.

"Most disturbing," said Sir Hewatt

"Then I take it," said the Chairman, "that the sense of the meeting is against it?"

On receiving assurance that it was, he desired the messenger to convey to the unknown writer of the missive the decision of the meeting, and again the company looked at their watches, rose in a body and moved once more towards their cars.

The continued indisposition of the Queen appearing to necessitate another conference, the faculty again met a week or so later, and again were without any inspiration, until the same messenger | lingly-and, mind, for only one call a brought another letter to the Chairman.

"Might not Her Majesty," he read, "be better if she were allowed to ring up her subjects on the telephone, choosing the number at random, and even not complaining if she got a wrong one? In fact, under this scheme all numbers would be right, even if wrong. Amusement, and therefore beguilement, might result," the letter continued; "and at any rate there could be no risk."

"A revolutionary proposal. What about it?" Lord Extract of Malt inquired as he folded the communication.

"It needs thought," said Sir Dandy Lion.

"Careful thought," said Dame Bella

"I can see no great objection," said Sir Diag Nosis, consulting his watch.

"Nor I," said Sir Blew Pille, looking

earnestly at his.
"I quite agree," said Sir Porous Plaster and Sir Black Draught in unison. It was their favourite phrase.

Sir Hewatt Twunce and Sir Carver Shortleigh looked dubiously at each other but said nothing.

"Then," said Lord Extract of Malt, when the messenger had been recalled, "will you tell the writer of the letter that we give our consent—not too wilday.

"Well, Ma'am," said Lord Extract of Malt the next time he called, "I'm delighted to see you looking so well."

"Yes," said the Queen, "I find this telephoning great fun."

"I thought you would," said Lord Extract of Malt. "I wish now I had prescribed it sooner."

"Then it was your idea?" exclaimed the Queen.

"I am afraid I must claim the honour," said Lord Extract of Malt, modestly looking down.

"That's very odd," said the Queen, because I distinctly remember sending you an anonymous note about it myself.

The chief physician did not bat an eyelid. "True," he replied. "But Your Majesty cannot know how long I had been practising auto-suggestion upon you before you wrote it." E.V.L.

"Her will, published yesterday, showed that he died intestate."—Daily Paper. Apparently a will-o'-the-wisp.

THE AMERICAN MUSE.

CABARET GIRL.

(After Mr. CARL SANDBURG.)

Gabrielle Floss, you been a long time now shaking your legs in Harlem;

You sure are the goods when you do the Black Bottom in

gentian-coloured knickers,

With a yellow rose between your cerise lips, with sidelong glances in your eyes and your honey-coloured hands turned outwards before buck niggers and jaded whites.

Why, it's three years now, Gabrielle Floss, since you thought of passing out;

You could have done it too with your almost white skin and the faintest touch of the tar-brush in your shiny pointed

You had grown tired of the clicking telephone-board in the Woolworth Building and the crude compliments of the elevator-boys;

You were sure fed-up with the homeward crush in the Subway, the cheap cotton frocks and shirt-waists and papery shoes, the twenty-cent movies and dances;

You were just in the right mood when Mister O'Flaherty told you what a fortune you had in your legs when you met him at the Tammany hop-

And you never looked back.

Gabrielle, I wonder what you think as you bounce in each night through the spangled foam of girls?

Outside the electric-lamps write your name in fiery letters;

You are conspicuous in the picture-papers;

You command fizz, Paris frocks, marvellous furs;

You have seen men fight for the yellow flower you toss from your lips.

Say, was I dreaming, Gabrielle, or did I see you suddenly shiver and slacken in the dance?

Lord, honey! you're never hankering for the telephone-board and the little apartment, and peanuts, and Mother, and the victrola on the sideboard, and the morning greeting of the elevator-boy?

Or maybe your legs are tired?

W. K. S.

HOW'S THAT?

Nothing is more to be deprecated than the habit of reckless appealing at cricket, whether the appeal be made as a diffident inquiry or an imperious demand, accompanied by a glare more appropriate to an advertisement of a Correspondence Course in Will Power.

This was not always my view. The opinion of the umpire being the thing that counted, I held that I was entitled to obtain that opinion as often as I wished. It is only since our recent Ladies' Match that I have realised that the less one appeals the better. Silence is proverbially golden, whereas speech (on the cricket field) may often be brazen.

Our Ladies' Match, in which we bat, bowl and field lefthanded against eleven representatives of the tennis section not interested in cricket on any other day in the year, has long been one of the events of the season.

In the old days it was contested in an atmosphere of giggles and chivalry, but those days are gone for ever. Your modern Amazon no longer giggles, and fielding with the left hand only at silly mid-on when our tennis star is on her drive leaves little leisure for asking oneself what Galahad would have done in the circumstances.

Our bowling this year was not strong under handicap conditions. Indeed, by the end of the ladies' innings the Does Mr. Churchill know this?

whole team had been put on twice in alphabetical order. except the wicket-keeper, who, being allowed to use both hands, refused to give up his post of safety for any captain going.

Personally, I have seldom bowled more expensively, and I am not without experience in bowling above the income of my side. Even though I appealed on principle every time I hit a pad, my efforts only lent verisimilitude to the scene without obtaining a sympathetic hearing from an umpire under strong suspicion of feminist leanings.

If you have ever batted left-handed, you will have noticed that the straight bat and offside play are evidently acquired accomplishments. The good old cross bat swipe to leg is the natural game, and my predecessors had played it with

varying success when I went in.

A long hop was despatched to the boundary amid resounding cheers, and a straight grub was scooped away with a horizontal bat, the stroke raising a dust-cloud under cover of which a sharp single was run. I felt that I was really in form, and it was without a qualm that, over being called, I faced Miss ffolliot-Browne.

Miss ffolliot-Browne bowls fast medium with a Helen Wills' eye-shade, and my very first attempt to hook her resulted in a crack on the shin and a manly exhibition of

silent suffering.

"How's that?" cried Miss ffolliot-Browne in a stentorian soprano. The umpire's hand went up, and amid the sympathy of the crowd the great batsman made his way toward the pavilion.

As I passed Miss ffolliot-Browne I was prepared for an unseemly display of triumph. Instead, in an apparently laudable desire for knowledge, she asked:-

"Why are you out? I only shouted because I'd heard

you do it.'

Of course this may have been merely a tactful disclaimer (rare among bowlers) of any credit for my downfall; but I prefer to think that Miss ffolliot-Browne had taken me as her model of the perfect sportsman.

Town and Country.

While dancing I remarked with pleased surprise How like to larkspurs were Amanda's eyes; Now when I view those luminous flowers aglow I marvel how I could have blundered so.

"London County Council invites applications for the position of Assistant Mistress at the —— School for partially deaf children. Married women are illegible except in special circumstances.'

Educational Pager. As, for example, when they get their husbands to write their applications for them.

From a circular issued by a leading club in Malta:

"The Committee regret having to increase the price charged for Dances at Sliema. This increase is due to the Club having lost the appeal made by the Treasury to the High Court. The opinion of the High Court as to why dances are taxable is as follows:-

Whereas it is manifest that the gathering of a large number of persons of both sexes for the purpose of giving themselves up, in mixed couples, to the enjoyment of evolutions and rhythmic circles, to the accompaniment of harmonious and suggestive tures of appropriate music, alternated with pleasant conversations, and with partaking of well served refreshments, constitutes in itself a performance, even in the ordinary meaning of the expression, which gives joy and pleasure to those who take part not only for the particular pleasure felt by the densers, but bleasure on account of the gives joy and pleasure to those who take part hot only for the particular pleasure felt by the dancers, but likewise on account of the pleasure which, through the cyes and the other senses, all those present are afforded at the sight of the dances, and in sharing in the animated movement and in the thoughtless delight which are usually characteristic of similar entertainments."

PREPARING FOR THE END.

Jungasse-



"SHOW MUST BE-



NEARLY-



OVER



JUDGING-



BY-



APPEARANCES.



VES-

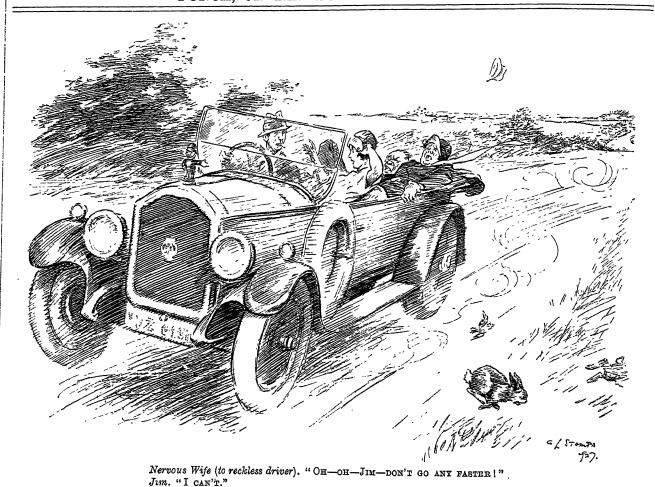


THERE 'S-



'GOD SAVE THE KING.'"

(Dedicated to the ninety-nine out of every hundred playgoers who like to get out of the theatre before the remaining one.)



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. H. G. Wells's Meanwhile (Benn) is a very interim affair. Apparently the true beginning of its end is the conversion of a "nice," rich, ordinary, young middle-class couple to Mr. Wells's present stage of provisional thinking. But it incorporates under this heading a pleasant description of a villa at Ventimiglia, the delineation of a characteristic house-party, a running comment on the General Strike, a chapter on the shortcomings of the Catholic Church, ditto on the excesses of the Fascisti, and the personal opinions of a comic midwife on both these institutions. Philip Rylands and Cynthia his wife (products of a great steel firm and a Whig vicarage respectively) are entertaining at Casa Terragena. Colonel Bullace of the British Fascisti is there, and Catherine Fossingdean, the beautiful divorcée, and Mr. Plantagenet-Buchan, the completely Europeanised American, and Miss "Puppy" Clarges, who plays tennis and bridge, and several other people who play tennis and bridge, and Mr. Sempack, who cares for none of these things. Mr. Sempack is there to talk. He is a Utopographer. Philip and Cynthia are, as a pre-Wellsian theology would put it, unprofitable servants. They take, it is evident, more out of the world than they put in. This state of things and their dawning apprehension of it are finely suggested. Not so, however, the orientation of their subsequent sympathies. Mr. Sempack has no

and humanely suggested by eminent Victorians. Mr. Wells is still uncertain whether to establish a corpus of doctrine or abandon himself to self-expression. The difficulties of rendering these two aims conterminous have once again been too much for him.

To the gallant tune of "Farewell and adicu to you, all Spanish ladies," Mrs. MARGARET L. Woods tells the story of Wellington and a siren of the Peninsula who, if rumour may be believed, gave the English Staff considerable uneasiness in the critical days between Salamanca and Vittoria. Amplifying NAPIER's allusion to this legend, which stages the affair at Cadiz, Mrs. Woods individualises The Spanish Lady (CAPE) as Ismena de Careno, faithless wife of a fretful valetudinarian and devoted daughter and sister of two impoverished grandees. Ismena accepts the Commander-in-Chief's attentions out of deference to her family; but she has an interested eye on a pretty ensign in love with a ward in Chancery. This is the situation when Wellington forwards a memorandum to the Regency accusing several local hidalgos of pilfering English subsidies. Ignorant of the maiden name of his charmer, he enters her father and brother for these retributory stakes and refuses to withdraw their names in response to her pleadings. They plan his assassination, Ismena to be used as the bait of an assignation; but the lady has already transferred her countenance to the ensign, and Welling-TON's colleagues insist that the lad shall relieve the situause for democracy—"you don't consult the cat when you tion by taking over the enchantress. For a while Ismena alter the house"—and his notions of social service by an has two lovers, and poor little Ellen Ashby none, a state of oligarchy of wealth and talent have been more practically things it is obviously the last chapter's business to remedy.

The whole affair is little more than a picturesque episode daintily extended. Mrs. Woods' English crowd is distinctly racier than her Spanish; and Ismena is so little apprehendable as a menace to the campaign that the English counterplot and the young ensign's part in it take on a more officious and ungallant air than I think their creator realises.

ALLEN AND UNWIN have supplied Anthony Bertram's Here We Ride: Lots of personnel it has got, Excellent authorship, not much plot; You could riddle the characters like a

But Anthony Bertram makes them live. A lodging-house in a King's Cross street Is full of "types" as an egg of meat-Elderly "have-beens" none too nice, Reminiscent in "spice" or vice; And Daisy Holder, a shop-girl she, Roosts a-top of the rookery.

Poor little Daisy is lonely and plain, Dreadfully silly and dreadfully vain; And, when she's taking a walk abroad, She meets that terrible cad, Tom Laud; Acquaintance ripens and, in a word, Soon the obvious thing's occurred.

Comes talk of nurseries and, anon, Tom (that's obvious too) has gone; Daisy's outlook indeed is black, But Mr. Banting, the ground-floor back, Dies and leaves her a moderate income; Nor do any results of her too fond sin come:

So the end is fortunate. Please to note The book that Anthony Bertram wrote.

Every now and then the PRESIDENT of the United States very kindly invites the rulers of nations to discuss how they may all comfortably reduce their navies together. Under the Washington Conference of 1921 Great Britain gave away some invaluable capital ships, costing five millions each, and then found herself compelled to build new cruisers, each

of ten thousand tons and each costing two million pounds. That arrangement was regarded as a notable economy. The representatives of the United States, Japan and Great Britain are now foregathered in the sacred city of Geneva to renew the discussion. No subject more profoundly concerns the peoples of this country and of the Empire, whose "wealth, safety and strength" chiefly depend upon the Royal Navy. They can easily acquaint themselves with the naval ambitions and relative naval strength of other countries by studying Mr. HECTOR C. BYWATER'S lucid survey, Navies and Nations (Constable), from which unnecessary statistics are considerately omitted. Particularly illuminating are the chapters dealing with American Naval policy. In the great democracy of the United States, its navy, like everything else, is regulated in accordance with the immediate need of the politicians to obtain or to retain votes. In this country, and also in Mr. BYWATER'S treatise, the question of the requisite strength of the Royal Navy is usually discussed without defining the real purpose of the a local doctor has cured him of a touch of the sun by means



required without first determining the purpose which that force is to fulfil is one of the perennial mysteries of British statesmanship. Merely to repeat the platitude that it is the duty of the Navy to protect the trade-routes is not enough. They were protected during the War, with the curious result that up to April, 1917, the enemy received seaborne supplies almost as abundantly as the Allies received them.

It is no easy job that Miss Marie Cher has undertaken, for The Door Unlatched (Howe) through which her hero has the disastrous privilege of passing is none other than that which leads to a previous existence. Such excursions into sub-psychology need a cunning hand to make them convincing, but Miss CHER's refinement of diction, which is perhaps a little overwrought, covers a keen imagination and considerable powers of persuasion, while her sense of the past is, if anything, more vivid than her sense of the present. Roger Darrington has been archæologising in Crete, where Fleet in war. How it is possible to settle what force is of a drug which, one gathers, a Western practitioner would

probably have scruples about using. Now he is living in Paris, in an old house full of memories of the eighteenth century, of which he is an amateur. One day, lulled into receptivity by the prosing of an unsympathetic acquaintance, he finds himself back in the days of the Terror and in the presence of one Raoul, whom he recognises as in some sort his own counterpart. The experience repeats itself, and each time with greater clarity and a closer identification between Roger and Raoul. This is startling enough, but there is more to come. There is a woman in the case, or rather there are two women. Racul loves Adrienne; Roger is just friends with Evelyn, regarding her, essentially, as but the mother of Fan, the charming girl of fourteen to whom he is teaching Greek and Latin. Yet Evelyn lives in the very rooms which had once been Adrienne's, and, as Roger's dream impinges more and more upon his waking by James Mallaby (his activities, I foretell, are destined to

life, he tends to fuse the living woman with the dead as he has himself become fused with Raoul. To what unhappy complications this strange hallucination leads, and to what a tragic denouement, is shown with consummate skill. The Door Unlatched may not be everybody's book, but those who do not mind a little preciosity, or demand that all their reading shall palpitate with actuality, will find it both interesting and attractive.

I confess that I look forward to a new book by Dr. WILLIAM BEEBE in the same spirit in which maidens of the bourgeoisie were formerly supposed to anticipate the appearance of Mr. Charles Garvice's latest. I was still in the last chapter of The Arcturus when Pheasant Jungles (G. P. PUTNAM'S Sons) arrived. That is how I want it. If Dr. BEEBE can turn out his books as fast as I can devour them I shall be quite content. He is one of those super-humans who do!

five times as much and see ten times as much as ordinary mortals. When he is not sitting on the floor of the Pacific Ocean feeding polychromatic fishes out of his fingers he is watching pheasants in the jungles of Borneo. When not observing sloths in British Guiana he is being potted with poisoned arrows in the land of the Blue Poppy. I do not know what the dry-as-dust museum scientists think of Dr. Beebe; but as a zoologist-journalist-explorer there has never been anyone quite like him. Once Britain supplied the world with literary Nimrods as well as men like BATES and Waterton and Wallace. The former talked too much of their battues and, though there were exceptions like Selous, exhibited a mild Victorian egoism. The latter Selous, exhibited a mild Victorian egoism. observed, but lacked the ability possessed by the stay-athome FABRE and the man of letters, W. H. Hudson, to entangle the layman's interest. America now takes the lead in the person of Dr. BEEBE. He is an observer, not a hunter, and he makes us see what he has seen. We see the Himalayas or Ceylon or Malaya, the birds and beasts he watches, and especially the men and women he encounters, not pictures of Dr. BEEBE with these as an agreeable thoroughly readable yarn of its kind.

background. The fine photographs that illustrate Pheasant Jungles attest the range of his vision. But if there had been no picture save that of "Kapit," the baby sun-bear, six inches high at the shoulder and the living personification, as we are told, of Winnie-the-Pooh, I should have been content.

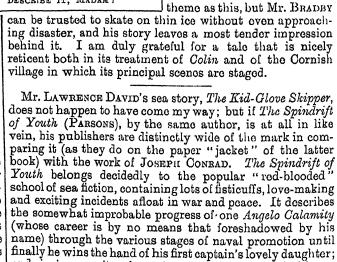
Mr. Bruce Norman has already made a bold bid for inclusion in the top class of sensational novelists with The Thousand Hands, and The Black Pawn (ARROWSMITH) convinces me that his first story was no flash of the pen. Here he offers to his readers an acute situation in a little State on the Adriatic Sea, and a mysterious and sinister organisation that is trying by many hooks and crooks to turn this situation to its own advantage. A few young men, headed

personal risk to thwart the villains. Mr. Norman's material is familiar enough to students of exuberant fiction. but his treatment of it is more original. He does not altogether sacrifice probability to pace, and he creates characters whose acts of daredevilry are not their sole claim on one's attention. I shall look forward to another meeting with him and his Mallaby.

Mr. G. F. BRADBY has a clear and attractive understanding of boys' nature, and in The Eternal Past (CONSTABLE) you will find a peculiarly sympathetic study of an unusual type. While spending his holidays in a Cornish fishing village Colin Trevor (agod 141 and with a year of public-school life behind him) fell completely and everlastingly in love with a charming maiden even younger than himself. I shudder to imagine what our super-sentimental novelists would have made of such a theme as this, but Mr. BRADBY

can be trusted to skate on thin ice without even approaching disaster, and his story leaves a most tender impression behind it. I am duly grateful for a tale that is nicely reticent both in its treatment of Colin and of the Cornish

and is in a quite elementary and ingenuous fashion a





Agitated Lady. "OH, DEAR (puff)—I 'VE LOST MY BREATH!" Unmoved Official. "CAN YOU DESCRIBE IT, MADAM?"

CHARIVARIA.

There has been no sunshine for two weeks in South Africa. It looks as if our summer has gone touring.

In connection with the International Chess Congress in London one newspaper writer said he thought the players were asleep. We never think chessplayers are asleep. We always think they re dead.

In a recent cross-word puzzle one of the clues was: "A golf expression of three letters." Many competitors have written to point out that it is generally spelled with an "n."

A cricket expert writes of the bowling

never do for Kent to become known as the Long Hop County.

A County cricketer says that he trains on a diet of eggs. This looks very much like a deliberate bast for our humorists.

It is anticipated that, in pursuance of its policy in naming a new block of dwellings the Lenin Estate, the Bethnal Green Council will take steps to change the name of the Borough to Bethnal Red.

It is believed that a section of inter-

national opinion is in favour of a reduction of armaments to a scale that would enable all future naval engagements to take place on the Lake of Geneva.

On reading that a member of a wellknown banking family has become a licensed innkeeper, we can't help reflecting that our own banker has nothing of the Boniface about him. When he sees us cashing a cheque at his counter he never thinks of inviting us to have another one with him.

If it's true that he said that there is no such thing as a living poet anywhere, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, who is on a visit to this country, must clearly understand that if he goes to Boar's Hill he goes at his own risk.

"Trumpets for Bride" was the heading of

London wedding, at which hunt servants | his thumb. We know a waiter whose rare experience for Londoners to hear in the soup. theinstruments that sound the "Charge" in the hunting-field.

An evening paper has given a list of the occupations followed by retired pugilists. Few of them seem to have kept up their journalism.

thinks, is a fifty-fifty business as far as the affections are concerned. We ourselves should have thought twenty-fivetwenty-five nearer the mark.

A man was seen on the pier at Brighton wearing a straw hat, flannel trousers, Wellington boots and a mackintosh. A weakness of the Hop County. It would weather expert on holiday, no doubt.

formed the guard of honour. It is a destiny we can read. He will be always

The sand round the coast of England is said to be constantly disappearing. Local authorities ought to make visitors shake their socks before they leave the beach.

A lady who is wanted by the police Modern marriage, a woman-writer for eight forgeries is reported to be a cook. What a Heaven-sent excuse for the constable in the kitchen!

> A North London man was last week arrested in the act of writing a letter demanding money with menaces. Why does that never happen to our tailor?

Economical bridegrooms will welcome

the latest Parisian vogue of the single earning, says The Daily Ex-When this press. fashion is adopted at weddings, together with the single spat for the bridegroom, the effect is most striking.

* * A film has been prepared showing the growth of blue and green mould on cheese. Later we might have a picture of a gorgonzola crooning to its young.

A Wallasey bricklayer writes to a poultry journal to say that, although he has twentyseven hens, only one of

A scientist has been lecturing on the ravages of marine life. Nobody seems to have a good word for the seaside landlady.

A safe in Golders Green, said to be the safest in London, has been broken open and three hundred pounds taken. The police would be glad if the thief would come forward and show them how he did it.

From a motorist inquiry column: "E.B. writes:-The valves of myare decidedly noisy. . . Where does this clicking noise come from and how can it be stopped?"

The clicking noise is probably the car's protest against E.B.'s language. No A palmist told a magistrate recently | self-respecting automobile likes to hear description of a recent that a man's destiny could be told by its owner speak of it as "my ---- car."



Aggrieved Ancient Mariner. "I bain't agoin' to carry any more o' they Lunnon folk ashore, I tell 'ee. They'm got a way o' strap-'angin' ON YER WHISKERS!"

Two schoolmasters who entered for haps they belong to a Union, like their a golf competition were knocked out in owner's, that puts a limit on laying. the first round. Smith minor thinks they must have pressed too much with their downward strokes.

Three hundred American tourists have arrived at Southampton for the English summer. Well, it should be here any year now.

An ink manufacturer has made over £220,000, but we suspect that his case is on a par with the proverbial mustard manufacturer. It isn't what we write with; it's what leaks into our pockets that matters.

A new arrival at the Zoo is a crab that lives on cokernuts. You should see it at the shies.

DISARMING METHODS.

(WITH A REFLECTION ON COWES).

WHEN at Geneva, that abode of Charity, That haunt of universal Peace and Love, I contemplate the fight for naval parity As waged by turtle-dove with turtle-dove, Each battling for his notion

How to produce Millennium on the ocean ;-

And one contends, "If you had learned a little Use of the globes you'd be aware that we Need lots of Navy to convoy our victual;" To which the other, "Well, though that may be, Our Peace-bird (hear him coo!) Is out to have as big a fleet as you;"-

When thus we're asked our liberty to barter, Yield our dominion o'er the azure main, Drop the idea, affirmed by Heaven's charter And reaffirmed again and yet again, Of never, never being slaves,

And take to ruling only half the waves;—

Then, for relief from all this bluff and bluster, I turn to Cowes, where still I'm free to-day To race as many yachts as I can muster, And none to curb my fancy, none to say, With the Geneva touch,

"Five hundred thousand tons is far too much."

I harbour no design to use this freedom; Merely I'll watch that winged fleet and think How brave they all look—may a fresh wind speed 'em!— And with my tes this drop of comfort drink,
This solace to my woe lent, That Britain's still allowed to rule the Solent. O.S.

THE SHOP GAME.

THE July Sales are over for another year, and with them the Great Clearance Sale in the Home Shop on the Third Floor.

The Great Clearance Sale in the Home Shop on the Third Floor occupied exactly ten minutes, and during that period goods changed hands at a rate which, I am sure, must have left any of the older establishments in Oxford Street or Kensington standing quite still. I had to buy like that

for reasons which will emerge presently.

The Great Clearance Sale was personally devised, promoted, organised and carried out, it now seems time to explain, by Betty (aged five) and Marjorie (aged seven), and three minutes before the advertised time of opening a queue, consisting of Uncle James (spending the week-end with us, as he so often does) and myself, stretched from the nursery door to the head of the staircase. The sale had been advertised in a thorough if unorthodox manner, and Uncle James and I had been obliged to give a solemn pledge to play fair.

"This way, please," announced the voice of Marjorie as the nursery door swung back and we were ushered into the

emporium. "This way for the great bargins."

The first bargain we encountered was draped negligently over the rocking-horse and bore the following description:

SUPPRISING BARGIN.

1 Gents. Evening Sute, 1s. 6d.

While I was attempting to analyse the feelings which this spectacle awoke in me Betty dashed off to serve Uncle All the same we should have them renewed.

up an imaginary parcel for an imaginary customer at the other end of the room, an operation which necessitated her keeping her face averted from mine. "Children—," I began.

Marjorie, scenting trouble, threw over her shoulder, "Daddy, you did promise to play fair, mind."

So with a great effort I played fair. In silence I bought my dress-suit for one-and-sixpence and hurried it back to the wardrobe.

Returning hastily I found that Uncle James had just purchased my two newest t es for the trifling consideration of twopence each. They were labelled, I noticed-

PLEESING NECKWARE. SLITELY SOILED.

James waxed garrulous about them.

"I don't know where the children picked these things up," he said, "but they're jolly good. I'm short of ties too. By the way, why don't you buy one or two?"

It was pretty evident that James had determined to play fair too, and, knowing James's ideas of fair play, I knew that I should never recover those ties. So I hastily bought all the remaining neckwear on offer, obtaining what Betty assured me was a good discounter; but unfortunately while I was thus engaged the unscrupulous James seized the opportunity to pick up a pair of silk braces for 41d. (marked down for the sale from 15s. 6d.).

I passed over a "speshul purchiss" of shirts and collars from a well-known maker on the ground that they wouldn't fit Uncle James anyhow, and was able to buy up my whole stock of handkerchiefs at another good discounter. I was also just in time to secure my best gloves and a couple of pull-overs before the other shopper could get at his reserve of loose cash.

Eventually we cleared the store of everything Uncle James thought worth robbing me of and was quick enough to pick up before me, and everything I thought worth preventing him from buying and was quick enough to pick up before him.

I was particularly attracted by the bargains in the Tobacco Department. There was only one pipe on show, the one I left on the garden-seat the other evening, and I bought that quite cheaply; while Betty, in the best Oxford Street manner, was cajoling Uncle James into buying a quantity of my cheapest gaspers at one penny each. Happily the key of the cigar cabinet reposed safely in my pocket.

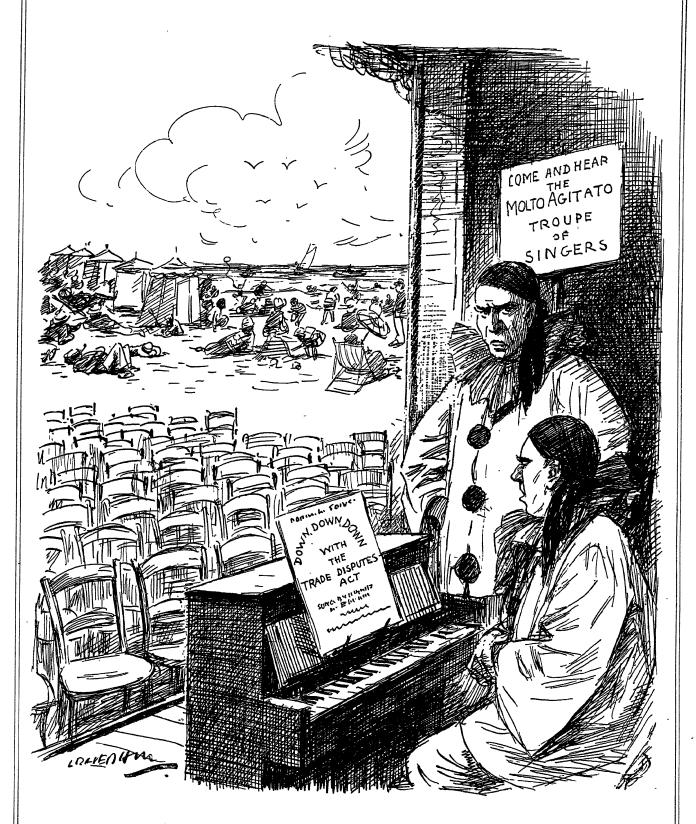
I understand that various charities will benefit considerably as a result of the Great Clearance Sale (this condition having been imposed, as Betty afterwards told me, as the price of Mummy's connivance), but nevertheless I have felt bound to issue a general warning that any repetition of this particular sort of manifestation of my family's commercial instincts will be fraught with serious consequences.

I have also told James, several times, exactly what I think of him, but it has made no difference. He maintains that his purchases were made in good faith, and that the law cannot touch him even if my absurd suggestion that the children did not come by the things honestly is true.

"ANOTHER WIN FOR NOTTS. DEADLY BOWLING BY VOCE."-Daily Paper. The slogan of Trent Bridge: Viva Voce!

"Speaking anent the proposed renewal of four mouthpieces for the retorts the Chairman said the Gas Manager did not think those things would last long."—Local Paper:

James, and Marjorie became feverishly engaged in tying without a mouthpiece is obviously not much good.



THE WESTMINSTER WASH-OUTS.

Member of Pierrot Troupe. "WE DON'T SEEM TO BE AS POPULAR AS WE HOPED."



Husband. "No, DEAR. I SHALL BE KEPT LATE AT THE OFFICE." Wife. "WHY, DEAR?" Husband. "Because I've promised to play bridge at the club, dear."

THE MODERN TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

"DID you," she asked me anxiously, " see who that was who just turned that corner?"

"Blanche," I answered with decision. "I only saw her back, but even if I am not very intelligent I could tell that green-and-purple thing of hers with the orange squares at least a mile away, even at the dead o' night."

"In the first place," she said severely, "it isn't green-and-purple at all, and they're not squares—they're the new Cubist-circle pattern; and in the second place that frock you mean is one that Blanche sold three weeks ago to one of the Brown de Jones girls.

"Oh, did she?" I said, a little surprised. "Well then I suppose it was one of the Brown de Jones girls."

"But," she pointed out, "the Brown de Jones girls had a sale of their duds only last week. I know, because Major Wilkins was there, and I believe he bought it."

"In that case," I said resignedly, "it was probably Wilkins I saw, little as I thought it at the moment; only he must | into houses where you never dreamed | have shrunk a good deal.'

"If he bought it, it wasn't for himself; it was for Jane Wilkins, because she couldn't go, as she had to be at Lady Plantagenet's sale first, and then go on to that dear little Countess de Midas, who was letting all her glad-rags go for almost anything you liked to give her. I got the duckiest pair of toad-skin shoes you ever saw, with diamanté heels and the sweetest pearl toes. Such a pity

they turned out to be both rights!"
"Oh, well," I said, "I suppose we must all of us, even the Countess de Midas, pay our motoring fines, but what do the poor ladies do when they have raiment?"

"They buy some more," she explained. "That's what it's done for, and not for paying motoring fines or anything else. You see, when you haven't one single thing in your whole wardrobe you haven't worn at least twice and you're positively sick to death of the very sight of the whole lot, you send out cards with it would have meant social extinction.' Sale of Frocks' in the bottom left- "Naturally," I said. "But this idea hand corner, and everyone comes. Why, you have to fight now very often to get

only I think it's mean to sit near the drawing-room door and pretend you've had tea already, so as to be first upstairs when the rush begins. Everything goes like—like parlourmaids and cooks.

"Without warning?"

"I meant, one moment there and the next gone. And there's no need now to be vexed because you've missed a frock or a hat you see someone else wearing and you realise how well it would have suited you. You just wait till she sends out cards for her sale and then you buy it. Of course," she went stripped themselves thus of all their on, "some people don't play the game. One woman had two sales of all her old things in three weeks. Not that there was anything in that exactly, only that it was rumoured that a wholesale dealer's van had been seen at her back-door the same morning, and, besides, quite a lot of the frocks were too small for her. Of course, if people had really believed it,

"Naturally," I said. "But this idea of selling off your stuff attracts me. I've an old pair of plus-fours myself, as well as one right-hand white kid glove and of going before. It's ever so exciting. a whole drawerful of dress-ties that "Don't be silly," she rebuked me. And after tea everyone rushes upstairs; I 've tried in vain and never again."

"It is a splendid idea," she agreed, though with woman's usual egotism showing little interest in my own list of possible sales, "and it's caught on wonderfully. Every one is doing it. Why, you know my gold-and-apricot frock that suited me so well? I couldn't wear it any more because people were beginning to know it again from afar, so I put it in my last sale."

"But," I protested, puzzled, "if people were beginning to know it from afar when you wore it, why should they want to wear it themselves? Unless, of course," I added thoughtfully "to show how much better it suited them."

"An idea like that," she said with dignity, "would occur to no one but a man. Anybody not absolutely"-she sought for a gentler word and found it not—"stupid would see at once that the ensemble would be perfectly new. Besides, when a thing's the thing—well, there you are."

"And that's very true," I agreed much struck by the force and subtlety

of the argument.

"Anyhow," she continued, "it went for such a good price I was able to buy these perfectly lovely alligator shoes I'm wearing and I'd keen wanting for ages. Tom simply can't understand how I could afford them."

"I shouldn't tell him."

"Oh, I won't. Of course it's awkward at times. I heard of one poor boy—he's at Oxford and awfully shy.' "Awfully what?" I asked.

"Shy," she repeated; "and he was at a dance, and he saw a girl wearing a frock he knew ever so well because it was his sister's, and her back was towards him, so he thought he would give her a surprise, and he kissed her. Well, what do you think? It turned out to be someone else's sister. She heart-broken." had bought the frock that very afternoon at the poor Oxford boy's sister's glad rag sale. You can imagine how he felt.

"I can," I said simply.

"Such a surprise for them both."

"Never kiss a woman to-day for the frock she wears," I said, "since as likely as not it will be another's tomorrow."

"I had a dreadful experience myself," she confessed, "though it was all my own carelessness. I heard someone in Bloomsbury was having a very swell sale of all her duds, which were mostly Rue de la Paix. So I went, and the very first thing I saw in a heap of others was a lovely apricot-and-gold frock that I knew would suit me, because I remembered how well the other had. Some other horrid women were after it, but I managed to get it first;



Patient. "What-half-a-crown for pulling out a tooth! Why, I have to WORK OVER AN HOUR FOR THAT."

Dentist. "IF YOU LIKE I WILL SPEND AN HOUR OVER IT."

it home I found it was my own old one the very one I had sold a month before. And I had given three-and-nine more for it than I had sold it for. I was

"Most unfortunate," I said sympa-

thetically. "Had you paid for it?"
"Oh, at dud sales," she explained, "it is always cash down. You see, most of us know each other."

"I hadn't thought of that," I admitted.
"But anyhow," she continued, brightening up, "I had got my new alligator-skin shoes out of it, so didn't do so badly after all, did I?"

"No," I agreed as I bade her goodbye; "and Tom will still be puzzled to know how you could afford them. Don't tell him."

"Oh, I won't," she assured me.

E. R. P.

Racing Intelligence.

"Chief Culloden will not be stripped for the Electric Handicap at the N.T.T.U. meeting, but will race the starter in the Elphin Handicap."—Tasmanian Paper

Doubtless a much softer job. and I was excited, and then when I got | almost sure not to be in training.

CHATTY PUBLISHING.

IT pains me to see publishers lingering in the rear of modern progress. The average publisher's announcement, even when it strikes the eye, rarely touches the heart. Our leading publishing firms are not genial counsellors, philosophers and friends, as are our tobacco-manufacturers, our hosiers and our pill-merchants. They do not, as it were, come close to us and take us by the hand and stroke our head and share our joys and sorrows. It is a great

For example, Messrs. Pupkin and Snorp wish us to enrich our lives by buying The Purple Blcb. They tell us that The Purple Blob, by Snark Bunsen (author of Scurf), is 7s. 6d. net, and that The Sunday Chimes says it is "a book to read." Surely Messrs. Pupkin and Snorp could do something mcre human, something more intimate than thatsomething, for example, in this vein :-

"My dear, you've been crying?"
"I can't help it, Joan. Jack has

been simply unbearable. He grumbled

at the sago-pudding yesterday, and he grumbled at the rice-pudding to-day. If I give him tapioca to-morrow he will

"Men are brutes, Ann. But you must pull yourself together and bear

troubles.'

"Yes, I know. You're wonderful, Joan. After all you've been through with Percy learning to play the saxophone, I can't think how you keep

that smile on your face."

"It wasn't easy, dear. I was very nearly putting arsenic or something in Percy's tea. But Helen happened to lend me a book the other day—The Purple Blob, by Snark Bunsen. It helped me tremendously. After three chapters I seemed to see life differently, and by the time I had finished it Percy might have tried to learn to play an entire jazz band without getting on my nerves. My dear, it's just too wonderful!"

"Oh, I must try it! The Purple Blob, you say?"

"Yes. One of Pupkin and Snorp's

"I'll ask for it at the library, and, if it isn't in, I'il Luy it. I'm desperate, Joan!"

Come, Messrs. Pupkin and Snorp, I'm sure you'll admit that is the way to get your books into the homes of the

and who regard our livers and our complexions as their personalsacred trust. Help us to picture our publishers as kindly men with soft brown beards and sympathetic eyes, or with jolly round faces and a hearty bedside manner; men to whom the selling of their publications is a trivial matter compared with the joy of piloting the human race through its sea of daily troubles; men we should like to ask to dinner and take upstairs to kiss the baby. .D. C.

"For 30 years a Chelsea postman, Mr. -, has received a gold watch on re-tiring."—Evening Paper. His farewell seems, like a popular prima donna's, to be a very protracted affair.

MEDITATIONS AT GOODWOOD.

EVERY paradise of horses has to be grumble again. It cannot go on. I reached nowadays through a purgatory must get a divorce." ling as far as Guildford in an electric train (which made a loud swift noise your cross bravely. We all have our like a hare), and crawling the rest of the way on the road like a slug. We drove for miles and miles behind a



THE HORSE THAT I BACKED LOOKED VERY WELL PLACED THROUGH MY GLASSES, ACROSS THE SUSSEX DOWNS.

crimson-coloured motor-charabanc of enormous breadth, entitled in gold letterto determine, "The Constant Nymph" (or was it because it belonged to Lewes?),

hospitals, and all the children cheered. A stately pilgrimage, but a long. The road was matted with motors as far as the eye could reach, as we curled up the final hills at fifteen miles an hour. Once clear of the final press, a short canter over the downs on balloon tyres to the appointed parking-place, and we were ready to begin.

If there is anything triste, as I think there is to some minds, about sylvan scenery in its ordinary state, the defect is remedied at Goodwood, where so many trees are plastered half-way up their trunks with advertisements of the remarkable tipsters on the morning and evening Press, and festooned with banners bearing the same device.

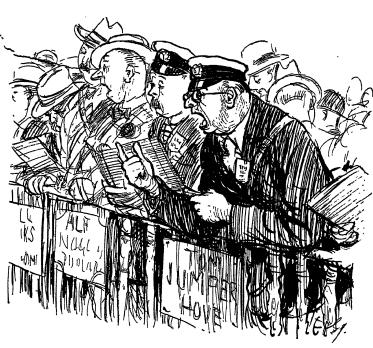
"And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees,"

says the Duke-I mean the Duke in As You Like It—and certainly the trees of Goodwood were as talkative as any I have seen.

Betting on a racecourse always seems to me to be rather a laborious pastime, at any rate for a bettor with a susceptible mind. You go to the paddock and like one horse, and then like another, and then like them all, and then like none of them, and then think you will back your lucky number or lucky colours, or a lucky name, and then at the very last moment, just before they ing behind, for no reason that I am able are going off to the post, you meet the horse of your dreams. But by that time it is getting rather late, and you toiling millions. Let us know you as and in front of that again was "The have to scurry back like anything in we know the good fellows who en-Shining Warrior." The villages on the order to get a word in edgeways with courage us to furnish out of income, way extended butterfly nets on behalf of Bert Bannerman of Brighton, whom I

> single out specially because Bert Bannerman is wearing a yachtingcap on his fine grizzled head, showing, I suppose, that he simply will not have time to change when Goodwood is over before hurrying on to Cowes.

He is brusque, is Bert Bannerman. The time for business (in between his final bellows about the field) is short. You would like to talk about the borses to him. You would like him to admire your choice-"Ah well, that is a fine horse, that is. Not every one's fancy, if you take my meaning, but I couldn't sell you a prettier horse at the price if I was to search the length and breadth of England for it. You'll like that horse,



NOT INSENSIBLE TO THE PROXIMITY OF COWES.

you will. Last you a lifetime and always look as good as new." But Bert hasn't any time to praise his wares. The The speed with which he absorbs your notes and hands you your ticket is a miracle of salesmanship. Pep, if you know what I mean. It makes you almost feel as if you must have been a mug.

After that you have one moment to look at the landscape . . . A beauti- | Park . . . ful landscape when you get it focussed properly, with a dozen gay-jockeyed won. Or so at least I thought till I

horses on it, one horse your own . . . The distant landscape remains beautiful. Your beautiful horse probably remains there too . . . At any rate you don't seem to see anything of him now they are coming down the straight. You look at the fine bronzed face of the old yachtsman-I mean Bert Bannerman --- as he fishes out notes for the fortunate, and feel sad . . . A brief respite, and off you trot to the paddock again.

And yet—not a doubt of it, there are a great many people in the stands and amongst the tents who know everything about these horses. That was proved for me by the Stewards' Cup.

The first horse on the programme was called Priory Park. Nobody is going to be such a poor simp as to bet on a horse called Priory Park when

like mere laziness, especially when there is another horse called Monastery Gar-|strange at all. den lower down, which gives you more sense of beauty and holiness without that clump of trees," he told me, pointmuch difference in the words. And what ing to a bit of the beautiful scenery, is Steve Donognue riding? Perhaps we ought to back that. What is more, one has seen a very taking little sketch in running home. You should always bet the morning paper entitled "The Owner on a thing like that." of Adam's Apple," though one cannot see it, of course, because his collar comes up too close to his chin. And the Stewards' Cup." somebody or other, everybody in fact,

seems quite certain about a horse called Fohanaun; far more certain about it indeed than about its pronunciation. And so many other horses in the paddock seem full of grace and elan, especially Priory Park. If it hadn't been first on the list and, ecclesiastically speaking, so inferior to Monastery Garden, I feel certain I should have backed Priory

Strange that Priory Park should have

who did bet didn't bet on Priory Park. Somebody ought to have told us about the nostalgia that would come over Priory Park when he saw that clump of trees, especially when one thinks how many clumps of trees have the names of racing tipsters pasted up all over them.

But the fine bronzed face of Bert Bannerman showed no trace of sentimental emotion when the numbers went up on the board . . .

It was not a dressy Goodwood and

not, on the first day, a sunny Goodwood, but it was warm enough to be jolly, and there was no rain, nor hail, nor any snow, except of course afterwards, when one looked at the downs and the clearings amongst the trees to which the picnickers had retired. Thirty men, a policeman told me proudly, assisted by boys, would be engaged in picking up the wrack of racing literature and sandwich-papers, and on the morrow it would all be green once more. I don't know whether any statistician in economics has ever worked out the effect of breeding thoroughbred horses on the paper trade, but it would be a very interesting computation; and I daresay the same applies to the bottle-making industry.

Foracurious sight was observable as we toiled wearily home. One by one

it stands first in the list. It would look spoke to a gentleman in one of the the monstrous equipages, smitten by thirst, pulled off to the side, till every tiny inn had a huge coloured beetle at its door. There was no Nymph so Constant, no Warrior so Shining as to be able to resist the temptation of yet more beer. At what time they all returned I cannot imagine, but we felt that they must have drunk Sussex dry.

Only the policemen and the paperpickers remained on the darkening downs. Bert Bannerman of Brighton had no doubt retired to philosophise by



UNDER THE GOODWOOD TREE.

tents, who said he didn't think it was

"Priory Park was bred just behind "and trained here. And when he was going down the straight he was simply

"Did you?" I said.

"No," he said; "I wasn't betting on

But I still can't see why everybody | the silver sea.

"YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT."

THESE letters, amongst others dictated by Mr. Skinner, of the Inland Revenue, who seems to have been taxed (if one may say so) by the severe strain of interpreting the Finance Acts, were suppressed by a loyal shorthand typist and never in fact reached their intended recipients. There is a note of helpfulness in some of them which shows a pleasant human side in a very zealous official and appears to justify their publication:-

To Mr. B. Smith,

The Forge, Chestnut Garden Village.

SIR,—I have to return herewith your Form for rectification by you. I am to point out that your statement that you "earn whate'er you can" is vague and incomplete and insufficient for the purposes of your assessment under the Act. You are requested to return the Form revised to show:-

- 1. Average annual income for past three years;
- 2. Number of horses shod;

3. Whether by hot or cold shoeing.

I am further to state that your claim for deduction in respect of your daughter Fabricia is not understood. It is within the knowledge of the Commissioners that she follows the employment of singing in the village choir. I am to ask:-

Age of daughter;

2. (a) Is her employment honorary?
(b) If not, please state amount of her emoluments, by whom paid, and whether tax at the full rate is deducted before payment;

3. If over sixteen, is she undergoing full-time instruction at any educational establishment (for music or otherwise) which would enable you to claim relief under Section F?

I am, etc.

To Mrs. Tanner,

Shoe Lane, Leatherhead.

MADAM,-I am to inform you with regret that until more definite information is given as to the number of children under your care your claim for abate-

ment cannot be agreed.

It is not sufficient for you to state that they are "so many that you do not know what to do." Inspectors are only too anxious to assist in the completion of the necessary: Forms, but application for parish relief is a matter for the local Guardians. In your revised claim you must state clearly which of the children in question are your own children, or step-children. Particulars of adopted children should be entered in the special Form No. 11-2 B, which, if not already supplied, will be sent on request.

You are not entitled to deduct as "business expenses" the costs of your (unsuccessful) defence in the action brought against you by the N.S.P.C.C. for the under-nourishment and overcastigation of your charges.

I am, etc.

To Mr. Septimus ApSaith, 7, The Cottages, Conway.

SIR,—It is observed from your Form that you claim relief in respect of seven children under the age of sixteen. Reference to the local registers would indicate that two of the children, John and Jane, deceased in infancy. I am to ask for a satisfactory explanation of liked; a plain A.B. was foreman. this discrepancy and to say that, until you can furnish such, the abatement prima facie due to you for your other five children cannot be allowed. It is presumed that those at sea are apprentices of the Mercantile Marine. Please attach to your reply a certificate from the Board of Trade confirming this, showing (a) name of vessel(s), (b) name of master(s) and (c) port(s) of registry.

To avoid confusion the Commissioners would strongly recommend that you complete the revised Form personally and do not leave the matter to your daughter Septimia, whose age, entered at eight years, would not seem to qualify her to be entrusted with this important correspondence.

I am, etc.

To Mr. J. Peep, Home Farm, Beau Site.

Sie,—I am to say that your objection to the assessment made by the Commissioners of the value of your live-stock is noted, together with your statement as to the recent loss of stock (sheep) under the care of your daughter Boadicea.

From inquiry of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries it has been ascertained that the number of sheep on the land of Mr. Blue, your neighbour, far exceeds the number on his rendered return. This information you must regard as confidential, but it may be a means of arriving at some satisfactory adjustment of the assessments of both applicants. I am, etc.

"The following pronunciations are recom-mended by the B.B.C.'s Advisory Committee on Spoken English:—

cinema (sinnimha);

fauteuil (the Committee recommends an English pronunciation—fótil); ogive (oújyve);

says (sez):

upanishad (oopánishad); zoological (zōolójical, but zŭjólical gardens)."—Daily Paper.

Sez he: Would you like a couple of fótils at the sinnimha, or shall we go to the zujólical gardens and see the new oujyves and oopanishads?

THE ADMIRAL'S TABLE-CLOTH.

I have this story from the very lips of a Marine officer, so it must be true.

It happened on that pioneer vessel which will go down to posterity with the *Victory* and the *Revenge*, the battleship that first installed its own laundry aboard. So, if you want to corroborate it, you should probably look out for a ship flying the Captain's pants at the mast-head and with its wireless festooned with the seamen's shirts.

All rank and custom were left behind by the staff on the job. The officer in charge might swear as much as he

But the rank and degree of linen and underclothing assumed a new and terrible significance. The Admiral's boiled shirt, for example, took precedence, and you worked your way down through the gents' drapery and hosiery, past the petty officers' vests, finishing with the engineers' dungarees.

This was most important, because the ruthless and mysterious machine that did the washing—a revolving cylinder within a cylinder—was not likely by itself to register a nice sense of social distinctions.

Therefore, when the Admiral's tablecloth came down, it was decided to ask it to consort with the Sergeant-Major's white tunic. Marines' tunics, I believe, can be extremely expensive. This one certainly turned out to be.

Reverently, sacramentally almost. they placed the treasures in the machine, gently they closed it lake a Pharach's tomb, and set the thing off revolving, with the moving waters at their priest-like task of ablution.

In due course they opened it. They looked inside, then at each other in a wild surmise. No soldier on land or sea had ever worn such a garment as the tunic. The table-cloth might have been Nero's. Both shone among the soap-suds a brilliant Tyrian purple! And when the inquest was held they found the remains of the Sergeant-Major's indelible pencil in his pocket.

But the Admiral never saw purple, though perhaps red, for his table-cloth was bleached so white and so ruthlessly that it fell to pieces as soon as it was used.

The Sergeant-Major was spoken to.

"One Room in London's healthiest suburb. Ministerial recommendation. Large, lofty. Selectly furnished pre-war house. A sunny, cheerful and clean home. Open. Overlooking secluded, pretty gardens. All conveniences. Central. Adjacent large, live Wesleyan."

Religious Weekly Religious Weekly.

We presume it was the "large, live Wesleyan" who provided the "Ministerial recommendation."



Father (referring to his elder son, a fast bowler). "Well, Peter, has Jack been bowling well?" Peter. "RATHER. THERE'S A BOY IN THE SAN. NOW BECAUSE OF HIM."

LITTLE TALKS.

LOVE'S BLISS; OR, WORKING HIM UP To IT.

Unlucky again, Fred, I told you so, we've missed half of it. Well, never mind, I've seen it before so I can tell you. "Love's Bliss" it 's called, pretty name for a picture, isn't it? Can you size I'd take a back-seat, wouldn't you, or wear a smaller size in hats. What's this, now? Oh yes. Well, this man builds bridges, you see, and he's build-

gives way to drink, you see -d'you gives way to drink, you see—d'you glance at a decanter and he gets the mind changing places, Fred, this hat's staggers. There's the girl, you see a knock-out. Thankyou, Fred, that's —that's Fay Martin, Fred—no, it better well he was married to a blands in the transfer. better, well, he was married to a blonde isn't, that's the other girl, and this in New York you see, only she gave is the cabaret where she dances, you him the chuck—Lor, Fred where s my see—that's her, the dark one. Sweetly bag? Poke about on the floor, Fred, will you? That's my foot, dear. Got it? What a mercy! Well that's why see, Fred, because I can't—if I was that he gives way to drink, you see—there you are-

> DROWNING CARE IN INDULGENCE BLAKE LOSES HIS GRIP

see-that's her, the dark one. Sweetly pretty, isn't she? She's gone on Blake, you see, only he's that blind he don't notice; he puts me in mind of you Fred, rather—you know, don't think enough of himself. Well he's brooding over the blonde, you see, and boozing in between, only of course he don't love her really, it's his wounded ing a bridge over this ravine, only he Funny sort of man, isn't he—one pride, you see, and this dark girl tries to

CUT IT OUT, STRANGER

she says, and he says GIRLIE, YOU'RE A GOOD KID No, he don't, that 's later, he says HELL, QUIT BUMMING AROUND, CAN'T YOU!

There's the bridge, you see, isn't it a height, Fred, and this is a rough night at the cabaret, all the lads are after her, you see, and this man with the squint | that? wants to compromise her, that 's Dago Dick, he's the boss, sit over this way a bit, you'll see better. Well, she won't That's Blake, I suppose—D' you mind

nothing, Maud said she was a bit like me she thought, bottles up her feelings and that. Would you believe it, Fred, I've dropped my bag again. Got it? Now you've missed the letter, I think, no, you haven't, there you are BLAKE'S HAND LOSES ITS CUNNING

There he is with his plans you see, and the bridge has gone cockeye because of the drink, your hand's very hot, Fred, it don't matter I like it. Now we have missed the letter. Well, it was from the President or somebody and it says the bridge don't meet in the middle or something so Blake loses his job, and then he takes to drinking out

sign, End of Part Two.

No, thank you, dear, but I could do with a chocolate; my dear, there's Maud with Tom Higgins, I wondered who it was, she's had her head on his shoulder all the evening, well, I always say I like a man who's not ashamed of a little emotion, don't you? I dunno, Fred, they all look lovely, let's have that box with the blue ribbon-Thankyou Fred! Um! Um! Oh scrumptious! I've got a nougat! What's yours?

Well, here we are again, PART THREE. Blake's gone to the bad, you see, and drinks all the time, but this girl keeps her eye on him—there he is staggering into the snow, you see, pity, isn't it,

you see, and she drags him to the hut and nurses him. D' you mind changing hands, dear, I've got the cramp. That's better. See if you can find me a coffee-cream—there she is giving him milk, you see, isn't she sweet?

Weeks Pass. Now he's a new man again, you see, and the bridge don't get on without him, so he's got the job again-Oh! I'm quite sleepy-what's

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE

have no truck with him because of if I rest my head on your shoulder, Blake, only of course she don't show Fred, I'm that tired—that's better, only

Vicar (taking particulars for christening). "And what is the child's name to be?"

Nurse. "MARY JANE SMITH-WILLIAMS."

Vicar. "HYPHENATED?"

Nurse. "No. The doctor's coming to do it on Wednesday."

of the bottle and that's always a bad now I can't see—it don't matter, I remember it—what's happening? Crying, is she? Oh yes—well she wants to marry him, you see, but the only thing he seems to care about is this bridge, because he 's that blind, you see, and when she sees the photographhas she seen the photograph yet? Well, in a minute she'll see a photograph of the blonde under his pillow, and then she goes back to the cabaret and goes gay again, because the bridge was bad enough but the blende is a knock-out. Is my hand sticky, Fred? Well then the bridge is finished and Blake goes down to the cabaret to celebrate and Dago Dick is trying it on with the girl, you see, and she's that wretched she don't care what happens-your hair he's a nice man, really—well, she smells nice, Fred, have you washed it follows him, there she goes, through or what? So Blake comes in in the the wood, you see—pretty isn't it? I nick of time and he knocks Dago Dick stuck to the roof of my mouth, I can't down yet? Well in a minute you'll now, Fred?

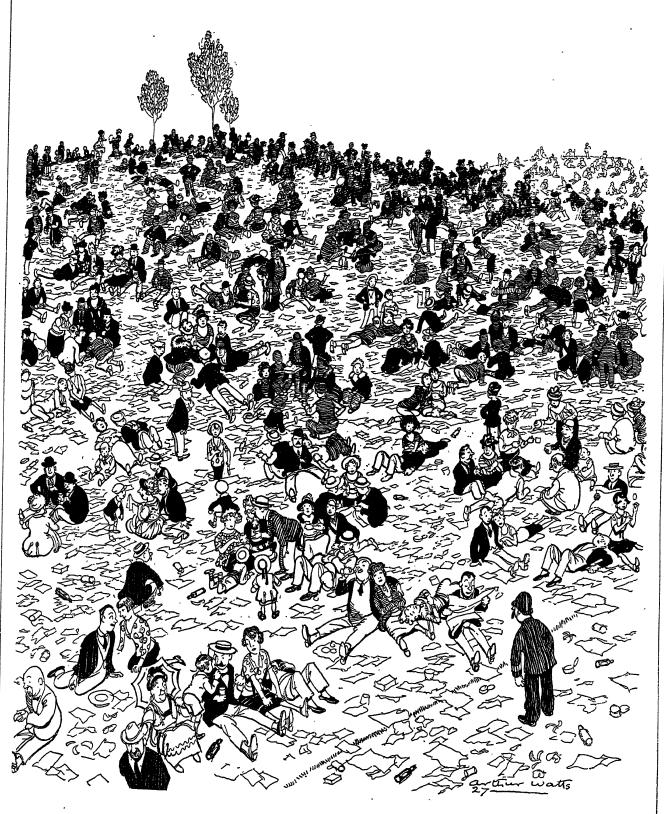
woo him from the bottle, like—there hardly talk. That's better. Well, he see Blake knock Dago Dick down. you are my mouth, dear, I can't move-Ta! Well, Blake still don't say nothing, the silly chump, and then the blonde turns up from New York—have you seen the blonde yet? Yes, a fair girl—fluffy? Of course. Yes, that's the girl—she looks shallow but she's deep reallywell, the moment she sees Blake she knows he's gone on the dark girl, though he don't know it himself, so she runs up to the bridge to throw herself off-there she goes—that's so as to give him his freedom, you see—my dear, what a height, I'm giddy all over—there goes the other girl—well, didn't you see her face when she saw the blonde—she's

going to throw herself over too, you see—there you are—The GREAT Sacrifice—and they're both doing it—seems silly, don't it?—there she is on the bridge, see her dropping a stone? —there it goes!—down, down—give me another choc, Fred — there 's the rocks—plop!—oh, dear! - look at the wind in her skirt, Fred -now she's seen the blonde—thèy 're struggling—each saving the other, you see—right on the edge—hold me tight, Fred, I can't bear it! Oh, they 're over! what a shame!-give me a choc, dear-there she is, you see, swimming after the blonde that's the dark girlshe bounced on a bush,

you see, and was saved. Bringing in the body, you see—but it's no good, the blonde's a goner.

So Blake's eyes are opened at last, you see-see him biting his lips?because if he'd only said something a bit sooner it wouldn't never have happened, you see-Moral, keep your eyes open and never bottle up the feelings.

Look at 'em now—what a kiss!—you never kissed me like that, Fred-would you like to? Well, you can't Why not? Why not, indeed? Well, for one thing they're going to be married you see-and we aren't. Oh, we are, are we? First I've heard of it, I'm sure. Well, I dunno. Do you mean it? Do you really, Fred? Oh, well, if it's that way - perhaps I might, Fred. Of course I do! How soon, Fred? Oh, sooner than that, Fred. No, of course the wood, you see—pretty isn't it? I nick of time and he knocks Dago Dick you can't! Not here, dear. I'm shy, said, pretty isn't it, but this nougat's down—has he knocked Dago Dick Fred. Well, that's that. Shall we go A. P. H.



BANK HOLIDAY AND THE LAW.

"PERSONS DEPOSITING PAPER, LITTER OR RUBBISH OF ANY SORT ON THIS OPEN SPACE WILL BE PROSECUTED."

OUR YACHT AGAIN.

I.—WE GET AWAY.

Percival and I are once again on board the yacht Merry Widow. If you remember, I told you last year about some of our yachting experiences on the Norfolk Broads-which, by the way, we found not nearly broad enough for our purposes—and this year history is repeating itself. Captain Percival has again signed on Apple as crew, and once more we are afloat, or rather, speaking less conventionally and with more truth, aground, for we have miscalculated the width of the River Yare and have only got a February tide-table.

But we feel we are lucky to be on board at all, for our start was not frantic return leap appears unnecesmarked by superlative yachtsmanship. | sarily hurried.

four P.M., direct from London in spats and bowler hats, dived below-which is bad for the best bowler hatsand reappeared a short while later in our yachting kit. Captain Per cival wore grey flannel trousers and a yachting cap with a tennis-shirt motif in between, and Crew Apple was clad chiefly in a sweater and shorts, the effect of which was rather spoilt by his having forgotten

to take off his spats. "Ready!" cries Captain Percival, having loaded in the beer and other provender till the yacht is as low in

the water as a cargo wherry.

Apple smartly.

"Well, weigh the anchor!"

Crew Apple does so, and reports that it weighs pretty heavy. Captain Percival helps, and they weigh, in addition to the anchor, a boot, two pineapple tins without pineapple, an elliptical motor-tyre, a firkin of river-weed, and some of the foundations of the quay. Crew Apple spends a happy halfhour sorting out the debris, and dutifully putting aside those items which he thinks will come in handy for his Aunt the grey flannel trousers. Jessica's jumble sale.

"Now the sails!" commands Percival, who has meanwhile been trying to arrange the stores on deck.

"Ay, ay, Sir," responds Crew Apple again and hauls vigorously on various ropes. Owing to Percival's thoughtless arrangement of the stores on top of the superhuman effort, gets her head round

skyward. Most of it returns when halfanxiously aloft to see if it does. Then the sails fill out; the boom swings round, dispersing the quayside onlookers; and the Merry Widow, only secured now by an overlooked cable, shows a disposition to be off.

"Cast off!" bellows Percival, hauling in the sheet and clutching the tiller.

"Ay, ay, Sir," shrieks Apple, leaping ashore and smartly untying the cable of someone else's dinghy made fast to the same post. The dinghy drifts off down stream to the accompaniment of nautical blasphemy from the owner. Nothing, of course, happens to the Merry Widow, so that Crew Apple's

On going forrard Crew Apple finds that the "spare end of rope" WITH WHICH HE HAS SECURED HIS TROUSERS IS PART OF THE AFT MOORING CABLE.

boat-house—for the boom is still flailing "Ready, aye ready," responds Crew the quay-points out the error and time he unties the Merry Widow corany, drifts off as well that when he prepares to return the Merry Widow has avast, and to go forrard and con ship. departed under the breeze and is now ashore on the far bank. Percival is trying to push her off with a long "quant" pole and get back to his beloved Crew, but nothing is moving—except the boom, which is striking him playful blows on

> Crew Apple therefore, confronted with much the same problems as MOHAMMED, decides he must go to the Merry Widow and so borrows a dinghy and rows across. As he nears his goal, Percival, quite preoccupied with the "quant," frees the Merry Widow from the mud by a

annoyance at not finding Apple where way up, just as Percival is gazing he last left him on the quay is only equalled by Apple's annoyance at not finding the Merry Widow where he last saw her on the bank.

They re-cross twice more, and at last meet in mid-stream—a fortunate encounter, largely due to the fact that Crew Apple, the true sailor, rows backwards. However, having embarked on the back of his neck with his legs in the water he has stupidly forgotten to bring the dinghy painter with him, so that the yacht sails away, leaving two dinghies belonging to total strangers adrift in mid-stream.

A poor beginning. But we are at least off. Captain Percival's face under his yachting-cap takes on a set expression due partly to trying to steer and We arrived on the quayside at about | Someone from the safe vantage of a | partly to trying not to hear what people

on the bank are saying, and Crew Apple-goes below to put on dry clothes.

We sail hard for five minutes, then "Watch below!" roars Percival, who is out to do the thingon proper nautical lines.

Apple, in the middle of changing into trousers, ducks apprehensively from force of habit and then says plaint-ively, "Where?"

"All hands wanted on deck!" shrieks Percival.

"Ay, ay," yells Apple, bustling, though at the moment all his hands are wanted to hold up his trousers.

"Tumble up there!"

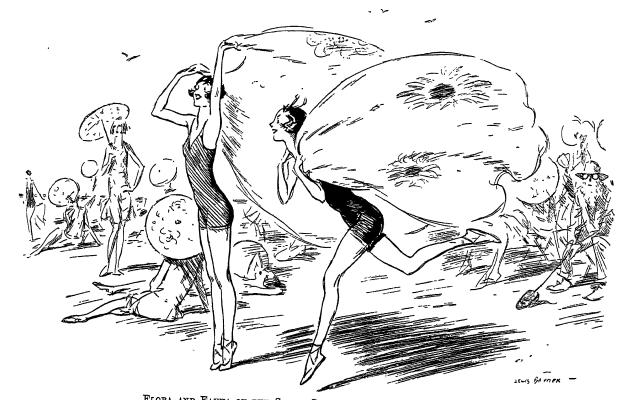
There is a small step between the Crew Apple is sent ashore again. This | Merry Widow's cabin and the well. Crew Apple does tumble up. He sits rectly, but is so busy watching the rest in the well holding his knee with one of the yachtage to see which of it, if hand and his trousers up with the other, while Percival tells him to belay, to

Apple ties his bags up with a spare end of rope and makes a determined attempt to go forrard. But the wind has become suddenly and unaccountably strong, and he can get no further forward than amidships, though he leans hard against the gale and strains every nerve. At last he unties from round his waist the aft mooring cable with which he has inadvertently secured his trousers and then finds he can quite easily get right up to the sharp end.

"Land on starboard bow!" announces

Apple after consideration.

Captain Percival swings the tiller sails, nearly everything on board the and tacks madly back again to the quay, over and the Merry Widow at once yacht at once appears to be drawn up calling aloud on Apple to jump. His runs eight feet inland, two feet above



FLORA AND FAUNA OF THE SOUTH COAST. A CHANCE FOR COLLECTORS.

Mean Sea Level, and several feet above Dead Sea Level. Crew Apple from a sitting position in some wet rushes explains at great length that he is sorry, that he had always understood from a boy that the starboard was the left side, and that anyway he has apologised, and one cannot say fairer than that.

After several unsuccessful attempts to shove off, the Captain gives up and begins to calculate heights of tides. It appears at the moment of writing that, ordinary tides not being high enough to float the yacht off, the Merry Widow is here till the next bore, eiger or mascaret comes up the river. The only alternative is to lighten ship. We have made a beginning on this by getting off the yacht ourselves and walking back fifty yards along the bank to where we started from in order to hire a motor tow-boat and buy Apple more trousers. The owners of the two derelict

The owners of the two derelict dinghies are quite pleased to see us. There is a lot they still want to say.

"'The deputies supporting me will never take the oath of allegiance,' asserts Mr. de Valera, leader of the Republicans. 'We give allegiance to the Irish nation and people only. The people will insist on the speedy abolition of the degrading penal bath which disfrancises one-third of the electorate.'"

New Zealand Paper.

It looks as if Mr. DE VALERA'S supporters, like his policy, won't wash.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES?

[Attention has been called in Parliament to a sign-post (blue and yellow by day, with an orange-lamp at night) which has recently been erected in Belgrave Square to indicate the way to Woolwich and to Edgware.]

Is this a friendly sign supplied To be a monitor and guide For motorists whom Fate has sent From Western Herts to Northern Kent,

Who hitherto have gone astray
In Acton Town or Harringay,
Ignorant that their thoroughfare
Lay properly through Belgrave
Square?

Or does the sign conceal by chance A recondite significance? Is it a finger-post to show The way the House of Lords must go?

A warning to the idle rich That they must seek a humbler pitch Now that they carry on their backs A newly-tightened super-tax?

To Edgware—once a village haunt, Now, as the braggart agents vaunt, A "residential district," spread With stucco'd villas raw and red; Or, if industrial centres please The impecunious refugees, To Woolwich, enterprising hive Where armaments and football thrive, Where, should the Union rules permit Belgravians to do their bit,

There may perhaps be work for all In Dockyard or in Arsenal. The sign (which has an orange light To make its message plain at night) Proclaims in no uncertain voice:—
"Edgware or Woolwich! Take your choice."

The Art of Advertisement.

"To Let, 2 Unfurnished Rooms; suit young couple; 2 minutes from Workhouse."

Welsh Paper.

"'AMAZING' IS THE WORD THAT ADEQUATELY DESCRIBES THESE BARGAINS.

Two-Piece Suit in pretty shade of Blue Charmaline, £3 19/6, for 79/6."—Scots Paper.
'Amazing' is certainly the word.

"INDIAN STARS TO PERFORM.

MEN WITH ENGLISH POLO SQUAD WILL
GIVE RIDING EXHIBITIONS.

A spectacular feat of horsemanship which, so far as known, has never been seen in the East, will be . . . a tent-pegging contest put on by the native officers and men who accompanied the Englishmen to these shores.

The exhibition consists of riding at a full gallop and hurling twelve-foot lances at tents so that they are pegged down as accurately as if done with hammer and tent spike."

New York Paper.

This spectacular feat doesn't seem to have been seen in the West either.



First Girl. "Sorry I'm LATE. I'VE BEEN DINING AT HOME WITH MY PEOPLE." Second Girl. "I EXPECT THEY WERE TERRIBLY BUCKED."

AMERICANS' CONCISE GUIDE TO OXFORD.

In view of the number of Transatlantic tourists who visit our older Universities, the following translation into the American idiom of some of the more outstanding features of one of them may prove useful.

Administration

The University is located in the City of Oxford and surrounding country. It comprises twenty-one colleges, each with its own system of registration. The college serves as a combination of tutoring school, fraternity house and alumni reunion centre. Admission is by priority of application, competitive examination or oversight. No University cafeteria has as yet been established. The co-eds are housed in four dormitories at some distance from the Campus.

The administration of the college is directed from the janitor's office, or "Porter's Lodge." This also contains the mail-box, bulletin-board and college telephone.

Athletics.

The major sports are crew, track,

The last, which cricket and rugger. is played mainly in the Fall, is a kind of football, but is played without enthusiasm. Pep meetings and organised cheering are unknown, and ambulances are rarely required in the course of the game.

Buildings.

Most of the buildings are extremely antiquated, but, owing to lack of foresight on the part of the original trustees, funds are not available to replace them by more efficient structures. Suitable accommodations are now provided, however, for the benefit of overseas students, baths and electric light being installed in almost all of the colleges.

Eights Week.

This was originally the period of the annual intramural navy meet, but is now devoted almost exclusively to dancing and heavy dates. College crews, with their coaches and cheer-leaders, may be seen racing on the neighbouring creek any afternoon in the week. Owing to the restricted space, many collisions occur between the shells.

Proctors.

terested to note that Oxford is the home of Prohibition. The Eighteenth Amendment is directly based on the statute which forbids students to enter the public saloons. Enforcement is by means of the University proctors. Like Federal Officers, these are said to retire at the end of one year on the fruits of their labours.

Souvenirs and Graduation Presents.

These may be purchased at the "five and ten" recently opened by Woot-WORTHS on Cornmarket Street.

A fraternity for Rhodes Scholars and others entitled to their college letter or class numerals.

Commercial Candour.

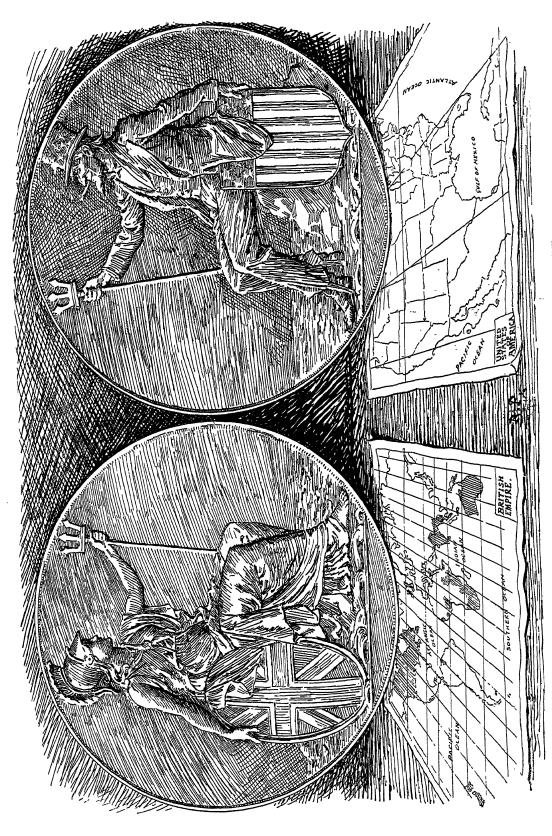
From an Indian trader's circular:-

"Owing to a great demand of a bank here, we have just started a banking business for inconvenience to Officers, Messes and regiments as they get lot of trouble to get their Cheques Cashed."

Another Sex Problem.

"TROIS PETITES SŒURS ARRIVENT ENSEMBLE. Une ouvrière polonaise, âgée de 24 ans, vient roctors.

Visitors from the U.S.A. will be in- de mettre au monde trois enfants du sexe masculin."—French Paper.



PARITY—WITH A DIFFERENCE.

AMERICA. "HOW'S THIS FOR FIFTY-FIFTY?"
BRITANNIA. "VERY NICE; BUT YOUR TRIDENT'S MAINLY A LUXURY, WHILE MINE'S AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY."



The Vicar (arranging the order of batting). "AND ELEVENTHLY AND-ER--lastly, my good friend Mr. Gubbins."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 25th.-"A much improved Bill," said Viscount PEEL, in moving the Third Reading of the Trades Disputes Bill. The bracing air of the Lords had done wonders for it. "Punitive and repressive," declared Lord GORELL, who moved its rejection. In Lord Arnold's view, if the Lords passed that Bill, they would pass anything.

The LORD CHANCELLOR, moving the Second Reading of the Statute Law Revision Bill, said the last Act of this kind, passed nearly twenty years ago, had boiled down one-hundred-and-twenty volumes of statutes to twenty volumes. This Bill would boil down twenty volumes (from 1908-1920) to three. There would later be a third revision, their lordships gathered, which would permit of the production of the vest-pocket edition of the Statutes of the Realm for which the public has always clamoured.

In Committee on the Crown Lands (No.2) Bill, apprehension was expressed by Lord Lincolnshine lest the Crown should part with Runnymede. Lord BLEDISLOE said on no account would the Commissioners of Crown Lands

he has been painted (in St. Stephen's proposition a truism and not a paradox." Hall) will be relieved.

In the House of Commons the Home SECRETARY explained, at the instance of Colonel Woodcock, which of our civic notables were entitled to call themselves "Right Honourable" and which were not. The LORD MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL Was not. GARTER KING-AT-ARMS in 1893 had incorrectly said he was, and in 1903 had correctly said he was not. He ("JICKS") must guard the royal prerogative, and he could not see that the wrongful use of the title by Lord Mayors of Liverpool for thirtyfour years was any reason for conferring the privilege on them now.

"Is the Minister aware," asked Mr. THURTLE, for once pertinently, "that the great mass of the people of England remains entirely unmoved by this controversy?"

On the Report Stage of the Board of Trade Vote Sir Philip Cunliffe-LISTER unfolded a mass of figures from the Census of Production showing the relative state of British trade. By way of explaining them he told the House that "we should be in a healthier position if we had more exports and fewer sell Runnymede. Historians who be- imports, and there was a wide enough and said that, if the purchasing power lieve that King John was not as bad as margin between the two to make the of the Indian cultivator could be raised

Turning to the possibilities for more export trade Sir Philip declared that the will to buy our stuff existed all over the world, but we should have more salesmen and not trust so much to agents. It was the business of the seller, he said, to hunt the buyer.

Mr. A. V. ALEXANDER did not exactly hunt the President of the Board of TRADE, but he declined to sound the optimistic note, declaring, with The Times, that "hopes of a revival of industrial prosperity were not being ful-filled." Sir ROBERT HORNE, scarcely more cheerful, asked for a further safeguarding of industries, and thought standardization would help to reduce production costs. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was "amazed at the apathy of the public" and of the House, of which only one-fifteenth took any interest in industry. He wanted to know when that "creeping inquiry," the BALFOUR Committee, was to produce its report, which, if it did not come soon, was more likely to be a post-mortem than a diagnosis. Mr. T. Johnston drew a pretty picture of the Gold Coast native riding to the cocoa-fields on a British bicycle,

country. Sir Henry Croft countered | Minister. with a gloomy snapshot showing On the Board of Education Vote the the whole year's expenditure on educa-seventy-five per cent. Under the board of Education Vote the the whole year's expenditure on educa-tion. What connection

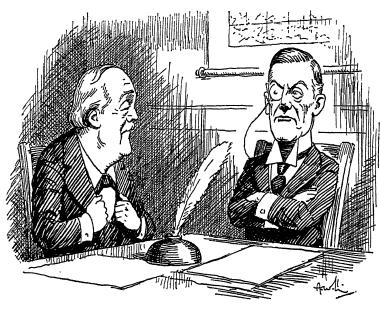
of Londoners riding to business inforeign-built taxi-cabs.

Tuesday, July 26th.— The Finance Bill made its formal appearance in the Lords. Lord HAL-DANE thought a proper spirit had been shown in hunting down the taxdodger. Lord MIDLE-TON had his suspicions of Somerset House. The Duke of Buccleuch bewailed the excessive taxation of land, and Lord PARMOOR, ignoring Comrade HALDANE, entirely agreed with the Duke of Buccleuch.

In the Commons Members listened with no great emotion to Lord APSLEY, who asked the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT Belgrave Square which said "Woolwich" on

poem about the rolling English drunkard and the rolling English road and "the night we went to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head." As to the colour, there was nothing very important about that. Lord APSLEY may recall the story of the nigger who was told by the doctor to buy a chicken and make some broth for his ailing wife. The nigger listened attentively to these and other directions, and just as the doctor was leaving said, "Say, doc., am dere anything speshul about dat chicken being a boughten chicken?"

Mr. Ammon wanted to know what had become of the promised committee of engineers that was to estimate the cost of the Charing Cross bridge and approaches advocated by the Royal Com-Colonel Ashley said the com-



DOWNING STREET MEMORIES.

why he had erected a Sir Austen Chamberlain (acting Prime Minister). "This reminds me of large yellow signpost in 1902, except that you were sitting where I am."

Lord Balfour (acting Colonial Secretary). "AND THAT YOUR FATHER WAS SITTING WHERE I AM."

an arm that did not point to the right | House discussed the raising of the | yet to be carefully counted. road to Woolwich. Colonel Ashley school-leaving age, many Members adsaid they wanted to get travellers to vocating the adoption of the procedure a mass of other outstanding votes were go to Woolwich by alternative routes, recommended by the Hadow report. passed without further debate but not



SHUTTING DOWN.

Mr. Speaker (Broadcaster). "Well, that concludes my mission on cross-river traffic. ENTERTAINMENT TILL NOVEMBER STH. GOOD-NIGHT, EVERY-Colonel Ashley said the com-

mittee was hard at it; they would be right party!" exclaimed Lady Aston ing programmes was another matter. hard at it for some months yet. "What as she rose to set about the Board of The House then devoted itself to was going to become of Waterloo Education. The House seemed to Supply, and passed all the remaining Bridge in the meantime?" asked Mr. wonder too. Sir John Simon, quoting votes on Report.

by three farthings a week, he would Ammon. "I understand it is going to Field-Marshal Sir W. Robertson, said spend forty million pounds more in this remain as it is," replied the optimistic that two preliminary bombardments in the Ypres sector had cost as much as

> was there, asked Captain Evans, between war expenditure and expenditure on education? "Only," Sir John retorted neatly, "that education was the preliminary bombardment of the battle of life."

The Duchess of ATH-OLL praised the HADOW report, but would not say, when pressed by Mr. HARRIS, that the ultimate raising of the school age at some unspecified time was the settled policy of the Government. Later in the evening, however, Lord EUSTACE PERCY made it clear that the Government approved in principle of raising the school age, but were not going immediately to compel local authorities to carry it out in practice. The cost had

The guillotine having fallen, this and which rather recalls CHESTERTON'S | "Sometimes I wonder if I am in the without a large number of divisions.

Wednesday, July 27th.—It would seem that too close an acquaintance with the ways that are dark and the tricks that are plain of Chinese war-lords, Communists and others has affected the Foreign Secretary's style, if not his mentality. At any rate he prefaced a reply to a question about the present position of affairs in China with the remark that he "would confine his reply, as far as possible, to questions of fact."

In this respect no fault could be found with his statement about British naval policy, à propos of the Geneva Conference. The gist of it was that this country, while not challenging the principle of equality with the United States, could not enter into an agreement which might in practice leave us with a definite inferiority in heavy cruisers. A temporary adjustment of build-



SOUTH DEVON IN JULY.

Buddleia, styled globosa, in English "Honeyball," Is charming, and formosa, a shrub admired by all; And Budleigh in South Devon, hyphened with Salterton, In turning earth to heaven a goodly way has gone.

This angulus terrarum makes but a small appeal To the smart, the harum-scarum, to those who feast and squeal;

At Deauville or Gleneagles let opulence cavort, The lure that me inveigles is of a simpler sort.

Here, where the Escallonia magnificently blooms, One does not fear pneumonia, catarrhs and other rheums, And all those dire disorders, arthritic aches and pains Which exercise the Horders and the Arbuthnot Lanes.

Compared with Piccadilly and its eternal roar The nights are hushed and stilly on this sequestered

Our simple pleasure-seekers retire to roost betimes, Deserting the loud-speakers long ere the midnight chimes.

Not mine the nightly crawling to a syncopated tune; I much prefer the calling of the gulls beneath the moon, By day the distant rumbling of the thunder, or the scene Where red cliffs, slowly crumbling, incarnadine the green.

The spirit of midsummer over the landscape broods; No cornet or trap-drummer upon our calm intrudes; Far off the wooded ridges melt in the western skies; There are (as yet) no midges or other poisonous flies.

I've seen no banjo-plunker, no masquerading minx, But I've sampled every bunker, East Devon, on thy links; I 've done some fearful "shanking," at right angles from the course

And gained some skill in yanking my ball out of the gorse. Yet, though one's game be rotten and humbling to one's pride,

Such ills are soon forgotten, the greater joys abide-The song of larks unending, the breezes fresh and free, The gleam of Exe descending in silver to the sea.

Remote from park or villa, on Otter's placid tide I've seen a small flotilla in double beauty glide-Cygnets and swans together, most lovely to behold, Soft grey and snowy feather, through fields of green and gold.

The gardens with their phloxes and roses are a treat, And Budleigh's bathing-boxes are very clean and neat; I've freshened up my corpus, revived my aged limbs And wallowed like a porpoise in matutinal swims.

Where every prospect pleases and man is seldom vile, Old-fashioned songs and wheezes the native mind beguile; For surely in few places save here upon his round Whistling "The Camptown Races" a milkman can be found.

Alas! my fortnight's over, flown like a happy dream Amid the scent of clover and in the land of cream; But ere once more I mingle with the City of Unrest I pen this parting jingle on Devon and the West.

Our Tennis Titans.

From an article on "The Ideal Racquet":-

"A man should be able comfortably to grip a handle that is five inches in diameter (sic) and a girl should find four and three-quarters inches satisfactory."—Daily Paper.

"D' YE KEN JOHN PEEL?"

(A First Attempt at Community Singing.)

This community singing is a wonderful thing. Until you try it you don't realise its possibilities, and there was no enthusiasm in our village when the idea was "mooted," as we say, by our organist and choir-master. But old Smithson is a good sort, and, partly because he was so keen and partly because it was a change from listening-in, we all turned out to the meeting, and the Oddfellows' Hall was packed.

The chairman (our prospective Candidate at the next election) declared that this was as it should be because it was a great occasion. It marked the

life of the community. Henceforth we should be linked together more closely than ever before, for we should be united in a joyous community of song.

We listened in gloomy silence. People on platforms always seem to want to throw us into each other's arms, whereas if they knew anything about village life they would know that the great thing is to keep yourself to yourself. Moreover, we had not come there to be joyous. We had come to sing. And community singing was a serious business, or so we thought.

But it is really not a bit like singing in church. You don't "join in singing"; you divide in singing. And there is no gazing into space with a rapt and suffering look or an air of earnest Christian endeavour. Instead, you turn sideways and glare fiercely at your neighbour while you bellow your version of the song into his ear. And, if he should happen to be singing the same tune to the same words, you don't waste any more time on him but turn at once to your other neighbour, and it is odds that you will find you have something to teach him. Our experience is that it would be a queer community singing that found three people in juxtaposition and in complete accord about the song.

But we did not know all this then, so we scowled at our prospective Candidate with his "joyous community of

been undertaken by Mr. John Matthew, butcher, of the extent of whose musical qualifications no one, he was informed, could be in any doubt who had once heard his performance on the clarionet brass band. We would begin with a song familiar to us all, "D' ye ken John Peel?"

the chairman resumed his seat, and Mr. | red coat. Bright red! John Matthew, blushing like one of his own steaks, ascended the platform.

She. "How sad the sea sounds this morning!" He. "YES, I'VE JUST THROWN IN ONE OF THESE COLD MUTTON SAND-WICHES."

whose descent would be the signal for from my bed." rang out like a chal-That is to say, the signal came. But other quarters came a defiant "From not the song. If anything the silence my bed," with a thump on every word. not the song. If anything the silence became more tense. John Matthew's already high colour rose perceptibly and he looked as if he were going to cry.

But the doctor's wife saved the situation by suggesting that, since there was no piano at hand, perhaps a member of the church choir would give us the keynote. Thereupon the leading tenor rose and made a loud and lamentable noise which he called "doh," and he and some twenty other heroic spirits wailed their way through the first verse. But no one had the heart to go on, and our community singing would have been a complete fiasco if the schoolmaster hadn't risen on a point of order to ask the chairman whether John Peel's coat was

suddenly prostrated by influenza, the chairman had some difficulty in quelduty of conducting the singing had ling the tumult; but by-and-by a nervous-looking little man at the back of the hall was understood to be saying that his people came from the "John Peel" district and the coat was gray. Shouts of "Liar!" "Shame!" "Chuck or watched him conducting the village him out!" were drowned in Gray cheers. But the Gays found a champion in Mrs. Wilkins, who declared in passionate tones that she had a 1923 Thereupon, amid subdued applause, calendar which showed John Peel in a

There were cheers and counter-cheers and demands for a ruling from the chair. Seizing the baton, he made a pass or two and then held it upraised with a resolute and commanding air. There for "day," he saw no reason why we was a tense silence. Every eye was should not each sing according to our commencement of a new era in the intent upon the little wooden pointer own convictions on the point. If Mr.—

er-er (mumble)-would kindly give us our "doh"

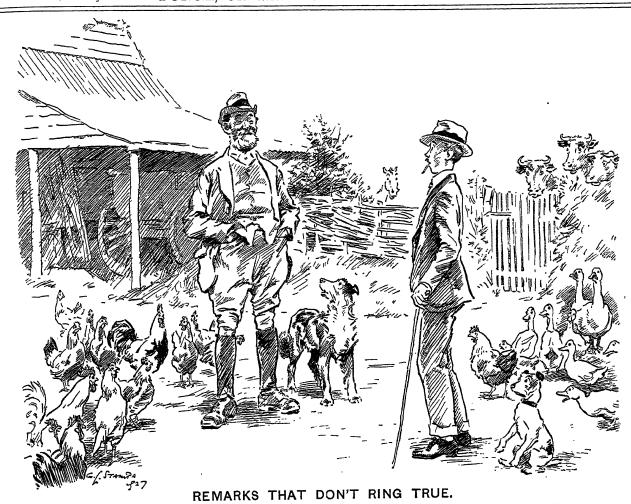
We could hardly wait for it or for the beat of the baton, and when it came we started off with a shout which became a roar at the end of the first line, for the Grays burred their "r" with tremendous effect. But there were even better things to come, for the chorus revealed a cleavage which went far deeper than mere words. It was a question of time and tune. Together (more or less) we chanted "Forthesound of his horn," and then we parted, and "Me

a great outburst of song. It came. lenge, while at the same time from

Without a pause we repeated the chorus, then swung into the second verse (words, "La, la"), and so on to the end of the song. Amid a remarkable variety of renderings perhaps the most striking was the contribution of the little man at the back of the hall. He sang the words to an old North-Country air, which he said was the one and only tune for "John Peel" in Cumberland.

We encored ourselves again and again and again, and our prospective Candidate continued to beam blandly upon us. As for John Matthew, he took as little notice of us as we did of him. But he kept on waving his baton like an song," and he cut his remarks short.

He said that in the regrettable absence of our talented organist and choirmaster, Mr. Smithson, who had been "Gray!" "Gray!" "Gay!" and the automaton, and after a while we did cast an occasional glance in his direction, and by a tacit agreement all particles endeavoured to accommodate their



Farmer. "I'VE NEVER KNOWED A BETTER YEAR, SIR. CROPS, WEATHER-EVERYTHING PERFECT."

efforts to the beat. Variations in accordance with personal idiosyncrasy were expected and even welcomed, but not if they broke the time, and one keen fox-hunter was threatened with expulsion because he prolonged his viewhalloo while the rest of us were awaking the dead.

We sang until our voices gave out and we were reduced to a sort of whispering recitation—in some extreme cases mere dumb show. Then we gave three husky cheers for the chairman and the conductor.

And so to bed.

At an agricultural meeting:—

"Mr. —— said he had just come from ——
Cheese Fair, and there farmers were standing over the cheese, with tears in their eyes."

Provincial Paper.

We fancy we know this cheese.

"Without heeding the big, bright tears of disappointment that rose to Peggy's lips, the old aristocrat drove on."

Story in Weekly Paper. This strange physical phenomenon must have made him lose his nerve, or he would surely have kissed them away.

THE GIFT;

or, Training the Young Idea, 1927.

"And has my Susan been so good,
And practised Nature Study well,
And done her Dancing as she should
And even learnt the way to Spell?
And what would Susan like to own,
A Ringdove or a Gramophone?

"Does she desire a Guinea-pig,
A Lovebird or an Owl to pet,
A Garden Spade with which to dig,
A little Two-valve Wireless set?
A Teddy Bear of twice her size
To please her with its Topaz Eyes?"

"Dear Father," little Susan cried,
"Your interesting Catalogue
Has left me rather Cold inside;
I mean to have a Racing Dog,
And make a Bit perhaps I shall
By Betting on this Animal.

"The charming Presents that you name Might please another Child to win Who had not my Industrious Aim, But would they fetch the Money in? Irather Choosea Greyhound, which Will make us All Extremely Rich."

Her Father with Relief Profound
Bestows on Susan what she begs,
And buys for her a Brindled Hound
That has the Fastest Kind of Legs;
And both of them Next Day repair
To see it Hunt the Electric Hare,
Evoe.

The Wedding Feast-Empire Styles.

"The house was bright with varicolored flowers and breakfast was served in the living room from a buffet table, centred with a bowl of peonies and syringes."—Canadian Paper.

"The ham was dressed in mauve georgette, with frills of valenciennes lace, and carried a dainty basket of flowers."—Australian Paper.

"LOST AND FOUND.

Found straying, a Lam; if not claimed within 3 days will be sold."—Irish Paper. From the missing tail we judge this to have been one of Bo Peep's lot.

"New York, July 9.—Adolph Goldberg is an egg candler: he has been one for 20 years. But not until the other day did he ever see an egg without a koly. He took it to the Museum of Natural History, where officials agreed that it was the first on record."—Canadian Paper. We too have never seen one; but then we have never seen an egg candler either.

THE BOOK OF ABERDEEN.

One of the first questions which a are furious. dog who lives under dual control has to decide is, which of Them is his real owner, or rather, to which of Them does he owe his deepest obligations? one is sensible; and one is also civil-

nature to prefer that.

In my own case I consider myself to belong to the man—to Him—although, as I happen to know, I am really called Hers. He gave me to Her; She pays the licence. All the same I feel that my first duty is to Him, and, were I one of those hulking pompous life-savers, a Newfoundland or a St. Bernard, it is He that I should devote my energies to were He in dangereven though They have a saying about women and children first. I am aware that this may strike you as odd, considering too how kind She is to me and that it is in Her room that I sleep; but there it is. We are peculiar animals, we dogs.

There is no logic in it, because, when I have been naughty—by which I mean when I have been more of a dog, or less of a dog-asthese-people-want-a-dog-to-be, than They desire—or when I have been trying to be funny and They have missed the point of the joke, it is not She who whacks me,

but He.

And He lays it on too. Just as He knows the best way to manipulate my ears to promote greatest content, so He knows the spots where the switch is most telling. He is very clever. When He is in a good mood at meals He makes far the best tit-

bits that I ever get. Others may give me more, but He thinks. He knows. Sometimes I believe He must have a strain of dog in Him Himself. "Almost canine," I murmur.

I was talking just now about jokes, and it is the difference in sense of humour to which so many of a dog's troubles, or at any rate perplexities, are to be traced. When They are in a jesting mood, we must comply or there will be a row. This is when They do what is called teasing—put nice things to eat just above our jumping reach, or humiliate us by making us walk on our hind-legs, as though we also were men or women. If we don't like it

and show our dislike, They are amazed. Similarly, when it amuses us to play tricks on Them, as often as not They

The other day, for instance, I got fearfully wet in a shower when I was out with Him. Usually I shake myself One is civil to both, of course, because would be funny to save it for indoors. As luck would have it, She was wearand on occasion more than civil—to the ing a new dress, and I covered it with cook for the same reason; but there drops. I was roaring with laughter and must be one who is supreme. It is our I hadn't a spark of malice in me; but doze.

Young Hopeful. "DAD, I WISH YOU'D BUY ME A BOW

Father. "Why, it 's only an hour since I bought you

Young Hopeful. "YES; BUT THE KITE'S ON TOP OF A TELEGRAPH-POLE AND I WANT TO SHOOT IT DOWN."

the way They carried on! Even He certain. A blot on an otherwise adfailed me.

If I had been called in to assist at the making of man I should have seen to it that he was less restless. That is his principal fault. He has many merits: he likes us, he is warm to lie against, he provides bones, he wants to see rats exterminated, he goes long walks, he keeps a car in which it is pleasant to ride, he marries weak women who can easily be coaxed into spoiling us, as They call it. But at the same time he has no steadiness. He is always doing something else. I am speaking of man nurserymen in the town, one of whom relied generally, but I mean my own man too. How much wiser the dog who, when not | The dare-devil!

running about, is asleep, or, if not actually asleep (for we usually have one eye open, if They only knew it, for fear of something happening that we might miss), extended or curled in repose! I don't agree that, as I have heard Him say, if you scratch an Aberdeen you on the mat, but this time I thought it find a clubman—we are not so selfindulgent quite as that—but one isn't born Scotch for nothing, and to take one's ease is exceedingly alluring. Hence, when we can, we sleep, or at any rate

> But men don't sleep. When they come in they read or write, or do accounts—in none of which occupations is a dog encouraged or permitted to take part. Reading is one of their worst habits, and particularly those absurd great cold, uncomfortable rustling sheets called newspapers. When He reads a book He sometimes allows me to be on His lap; but no peace is possible there when He reads the paper. It is too large and is always being moved about and turned over. I will say this for Him all the same, and that is that when He reads the paper He smokes a pipe, which, although I don't pretend to like tobacco, I can put up with. That is what He smokes after breakfast; but after lunch and after dinner He lights one of those pungent things they call cigars, which are a real source of pain to me. They may not be bad cigars, but the smoke is unbearable. It is part of the bewildering sense of humour of some people actually to puff their smoke at us, to see us flinch and retire. "Did you ever see such a hurt expression?" they say, and call to each other to look and laugh. I will admit that He never does that; but no consideration for my feelings would cause Him to give up cigar-smoking, I am

mirable character.

When I say that men don't sleep, I mean that they don't lie down hour after hour of the day, as we do. But they sleep at night on exceedingly comfortable beds, on which, in the morning, when they are in a good mood, we are allowed to jump and lie too. I like lying on His bed almost more than any-E.V.L. thing we do, indoors.

(To be continued.)

"Councillor -- said there were only two upon the weather for his supply of water." Local Paper.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CAGE" (SAVOY).

Miss Joan Temple, author of The Widow's Cruise and The Hen upon a Steeple, has for the moment abandoned, or nearly abandoned, flippancy to present her version of the revolt of the young female thing in a day of loosened bonds, passionate notes of interrogation and unsymmetrical distribution of the sexes. The scene is a comfortable enough villa in outer London, with its ambitious frail furniture, delivered doubtless in a plain van, and the mournful aspidistra basking symbolically in its art pot.

Mrs. Edward Simmons is a ruthlessly high-minded and religious woman, into whose tight little brain there has entered no sort of idea that daughters have any other duty than to obey the parents who have done so much for them. Mary Simmons, the stay-at-home daughter, is an unpaid maid-of-all-work, given to the furtive reading of salacious books but infuriatingly a Puritan, when she learns that her sister Ena, the typist, has fallen in love and surrendered to her employer, Michael Brendon, whose wife has been eight years in a lunatic asylum. Ena finds sympathy from her kindly hen-pecked old father and from a starved spinster friend of her mother. The father, who confesses to his own romance, abandoned under the pressure of fear of his dominating spouse and also an honest sense of decency and duty,

and pay their own price. Miss Ostin, who has watched Ena's lover waiting for hours outside the girl's window on the night after he has received her letter of renunciation, urges her to repent and go back to him and not risk her ownfate of being starved in her affections and despised by the contemptuous married.

Ena, a strange bird to be fledged in this nest, betrays queer subtleties on this fateful Sunday morning. She will give up her lover on the appeal of the mother who has no capacity for understanding the position. She prays for a way out of her agony. And behold in the morning's paper, which may not be read

till after church, there is the news of the burning down of the asylum in which her lover's wife is confined. She is guilty of the poor woman's murder—



LATE NEWS.—"OUR FAUGHTER'S FALLEN IN LOVE WITH A MARRIED MAN."

Mrs. Simmons . Miss Sydney Fair-Brother.

Edward Simmons . Mr. C. V. France.

an honest sense of decency and duty, here is an Einsteinian conception of time evidently—and now can never go to her to manage other people's lives. They must be allowed to go their own way easy. A telegram announcing that the humorous maid-servant, Winnie, who

patient has been saved, she feels free to break out of the cage and go where her heart sends her, and this with the blessing of her father, who for the first time in his harassed life reduces the protesting Mrs. Simmons to an outraged silence and stupefied recognition that her solid world has broken under her feet.

The characters of the old father and of the emotional tortured Ena are well conceived and well developed. C. V. France, whose acting always seems so inevitable that its skill is apt to be underestimated, makes a charming thing of this obscure, helpless, decent little man. Miss Ffranccon-Davies, notalwayshelped by the diffuse methods of her author, who delays action for conversation, gives us a skilful and, on the whole, a credible portrait of the pretty duckling; a little too languishing, per-haps. The part of the old clucking mother is, I think, spoiled by its inappropriate humour, and Miss Sydney FAIRBROTHER aids and abets her author in this crime by an exaggerated emphasis of the grotesque, though there is much better stuff in her rendering than this. I would venture to point out that the fact of a man's wife being in an asylum is not really a suitable subject for frequent jesting.

I am afraid Miss TEMPLE has been frightened by the supposedly universal demand for brightness into betraying her characters. It is excusable, perhaps, but it has gone far to spoil her play, whose merit and justification are its seriousness, not its humour. There was, of course, much more excuse for the humorous maid-servent. Winner, who

is outside the tragedy, and this part was very capably played by Miss KATHLEEN HARRISON. Miss Pollie Emery too, as the friend of the family, had her justi-fiable moments of fun and made a good thing of them, as of the hard side of this embittered woman. Miss Gwen-DOLEN EVANS did what she could to give life to the rather unplausible Mary. Is it fair to suggest that further work upon the sound material would have made a promising scenario into a more interesting and much more convincing play?

THE LOCKY

CAGE CONFIDENCES.

Ena Simmons Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies.

Mary Simmons Miss Gwendolen Evans.

The Eternal Boy. "The Earlof Balfour, whom everyone is congratulating to-day on his 79th ninth birthday."—Scots Paper.

THE ROAD TO SCOTLAND.

THE royal robes of purple cloak the shoulders of the Bens,

The silver-bosomed birches are a glory in the glens,

But before you win your welcome where the high tops wait

You must make your bow to Cheviot as guardian of the gate;

For the Highlands may be calling, but it's Cheviot waves you through-That old March Warder,

The Keeper of the Border, Who gives you right of riding through the country of Buccleuch.

So you may choose the Gretna road and ghosts shall be your guides Of postboys spurred and booted and of little trembling brides;

Or you may cross by Carter Bar and hear the raiding hoofs

Come trampling through the fords of Rede, and watch the burning roofs, And see the smoke in Liddesdale, a cloud upon the blue,

Where the old March Warder Is waiting on the Border To give you right of riding through the country of Buccleuch.

W. H. O.

WAY OUT EAST.

My DEAR JOSEPH,—I have seen what the geography books call "large portions of the surface of the globe" since I last wrote to you. Among these are the Arabian Gulf, the Indian Ocean, the Bay of Bengal and the South China Sea. In spite of their different names these all look very much alike, for they consist, as far as I could judge, of nothing but water in all directions. Remember, Joseph, not to imagine that because a portion of the globe is called a "bay" it is necessarily a quiet secluded little nook. The South China Sea is a nasty treacherous place too. At one moment you are enjoying a perfectly fine hot day, and then suddenly it becomes dark but no cooler, and you find yourself soaked through at once, unless you have a very good eye for taking cover. There is far better practice to be had in taking cover in the South China Sea than ever there was on Salisbury Plain or in the Long Valley, where things happen gradually.

As the ship's awnings are designed to keep out the sun but not the rain, we are obliged to spend a great deal of our time below. (There are other reasons for this, Joseph, but I do not propose to weary you with them now.) Consequently a series of lectures on subjects of peculiar interest to us soldiers has been inaugurated, and each lecture is

phrase here and there, and before long we realise that once again the lecturer has skilfully turned the subject round to the one most beloved by all the

hygiene.
Put very briefly the chief lessons of tropical hygiene are that it is dangerous for a British soldier to walk about, to sit down, to go to sleep, to eat or to drink in a tropical country. Or rather, if he does any of these things in the normal way he is certain to become ill. The result is a host of carefully-prepared regulations with which the soldier has to comply before he can possibly be well. They are so numerous that there is practically no time left for any other branches of soldiering, and that is why foreign service is looked upon as a kind of rest-cure.

For example, it is a simple matter at home to get a drink of water. But out here, we are told, there are several precautions that must be observed if the soldier is not immediately to die of one or more of the diseases with Latin names given in The Manual of Military Water Purification (crown 8vo, 2 vols. and corrigenda). From my lecturenotes I find that a private soldier requiring a drink of cold water has first to report the matter to a non-commissioned officer, who should, I think, be of a rank not below that of corporal; but the effect of the South China Sea has been to make my notes a little incoherent in places. He will then be taken to the drinking-water site, which has been marked by the engineers in anticipation of his arrival with coloured flags by day and searchlights by night.

There he draws the required amount of fluid (the doctors do not recognise it as water yet), plus a small allowance for shrinkage, wastage, demurrage and corkage. He is then directed to boil it over a slow fire for twenty minutes, after which the water should be allowed to cool. A pinch of alum is then added to precipitate the foreign bodies, after which a few drops of strong permanganate-of-potash solution and a handful or so of chloride of lime (to taste) are added to decapitate the germs. All germs must be buried immediately and their graves sprinkled freely with something the name of which I don't seem to have put down, but I see that I have a note to the effect that further informaticn is to be obtained from Military Cemeteries, their Design and Stocking, which is issued free in all tropical countries. All the requisite chemicals are readily obtainable in exchange for an indent, which has to be rendered given an attractive title in Daily Orders upon the appropriate Army Form (in and begins with a lecturer's funny story. | quadruplicate) forty-eight hours in ad-

However, we soon begin to recognise a vance. Finally, rain-water, although pure, is never to be used, but just for the moment I cannot recall why.

For important reasons of State I am nct allowed to disclose our destination members of his union, namely, tropical | to you, but as I shall post this letter as soon as we arrive there I suggest that you look at the post-mark. We have heard quite a lot about the place already, and I gather that it is a charming spot. True, there are red ants and white ants and, I suppose, blue ants, but I am assured that the stories about them are very much exaggerated. I am told also that the centipedes and scorpions take no more notice of soldiers than they do of civilians, and that the dragons are practically extinct. So when I add that out of every six snakes only one, they say, gives a bite that is really incurable you will readily understand that at present everything is going swimmingly with your CHARLES.

WIRELESS WISDOM.

(By Our Vegetarian Correspondent.)

[The "Talks" at the B.B.C. have recently included an address on "The Tomato" by Dr. W. F. BEWLEY]

O BENIGNANT Dr. BEWLEY, We thank you very truly For paying homage duly To an interesting veg., And we hope your conversation On its proper cultivation Will act upon the nation Like the thin end of the wedge.

Tell us next why the iguana Does not munch the blithe banana, And why the lithe liana

We can't acclimatize; And why the cherimoya Remained unknown to GOYA, And why the bean called soya Our farmers still despise.

Oh, tell us why the mango For the votaries of the tango And the frolicsome fandango

Is the most salubrious fare; And how the sprout of Brussels Invigorates our muscles And prepares us for our tussles With the Bolshevistic bear;

How a vegetable quota In our diet can promote a Breed that in the Book of Gotha No longer is revealed, And, more than Mrs. BEETON, Helped the playing-fields of Eton To secure us from retreat on Many a stricken Flanders field.

"O rare Ben Jonson." We understand that the legal view of this muchdiscussed epitaph is that it should run, "Ora re BEN JONSON."

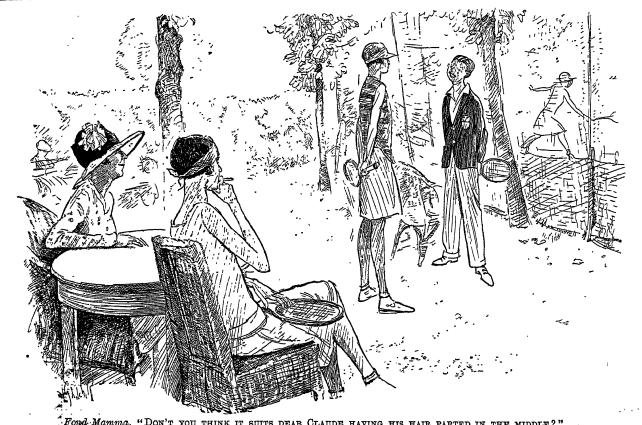


THE RECORDER OF LONDON

At birth he was a little WILD;
And, much concerned about the child,
His parents said, "If he is styled
ERNEST, perhaps a change'll

Come for the better;" and it has:
Instead of giving way to jazz,
He sits to judge the wicked as
London's Recording Angel.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.-XLVIII.



Fond Mamma. "Don't you think it suits dear Claude having his hair parted in the middle?" His Sister. "Um—he'd look a dashed sight better if he didn't part his face in the middle."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It would appear that two notable masterpieces by two fellow Scots have influenced Mr. John Buchan's new romance. Witch Wood (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) owes, I feel, a stimulating debt to Sir Walter's Demonology and Witchcraft, and a slightly oppressive one to Stevenson's Thrawn Janet. The former is an admirable source, and source of sources, and Mr. Buchan has won inspiration from it. The latter is in itself inspiration so adequately realised that nothing is left for development, and phrases and cadences of an only too memorable individuality tend to overlay inevitably parallel passages. For this reason Mr. BUCHAN'S opening chapters, which describe the induction of a young minister into a Covenanting parish, are not the happiest possible point of departure for what follows. The Reverend David Sempill, however, soon takes on individuality; and Woodilee is so little like Balweary that it contains not only one old beldame dedicated to Satan but a whole parish. Outwardly there is a display of more orthodox devotion, and the delating of crazy old wives for witchcraft is a popular local industry. But the primeval forest that skirts the village is the scene of occulter rites, and it is not long before the minister stumbles on a wellpatronised witches' sabbath. Pleasanter but almost as perilous complications ensue. A household of "malignants" introduces him not only to the lady of his heart, but to Montrose himself; and a sense of the legitimacy of other claims and loyalties than those in which he has been reared introduces further elements of spiritual and physical danger. The skill with which Mr. BUCHAN blends and sustains these interests will please the critical reader; and of actual | been allowed to do so.

adventure, rising spontaneously and gracefully out of them, there is enough for the most exacting.

The Battle Book of Ypres (MURRAY) has been compiled by Miss BEATRIX BRICE, with the aid of Lieut.-General Sir William Pulteney, to serve a twofold purpose. As a memorial volume it embodies the aim of the Ypres League: "to perpetuate the tradition of the four years' defence of the Salient as an ideal, and a source of inspiration for all time." As an historical guide-book it seeks to assign to certain quarters of the rapidly-transfigured battlefields of Flanders the acts that made them memorable during the War. It is difficult to appraise the success of the first motive in a world unstirred by the military music to which, as Miss Brice insists, her chronicle should be read. I do not feel myself that hers is quite the voice to pronounce the panegyric of Ypres. At any rate the insouciance with which she prints her own enthusiastic verses on "battlelust" not two-score pages from a reproduction of Mr. C. R. W. NEVINSON'S "Harvest of Battle" argues an imperfect sense of the arts of advocacy. But her more practical object seems to me very well attained. A sensible foreword by Lord Plumer ushers in a concise account of the operations that year by year centred round the old capital of Flanders and its site. From the first battle of Ypres in 1914 to the last in 1918, each stage of the campaign, its antecedents and objective, is carefully described. Then, with a good map to elucidate it, comes an alphabetical list of placenames, and under each name are summed up its memorable associations, regimental and personal. These of course speak for themselves. The true praise of the book (and the best tribute to the compiler) is that they have so largely

We get in The Season made for Joy (From Secker) a trio of girls and a boy Who all of them somehow fail to derive Satisfaction from being alive, A grim result which is traceable to Their plans for moulding the world anew.

From early childhood to later youth They all put a capital T to truth, Forgetting that most of the rest of us

Support in the less pretentious kind. It's not that they're lacking in native wit---

They've more than an adequate share of it—

But they own the particular sort of sense Which flouts their elders' experience; And I, as I read, at times grew hot And felt that I wanted to shake the lot.

But BARBARA BLACKBURN, though she throws

Her best into painting the gloomy woes And the utter failure of this quartette, Contrives elsewhere in the book to get So much that is whimsical, human, bright,

That the thing as a whole is a sheer delight.

Books on boxing do not appear regularly; indeed it must be four or five years since the last that I recollect-Knuckles and Gloves-came out. It is noteworthy therefore that two books on the subject should to-day appear in coincidence. These are Recollections of a Boxing Referee by Mr. JOE PALMER (Bodley Head), and Gloves and the Man (HUTCHINSON), by Mr. EUGENE CORRI. Both books (they are curiously alike) are original, inasmuch as they are concerned with gossip about modern fights and fighting men (and here I'd venture to think that Mr. PALMER'S loyalty and friendship have been in one instance misplaced) and do not confine themselves, in Fistiana fashion, merely to a businesslike and round-by-round description of scraps. Both authors are readable, Mr. Corri especially so; both have plenty of "incidents" to relate—Mr. Palmer's "Kilkenny Cats," for example, you'll find well told and funny-and both will gratify public opinion by agreeing with it in its idolatry of the well-beloved Mr. BILLY Wells. Both too are illustrated with the same brand of rather unflattering

photography, which in some cases (especially in Mr.) PALMER'S book) amounts almost to libel. Indeed the picture of CARPENTIER is an absolute outrage on my first and happy recollection of him, wherein, for ever young, a smiling and magnificent Georges still sheds a green satin dressing-gown and stands up, under the violent arcs, beautiful as Endymion. But there, I hope he'll see the BODLEY HEAD about it himself. Finally, though I wait for Mr. E. B. OSBORN to write the perfect fighting book and for romantic novel who is christened Caleb; this particular



THE LANGUAGE OF THE ROAD. EJECTED "CRASHER" WARNS OTHER UNINVITED GUESTS.

as his Ring Maxim, Mr. Corri and Mr. Palmer may be warmly recommended in the meantime.

Somewhere about the year of grace 1830 one Caleb Fuller, secretary and assistant-manager to Madame Oriano, that once celebrated manufacturer of fireworks, contrived to obtain in marriage the hand of her lovely daughter, Letizia. I mistrust, and apparently with justice, any character in a "KLAXON" to make a volume of boxing lyrics, all as good bearer of a dishonoured name is fortunately not with us long, but his grandson, another Caleb, is an even more unpleasant specimen of humanity. The fact is, Mr. Compton Mackenzie is inclined to adopt the good old-fashioned methods of characterisation. His villains are not allowed hand, most of the ladies are as charming as can be, even when they are employed to supply comic relief. I must put in one word of appreciation for the drawing of Mrs. Pottage, the kindly landlady down at Greenwich, with her friends and numberless admirers and a never-ceasing flow of really funny talk. She might almost have stepped out of the pages of Martin Chuzzlewit. And Letizia Fuller the combination of sentiment and hard-headed commonsense, second, who, after enchanting London for a year, abandons of emotionalism and business shrewdness, by no means

the stage to marry the young Earl of Darlington, is only one degree less lovable than her delightful mother. stage, from the circus up through pantomime to touring companies and a final apotheosis in London for the heroine, is a milieu that Mr. MACKENZIE knows better than most, and he has made good use of his knowledge in Rogues and Vagabonds (CASSELL).

At the age of seventy-eight, in the year 1865, it occurred to the late Admiral George VERNON JACKSON to Write his memoirs, which now appear as The Perilous Adventures and Vicissitudes of a Naval Officer, 1801-1812 (BEACKWOOD), edited by Mr. HAROLD BURROWS. It would of course be absurd to say you cannot kill a Naval seaman, because there are instances to the contrary, but he takes an extraordinary deal of killing. As a lad Admiral Jackson, who went to sea in the year 1801, survived Yellow Jack, fallings overboard, floggings, duels, starvation, battle, two years' captivity in various French prisons and a further sixteen years of active service, to live to the age of

fourteen years he was retired as Captain. Twenty-one years later he was promoted to Rear-Admiral; after five more to Vice-Admiral; after eight more to Admiral. As his name had been entered in the Navy when he was seven years old, he had been officially connected with the Service for eighty-one years. In Jackson's ingenuous narrative a state of war is accepted as a thing of course, concerning which there need be no remark. At sea, the first concern was the kind of disposition manifested by the commanding officer. As a prisoner in France the immediate affair was how to escape. A part of the real life in the Old Navy is here vividly revealed; its grim conditions, reckless adventures, sudden catastrophes, ruthless discipline and, above all, its unquenchable jollity. It is the Navy as depicted by MARRYAT, for whom, according to tradition, Jackson served in part as the model for Peter Simple.

A woman ship-builder would probably be regarded as something of a curiosity even now, when few trades or professions have escaped the feminine invasion. Mary Hansyke, who in Miss Storm Jameson's novel, The Lovely one redeeming feature; their appearance is disgusting, their hypocritical piety nauseating. Fortunately, on the other tially masculine sphere, is no shingled modern, but a mid-Victorian in flounces and furbelows, and the Yard over which she presides is one of those comfortable, slow-going, conservative family concerns, now almost extinct, which touched the zenith of their prosperity during the period immediately preceding the turn-over from sail to steam.

> unfamiliar to anyone intimately acquainted with Northcountry characteristics. The blend of qualities is manifested alike in her affairs of business and of the heart: she does not allow her love of sailingships to prevent her from building steamships because they pay better, any more than she allows her varied matrimonial adventures and misadventures to make material or spiritual shipwreck of her life. And withal she remains throughout sufficiently vital and convincing to hold the reader's interest in her personality, quite apart from the much less convincing ramifications of Miss Jameson's complicated and occasionally rather inconsequent plot.

The Ragged Garment (Fisher Unwin) has convinced me that a schoolmaster who thinks he is a failure at his job should not be persuaded to stick to it. Alec Mister, a born tormentor of himself and others, not only worried about his work, but got considerably more anxiety than pleasure out of his friendship with Philip Charde. Drawn together by a common interest in social work, they had been

eighty-nine. In 1828 he was placed on half-pay. After bosom-friends before the War; but the War had drastically changed Philip's outlook, while Alec returned from it expecting everybody and everything to be as they had been before 1914. E.P.P. Samuels knows life at a preparatory school, and understands, as far as any grown-up is privileged to understand, the nature of small boys. But when it comes to tearing a friendship to pieces I wonder gravely if the story of this rupture does justice to the author's ability. I found his Alec too much of a jelly-fish for my personal pleasure. If he had once or twice lost his temper and let off a volley of execrations, instead of making everlasting excuses and being shocked by mild expletives, I should have had a greater respect for him.



Neighbour. "YES; BUT I 'AD THE LAST WORD WIV 'IM. I z TO 'IM, I SEZ, 'YOU'RE AS UGLY AS IF YOU'D BEEN SEZ TO 'IM, I SEZ, MEASURED FOR IT.'"

[&]quot;A toy sympathy orchestra gave novel rythmical selections from the works of Shaumann and Brahms, etc."—Local Paper. If the performance matched the spelling the audience must have wanted all the sympathy it could get.

CHARIVARIA.

THE new Treasury notes are to have slightly different wording. But they will be worth just as little as the old evening. ones.

A policeman is to attempt to swim the Channel. He will, of course, use the truncheon stroke.

The Sunday Press is always out for novelty. One paper is to publish the life-story of a man who has never committed a murder or even been in prison.

A contemporary points out that there have never been any special prayers for use in the Army. All the same, before same floppy ears.

going to sleep, recruits often invent a little one of their own for the sergeant-major.

The fox that was shot in a Muswell Hill garden the other day is reported to have been a young one. It would be; foxes of the old school wouldn't be seen dead on Muswell Hill.

Because he did not enter a plea of insanity a murderer charged in America has been remanded for the state of his mind to be inquired into.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S new London residence is described as typically Georgian. Care was of course taken to ascer-

tain that there was nothing Asquithian about it.

The passengers on a pleasure-steamer plying between Torquay and Plymouth were so sea-sick that, in response to their appeals, the captain put them ashore. We doubt if DRAKE would have done this.

Two Daily Mail readers have found, on the Wiltshire downs, mushrooms measuring from thirty to forty inches in circumference. Daily Express readers regard them as of the "button" variety.

Among the Roman articles recently discovered at Caerleon is a bronze hairpin, the end of which takes the form of a hand holding an apple. It is believed to have been a charm against doctors.

out for the evening, it seems, she expects ing no doubt searched his pockets in from ten to twenty pounds to be spent vain once again. *** on her. This finally decides us not to take an American flapper out for the

Senator Ricci predicts that the Fascist Government's proposed tax on bachelors will be paid without protest. He is confident that his fellow-countrymen will regard it as preferable to either matrimony or castor-oil.

The President of the British Dental Association says that salads are good for teeth. We've noticed some confirmed lettuce-eaters with prominent | ities on the Piccadilly front. teeth, but we don't care to develop the



First Frawner (to second Prawner, referring to third Prawner). "LOOK AT ARTHUR! ISN'T HE KEEN?"

A London dentist says that seventy | last. per cent. of his customers owe him money. Has he tried to get it by painless extraction?

We have no confirmation of the report that at the Liberal Summer School one of the bright young men described an atheist as a man who didn't believe in Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

Dr. HAROLD JACKSON explains, in an evening paper, that a lobster is not hurt when thrown into boiling water any more than an automatic telephone would be if similarly treated. So far we have resisted the desire to throw an automatic telephone machine into boiling water.

A London taxi-driver arrested at Brighton told the magistrate that he When an American flapper is taken had come there for the change. Hav- they engage a pied bagpiper?

"September will soon be here," announces a sports journal. This is the sort of tactless remark that makes football referees turn restlessly in their sleep.

A party of saxophone players celebrated the anniversary of their pet instrument with a dinner last week. We understand that they all had a good blow-out.

Things seem to be fairly quiet just now, but there is no cessation of hostil-

Mr. HENRY FORD has stated that in

nineteen years he has sold fifteen million of his cars. Open confession is good for the soul.

Speaking at Cambridge, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said that if he wanted to know what was going on in Geneva he would never ask Mr. BRIDGEMAN. Not of course while he has Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to consult.

Signor Mussolinihas paid a visit to Mount Vesuvius. Now perhaps the volcano will stop its nonsense.

We read of an American composer who thinks nothing of writing a son 3 before break-

We too try not to think about it.

An article on men's wear reminds us that shooting-clothes should never be loud. It may not be generally known that many otherwise steady gun-dogs are "suit-shy."

The question is asked, "Does the wearing of glasses handicap a girl in her search for a husband?" Certainly not; if she didn't wear glasses some of the smaller ones might escape her.

The railway companies are doing their best to meet the competition of the motor coaches, but they'll never succeed until they can manage to make a train pull up at a wayside inn.

Certain parts of Scotland are said to be infested with rabbits. Why don't

J. H. THOMAS, BARD OF WALES.

HARK how the herald trumpets blow it! Our Thomas has been made a poet. Echoes of this creation fly Through Cambria's vales to stultify That hoary tag of classic writ, " Poeta nascitur, non fit.' Few could have thought it on the cards That he'd be found among the bards; For hitherto he'd felt no call To do a line of verse at all; Prior to this affair in Wales His only lines were iron rails.

Let us forecast the glorious time When THOMAS builds the lofty rhyme And renders it, not flat nor sharp, Accompanied upon the harp. His vocal warblings, I suggest, Promise to soothe the savage breast; Blent with the hooting of his car, They ought to knock the N.U.R.; He might, if singing very sweetly, Even appease the rage of WHEATLEY, And, with his top-note, I shall look To see him curb the spleen of Cook.

Nor should our lyrist charm alone Wild natures with his dulcet tone; At Ascot he should melt his peers Till the Enclosure rings with cheers, And, by his moving notes made glad, The horse he's backed should run like

Nay, I foretell a further feat, To shake the Laureate on his seat; I see our Thomas some fine day (Having, as Calverley would say,* Asked leave of Mrs. T.) restore The Courts of Love and take the floor, And, touching his guitar, annex The suffrage of the fairer sex With amorous lilts, and so secure The prize as Champion Troubadour.

Like *Jessica*, I am not merry Hearingsweet sounds-at least not very; But, when I note the wealth of joy Exuding from this Minstrel Boy In streams of healing, clear and fluid And not unworthy of a Druid; When by his song, though but a unit, he Breeds song throughout the whole community

And, wafted forth on wireless pinions, His Muse uplifts the far Dominions— Then shall my sombre spirit break In laughter for the general sake; And, mounting one of Wales's ridges (Leaving Boar's Hill to Mr. Bridges), I shall anoint with myrrh and nard Our JIMMY as the Nation's Bard.

SOLVING THE LAND PROBLEM.

CONSIDERABLE Parliamentary and other breath has been expended on the question of what to do with England's green and happy land, but nobody seems to have suggested seriously that we should eat it.

Yet why not? The geophagist, or earth-eater, exists and, for all I know, grows fat in other parts of the world. Earth is even consumed inadvertently and in a minor degree by English footballers on a muddy day, and who shall say it is not their geophagous orgies which make them such fine hefty fellows?

Meat-eating and vegetarianism have had a subtle influence on art. It would be immensely interesting to see what effect geophagy would have upon music, painting, literature and the drama. Mr. BERNARD SHAW, once converted from nut cutlets to mud cutlets, might break out astonishingly and with renewed

vigour in a fresh place.

As for those writers and artists whose work is so often hailed as being "redolent of the soil," how much more redolent it might be if they themselves feasted on the soil of which they write so much. If they gorged themselves enough it would practically coze out of them and their writing would obtain a richness and pungency which would transcend and displace the merely and bad prices . . verbal "atmosphere" of descriptive literature.

Such books too would have an added interest for readers. Mary would say to Henry, "Henry, dear, you really must read Stummockacre Farm. It's all about that place we walked to on our honeymoon and where we sat on a stile and ate that chunk of clay you cut out of the bank. You remember what a lovely flavour it had? Well, you sort of get it all through the book. I like books about places I've eaten."

Is it not wonderful to think that we have only to acquire the taste and a new and plentiful food supply is ours When I recall almost for the taking? memories of all the succulent mud-pies I made in my youth and never troubled to eat, I feel my life has been sadly wasted. I really must have a bite at the geranium - bed later on; it looks most appetising after the rain.

Why not become a geophagist in time to cheapen your summer holiday? Think of those tempting butter-yellow at Seaford. Wallow in the Fen district and grow fat. Live on loam and improve your complexion. Blue lias is so bracing. Or stay in town and chase away your indigestion with London clay. I the truest sympathy.

Why, if you are a golfer, pay for an expensive lunch at the nineteenth hole when you can stay the pangs of hunger by swallowing displaced divots or biting bits out of a bunker? If you are a geophagist you can picnic without lugging heavy baskets of provisions about with you, provided you obtain permission to regale yourself on the literal fat of the land you happen to be sitting on. As for being cast away on a desert island, a true geophagist would regard that as a life of selfish luxury rather than a hardship.

Almost anybody with a decent bit of garden could give excellent little geophagous dinners. Why not stop fooling about with flowers and things and cultivate our ground with a gastronomic end in view? Then we could talk of the wonderful sandstone soup they give you at the Browns', and wonder how Robinson gets that piquant flavour into his

mould savouries.

To think of all those appetising acres of good red and chocolate-brown earth being wasted on wheat and potatoes and mangel-wurzels and other unremunerative products when the farmer might be selling the stuff by the pound to housewives and restaurants, and cheerfully singing "The Earth-Eater's Anthem" instead of leaning moodily on a gate and grumbling at the weather

Darling, I do wish you would not come in to telephone when I am busy writing an important informative article... The butcher hasn't sent the meat? There you are! That's the whole point of my article. If we were geophagists we shouldn't want meat, and . . . No, I didn't say anything about Theosophists being vegetarians. I said Ge-ophag-ists—earth-eaters, you know. Not horrible at all. Merely a question of acquiring the taste. Suppose we found the earth in our garden was not only good but actually delicious to eat, can't you realise what that would mean? ... What would be too awful for words? The ground rent? Ah, I hadn't thought D. C. of ground rents.

In Memoriam.

It is with sincere sorrow that we record the very sudden death of Leslie Cope CORNFORD, who has long been a contributor to our review pages. A great lover of the sea, with a special knowsands of Cornwall, those luscious red ledge of ships, he took an active part cliffs of Devon. Go and bite the rich in Punch's appeal for help to save the juicy bogs of Old Ireland. Chew chalk | Implacable and fit her outfor the holiday training of boys. His loss will be deeply felt by his colleagues of the Press and among a wide circle of other friends. We offer to his family an expression of

 [&]quot;Jones (who, I'm glad to say, Asked leave of Mrs. J.)
Daily absorbs a clay After his labours. Ode to Tobacco.



ORPHEUS OF THE N.U.R.

RAILWAY-BARD THOMAS (singing). "TAKE YOUR SEATS FOR THE FLYING UTOPIAN."

[Mr. J. H. Thomas, who was made an honorary bard at the Welsh Eisteddfod, has been advocating harmony in industrial circles.]



Non-Golfer (to friend showing him round the club-house). "Do you play this game in bare feet?"

GUSHINGS OF THE GREAT. II .- My Coming Fight.

(By a Boxer.)

A LOT of people ask me do I feel nervous before my great fight with Doug Woggs? The answer is No. Doug Woggs may feel nervous, but I don't. I never worry about my fights before I get into the ring. Even when I get into the ring I don't worry. I just fight.

The way I look at it is this. I pack a pretty hard punch. I think I pack the hardest punch for my weight in the world. Doug Woggs packs a pretty hard punch too. If Doug Woggs packs a harder punch than I do on the night, Doug Woggs will beat me. If I pack a harder punch than Doug Woggs, as I confidently expect to do, then I shall win. That is the way I always look at my fights.

Boxing occupies a more elevated pinnacle than it has ever done before in the history of the world, largely, I think, because interest in the sport ranks higher in the public mind than at any

on it, and this reacts in turn on the environment of the boxer and the conditions under which he has to train.

He has to study harder. He has to |write more. Much more. Between fights he has to write nearly all the time. I often think, if the public knew how sore a boxer's wrist sometimes is with writing when he comes into the ring, he would be sorry for him when he was trying to pack a really hard punch and put his man down for the count.

Mind is what trains the modern boxer. Mind and muscle together, acting harmoniously, with a kind of interplay, so as to form component parts as it were, of a single machine. It is because of this growing importance of the mind in boxing that I feel Doug Woggs may be getting worried before our big fight next week. I doubt if the harmonious interplay of Doug Woggs' mind with his muscles is so harmonious as mine are. But we shall see.

Last year, when I fought Kid Jones, I wondered whether I could swat him. The week before the fight Len Lump, about that more attention is focussed go all the way if you want to swat Kid." am. But we shall all know on the night.

I said to him, "I know I shall have to go all the way, Len, if I want to swat him, but I mean to swat him if I can. I have a special swat that I am practising with my sparring-partner, and, if I can pull that swat on him when the night comes, I shall swat him good and hard."

I practised that swat with my sparringpartner till I had it good. And sure enough when the night came I swatted it to Kid and he went out.

That is where the mental development comes into the make-up of the modern boxer. He has to keep thinking hard all the time what he will do next and how he is going to do it.

Speed is another thing, and ring-craft. You have to gauge your oppo-nent's brains. I expect the modern science of psychology comes in here to help us boxers. After a round or so I can sense what my adversary is thinking and lead him on to make some fatal error. After that he becomes my meat.

Doug Woggs is a quick game fighter, from what I have seen of him, but I previous period. From this it comes my trainer, said to me, "You'll have to doubt if he is so psychological as what I

To come now to my fight with Slug Watson.

When I fought Slug Watson at Minneapolis there was tremendous excitement in the place. Many people thought that Slug Watson would win. They argued it this way:-

"Slug will keep giving him steamhammer body-blows and short jabs to the face. After that he will try with some heavy swings. Then he will give him a wallop over the heart. Then he will get him groggy and he will go down.

They said also that I did not like being pasted in the slats. They were wrong. I do. I never feel so happy as when I am being pasted in the slats. My sparring-partner, Ned Rouse, knew better than they did. I had often said to him, "Paste me in the slats for an hour, Ned."

And he would do it, and then I would knock him out with a left hook to the

The event proved that psychological insight, as is so often the case, tells far more certainly in fighting than mere brute force.

Slug Watson was made favourite. When we came into the ring there were shouts all over the hall: "Slap him, Slug! Dandle him, Slug!" and only here or there was there a shout for me.

Both of us were fighting fit. My trainer, Len Lump, said to me, "How do you feel, boy?"

And I said, "Bully!"

Slug Watson's trainer asked him how he felt, and he said "Bully!" too.

I thought to myself when I began, "Shall I self-analyse my feelings for the Press while I am fighting, or shall I selfanalyse them afterwards?" But something in Slug Watson's eye told me that he was going to self-analyse his feelings all the time. I decided to make use of this knowledge during the fight, and go one better. And I did. Whenever I saw by Slug Watson's eye that he was analysing a jab to the face or a steamhammer to the heart, I sent him back one that was analysed harder and then some.

In the fourth round I had him completely over-analysed. I saw he was fighting groggy. I packed the hardest punch I knew, full of psycho-analysis, and let him have it in the left eye. He went down to the count of nine, and in the next round he could hardly stand or see. So I swatted him in the jaw, and he was out. One eye was bunged up, and he was streaming blood. He was the cleanest and whitest fighter I ever met, though Kid Jones was a clean white fighter too. It was a pleasure and then I shall put him to sleep. to write about them in the Press.

I slept all night after that fight, and | Doug Woggs.



Lady. "Well, you shall have a meal if you'll chop that wood for me." Tramp. "I'M SORRY, MUM, BUT THAT WOULDN'T PAY ME-I EAT SO LITTLE."

when I woke up in the morning my trainer said to me, "How do you

And I told him, "Bully!"

It was a clash of two conflicting temperaments, both highly sensitised, mine and Slug Watson's, and mine hit the

I mean to deal with Doug Woggs in precisely the same way when I meet him next week. From all I have heard he is a clean white fighter, like Slug Watson and Kid Jones, and I shall sure be happy to shake his hand.

First of all I shall loose him the punch I have packed for him and see if he can loose me a harder one back. After that I shall swat him a few times in the slats and the jaw. By that time I shall have psycho-analysed him. Meanwhile I shall be psycho-analysing myself. After that I shall try him with a few pile-drivers and steam-hammers,

That is the way I mean to deal with EVOE.

KING WILLOW SONGS. I.—TEA.

Tea-intervals, as you may know, Are part and parcel of the show; But shall we this hiatus see On the third day—this break for tea? That will depend, the score-cards claim. On the condition of the game. It would be better if they said, TEA WILL BE DRUNK IF MERITED AND NOT UNLESS; by which I mean, If batting's good and bowling's keen, Tea may be taken after four For fifteen minutes (not one more); But, if the game is dull and slow. The Umpire then may thunder "No, No cake or jam for you to-day; Get on with it, you cripples—PLAY!"

"Camphorated oil, cleverly disguised with lavender, is an ankle beauty cream that reached my ears the other day."

Channel Islands Paper.

Somebody seems to have made a very bad shot with it.

ANOTHER OBEDIENT SERVANT.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,-I have read with interest the correspondence published in your columns under the title, "Your Obedient Servant." As a fellow Civil Servant, of a category less known, I hope, to the readers of Punch, may I say that my sympathies are entirely on the side of of the Inspectors of Taxes, their task shrinks to vanishing-point in comparison with that of the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy. By way of illustration I give a few examples of statements of making of the receiving order.

In a recent case, that of a wool-merchant (whose name, for obvious reasons, I suppress), the estate was believed to comprise certain unsold consignments of wool. In answer to a very proper if looselyframed query from one of the Official Receiver's staff ("Have you any wool?" were the actual words), the debtor acknowledged with alacrity that such wool did in fact exist; but in regard to its quantity and disposal his answer was unsatisfactory to a degree. In the first place he omitted to state the nature of the wool, whether cross-bred, merino, Ossett shoddy, fine Lincoln, slagwool, etc., and, although he stated the number of bags (or, more correctly, bales) as three, this gaveno clue to its weight or value.

Yet he must have been well aware that in this trade the weight of the bale, and consequently its value as an asset, varies | important assets, viz. :according to the kind of wool compos-

ing it.

The wool was eventually discovered to be of the variety known as "blackfaced," and its value was assessed accordingly. It remained, however, doubtful whether the wool could legally be regarded as forming part of the estate or Three several persons were mentioned as having a claim to it, but whether by lien or option or otherwise was not immediately ascertainable. Nor in fact was any of the parties named. They were "the master," "the dame" (? of a school, or a D.B.E.) and "the little boy who cries in the lane." Their identification was most difficult, particularly in the last instance, where the

the Woolsack.

In another case the assets were given

(1) Sixpence;

(2) A pocketful (sic) of rye;

(3) A pie containing two-dozen blackbirds.

Mr. Skinner? But, hard as is the lot Item 1 was, by previous malversation, applied to meet the medical expenses of a female servant who had sustained amount duly recredited to the estate. He returned, besides some minor items

A MUCH-NEEDED EVENT AT OUR HIGHLAND GATHERINGS. TOSSING THE SAXOPHONE.

Fortunately the investigation thus entailed led to the disclosure of other

(4) Wearing apparel;

(5) Considerable house property, comprising a parlour and a countinghouse (both apparently occupied by Royalty). In the latter place were discovered not only informative ledger-entries but some actual current coin.

I may add that in this case a waiver of the rights of the Crown was obtained through the President of the Board of

In view of the comprehensive forms which exist for the purpose, it may surprise you to learn that the manner of presentation of the debtor's affairs is itselffrequently provocative of difficulty. claimant proved, as was suspected, to be Information, for example, as to the cona minor without legal guardians. His tents of a messuage erected by Messrs. sharp.

share is now in Chancery, and will, I | Jack, the builders, was only extracted believe, be ultimately incorporated in | piecemeal in a series of statements each reiterating in a cumulative form the details of the previous one. Again, in dealing with the estate of a polygamous citizen of St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, by profession a breeder of Persian and Angora cats for show purposes, this department was obliged to resort to special actuaries in order accurately to compute the number of these animals.

Special difficulties attach to the valuation of livestock. Not to multiply insevere personal injury from the unstances, I may cite that of the licensee expected release of the birds forming of the "Cat and Fiddle" inn, the openpart of Item 3. The necessary refund ing words of whose statement ("Hey, affairs rendered by debtors after the was ordered by the Court, and the diddle, diddle") suggested overt fraud.

consisting of plate and cutlery (two of which, a dish and a spoon, were unaccountably missing), also a cow and a dog. From information received these animals were suspected of being worth much more than the actual market value assigned to them. They were ultimately sold at a high price to the Psychical Research Society, fortunately present on the spot with the object of inquiring into alleged supernatural happenings at the inn.

The nil return furnished by the widow and executrix of the late Mr. Hubbard was finally amplified to include the dog, an Alsatian wolf-hound. This animal proved however a liability rather than an asset of the estate, against which a claim for damage to life

and property was effectively preferred by the legal representatives of Miss R. R. Hood. I am, etc.,

J. REED BUNTING.

Commercial Candour.

From the *menu* of a pleasure-steamer: "Half fresh lobster, 4s."

"Mr. —, an engineer, who claimed Ben Lomond (3,192ft.) on a motor-cycle in nine hours, has had his machine stolen." Daily Paper.

A judgment on him for claiming what wasn't his.

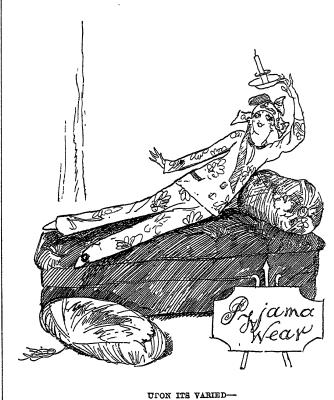
"The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Rowland Blades, M.P., is to open the journalists at Ipswich on Sept. 5."—Daily Paper.

And the journalists, we understand, have nothing to fear from an operation conducted by BLADES so bright and

ADAPTABILITY.

Our local modiste's favourite window-dummy was unfortunately made with immovable joints—







HANTS v. THE REST.

This important match, for which I had the honour to be appointed official scorer, was played under special rules promulgated for the occasion by the M.C.C. and laboriously explained to me beforehand by Peter. For example:-

(1) If the striker play a ball into or through a flower-bed, he shall be

deemed to be caught out.

(2) A stroke which places the ball anywhere on the grass patch shall count one run, anywhere along the path by the scullery two runs, provided that if it passes the scullery side-door it shall count four runs, subject always to the provisions of Special Rule 1.

(3) A ball passing the stumps without being touched by the batsman and hitting the back fence shall count

one bye.

(4) The names of bowlers and fielders shall be determined when necessary by the use of the "Dickory, dickory, dock, etc.," formula and the jabbing of a pencil in the appropriate page of the score-book, provided always that the jabber must have his eyes shut at the moment of jab-

Chapman won the toss for the Rest of England and elected to bat. As official scorer I took up my position on the official chair at square-leg, armed with the official score-book and the official pencil, while Hobbs walked im-

portantly to the wicket.

Holding the bat temporarily in his left hand, he hurled the ball against the back wall of the scullery, whence it rebounded on to the field of play. Meanwhile Hobbs had swiftly grasped the bat with both hands and assumed a posture of defence. With the effortless Peter. "There's going to be a meetin grace of which he is a master he essayed of the M.C.C. now—about the rules." a square cut as the ball passed him, but it went by at least two yards out of his rambler for a few moments and returned reach and hit the back fence with a thump.

"Bye!" called Peter, momentarily

ceasing to be Hobbs.

I entered one bye in the score-book. score before Hobbs got a ball straight | a bye—only if it goes right over. The enough to hit. He made a brilliant and fence is really Strudwick, you see." characteristic off-drive, which flashed through a flower-bed, knocked off two buds, buckled a tulip and stunned a caterpillar.

" Out!" cried Peter. "Hobbs-

duck!"

Seizing the score-book, he repeated the "Dickory, dickory, dock, etc.," formula with eyes screwed up conscientiously and jabbed.

"Caught Pothecary," he announced. | was immense, and not a single bye was | "Books in the running brooks."

incantation.

Sutcliffe stayed longer and at the end of five minutes the score had been increased by twenty-one byes and two singles. Then he too fell a victim to the flower-bed. Sandham and Woolley followed him quickly to the pavilion, neither having scored.

After that most of the others did a little better, but Tate was the only player to reach double figures before shattering a wallflower. All the time the byes mounted up steadily.

At length Larwood decapitated a geranium and the innings came to a

conclusion.

"What's the score?" inquired Peter

eagerly.

"Wait a minute," I said; "one of these men ought to be 'not out,' you know."

"Oh, yes," he agreed, readily enough. "Let's pretend it's Hobbs; he's a good

We pretended it was Hobbs and I handed Peter the score :-

Sutcliffe Sandham c. Parker b. Brown . . Woolley c. and b. Parker. Chapman c. Bowell b. Kennedy . Hendren c. Kennedy b. Bowell . c. Gross b. Boyes . Hearne Hammond c. Newman b. Kennedy c. Boyes b. Pothecary. Strudwick c. Mead b. Parker . Larwood c. Tennyson b. Mead . Extras 137

"Not a bad score," I said, "but I'm sorry about Livsey. I've always had such a great admiration for him as a wicket-keeper. What a pity this should have happened in such a swell match!

Total . . . 169

Quite a tragedy for the poor chap."
"Livsey had a pain," explained
Peter. "There's going to be a meeting

He conversed busily with a crimson

with a grave face.

"The M.C.C. have decided," he announced, "that byes are too much of a nuisance, and besides Strudwick can't have a pain as well as Livsey, and when Twelve more byes were added to the the ball hits the back fence it won't be

> I must admit that the batting of the County team was very much better than that of The Rest, principally, I suspect, because Peter was born and has lived all his life in Hampshire. The batsmen were helped too by the removal of the official scorer and his chair to a position directly between the stumps and the deadliest of the flower-beds.

The keeping of Strudwick, however,

"Bowled Mead," he added after a second | scored. I could picture Livsey blushing painfully in the pavilion.

With ten of the side dismissed, the score was one-hundred-and-sixty-eight, and the excitement was electrical, as the journalists say. Mead had scored fifty-two and Brown thirty-nine. Pothecary, the last man, walked slowly to the wicket—a terrifying ordeal for a young player.

The first ball took his middle stump

and sent the bails flying.

"Out!" I yelled. "And that's the first man who's been bowled in the match."

"No ball!" retorted Peter sternly. I meekly entered one "no ball."

Pothecary slashed wildly at the next ball and missed it.

"No ball!" said Peter.

The third ball shot between the legs of my chair and demolished the last of our tulips. Pothecary was out and Hampshire led on the first innings by one run!

"There's going to be another meeting of the M.C.C. now," said Peter, and at this moment my wife, in the thoughtless way women have, called me to run out and post a letter for her. I left Peter earnestly communing with the crimson rambler.

When I returned ten minutes later I found that the second innings of The Rest had been completed. Peter handed me the official score-book with a guilty smirk.

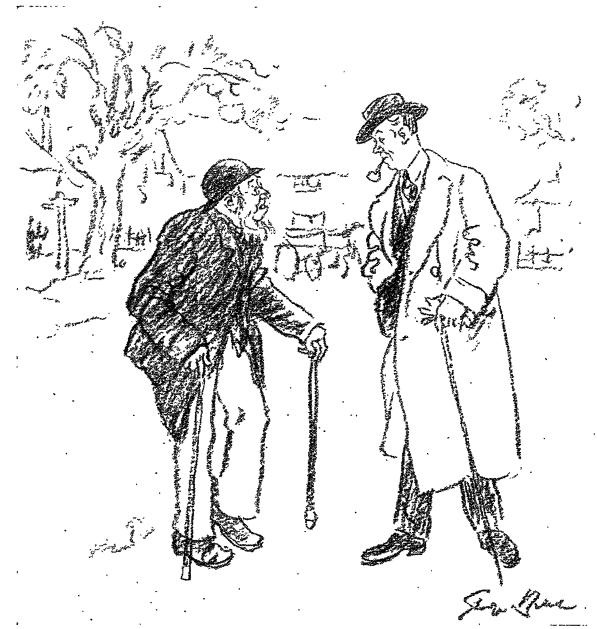
Hobbs b. Livsey not out . . Sutcliffe b. Livsey Sandham b. Livsey . . 0 Woolley b. Livsey . . Chapman b. Livsey . . 0 b. Livsey . . 0000 Hendren Hearne b. Livsey . . Hammond b. Livsey . . . b. Livsey . ŏ Strudwick b. Livsey . Larwood b. Livsey Extras b. Livsey (sic) .

"The M.C.C. decided, you see," said Peter, "that there shouldn't be any stumps, but the back fence should be the wicket instead, and they said you needn't dickory, dickory, dock every time, because it takes too long, but do it once at first and pretend it's the same man all the time afterwards. I'm jolly glad Hampshire won, aren't you, Dad? By an innings too!"

At any rate I am glad we can pretend that Livsey, who has always been a favourite of mine, is a phenomenal bowler and I can regard him with even

greater respect in future.

[&]quot;Some brooks printed in Yiddish have been placed in Shoreditch public libraries." Evening Paper.



Visitor. "Sorry to hear you have lumbago, William. A very painful thing."
Village Philosopher. "Well, Sir, if us didn't 'ave no pain us wouldn't know when us was ill."

TO A BRACE OF SETTERS

(labelled for the North).

A-strain on your leashes, close coupled together,
Unawed by the crowd, you come shouldering through
To carry our hearts with you straight to the heather
And out to the crag-tops that edge on the blue;
There sounds in the station a hill-torrent falling,
And birch-stem and boulder are wet with its spray;
Ben Lomond's awake and Schiehallion calling;
The peaks are all purple from Orchy to Spey.

There's a hill-track you'll climb by the side of the keepers

Before the first dewdrops have dried on the ling, While out of the blackberries flutter the "cheepers" And over the ridge go the strong on the wing; You'll sniff the clean wind as it crosses the corrie With scent of the moor on the breath of it blown, And staunchly you'll stand on the line of your quarry, As still as the work of some sculptor in stone.

So waves the green flag, and farewell to you, setters!

What heart but must envy your path to the hills?
In gloom we return to our work-a-day fetters,
Our desks and our duty, our ink and our quills;
But night shall bring dreams of your heads in the heather
That surges and swings as you quarter it through;
Then a gunshot, an echo, a floating brown feather,
And so shall we know that your dreams have come
true.

W. H. O.

MISLEADING CASES.

XXI.—Is a GOLFER A GENTLEMAN? Rex v. Haddock.

Before the Stipendiary.

This case, which raised an interesting point of law upon the meaning of

The Stipendiary, giving judgment, said: "In this case the defendant, Mr. Albert Haddock, is charged, under the Profane Oaths Act, 1745, with swearing and cursing on a Cornish golf-course. every other person under the degree overcome the Chasm. of gentleman, and five shillings for every person of or above the degree acity has become notorious. It is the during, and after every stroke he uttered

of gentleman - a remarkable but not, unfortunately, unique example of a statute which lays down one law for the rich and another (more lenient) for the poor. The fine, it is clear, is leviable not upon the string or succession of oaths, but upon each individual malediction (see Reg. v. Scott, (1863) 33 L.J.M. 15). The curses charged, and admitted, in this case are over four hundred in number, and we are asked by the prosecution to inflict a fine of one hundred pounds, assessed on the highest or gentleman's rate at five shillings a

the curious ground that he is not a gentleman when he is playing golf.

He has reminded us, in an able argument, that the law takes notice, in many cases, of such exceptional cirand so powerfully inflame his passions apply to his conduct the ordinary standards of the law, as for example the defendant maintains that in the special circumstances of his offence a gen-

"Now what were these circumstances? Broadly speaking, they were the 12th hole on the ____ golf-course, with which most of us in this court are familiar. At that hole the player drives (or does not drive) over an inlet of the sea, which is enclosed by cliffs some sixty feet high. The defendant has told us that he never the word "gentleman," was concluded drives over, but always into, this inlet or Chasm, as it is locally named. A moderate if not sensational player on other sections of the course, before this obstacle his normal powers invariably desert him. This, he tells us, has preyed upon his mind; he has registered, it The penalty under the Act is a fine of appears, a kind of a vow, and year after livious of his surroundings, conscious one shilling for every day-labourer, | year, at Easter and in August, he returns soldier or seaman, two shillings for to this county, determined ultimately to

"Meanwhile, unfortunately, his ten-

Robust Holiday-maker (who has just swum out to the pier-head,. "By Jove! IT'S GREAT, ISN'T IT? Less robust Holiday-maker (who has not). "Quite good-so nice and sandy."

swear. The defendant admits the of-|normal procedure, it appears, if a ball is | fences but contends that the fine is struck into the Chasm, to strike a second, excessive and wrongly calculated, on and, if that should have no better fate, to abandon the hole. The defendant tells us that in the past he has struck no fewer than six or seven balls in this way, some rolling gently over the cliff and some flying far and high out to sea. normal restraints of a civilised citizen not thought it worth while to make even a second attempt, but has immediately that it would be unjust and idle to followed his first ball into the Chasm, and there, among the rocks, small stones and shingle, has hacked at his ball with where without warning or preparation | the appropriate instrument until some he discovers another man in the act of lucky blow has lofted it on to the turf recognises that under such provoca- has broken his instruments or suffered tion a reasonable man ceases for the some injury from flying fragments of time being to be a reasonable man; and rock. On one or two occasions a crowd of holiday-makers and local residents has gathered on the cliff and foreshore

vations which have accompanied them. On the date of the alleged offences a crowd collected of unprecedented dimensions, but so intense was the defendant's concentration that he did not, he tells us, notice their presence. His ball had more nearly traversed the gulf than ever before; it struck the opposing cliff but a few feet from the summit, and nothing but an adverse gale of exceptional ferocity prevented success. The defendant therefore, as he conducted his customary excavations among the boulders of the Chasm, was possessed, he tells us, by a more than customary fury. Obonly of the will to win, for fifteen or twenty minutes he lashed his battered ball against the stubborn cliffs until at lastittriumphantly escaped. And before.

> a number of imprecations of a complex character which were carefully recorded by an assiduous caddie and by one or two of the spectators. The defendant says that he recalls with shame a few of the expressions which he used, that he has never used them before, and that it was a shock to him to hear them issuing from his own lips; and he says quite frankly that no gentleman would use such language.

"Now this ingenious defence, whatever may be its legal value, has at least some support in the facts of human

experience. I am a golf-player myself-(Laughter)—but, apart from that, evidence has been called to show the subversive effect of this exercise upon the ethical and moral systems of the mildest of mankind. Elderly gentlemen, gentle in all respects, kind to animals, beloved by children and fond of music, are found cumstances as will break down the But recently, grown fatalistic, he has in lonely corners of the Downs hacking at sand-pits or tussocks of grass and muttering in a blind ungovernable fury elaborate maledictions which could not be extracted from them by robbery with violence. Men who would face torture without a word become blasphemous at the short fourteenth. And it is clear molesting his wife or family. The law above, or, in the alternative, until he that the game of golf may well be included in that category of intolerable provocations which may legally excuse or mitigate behaviour which is not otherwise excusable, and that under that provocation the reasonable or gentle tleman ceases to be a gentleman and to watch the defendant's indomitable man may reasonably act like a lunatic should not be judged or punished as such. struggles and to hear the verbal obser- or lout, and should be judged as such.



Short-sighted new Owner (to General in full uniform waiting for the country bus). "Now then, my man-now then! Why NO SALUTE?

"But then I have to ask myself, What does the Act intend by the words 'of or above the degree of gentle-man'? Does it intend a fixed social rank or a general habit of behaviour? In other words, is a gentleman legally always a gentleman, as a duke or a solicitor remains unalterably a duke or a solicitor? For if this is the case the defendant's argument must fail. The prosecution say that the word 'degree' is used in the sense of 'rank.' Mr. Haddock argues that it is used in the sense of an university examination, and that, like the examiners, the Legislature divides the human race, for the purposes of swearing, into three vague intellectual or moral categories, of which they give certain rough but not infallible examples. Many a First-Class man has taken a Third, and many a daylabourer, according to Mr. Haddock, is of such a high character that under man. the Act he should rightly be included in the First 'degree.' There is certainly abundant judicial and literary stance. Just as the reasonable man authority for the view that by 'gentleman' we mean a personal quality and not a social status. We have all heard for the moment a raving maniac, so of 'Nature's gentlemen.' 'Clothes do the habitually gentle man may benot make the gentleman,' said Lord come in a bunker a violent unmannerly We hope they won't quarrel over it.

Arrowroot in Cook v. The Mersey Docks oaf. In each case the ordinary sancand Harbour Board, (1897) 2 Q.B., meaning that a true gentleman might be clad in the foul rags of an author. In the old maxim 'Manners makyth man' (see Charles v. The Great Western Railway), there is no doubt that by 'manners' is contrasted with wealth or station. Mr. Thomas, for the prosecution, has quoted against these authorities an observation of the poet Shake-SPEARE that

"'The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman,'

but quotations from SHAKESPEARE are generally meaningless and always unsound. This one, in my judgment, is both. I am more impressed by the saying of another author (whose name I forget) that the King can make a nobleman, but he cannot make a gentle-

who discovers his consort in the embraces of the supplanter becomes

tions of the law are suspended; and, while it is right that a normally gentle person should in normal circumstances suffer a heavier penalty for needless imprecations than a common seaman or cattle-driver, for whom they are part of 'man' is meant 'gentleman,' and that the tools of his trade, he must not be judged by the standards of the gentle in such special circumstances as provoked the defendant.

> That provocation was so exceptional that I cannot think it was contemplated by the framers of the Act; and had golf at that date been a popular exercise I have no doubt that it would have been dealt with under a special section. I find therefore that this case is not governed by the Act. I find that the defendant at the time was not in law responsible for his actions or his speech, and I am unable to punish him in any way. For his conduct in the Chasm he will be formally convicted of Attempted Suicide while Temporarily Insane, but he leaves the court without a stain upon his character."

> "Wanted.—2 males, 1 female, Airedale puppies, good bone."—Indian Paper.

OUR YACHT AGAIN.

II.-WE TAKE PART IN A GALE.

WE have experienced a gale. Of course we did not know it was a gale at the time or we should never have vendangerous and we oughtn't to attempt to take part in them. Indeed we had never experienced a gale in the Merry Widow before. Generally the wind has been of such poor quality that time and time again Captain Percival has had to detail Crew Apple to go forrard with the ship's bellows and keep the jib-sail

But this time we have had in one morning enough wind to last our yacht for a year, or to drive a windmill for say, in a field on the starboard bow. five-and-a-half weeks, or to keep a Com-

still raise our voices and hold on our hair when we think of it, and we have a permanenttwist from sitting perpetually on a slope.

We started in a chilly dawn from a place called Reedley. It was not raining actually, because it was blowing too hard and all the rain must have been quite horizontal several hundred feet up. We never so much as thought at the time that it might be a gale; all we noticed was that there was a good wind and that it

seemed to be going in our direction. We decided after consultation to have a reef in the mainsail, and then we decided to have two reefs in the mainsail, and then we raised it to three, and finally, when we discovered there weren't enough holes in the sail to take in four reefs and Crew Apple had been stopped from making them with his pocketknife, we decided not to have a mainsail at all, but to sail on the jib alone.

People in pyjamas were discreetly watching us from windows as we set to work. One or two appeared to shout good-bye and cross themselves. Branches of trees blown down in the night were lying on the quayside; the flagstaff outside the public-house was bent like a bow. We waved, hoisted the jib, and both anchor cables parted The "quant" pole came out as easily with loud reports.

of the cables, Reedley was a smudge on the horizon behind us. We could just rebounded, and did it again. make out that the flag on the public-

house flagstaff was at half-mast, but this may have been the wind; or perhaps, on second thoughts, merely commercial candour. The beer at that place

never was properly "up."

tured out in it, because everyone used nastily over the bows and over Crew to tell us gales on the Broads were so Apple. The wind whistled through the ropes. It whistled through Crew Apple. It blew Captain Percival's hat off into the water, but luckily we didn't have to stop for that. We just fished it on mast and streamed out far ahead of us. An anchor, insecurely fastened, was blown from the deck and hit a grazing

"AN ANCHOR, INSECURELY FASTENED, HIT A GRAZING OX."

unsuspecting we rounded the corner Percival did things with the sail; we rapidly approached a muddy bank and Crew Apple, the man of the moment, and ran aft to fend her off.

We fetched up on the bank with a jerk. As far as the "quant" pole was visible it was but a ten-foot one. Crew Apple could not stir it; it might have been driven in with a pile-driver. The wind caught our Secundus stove and blew it far inland.

the position of the tiller, and we suddenly leapt off with terrific velocity. as the stick out of a cocktail cherry; we When Percival was coherent once foamed across the river, heeling at an more and I had pulled in what was left incredible angle, the mast nearly parallel with the water; we hit the other bank,

We cheered. We were tacking. We!

actually made distance. The wind continued to whistle through the ropes and through Crew Apple.

We did a good bit of this, Crew Apple alternately sitting on the starboard keel We flew onward, waves breaking | and the port keel of the Merry Widow among the barnacles and limpets and sea-weed. Then the river turned again and the wind abruptly came from the side and blew Crew Apple's hat straight into a riverside windmill. We thought at first it was a derelict windmill withboard when we caught up with it five out sails, but when we looked closer we minutes later. The reeds were bent flat saw that the sails were there really, on either side. The burgee blew off the only going round so fast we couldn't only going round so fast we couldn't see them, like an aeroplane propeller.

After a while we emerged on an open stretch of water near Yarmouth. Mounox on the starboard bow—I mean to tainous waves were breaking in every say, in a field on the starboard bow. After about four miles or ten minutes | wrapped in rain and mist; far below lay munist in speeches for three days. We the river took a very sharp turn. All Apple wrapped in a mackintosh, baling

water out of his bunk into Percival's. The wind came behind us again, and we were off in a cloud of spray, flying cordage, branches of trees, and what not.

We did the course, seven miles, in record time. A lot of fish were blown over us. and a small chicken from a farm away to the north-west. Then we observed the bridges of Yarmouth quite close. The time had come to tie up and signal for a towthrough to the safety of the Yacht Station.

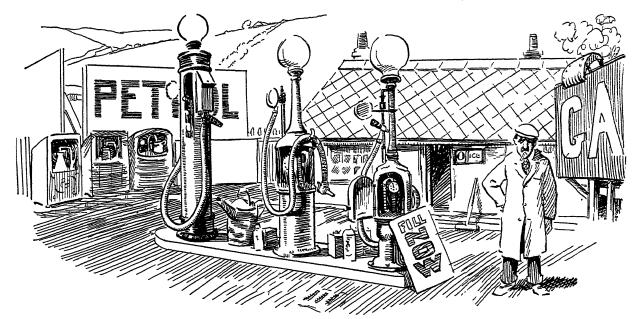
There were some posts near the shore and the wind suddenly blew almost | for tying up, and Percival said he would directly at us. We stopped dead and come up quite close to these, while then began to go backwards. Captain Crew Apple, who had battled up to the sharp end, threw a rope over one of them and held on.

We came up quite close to the first seized the sixteen-foot "quant" pole post. It whizzed past like a main-line telegraph-pole before Apple could even see it. We came up quite close to the next one-quite close enough. Apple threw his loop of rope, had the sensation of holding a red-hot poker for a minute and we were gone. So were the rope and the post.

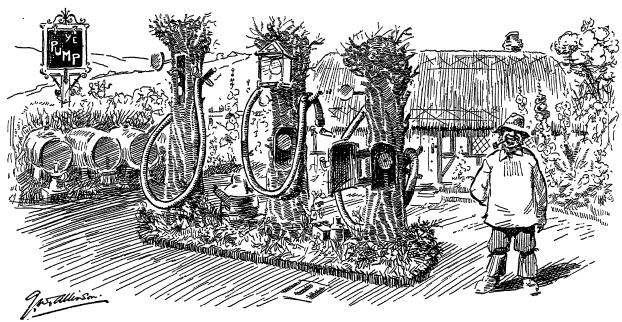
Percival, desperate because we were Percival re-arranged the sail, altered | rapidly approaching the bridges, tried another way. He brought the yacht up head to wind, while Crew Apple lowered the sail. Several things at once happened. The sail was blown into the water; the boat lost all its way and was blown backward on to the posts and the shore, and Crew Apple was blown on to land-marsh-land.

There we waited, immobilised, till

THE DESTRUCTION OF RURAL BEAUTY.



As they are now.



AS THEY MIGHT BE.

motor-boats came and helped us. Percival could not move the rudder and Apple could not move his feet.

They said reproachfully at Yarmouth: "You didn't ought to have come out in a gale."

We said that if someone had only told us it was a gale we wouldn't; but we thought it was only wind. A. A.

"Cricketers, real first-class cricketers, do not grow on apple-trees."—Sunday Paper.
The best bats still come from willows.

GARDEN PESTS.

THE BEE.

I wonder if you think
At times with me
That Monsieur MAETERLINGK
Exalts the bee
A trifle overmuch.
For unco' guid folk such
As she
A more ironic touch,
Applied judicially,
Would show that she too errs;

For I'll be frank and say
The bee is often in my way—
Or I in hers.
The bee prefers
Her way to mine and thinks it best,
Instead of arguing,
To drive her point home with a sting.
That's why I call the bee a pest.

* * * *
But still there's one good point for bees—
They die of Isle of Wight disease.

W. M. L.



She. "I wish you'd tell me what you think of Mrs. Spiffington." H_{ℓ} . "Well, she looks—what? But of course she really isn't." She. "OH, BUT THAT'S JUST WHAT SHE IS."

THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

A LITTLE learning is undoubtedly a dangerous thing, whether it is a question of a classical quotation or of the customs and mentality of a primitive tribe.

Recently our old Resident, who knew the Pilani people through and through, retired, and a new master reigns in his stead, much to our discomfort. The whole of his previous service has been spent hundreds of miles away, in the Eastern Provinces, and he has not yet realized that the intelligence of the gentle Pilani is not quite the same as that of the more advanced and educated native with whom he has so far been acquainted.

My colleague, Henry Manton, he regards as a mere babe who cannot be expected to know anything, and he loses no opportunity of trying to instil wisdom into him. He is by no means the first to be led on to his undoing by that guileless-looking but ingenious young man.

A short time ago I had been con-It concerned the parentage | feeling pleased with himself. my court.

of a girl child (valuable on account of dowry to be obtained later). The matter was at a deadlock and, as I had just received a wire from the new Resident saying that he would arrive during the following week, I thought I would transfer the case to his court and see what he would make of it.

He was rather pompous and inclined to scoff at me for not settling the matter myself. "Over the other side this sort of thing is an every-day occurrence," he remarked patronisingly.
"There's always an easy solution if you know how to go about it."

Now, if there is one thing calculated to make a political bloke boil out here, it is for a newcomer to flaunt the glories of his old Province and disparage the one which you, very rightly, consider to be the best in the country. Before the evening was out Henry and I were sick of the sound of Opolo Province, where everything was apparently perfect.

Next day the new Resident started in on the business in hand and, when fronted with rather a difficult case in he came back to lunch, he was evidently "Finished that case, Sir?" I asked.

"Practically, Fenton, practically," he replied; "I adjourned it until 2.30, when I shall give judgment. I should like Mr. Manton to come down, as he may pick up some ideas as to dealing with such matters; and perhaps you

would come too if you are not busy?"
"Certainly, Sir," I answered, winking at Henry on the off-side; "I am sure it will be a most valuable experience.'

"I suppose someone down there will have a matchet?" he asked.

"Oh, sure to be one, Sir," I replied; "but what do you want it for?"

"No matter, no matter," he answered, chuckling fatly; "you will see in due course.'

Lunch came along soon after, and I was surprised when Henry got up to go, as he had arranged to chop with me; however, he insisted that his lunch was ready in his own bungalow, and, as I suspected something was in the wind, I said no more but let him go.

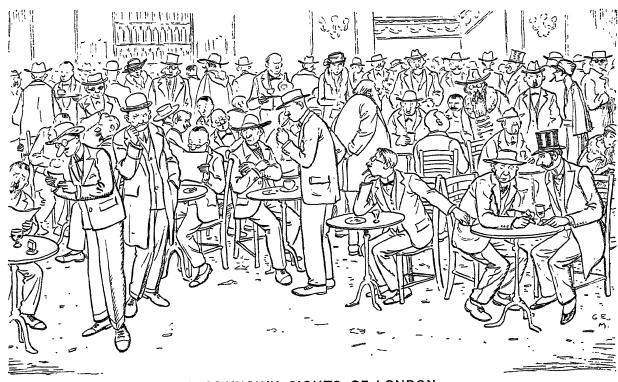
After coffee the Resident and I adjourned to the office, where he was holding court. I noticed nothing unusual at the time except that there seemed to



THE PILOT THAT DROPPED HIMSELF.

VOICE FROM AEROPLANE. "GEE-NEVA! WHAT'S TAKEN CALVIN?"

["I do not choose to run for President in 1928."—President Calvin Coolinge.]



LESS-KNOWN SIGHTS OF LONDON.

CAFÉ IN SOHO FREQUENTED BY SECRET-SERVICE AGENTS.

be a very large number of youngsters gathered in the vicinity of the building. The parties in the case were summoned and, after a little preliminary chatter, the Resident began his summing-up.

"This is an interesting case of disputed paternity," he said. "The plaintiff, Malaki, claims custody of a female child, and this is disputed by the defendant, Audu; both sides have produced evidence of a conclusive nature in support of their claims. Now of what does this remind us?" he continued unctuously, turning to Henry. "No doubt you remember a somewhat similar incident in the Old Testament, Mr. Manton?"

Henry disclaimed any profound knowledge of Biblical history.

"Ah," continued the Resident, "what about the Judgment of Solomon, Mr. Manton?" and he beamed on us like a conjurer who has successfully produced the rabbit.

"Now, Interpreter," he went on, "say this to the plaintiff and the defendant: I cannot be certain to whom this half of the child."

He paused impressively. I noticed that there was considerable "sensation great Suleiman. in court" and that numbers of the young-

sters from outside were being unobtrusively ushered into the office. matchet, which is a long and heavy steel knife, was produced and laid on the table.

"Now ask the plaintiff if he agrees to this course," he said to the interpreter. The latter did so, and Malaki at once expressed his concurrence. "Ah, I thought so," remarked the presiding genius. "I was of the opinion that his witnesses were unreliable before I applied this acid test. Now ask the defendant if he is willing for the child to be divided;" and he leant back in his chair with an air of great content.

Now the Pilani people have two rather marked traits: they are notorious liars, and they dearly love a little so-called "magic." I was therefore not surprised that the whole crowd began to exhibit signs of rising excitement.

The interpreter turned to the defendant, Audu: "You agree or you no agree?" he asked. "But most certainly I agree" was the answer. "This will be a great magic, for there is no medicinechild belongs as they are both supported by many witnesses; I shall two children out of one as this Great therefore call for a matchet and cut her One promises to do; also the small in two, so that each of them can have | D.O. (Henry's appellation amongst the natives) spoke some word to us that the Judge was verily a descendant of the

I began to understand the reason for of him."

Henry's early exit before lunch. Audu finished speaking there was a chorus of applause and a simultaneous movement of the assembled fathers, each bearing a child, towards the daïs where the Resident was sitting. He

looked a little perturbed.
"I suppose," he said, "the people are horrified at the idea of such barbarity?"

"On the contrary, Sir, the other fathers present would like you to divide their children also, as they are convinced that you can make two out of one," I answered.

He collapsed like a pricked balloon at that and hurriedly gathered up his papers. "Nonsense, Fenton," he snapped, "they obviously failed to understand what I meant. Transfer the case to the Alkali's court; I can waste no more time on it." And he stamped out of the office, much to the disappointment of the crowd, who evidently considered they had been sold a pup.

"That was a good yarn of yours, Henry?" I said as we were walking

back to my bungalow.

"Well, I had a bit of a brain wave, old thing, when he asked for a And, talking of SOLOMON, matchet. I remember a proverb of his which seems rather apposite: 'Hast thou seen a man wise in his own conceit? There shall be more hope of a fool than

LOCAL RULES.

"Four clubs' lengths," said Fosby. " Local rule."

He picked his ball up and measured four clubs' lengths from the fence against which it had been resting. This placed him nicely in the fairway for the approach to the last green. "Anywhere not nearer the hole, old man," he said as he dropped it. He won the hole and the match by a stroke.

"What do you call that club?" I asked him, indicating the one he had used for the measurement.

"Jogger," said Fosby. "Why?"

"I was thinking you might find it awkward to use, as it appears to be so much longer than any of the others,' I said.

"As a matter of fact it is," said Fosby. "But it's worth taking round to use when one is standing considerably higher than one's ball. Just as well to be prepared for emergencies."

Fosby is a barrister. I understand he is doing well.

Now, though I say it, I have never yet beaten Fosby at golf. I have always played on his course, and Fosby and the local rules have always been too much for me. Local rules have often seemed to me to take unnecessary liberties with their Royal and Ancient progenitor, but those of Fosby's club are positively rebellious. With the right to drop four!

clubs' lengths away he can ignore fences, trees and similar obstacles. I could myself, but I seem to have a natural preference (I think it must be hereditary) for bunkers. Fosby says there is no local rule to the effect that one may lift from a bunker without penalty. I have never beaten Fosby at golf.

"Care to drop round for a game of billiards to-night?" said Fosby. don't think you've seen my new table at once decided in my favour and himyet."

Now here was a different proposition. There are no local variations to the rules of billiards, which I have always regarded as being exceptionally clear and entirely free from those ambiguities which mar the rules of many other games. Let me illustrate my point: "A player may, in the case of his enforced absence from the room, depute a substitute to watch his interests and claim a foul if neces-

Williams, who on one occasion, when I was called out to the telephone, compiled a break of fifteen, his previous highest to the best of my knowledge having been Mind, like the politicians, I make no insinuations, but the incident reminded me of the rule, and nowadays under similar circumstances I just ask during my enforced absence, a policy which has so far been a distinct improve-

Again: "If a player desires to clean a ball he may, with his adversary's permission, remove it for that purpose; should permission be refused he may request the referee to clean and replace the ball." Anyone can understand this.

Only the other day when playing Jones the game into my pocket, I stepped round to his place at the

Constable (after the skid). "Doin' fifty you was-at least." Motorist. "Would you mind writing that down and signing it, so THAT I CAN SHOW IT TO MY FRIENDS?

I discovered that a postage-stamp had adhered to my ball during its previous run, and, according to the rule, I asked Jones's permission to remove it. Jones, also according to the rule, objected on the grounds that it was my table and that I should have had it swept of debris before the commencement of the game. I appealed to Thomas, who was acting as referee. On seeing the stamphe self removed it. The specimen incidentally turned out to be a brand-new one centavo Nicaraguan which he (Thomas) was intending to take back to school on the following day for purposes of exchange. My point is that what might have been a serious dilemma was, owing to the lucidity of the rule, quickly and satisfactorily overcome.

Lest the reader mistake me, let me add that I do not by these observations

in very useful in my case when playing rules strictly according to the letter upon all occasions. There are, admittedly, times at which one may well stretch a point. For instance, when playing Kitty, who, through no fault of her own, is nine years old and four foot nine inches high, and for this reason constantly experiences some difficulty in reaching her ball, I deliberately relinquish my Ursula to come in and entertain Williams | right to enforce the laws of the game. Though fully conversant with the rule that says "a player contravenes these rules by playing when both his feet are off the floor," I stand her on a chair and say nothing about it.

I had never played Fosby at billiards, and here in this invitation was a chance of meeting him on the level. Slipping a neatly-bound edition of the rules of

appointed time.

Fosby's table is not a model of that used in the professional championship. It is not large enough. It isn't really a billiard-table at all, at least the bottom half isn't; the detachable top is, I believe, more often employed in that capacity than in any other. I found the surface moderately even, and one usually had a good lie a condition which most

We had a neck-to-neck struggle. For the first two hours it was anybody's game, neither of us at any time being more than three points in front of the other.

players will agree, I

think, is essential.

Then Fosby went right ahead, obtaining a lead of seven, which he held for the best part of an hour. Then by a sustained effort I drew level again and passed him. The score stood at 99 to 97 in my favour. It was Fosby's turn. He failed to score, and the red ball came to rest on the very lip of the centre pocket. Now was my chance. If I kept my head and hit the red, it could hardly fail to find the pocket and the game would be mine. I held my breath and addressed the ball. But in doing so my foot came into contact with one of the legs of the non-combatant portion of the table. This caused the table to vibrate slightly, and the red fell into the pocket before I had played my stroke.
"Hard luck," said Fosby.

"My game."

"I think not," I said, smiling to mysary." This is perfectly clear, and comes intend to advocate the taking of the self and taking my neatly-bound edition



She. "RATHER OVER-DRESSED, ISN'T SHE?" He. "My dear, what do you mean?" She. "Well, IT ALL SEEMS TO HAVE GONE TO HER HEAD."

of the rules from my pocket. I read as follows: "A ball which has stopped on the edge of a pocket shall, if it falls in from vibration, be replaced."

"Yes, I know that's the general rule," said Fosby. "But the instability of the table is so often the cause of alteration in the position of the balls that we thought it worth while, to save time and trouble, to have a special rule to the effect that no ball shall ever on this account be replaced. Here you are," he said, taking a framed sheet of printed matter from the wall and handing it to me. I read "Billiards. Local Rules. . . ." It was enough.

"Your game," I said. "I must be getting along."

From a medical column:-"ITCHING PALM.

An itching palm is generally cured by the following lotion:—Calamine, 1 drachm; glycerine, 2 drachms; water to 4 ounces." Sunday Paper.

We must try this on the next waiter at a public dinner who says, "I'm leaving now, Sir."

ORNITHOLOGY FOR THE SEASIDE.

THE GANNET.

THERE isn't a bird on the planet Who's fonder of fun than the Gannet; So he's rather an ass To reside on the Bass And not on the Island of Thanet.

THE SEAMEW.

If you wish the best people to deem you A lady, don't mock at a Seamew; It's no sort of excuse To remark, "Oh, the deuce! I thought the darn thing was an Emu!"

THE CURLEW.

If angered unduly, the Curlew A look of defiance will hurl you, As much as to say, "Now, if I had my way, I'd teach you, you impudent girl, you!"

THE PUFFIN.

Well, what do you say if we rough in A lyrical sketch of the Puffin? His beak—but in verse

One is bound to be terse,

THE CORMORANT.

Why drag in a Bee to reform, or Ant To teach us? Consider the Cormorant, Who can gobble and get Inconceivably wet, With never an elder to storm or rant.

THE AUK.

They said, when pursuing the Auk To his eyrie high up in the chalk, That the way that they went Was an Auk-ward ascent. What frightfully humorous talk!

Movements of the Mighty.

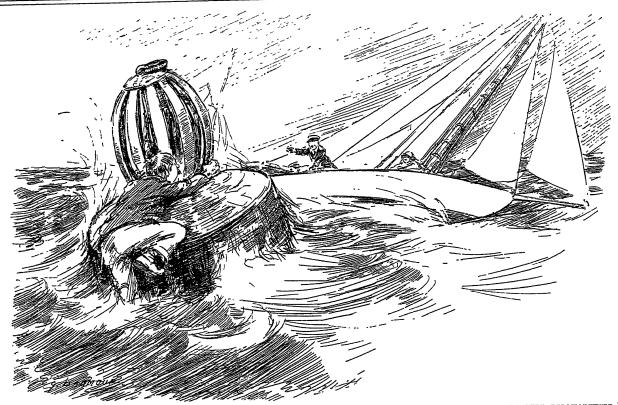
"FROM THE GOLD COAST:

One cannot write of Governors-General this week without referring to the return of General Sir Gordon Guggisberg from the Golf Coarse.' East African Paper.

Anglo-Indian Polygamy.

From a letter on the changes in Army life in India:-

"Entertaining, which thirty years ago was left to the senior folk of means, is now habitually practised by the Subaltern's wife as well as the Colonel's spouse. More—the junior officer will often have better wives . . . than And perhaps we have now got enough in. his senior officer."—Indian Paper.



Racing Yachtsman. "You must get back into the water. I can't pick you off that buoy without being disqualified."

DIET FOR GIANTS,

"PLENTY of milk puddings for Marjory," Dr. Meldrum had said, and plenty of milk puddings we gave her. But she did not pick up until, by a kindly stroke of Fate, we discovered the reason. It was giants. Parents and family doctors please note.

Pottering quietly behind the summerhouse the other morning, I became the recipient, jointly with the dolls which she was dressing, of the following breathless

narrative.

"You know," said Marjory to her dolls, "there are lots and lots of giants has been killed.' And the Old Woman in the world, but you needn't be afraid, 'cos they're always killed. It's very have kept giving him milk pudding.' cruel, though, to kill them, 'cos they can't help being giants. They grew into giants 'cos their parents made

them eat milk puddings.

"Milk puddings always make you grow big and strong, Daddy says, and Dr. Meldrum says so too. Dr. Meldrum says they make you grow like Alice in Wonderland; and Mum says they make you taller quicker than anything. It makes me terribly 'fraid, 'cos I don't want to grow tall quicker than anything; I might grow into a giant. Giants had to eat milk puddings every day when they were little, I 'spect, and then they grew too big and had to be killed. That's why I don't like milk puddings."

I put down my trowel and quietly lighted a pipe.

"Did I ever tell you about Ugg?" she continued. "Ugg was one of the biggest giants in the world; he was so big that Marmaduke Alfred had to climb right up a beanstalk, miles and miles, to get at him. And then he killed him. And Ugg's mother was terribly upset and cried like anything.

"And while she was sitting by the side of the road crying, a funny little Old Woman with a pointed nose came appeared. along and said, 'What are you crying "And U And she said, 'Because Ugg said, 'There you are; you shouldn't And the mother said, 'No, I see now I oughtn't to have; I'm terribly sorry.'

"'If you hadn't, he would just have been a nice or'nery man.'

"'Yes, I 'spect he would,' said the mother, weeping bitterly.

"'And got the King's daughter, stead of Marmaduke Alfred.

"' Very likely,' said the mother, still

weeping bitterly.

"'Now put away your hanky,' said the Old Woman, getting grumpy; 'there's no need to keep on dabbing your face with it; and it's rather grubby. Have you got any more children?

"'No, I haven't,' said the mother, trying not to start weeping bitterly again.

"'Then you must get some. call on the doctor this afternoon and see if he can let you have one or two.'

"'I never thought of that,' said the

mother joyfully.

"'And, if he gives you some, don't give them milk pudding.

"'No, I won't; and thank you very

much for all your help.'
"'Don't mention it. Good-bye.' And the Old Woman got on her broomstick and pulled the 'lectric starter and dis-

"And Ugg's mother went off, and the doctor very kindly gave her two more children. And she didn't give them a scrap of milk pudding; they just lived on baked batter and treacle, and grew into or'nery people and lived happily ever after. Now you must come out in the pram."

So the story ended abruptly and, somewhat dazed, I crept down the

garden and into the house.
"I say," I burst out, "we must do something about these milk puddings!"

Irene, writing letters, looked up, "What are you talking startled. about?" she asked.

"Milk puddings," I said. "Listen." It took us half-an-hour to decide on a course of action.

"Hullo!" I cried, nose in paper, the next morning at breakfast.

"Something exciting?" asked Irene.

"Yes; they've discovered now that milk puddings aren't any good for making people grow tall. Now isn't that extraordinary?"

"Very."

"Funny how doctors and people make these mistakes. Milk puddings, it seems, are more likely to turn children into fairies than anything, especially if they have baked batter and treacle on some days."

"I'm not surprised," said Irene; "I've always thought milk puddings were the sort that might make fairies.'

We were too engrossed with this profound discussion, of course, to take notice of the little girl who sat between ing if she will have to die of deferred without that consent—guilefully tries to

us; but I daresay we could have told you the precise moment her face lighted up.

That day Marjory had two helpings of milk pudding, and enjoyed them.

THE LITTLE HOUSE.

THERE'S a little house In my porridge plate, With a little path And a little gate; And when I reach it I think I see Somebody hurrying In from me.

I never catch them Unless I'm quick; Never when porridge Is hot or thick; But always when it is Cool or thin I see my Somebody Rushing in.

and his wife Dorothy "Ernest were each sentenced to-day to two months' hard labour for abandoning their 25-years-old boy by leaving him in the grounds of a convent.' Provincial Paper.

intrusion.

"Come along and spend a few days at these popular seaside resorts. The bracing air will quickly revive your low-down feeling." Advt. in Provincial Paper.

That's the last thing we want to revive.

"The Government's full term does not expire until near the end of 1929, and the robabilities are that they will stick to office until early in that year."—Irish Paper.

This sounds like a nasty one for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

tion Officer for Notts. We trust this does not mean that the rating authoriagainst the long-suffering landlord.

AT THE PLAY.

"CAUTIOUS CAMPBELL" (ROYALTY).

Campbell McDougall, a young Scot on business in London, lodged with an old widowed reprobate of a sea-captain and his two daughters, the sweet and patient Gabby, the pert resourceful Kid. Campbell, you gathered, loved Gabby, but believed in looking before leaping. There was a certain chair in the Glesga hoose in which his mother and his father's mother had sat, and he must be quite sure if Gabby was worthy to occupy it. And after two years of this crafty waiting, with poor adoring Gabby wonder-



THE WOOING O' IT.

. . Miss Elsa Lanchester. $K\iota d$ Campbell McDougall . . MR. LESLIE BANKS. . . . Miss Marjorie Gordon.

ably have objected to this male adult's by the apparent success of a rival, suddenly blows up the dam of his caution, lets loose more words in two minutes than he has spoken in two and nine-tenths of the three Acts, and all is well.

A pleasant enough little comedy, which, I conceive, might have made shipwreck if Mr. LESLIE BANKS had handled his Campbell with less skill, or Miss Marjorie Gordon had allowed her Gabby to be merely a mournful deflated piece of prettiness.

Mr. LESLIE BANKS cleverly held your dictionary. Mr. G. A. S. Atack is the new Valua sympathy (against your judgment) for a rather unlikely character. I don't, however, quite believe that the Campties are adopting chemical warfare bell we saw humming and having and pher, who had been analysing my frozen calculating for two years would ever smile as I last sat under some popular

have been capable of so swift and impassioned an outburst in the end. Miss Marjorie Gordon performed a difficult task in keeping Gabby from being a nonentity, and gave us so charming a portrait of a young girl as to make the over-canny Campbell's caution a most improbable matter.

The subsidiary embroideries round the main theme were well contrived. Campbell, realising that nothing short of having a house of her own to play with will induce his formidable sister Annabel to give her consent to his marriage with Gabby—and Miss Hilda Sims makes you see that no marriage would be possible

> throw her into the arms of the susceptible sailor, who, however, is not strictly a marrying man. Campbell also has a rival, a negligible young prig whom he can afford to despise, till a year at his missionary college turns the raw smuginto a sound human being, who almost persuades the all but desperate Gabby to share his labours in Madagascar. Hence the happy allegro ending to this protracted largo. Mr. Edward Chapman (the embryo missionary), who has played several of these difficult second-fiddle parts lately with consistent skill, certainly did not let down his average.

It was difficult to judge whether the authors or Miss ELSA LANCHESTER had most to do with the making of the vivacious Cockney monkey, Kid. I suspect a rather sketchy design by the authors, elaborately worked up by this gamine piquante; rather over-elaborately perhaps, but one can cheerfully surrender balance to the clever exploitation of personality. The little play would

The Mother Superior may very reason- | hope-sickness, the daft man, alarmed | have been duller with a more discreet playing, and I am not at all sure that Wapping couldn't produce a half-dozen such Kids. At any rate let us cling to the belief that, in spite of all educational and mechanical encouragements, the Cockney character still refuses to be standardised.

Mr. HENRY CROCKER'S sea-captain was discreetly and capably vulgar without being unfunny, and one ought to add a word of gratitude to Miss Peggi Janvis for her brilliant little caricature of the girl who came to borrow the

"PEGGY-ANN" (DALY'S).

"OF course," said my friend Christo-

highbrow fellows" (here I bowed stiffly) "come to this sort of show after the wrong food, in the wrong mood and the wrong clothes, so of course you get it all wrong. Away with your hurried grill at the club, your careless ties of solemn black, your comfortable tuxedo. Put yourself into a very longtailed coat, a symmetrical butterfly bow, a white three- (or is it four-?) buttoned waistcoat without a back; sport a gardenia: put into yourself, with Giuseppe's

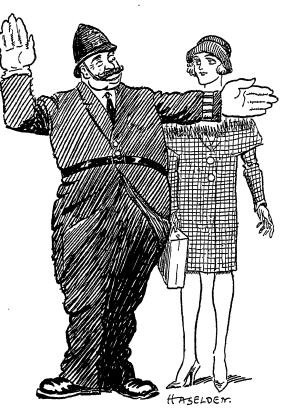
a pair of sparkling eyes and a lovely shingled head that can prattle between jokes; get in tune with the audience; don't be annoyed because the enthusiast behind you beats out the music on the under-bar of your chair, and the two dark-featured gentlemen with curly hair, evidently men of the theatre, discuss all the technical points of plot and scene, and dress and anatomy, at the top of their melodious voices. Of course one show's very much like another. This is a ritual, man! The tribal dance by proxy; the betel-juice of excitement, the hashish of forgetfulness in a grim world." Thus Christopher.

There is a good deal in what he says, I find; and, besides, Peggy-Ann, which comes over the water and has been rather inadequately translated into English, has done something which musical comedy has not done for a decade: it has incorporated a new idea—the dream idea. And, though it would be straining the truth to say that the things which happen in Peggy-Ann's dream are not just as absurd as anythat have happened at Daly's and other temples of this old religion for many a long day, they happen in a different way.

Peggy-Ann is a dream comedy by HERBERT FIELDS, with lyrics by LORENZ HART, and music by RICHARD RODGERS, produced by Lew Fields-all these gentlemen being, I assume, American. Pretty Peggy-Ann Barnes (Miss Dorothy DICKSON), of Little Nest, in the county of Hants, is a household drudge, and is no nearer the happy termination of her three-years' engagement to her adoring Guy (Mr. OLIVER McLENNAN) because poverty bars the way.

The lovers quarrel, as lovers needs must in this business. Guy goes to London to seek his fortune. In her dream Peggy follows him. A dream of

than in real life; of Guy's dry-goods her hitherto envied, because supposedly prosperous, young man, Arnold (Mr. ROBERT GORDON), are counter-thralls in the pay of her hero; a dream of her wedding interrupted by her bad fairy of a sister, who dopes the parson and the guests; of Guy's yacht, where the deferred ceremony is again deferred by shipwreck; of Havana, whither a dreamwine. Don't go alone and broody—take | the property which is to make them rich | offspring, Alice (Miss Elsie Randolph,



NO-WAY TRAFFIC; OR, THE LONG ARM (AND LARGE HAND) OF THE LAW. Officer Jones . . . Mr. Nat Lewis.
Peggy-Ann . . . Miss Dorothy Dickson.

and happy in the end. And in all this does not disguise but proclaims his the scenic artists and craftsmen, JOSEPH and PHIL HARKER and MARC-HENRI and John Brunskill and John Hill, have borrowed enough from their competent selves and the paulo-post futurists to make a diverting spectacle; the wardrobe mistress, and the costumiers, Miss Doris Zinkeisen and Miss Gordon CONWAY, have made the charming mad modes of the moment a little madder; the dancing maidens of the Chorus, admirably disciplined by Mr. SEYMOUR FELIX to swift eccentric movements, delight us with their comeliness.

Miss Dorothy Dickson is always a Piccadilly with its traffic cop and its delight to watch. Her mitigated Trans- not wish to make an ass of himself.

musical comedians—"of course you signal lights a shade more incredible atlantic intonation is a pretty thing to hear; she dances with a fine sense of store, wherein her slinky domineering rhythm and always within her powers, sister, Dolores (Miss Sylvia Leslie), and and her singing is adequate. But it would take more than Giuseppe's art to make me content to hear her trying to get over the vulgar suggestiveness of "A Little Birdie Told Me So." She is much too wholesome for that. Miss Maisie Gay (as Mrs. Frost, an old friend of Peggy-Ann's) exploits her exuberant contours for our entertainment and is a true droll, selling undies or staving off help, lots of solid rich food and sparkling | fish tows their lifeboat, and where lies | sea-sickness or slapping the head of her

> who had not much that was entertaining to do and did it well enough). The piece lacked a principal gent of established reputation, but Mr. OLIVER Mc-LENNAN will soon remedy that defect—if it be one. He has a pleasant voice and an attractive personality. As the dream rather ran away with the comedy he hadn't the best of chances.

> Whether, on the whole, this departure from tradition, with its long stretches of coherent but not over-stimulating dialogue, will find favour with the eupeptic elect, or whether the sacred old tradition will be too much for it, is more than a fellow can be expected to decide. I must ask my friend Christopher. T.

DRUIDS AT A DISCOUNT.

By an Indignant Pan-Celt.

Persons suffering from that insidious complaint known as the inferiority complex are generally understood to mask their consciousness of insignificance under a cloak of aggressive self-assertion. Signs, however, are unhappily not wanting that this disorder is beginning to affect not only individuals but whole communities in a more distressing form, in which the sufferer

futility.

The proceedings of the Royal Welsh Eisteddiod at Holyhead have been marked by several incidents which emphasise this lowering of race vitality in a most deplorable manner.

To begin with, there was the refusal of Mr. Caradoc Prichard, a young Welsh journalist on whom bardic honours had been bestowed, to be duly robed in accordance with the rules of the Gorsedd. The refusal was rendered all the more painful by the letter in which he gave his reasons for his decision, viz., to put it crudely, that he did



Governess. "PAT, WHAT COUNTRIES SUPPLY US WITH RICE?" Pat (who has strong views about puddings). "India, China and Japan-curse them!"

Worse still, the Gorsedd, instead of inflicting condign punishment on the mutineer, tamely acquiesced in the affront and officially declared that no he does not wish. The stately ceretion, has thus been defied and branded with the stigma of asininity.

FREUD has made great play with his Œdipus complex. What may be called the Socratic complex was distressingly evident at the gathering on August 4th. The philosophy of Socrates was based on the admission of his own intellectual inferiority, comparable to that described in the once famous Oxford Limerick:-

"There once lived at Magdalen Hall A man who knew nothing at all.

At Holyhead a huge audience assembled to witness the chairing of the bard, the honouring of the poet who should have written the best ode not exceeding five hundred lines, and called "The Druid." The sequel is described by the correspondent of The Times:-

"There was a full gathering of druids and bards in white and green robes ranged behind the empty bardic chair on the platform, and the protrumpets."

After this "braying of arrogant brass," Mr. Gwyn Jones, on behalf of the adjudicators, stepped forward and made the incredible announcement that of one is compelled to observe the rules if the ten competitors only three had reached a tolerably high standard, and monial, hallowed by immemorial tradi- none of these could be said to have evolved a sufficiently advanced technique to entitle the writer to the prize.

By way of mitigating the humiliation of this fiasco, the audience were consoled by the investiture of the new Archdruid, who was seated in the bardic chair, and subjected to the following land and its immortal tongue. sartorial transmogrification:

"Two other bards removed the plain white hat which he was wearing, and the retiring Archdruid ELFED, taking off his own laurel-bound headgear, placed it on the head of his successor, and handed him his glassheaded sceptre."

It is not mentioned whether the white hat was of the Goodwood pattern, or a bowler, or a Homburg, or of the type traditionally associated with millers; but the description is enough to inspire a certain amount of sympathy with Mr. CARADOC PRICHARD in his rude disparagement of those ceremonies. And in this context we may note that no ceedings opened with a fanfare of adequate explanation has yet been forthcoming for the strange choice of Iago dends it does wear your boots out.

as the name by which Mr. J. H. Thomas has been elevated to the bardic circle.

It only remains to be added that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, speaking on the same afternoon, was evidently influenced by the prevailing atmosphere of pessimism when he indulged in the singularly modest prophecy that the Welsh Ianguage would be still alive two hundred years hence—a remark which, strange to say, provoked no protests, to such an extent has the virus of self-criticism infected the once fiery lovers of their

Mixed Bathing at Cowes.

"Viscount Churchill, Viscount Incheape, Lady Hermione Buller, Sir William Portal, Bt., and Lady Portal and Admiral Sir Francis Bridgeman had the honour of diving with the King and Queen on board the Royal Yacht yesterday evening."—Sussex Paper.

We had already learned from other sources that the Royal visit to Cowes had gone off swimmingly.

"Some people think I exist at Savernake on money I squeeze out of unfortunate people living on the estate. If they looked at my boots they would find that the money which keeps me at Savernake is paid in interest from investments abroad."

Lord AILESBURY as reported in a Daily Paper. Of course if you tramp all over the various continents collecting your divi-

SUPPORT YOUR OWN FIRM.

I have a few shares in a company which produces a magazine—an excellent magazine, I hasten to add. But with my last dividend I received a hint that the value of my holding would be increased if I personally subscribed to the paper. This seems to me as economically sound as living by taking in my own washing. But I don't want to talk economics because that always leads to a controversy with Sir Josian STAMP or Professor Keynes and ends with the footnote: "This corres. must now cease.—ED." just when we are warmed up.

I only want to point out what a dangerous innovation this is. Take my own case. I am a model shareholder who seldom attends meetings and never questions the chairman. I am content to be a parasite on industry.

As a regular reader of those chatty columns where advice is given to the investor, I have information straight, as it were, from the stable, but as I have only a small amount of pocketmoney, I cannot invest it in half the certainties tipped. But I do the best I can, and, for a parasite on a very small scale, I have a finger in a great variety of industrial enterprises.

Now if I am to purchase the commodities produced by all the companies in which I am a shareholder, I shall be landed in difficulties.

For instance, one of my companies builds battleships, whereas I am a man of peace, and have no possible use for a battleship. I wouldn't mind a flagpole or a port-hole or something like that as a souvenir, or a section which could be turned into a fowl-house, but a battleship is altogether too big.

I have, too, an interest in a baby-food, but we are not requiring baby-food at the moment. Again, I have a holding in a furniture company. But we have more furniture already than a B.4 house will comfortably hold, and I would sell out my shares rather than permit another | All men are said to love a lover, plain van to call.

And must I buy bird-seed because I own some bird-seed shares? I don't use bird-seed. I don't know where to buy it, and would not like to ask for it if I did. How does one buy bird-seed?

I don't mind bolstering up my restaurant shares by having an occasional meal, but my tobacco shares are a difficulty. Doesn't my tobacco company realise that I have given up smoking as a protest against the Budget? And I will not, just because I invested a few pounds in the Puce Funnel Line, take an ocean voyage for my health. My last voyage from Calais to Dover did my health no good at all.

When I consider these instances and recollect the railways and tramways I must ride on, the shaving soaps I must lather with, the drinks and minerals I must consume, and the clothes I must wear in order to support my directors in their task of providing me with dividends, my mind reels. Obviously it would pay me to give my shares away.

On the other hand, Patricia, who has put all her money into Harridge's, is a whole-hearted supporter of the scheme. This explains why we are always popping in and out of the big store.

During the Summer Sales she has been particularly strong on the idea that it is the soundest wisdom for a shareholder to buy the products of his company. We are popping in again this afternoon.

But, as I said at the beginning, and I don't care if Sir Josiah Stamp and Professor Keynes contradict me, it is economically unsound.

We spent two years' divi-Later.dends this afternoon.

ALSO DID NOT RUN.

(With compliments to President Calvin Coolidge.)

'Tis true the laurel does not grow To deck the sluggard's brow, oh, no! But speed inspired by reckless levity Is not conducive to longevity.

I think that anti-Nordic Celts err When they belittle Doctor Peltzer: That people must be dull or surly Who don't appreciate Lord BURGHLEY;

Yet, even in a world whose creed Seems based on space-devouring speed, "Slow-motion" due attention wins; We cannot all be flying Finns.

Impatient folk who quit the kerb Too often court a fate acerb; The wise await the blesséd sign Of Robert, white-armed and benign.

"Safety in speed" is good advice When you are skating on thin ice: But not for motorists who scour The roads at eighty miles an hour.

But some have cause to hate the "shover,"

And when I'm walking I upbraid Acceleration's noisome aid.

So with relief, amid the welter Of the prevailing helter-skelter. We note the tempo, far from presto, Of "CAL's" laconic manifesto;

Which carries all the greater weight Coming from one who rules a State Long famous for the break-neck pace It sets for all the human race.

To sit or stand, we may divine, He does not finally decline; A sober gait he does not shun: Only he "does not choose to run."

SIX CYLINDER SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Editor, get wise that your Bishop of Peterborough says youse all don't wanna have Americanese in your loca-

Say, bo, I'll tell the bish. we are the guys that put pep in the chatter. You folk should get right now the Hollywood series of the works of W. SHAK-SPERE (of Stratford, Eng.), edited by Dr. Weerit, of Potlid, Cal. You'll sure get the once over of what your old language can do. Can your neverwuzzers beat this?

KNIFED:

A DRAMA OF IMPERIAL ROME.

Featuring C. J. Cæsar, M. J. Brutus and MARK ANTONY, who stars opposite to CLEOPATRA in " The River of Passion."

Reel 6, sub-title 23.

Rubes, ginks and buddies, listen ahere. Ju Cæsar has cashed in with his boots on, And my middle name is gravedigger. I 'm no hot air merchant,

But all the crooked stuff gets a sky sign And there's nix on angel dope, it gets the

That say-so is Ju Cæsar. Old man Brutus Says Ju opined he'd be the big noise in this burg.

If he did he was a woolly-whiskered wop And he 's been handed all that 's coming to him.

Brutus and his bunch said, "Shoot the chatter"-

And Brutus is sure the cat's pajamas, So's the whole outfit, all the lizard's leggings-

And I'm here to tell the world that the deceased

Was a real he-man and then some.

Ain't that great? And what about that little pome you call "O Mistress Mine." Your ivory domes say it is the goat's goloshes. Shucks! Wait till Weerit steps on it.

Say, honey bunch, where are you hiking? You've gotta date with a beau you're liking;

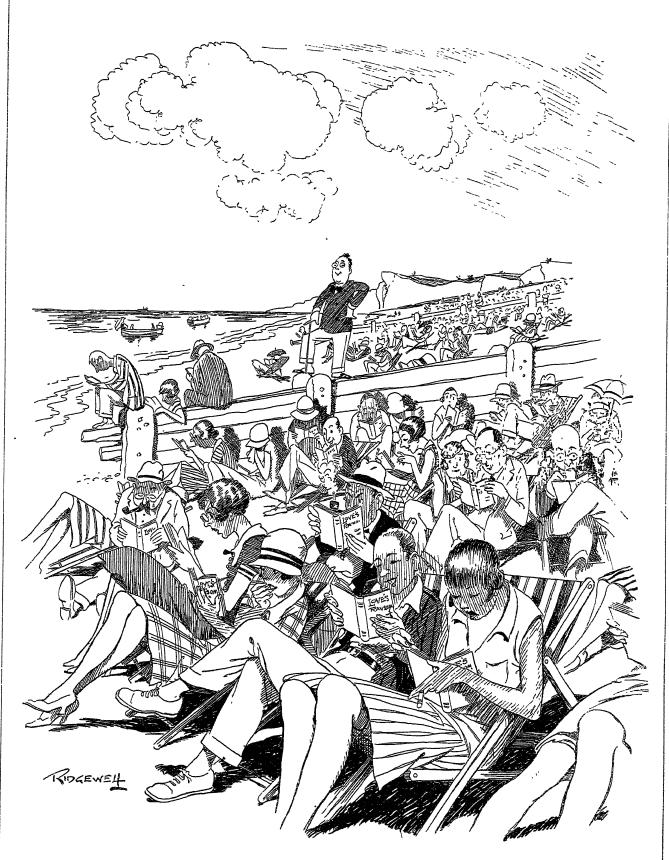
Birds have got nix on beau; Beautiful cutie, what 's the hurry? You'll meet your babe, kid, I should worry; I'll tell the world that's so.

Say, Mr. Editor, you folks must get off the sidewalk pronto when Weerit goes buy gum.

"A HARSH DRIVING.

At about nine o'clock in the morning a motor car was passing on the Mall and met with an accident. Whilst driving in an ob-jectionable speed, it passed touching hair to hair a cyclist but as a bargain took the life of of a dog which was turned upside down and died."—Indian Paper.

A very poor bargain for the dog.



THE BEST SELLER AND THE MAN WHO WROTE IT.



The Wife. "The need for more playing-fields seems to be very acute, dear."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is said by one of the characters in Tinker's Leave (Heinemann) that the artist's business is not to imitate life but to make something more amusing. Yet art, however fantastic, must not seem to discredit nature; an impression of reality must remain at least for the duration of the reading. This doctrine, so difficult in its application, so happy in its results, has always, I think, attracted Mr. MAURICE BARING; but never has he practised it to greater advantage than in the volume that provides my text. This is not exactly a novel, though the skeleton of a slender novel articulates it quite satisfactorily. It is, as its persuasive dedication suggests, a record of impressions received in Russia and Manchuria during the Russo-Japanese War, hero in a dream, is known, and very well known, from half a hundred oblique views but never squarely encountered; and that hero's associates arouse the same vivid but disconnected recognition. Yet I found the main gallop of the story absorbing and its reined-in passages of meditation exquisitely refreshing. There is scope for both in the enter-

exaggerated by a Russian friend, secures him the post of illustrator to an American war correspondent; and his subsequent exterior adventures run the whole gamut of the camp-follower, from sing-songs to dysentery. But it is his spiritual adventures that count for most, and his impressions of Russia, which are those of a romantic and a lover.

I feel that the lure of Miss Marjorie Bowen's romantic stories is coming to depend too largely on the creation of atmosphere and the invention of incident. Her characterisation has seldom been imaginative in the sense that she has easily projected herself into the motives of her characters; but Stinging Nettles was an exception to this rulea psychological high-water mark never attained before or since—and Miss Bowen's earlier historical studies supplied her first novels with intelligently apprehended personalities. transposed into a key of fantasy. It has a hero who, like a I am sorry her latest volume of short stories ignores this source entirely. There is less reality as well as less magic than usual about Dark Ann (LANE). In the first story a trite, too trite, lecturer on sanitation discloses a curious, too curious, psychic experience. His narrative includes a charming picture (wholly, I'm afraid, out of the competence of the supposed narrator) of a Palladian garden after a snowprise of Miles Consterdine, who, when twenty-seven years old storm. "The Love Story of a Fastidious Man" relates the and the dummy figure-head of an old firm of wine mer- sordid efforts of two or three women to decide the conjugal chants, breaks loose for a Parisian holiday, and from Paris destiny of one recalcitrant male. "Expiation"—the most gets himself lured to Russia. A gift for photography, re-readable tale of the series—tells of a remote Essex parish

and its heroic incumbent. Four Italian nocturnes deal in those contrasts of horror or squalor with rather hectic joie-de-vivre which were once thought proper to all transalpine fiction. "Mrs. Smith and Rose——" is a low-spirited glimpse of the back of a seaside "front." "I can see the melodrama of the thing," says the first person of the eleventh story, "but the morality remains confused." I should like to suggest to Miss Bowen, whose "I" occasionally reads as though it were a personal embodiment, that melodrama, of all forms of the dramatic, demands a particularly clear notion and enforcement of some sort of ethical reality.

Lord Gorell, that industrious peer, Who shows a laudable addiction To letters, whether in the sphere Of verse or prose, of fact or fiction, Leads us a most exciting dance In Venturers All, a hectic medley, Where, mostly by the aid of chance, The decent people down the deadly.

'Tis natural that one who played Cricket for Oxford and for Harrow Should have on virtue's side arrayed Athletes and sportsmen to the mar-

And yet it clashes with these views, And must surprise the gentle reader, That of his criminals he should choose An Old Carthusian as the leader!

I do not think that Rosa would Have called the arch-crook's saintly daughter

A "milk-faced chit" when Rosa stood Before her breathing fire and slaugh-

For Rosa was not only vile, But vampish in her conversation, And indisposed to cramp her style By mid-Victorian objurgation.

The pages of the book, which bear The name of MURRAY on the cover, May here and there erect the hair Of the devout sensation-lover; But, though he may not ever wrest From great GABORIAU's brows the laurel,

And though I cannot "give him best," Still I am grateful to Lord GORELL.

In The Memoirs of Baron N. Wrangel (Benn) I found an uncommonly vivid and unprejudiced account of life and

customs in both Tsarist and Soviet Russia as seen in retrospect by the eyes of an old aristocrat in exile in Finland. Descended from a long line of soldiers, and father of the famous anti-Bolshevist General, Baron WRANGEL did not himself follow the profession of arms. An inward restlessness led him to abandon the Civil for the Diplomatic Service, the Diplomatic Service for the Army, and finally to seek and find his fortune in that strangest of all careers





RURAL RAMBLES: A TRAGEDY.

This varied experience of life furnishes an explanation for the singular detachment with which he judges his own order in pre-war Russia, and finds it wanting in all the attributes of a governing class. But it is typical of the want of constructive ability in the Slav that, although this exceedingly able man can point out the failings in his fellow-countrymen with an unerring hand, he has hardly a solitary suggestion to offer as for a Russian nobleman under the ancien régime, com- to how the deplorable condition of Russia might have been

Wrangel need fear no rival. His portraits, drawn at times with a pen that has been dipped in gall, of the many notable Russians with whom he came in contact, are clear-cut and self-revealing. Witte stands forth in all his rugged strength; KERENSKY in his unredeemed weakness. But the most attractive of all the portraits is the one the author has unwittingly drawn of himself-the portrait of a brave and witty aristocrat who faced life with a dauntless courage and refused to be broken in spirit by any disaster.

If you want to rub up your knowledge of Southern India (Madras Presidency) allow me to recommend Pulling the Strings (Hodder and Stoughton) as an easy refresher.

life in Tuticorin hidden from the observant eye of Mrs. F. E. Penny, who maintains from the first that it matters but little what the master of the house does so long as he chooses the right head-boy to shepherd him into the path of safety. She has emphasised this fact by taking as her chief male character (European) a young and impressionable police - officer recently appointed to the district. Aleck Longfield is not exactly the police-officer one expects to find in Indian fiction. He does not in the least resemble Mr. KIPLING's Strickland. For one thing he is quite absurdly shy in the presence of ladies, and the married woman who is discovered in the opening of this book masquerading under the style of Miss Sylvia Smith has some trouble before she succeeds in curing him of this unworthy failing. But it is not Aleck Longfield who really matters; it is his head-boy, Abboye, who comes to his rescue every time there is any demand for acute detective work or even the untangling of a loveaffair. A really remarkable lad

is this, but Mrs. Penny would apparently have us believe that Southern India is full of such, for she makes the Campbells' butler only a little his inferior in the gentle art of management. Perhaps it is because of the superior quality of these natives that some of the Europeans seem to me a trifle weak in drawing. But Pulling the Strings is an eminently readable volume, suitably named, and conveying unobtrusively a good deal of useful information.

Seeing how many writers of memoirs of one kind or another have shown that in going through life they have accumulated experiences lively enough to be worth public record, through the exciting last half-century in reasonably observant fashion must have matters to relate, thrilling or original. Mr. Allan Fea, in Recollections of Sixty Years (RICHARDS), goes some way to dispel this illusion, for his most alarming recorded adventure is a wordy encounter with that eccentric old hero of the Crimea and the Mutiny, | and-a-half shillings are demanded.

remedied. Both as a raconteur and a pen-portraitist Baron | Lord STRATHNAIRN, and his most unusual exploit, a tramp, in defiance of geography, from Reading to Bath in the face of a north-east wind. Mr. FEA is a recognised authority on old manor-houses and their restoration, on secret chambers, on STUART relics, and other quite delightful things; but of all this there is nothing included here but occasional vague references, coupled with dates of visits and notes of journeys. He does, while relating about various persons many details that might just as well have been said concerning almost anyone else, introduce a good deal worth hearing about Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS the artist, but even here he does not always escape triviality. He certainly comes near recapturing something of a Victorian atmosphere, now and then, in noting alterations in buildings cr cannot believe that there can be many corners of domestic, encroachments of the town on the countryside, though

whether the lapse of sixty years is long enough to give his early memories much value as "antiques" may well be doubtful.

In olden times the town of Lushdale possessed a knight, and even in this material age it was proud of his memory. His window was an attraction in the Lady Chapel of the cathedral, and there was also a legend that, because of his love for Lushdale, he was for ever free to ride through it. You might think that this recompense was not very helpful to his soul's repose, but if you read Tarry, Knight! (HAMIL-TON) you will find that he appreciated it. With considerable delicacy C. R. ALLEN tells the story of a sma'l boy's reverence for this legend. Robin Strangeways was the son of the Dean of Lushdale, a breezy Dean whose point of view was not invariably welcomed by cathedral-bound ladies. Readers of Mr. Hugh Walpole's works know these ladies well enough. They will demand, though I doubt if they will secure it, a reserved compartment in the

next world, as in this. They are not, however, of supreme importance in the development of the present tale; Robin and his tarrying knight are its central figures. If I have failed to follow all of the author's flights of fancy, I prefer stories that fly bigh in the realms, however dim, of imagination to the stark realism that pins me to the sordid places of the earth.



Angler (reading paper). "THERE'S ANOTHER CASE ERE OF A BATHER BEIN' BITTEN BY A FISH." Glocmy ditto. "Not in this river, I'll LAY."

From the murder in its first chapter to the discovery of hidden treasure in its last, The Queen's Gate Mystery (METHUEN) held me bound. With two sets of villains, two murders, two detectives and several perilous adventures, Mr. HERBERT ADAMS cannot justly be accused of parsimony one had rather assumed that any wayfarer adventuring in his supply of exciting incident. Yet so terrific is the pace which the sensational novelists of to-day set themselves that I have found Mr. Adams almost restful. And. what is even more remarkable in this class of fiction, I found him not too incredible. I suggest that it is the tale for your money, of which, I am glad to see, only three-

CHARIVARIA.

WE see it stated that the young policeman is warned against the use of slang. Many people object to being taken into custody by a man who calls himself a "cop." * *

We are asked to deny the report that in view of recent cases of alleged bootlegging in London there is talk of establishing an American Bootlegation.

**
The invasion of Swaziland by gnus is developing into a grave menace. One theory is that the animals are getting out of hand owing to the publicity they have received from cross-word puzzles.

A gossip-writer mentions that at a comingof-age party at a famous country mansion dancing took place in the ball-room. There is quite a craze in country houses for using ballrooms for this purpose.

In our opinion the experiment of having a greyhound racefilmed by a dog carrying a camera is calculated to lower the animal's selfrespect. **

It is claimed that an EDGAR WALLACE serial keeps the doctor away. Stick one on your frontdoor.

Horn-rimmed spectacles for horses is the latest American notion. Chewing-gum

for cows is coming.

On Brighton front the other day, we read, a gorgeously attired Abyssinian put holiday girls into the shade. Rather clever of him in this weather.

As Channel-swimmers complain of being worried by dog-fish, it is reassuring to know that these creatures are believed to be immune from hydrophobia.

An attempt is being made to teach Italian children Latin by means of ordinary conversation, as the children of ancient Rome were taught it. The children of ancient Rome, of course, were exceptionally good at Latin.

"We all have to be our own centre,

should like to hear Mr. G. K. CHESTER-TON'S opinion on this dictum.

A Brighton landlord told a magistrate that he had given a man three months' notice to move, and he thought that was quite long enough. Ample, except in the case of a chess-player.

Workmen engaged near the Bank of England have unearthed three Roman urns, and beside each was a human skull. Probably the remains of some Roman frothblowers who ignored the warning cry, "Tempus, nobiles."

At a Surrey flower-show a man allowed visitors to throw wooden balls at him. He is believed to be a football referee undergoing a rest-cure.

The police are said to be searching for a short man with horn-rimmed spectacles. Wouldn't they do better with a telescope?

A resident on the Piccadilly front complains of the number of persons who stand about watching the workers using pneumatic drills. The kill-joy!

"If a mosquito bites your arm hold Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has been it under cold water for five minutes" is photographed swimming at Deauville. the advice of a Harley Street specialist. We wonder if the Chancellor of the By that time, of course, the little beast

will be simply gasping for breath.

During a recent boxing contest Cook was cautioned about blows to the stomach. We ourselves have often longed for the courage to speak to cook about this sort of thing.

Fleet Street is in a fever of excitement now that the news has leaked out that a resident of Canterbury who reads both The Daily Express and The Daily Mail has grown a hollyhock thirteen feet in height.

A marrow weighing twenty-one pounds has been grown by a Hampshire gardener. It is

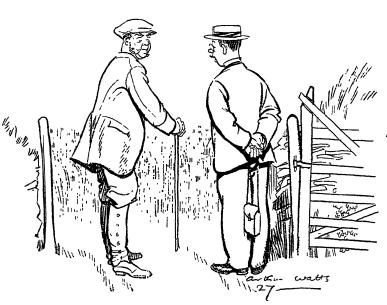
not yet known which daily paper he

A Hollywood "movie" star on a visit to London says that she has discovered that our summer weather is awful. We could have saved her the journey.

Customs officers recently dumped into the sea, near Aberdeen, three thousand gallons of pure whisky. Scotland stands where it did, but only just.

A stag is reported to have charged a car in Richmond Park, and since then the owner of a small two-seater complains that a worm turned beneath his vehicle and pushed it clean over.

Scientists have confirmed the view that the sun will last another hundredand-fifty million centuries. At the rate but we are not obliged to be our own circumference," says Dean Inge. We have the father crab's eyes stick out so far. we've been using it this year we don't see why it shouldn't last for ever.



Affable Summer Visitor (to Farmer). "FINE SHOW OF POPPIES YOU'VE GOT!"

Exchequer would like a picture-postcard of a taxpayer going down for the reads. third time.

According to a distinguished author, the best short story in the world is "Puss in Boots." This rather suggests that that one about being detained at the office has had its day.

In the opinion of a well-known judge some husbands are too suspicious of their wives. Still, there is good cause for suspicion when a man finds a long hair on his wife's shoulder.

According to the evidence of a Belfast taxicab-driver Scotsmen give better tips than Englishmen. Caledonians are wondering who first started this scandal.

It is said that the female crab has

VOL. CLXXIII.

THE DOPWITAC.

THE man with his back to the engine into conversation. When the train of his breath, he added irrelevantly, passed a cricket-field in which players "It's rather a long way north, isn't it?" were practising at the nets he tried again.

"What is your opinion of MACAULAY?"

he ventured.

The man with the thick overcoat brought back his eyes politely from the

"Rose or Lord?" he asked.

The man with his back to the engine looked puzzled. "I was referring," he explained, "to MACAULAY the Yorkshire cricketer."

The man with the overcoat smiled. "Only an hour ago," he said, "I was involved in an absurd argument about Yorkshire. The question was whether there are more acres in Yorkshire than in Yorkshire." in Yorkshire." "I am not s

"Did you settle it?"

"No; neither of us had counted either. It was an amusing argument all the same—that is until it began to

develop on political lines."

But there's no doubt Yorkshire is a very big county. And, being such a very big county, it is no wonder they turn out such a strong-

"Size, you know, is not everything. Siberia is an enormous country. Can you name any big man Siberia has produced?"

"Didn't know Siberia played cricket. Should have thought skating would have been more in their line, or tobogganing. But you must go by population. Yorkshire has so many to choose from it's no wonder-

"It certainly has some teeming centres of population," said the man with the overcoatreminiscently. "Once I had to wait three hours at Sheffield in the early hours of a wet December morning. I crawled out of the cold | idea of a Society for the Discouragestation to the nearest coffee-stall and watched thousands hurrying through the sodden streets to their work. Since then I have understood why a race so hardy has made its mark in every corner of the globe and shown itself-

During this eloquent passage, which continued a little longer, the man with his back to the engine began to despair of ever turning the conversation again to the doings of Yorkshire in the flannelled field, but he made one more

effort at its close.

"M—yes," he said, "but I was speak-"M—yes," he said, "but I was speak-ing of Yorkshire in connection with its rays are not . . . a remedy for senile baldness." cricket record."

with an air of mild interest, "Do they play cricket in Yorkshire, then?"

Receiving no reply, since the question had made several attempts to enter had for the moment deprived the other

The cricket-merchant made a sound like a small animal in pain and subsided into his seat. Perhaps it was as well that the train now arrived at a station and that the man with the overcoat got out. On the platform he exchanged a few words with a man carrying golfclubs who afterwards took his vacant seat. From this person the man with his back to the engine presently borrowed a match.

Then, "Extraordinary," he said, "what people you meet. Now the man who just got out-I think I saw you speaking to him on the platform-asked me quite seriously if they play cricket

"I am not surprised," was the reply. "It's strange how little he knows about cricket. He's a bit of a sportsman all the same, and plays a better game of poker than any other man in England. I'm sorry he had to break his journey "I agree with you there. Politics here because I should have enjoyed a should be kept out of sport altogether. little flutter. Perhaps you play poker, Sir?"

> "I'm afraid I don't," replied the man with his back to the engine. He assumed an intense interest in his picture paper, and at the next station

changed compartments.

Whereupon a hitherto silent man in one of the far corners leaned slightly forward and said to the newcomer, "I think, Sir, I have the pleasure of addressing a fellow-member of the Dopwitac?"

"I am a humble adherent, Sir."

"And, if I may say so, a most efficient one. But your friend in the thick overcoat, though rather leisurely in his methods, is attractive to watch.

"Yes, he's a real artist. But didn't you know? It was he who first had the ment Of People Who Insist on Talking About Cricket."

"I wish I'd known. I should have been glad of the opportunity of thanking him. But I see you are a golfer"he moved nearer and went on eagerly-"tell me, what do you think of our chance of getting back the golf championship from America?"

From a paragraph on "sunbath" treatment:-

"I learn from the proceedings of the Phar-Weekly Paper.

The man with the overcoat, ponder- | Many old gentlemen we know are turning this remark for a moment, inquired ling with relief to less drastic measures.

FITNESS AND SONG.

When my eye is straight and clear, When my soul is full of cheer, And, should any stop to ask me how I

On consideration I Can with confidence reply, "1'm exceptionally spry; How are you?"

Then a sudden message shoots From my bosom to my boots That there's nothing to impede me in my chant,

Not a trouble I need shirk— So I settle down to work And discover with a jerk That I can't.

One could safely bet (and lose) On the splendour of my muse; There's a theme that couldn't fail to make a hit;

As it happens, it's a time When one's simply full of rhyme; But the fact remains that I'm Much too fit.

But—the other way about-When I'm feeling down and out, When the rose upon my cheek declines to bloom,

And the converse of my friends By a fine adjustment tends To remarks on people's ends, And the tomb:

It is then, when I recoil With a shudder from the toil As from persons whose appearance makes you sick, That in some mysterious way I feel driven to a lay

Which, in candour I must say, Does the trick.

It is tough, as you'll agree, For a minor bard like me To be muted when I should be at my best,

But it's tougher still to sing Like a blessed bird in Spring When it's just the very thing I detest.

And besides I often feel That it's robbed me of a deal, That I've something that has never come to light;

There are bays I ought to snatch, But I shan't, unless I catch Several ailments in a batch:

Then I might. Dum-Dum.

"A traffic tangle, caused in London by two mice for 15 minutes yesterday, during which time they cheered and frightened thousands of passers-by, was unravelled when the trafficcontrol policeman put his foot down."

Daily Paper. Were the poor little beasts underneath?



RAIN-BASKING: THE NEW ENGLISH PASTIME.

THE IMPERVIOUS PATRIOT. "AH, TOBY, MY BOY, THEY'VE GOT NOTHING LIKE THIS ON THE LIDO."



The Shingled Head. "Of course it's lovely, darling, and all that, but you must admit it does make you look DREADFULLY GIRLISH.'

"TWINS."

It is a very good game. Its peculiarity is that it can only be played when we are separated. When the dread hour of parting draws nigh our sorrow is alleviated by the thought of another game of "Twins." From the moment the train has puffed out of sight, carrying away one partner, the fun for both has begun; the other goes home, not to brood over the lonely rooms, the strayed handkerchief, the forgotten veil, but to look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the first move of "Twins."

You know those telegrams, so futile yet so necessary, which the traveller sends when he reaches his journey's end: "All well. Love," or "Arrived safely. Dreadful crossing." They are most inconvenient to the sender. He has to despatch them during the scrimmage from the train to the taxi, or from the boat to the Customs-house. It is impossible to find the telegraph-office. There are masses of cloak-rooms and booking-offices; there are station-superintendents and waiting-rooms and refreshment-rooms by the thousand—everything but a tele- We had made up the game some time

away in the remotest corner. When about it. This is what I read: "Isabelle at last discovered it is shut, or there is Priscilla and I have invented a game. | no answer to your impatient rap on the glass. The official is asleep or dead or on strike. Finally your telegram has cost you four-and-sixpence; two-andsix for the waiting taxi, an extra shilling for the waiting porter, and a shilling to say, "Arrived safely."

Futile ridiculous words!

Once I decided to delight Priscilla with an unexpected wire. Half-way through the journey I bolted from my carriage where a long stop was promised. "All well," I wired cheerfully, while my train was disappearing in the dis-

And then how often one forgets the telegram altogether, until suddenly, in the dead of night, too late for any remedy, the tooth of recollection bites our slumbering conscience. And meanwhile the other in a far country tosses anxiously. How futile are these telegrams, and yet how necessary!

That is why we invented our game. The rules are very simple. (1) The words "well," "arrived" and "safely" are not allowed. (2) Apart from these the traveller may wire what he pleases.

I got the first telegram from Priscilla. graph-office, which is always tucked before she left, and I had forgotten all relatives of their own diocesans.

has twins. Still very weak," and for a moment I was shocked, for Isabelle is a maiden lady. That is why we call it "Twins."

And now we are becoming so brilliantly inventive, we pride ourselves so much on our originality, that we positively look forward to the coming separation, we delight in routing out elusive telegraph-offices. "North - by - west. Blasted oak. Five paces." "Mildred fallen overboard. Heartbroken." (Mildred was a doll, safe in the nursery at home.) "Market booming. Buy Amalgamated Soap." "Forgive. Take me back again." The contents of the telegrams, mysterious, dramatic, appealing, are reflected in the face of the sympathetic postman who brings them. We feel sorry for him. Some day we will take him into our confidence. We will tell him that all the telegrams he brings to us mean simply this: "Arrived safely. All well."

"Clergymen, wives and families, add to home income; learn interesting and remuner-ative crafts: Jesso, leather work. Chinese Lacquer Bishop's niece."

Ecclesiastical Paper.

But clergymen should be careful not to venture on such liberties with the

VIBRATIONS AND A ROUGH ANSWER.

Nitocris Jones and I were sitting in one of those night-club sort of places and talking about things. So much for atmosphere.

Nitocris herself is rather marvellous. She was not christened Nitocris; she took the name from a learned book by a learned Egyptologist. It is admittedly more provocative than her parents' choice of Elsie.

She is an actress, but she is more than that—she is really theatre, if you know what I mean. She can't act for toffee, but she has a tense air and makes mots. Her best so far is, we think, "That woman has had her face lifted so much that she talks through her hat." Of course she knows absolutely everyone—everyone about whom these jolly little paragraphs appear in gossip columns.

"I saw Daphne Saloun this afternoon," said Nitocris.

"Oh?" I said.

"Daphne Saloun," Nitocris said. "You must know her; she's Lord Curricle's seventh and unmarried daugh-And she added absently, "A spare wheel for his old age."

I smiled encouragingly.
"Don't do that," said Nitocris; "I hate grinning men."

"You saw Daphne Saloun?"

"Yes. It was rather wonderful in a way. She's gone in for good works. She visits the poor."

"But she was on the stage, wasn't she?" I said, remembering suddenly a vague Daphne who had entered with a tea-tray.

"She gave that up," said Nitocris.

"Why?"

"She found it too much of a strain to be so ladylike. She told me that she's getting on quite well. It's simply a matter of acquiring the same vibrations—of being sympathique."

"Je comprends," I said.

"She learnt the secret when she had been working for a week or so in Poplar. She was visiting a mother, and she had bags of booklets and pamphlets and helpful things. In fact, if there was anything that Daphne didn't know about brand-new children, it hadn't been written.

"Well, she knocked at the door, and the mother-really rather an efficient one to look at, I gathered from Daphne -came out and blocked the doorway. However, Daphne was never one to be put off by anything, and she began her usual list of most frightfully important questions.

"The mother did not reply vocally, but simply nodded, and Daphne, finding at last some poor person in com- said the mother.



Pushful Person (to hotel acquaintance). "'AVE A CIGAR WITH ME, SIR. GO ON-TAKE THE BIG ONE."

plete agreement with her, was considerably thrilled in her quiet way. She came eventually to the question of outings, and, after impressing tactfully the value of fresh air, she said, 'Have you a pram?'

"' Excuse me, Miss,' said the mother, speaking for the first time-' you are a

miss, aren't you?

"Daphne nodded and went on: 'But if you haven't a pram you can run up a ducky little push-cart out of a banana crate that you can get from any greengrocer.' And she stopped for a moment to look it up in the 'How To Make' section of her main booklet.

"Then the mother spoke again: 'I just

want to say one thing to you, Miss.'
"'And what's that?' said Daphne, flicking over her pages.

"'You run away and chase yourself,"

"Well, Daphne was struck dumb. She hadn't been prepared by her society for that sort of thing. But the mother went on until Daphne's blood was roused, and she flashed back, positively flashed—' And you run away and chase yourself too!

"The mother beamed. 'Now that we understand each other, dearie,' she said, 'come inside and have a nice hot cup o' tea and see the baby.

"It's simply a matter of getting the vibration," said Nitocris.

We got up and danced.

"Born five years after the outbreak of the Great War, the Earl of Macduff was thirteen to-day."—Manchester Paper.

Manchester may think this to-day, but nothing will make England think tomorrow that the Great War broke out in 1909.

THE GREAT BEACH GAME.

THE Cuban Revolutionary had never bathed. He had not even prawned. In many respects he was a marked man, a man alone. Priscilla indeed, out of defiance towards her mother (who was the first to penetrate the fellow's disguise), insisted on calling him "The Lonely Man," whereas the fact that he was a Cuban Revolutionary was absolutely proved; for Charles, looking over his shoulder by the letter-rack, had seen him take two letters addressed to

"E. A. MURCHISON, Esq.,"

and forwarded, very suspiciously, from l

Newcastle-under-Lyme. What more probable alias, as Elaine (who is Mrs. Charles) observed, could a Cuban Revolutionary adopt than that?

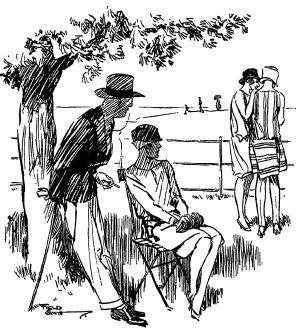
The Cuban Revolutionary was short, frog-like and stout. He wore a deep mustardcoloured golfing-suit, but not for golf. His sole recreation appeared to be tramping up the green - and - purple headlands dotted with pink sheep, or even striding inland among the narrow high-hedged lanes. For these nefarious purposes he carried an alpenstock and wore large nailed boots. He had a dark mysterious face, and spectacles. If none of the counts against him exactly proved his unhappy connection with Cuban political affairs they did at least make Elaine's nomenclature pretty plausible.

She had named many names. both within the Seacliff Hotel and without. There was Nero. There was the Pink Prizefighter. There were also the

Two Svelte Blondes, the Schoolmaster of the R-shmore Private Hotel. The request he was included in the Seacliff torian Lady, the Five Grey Boys, the Purple Blazer, the Man with the Secret Rubber Horse Family and the Charmingest Child on the Beach.

All these and many others were observed in their goings out and their comings in-out of and into, that is to say, the Atlantic deep. But the Cuban Revolutionary's lustrations, if any-and the doubt is Richard's, not mine—had been private and unobserved. What bathing-costume he would have worn, two-piece or otherwise, if he had dared the billows, was a matter of the merest speculation, and it was only a wild fancy of Elaine's that his dressing-gown and pyjamas bore the colours of the Cuban national flag.

of Nero, seen constantly emerging from the"RoyalGeorgeHotel"inabath-wrap of prodigious pink-and-yellow check! Or the life of the Two Svelte Blondes, who entered the water in crêpe rubber shoes, and each wore a slave-bangle high on the leftarm! How much of their manly selves did not the Pink Prize-fighter and the Purple Blazer reveal! How varied were the sea antics of the Rubber Horse Family-and the Five Grey Boys, who lest their clothes in five grey heaps upon the rocks and in five blue bathing-suits simultaneously stormed the brine! And as for the Early-Victorian lady, she was seriously suspected of being the "She hits the ball a fairly hefty slosh person who censored the second letter sometimes," said Richard, "but she



The Man. "I SAY, OLD THING, D' YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW WHO THAT GIRL IS-THE ONE WITH THE-ER-OXFORD ANKLES?"

with the Harassed Wife, the Early-Vic- full name of the R-shmore Private team. Charles, our captain, broke the Hotel was written in very large letters on the balcony that ran round the second Sorrow, the Would-be Surf-Riders, the | floor; but as you walked down the steep and shaley street you could only read

RMSHMORE PRIVATE HOTEL.

I always contended that the word was Rashmore. Elaine was the founder of a school which came to be known as the Rushmore Heresy. But so long, so fully-skirted was the bathing-dress which seemed to be perpetually hanging over the second letter that the mystery was never, and probably now never will be, revealed.

The Charmingest Child on the Beach wore pink on terra-firma and apple-green at sea. She was also Richard's partner in the Under 16 Mixed Doubles of the How public, by contrast, was the life | Visitors' Lawn Tennis Tournament, |

entrance fee 1/6, and you put your name down at the grocer's. The identification remained obscure for some time, because when Richard was asked to describe his partner he alluded to her vaguely as "about a hundred years old," and only under pressure reduced the figure to fifteen years and three hundred and sixty-four days.

"At any rate she's a head taller than I am," he said grudgingly, "and tries to pinch half my shots."
"Is she good?" I inquired.

"How can he tell?" said Elaine. "At tennis, I mean," I explained.

sends them out at the back."

"What's her name?" we asked.

"Dunno," said Richard. "It's up on the board, I believe."

".What do you talk about between games?" wondered Elaine.

"We don't," said Richard rather sulkily. "Why ever should we? But I'm going to start pinching her shots tomorrow.

So much for the Dawn of Romance. On entering the sea next day, however, he nodded distantly at the apparition in apple-green.

"It's my blooming old part-

ner," he said.

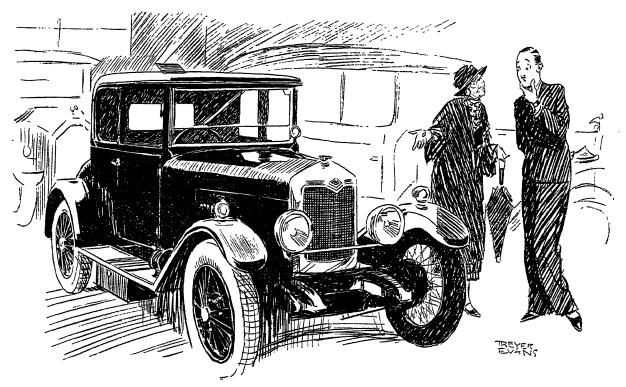
It was the subsequent challenge to beach cricket by the Five Grey Boys—who belonged, and the Charmingest Child on the Beach, like Nero, to the "Royal George"which revealed the Cuban Revolutionary in a hitherto unsuspected light. On his own

news to us in the smoking-room, and it is safe to say that few more sensational announcements have been made on the eve of an important match. Richard lay down on the floor and kicked. Elaine declared that it was unthinkable.

"But they do play cricket in Cuba. I happen to know," I pointed out to her; "in the intervals of rolling cigars."

"With Cubist bats and balls," explained Charles. And that seemed to settle it.

The fixture was held as advertised, at low tide, with a blustering wind from the sou'-sou'-west. Nine-a-side, a wet tennis-ball and a wooden spade. Both sides to field. Contrary to Richard's darling hope the Cuban Revolutionary did not bring his alpenstock,



Lady (buying a car). "Now, there was some other question I wanted to ask you. Ah, yes-what is the brute force OF THE CAR?

but he did wear the mustard-coloured golfing-suit and hob-nailed boots.

It was during Charles's innings that the little contretemps occurred. Perhaps the Cuban Revolutionary should never had been placed in the long field; or perhaps the youngest of the Five Grey Boys should not have been put on to bowl. However that may be, after playing himself wellin, Charles hit a halfvolley down wind for a little more than a quarter-of-a-mile, and the sight of the Cuban Revolutionary twinkling after it in the garb of Alpine ascents reduced both sides to tears. The ball had no sooner been recovered, by easy stages, when Charles did the same thing again. But this time he got more wind on his drive. It simply flew. It passed the line of the bathing-huts and went bobbing on seawards to the big rock pools. Away and away into the distance went the mustard-coloured golf suit, pounding hard and faintly pursued by myself and Elaine, till it became a mere moon of blob on the beach.

Suddenly there was a loud splash and a heart-rending cry. Elaine covered her face with her hands.

"Oh!" she cried, with a little choke. Then, recovering herself, she turned and went back to the bowler's wicket. The batsman had paused in mid run.

"The Cuban Revolutionary," she announced solemnly to the assembled rigibly, "he can't have everything at Her rare conversational gift should teams, "is bathing.'

"I claim a boundary," said Charles. He was ever your hard business-man.

"I claim 'out,' " said Nero, on behalf of the Five Grey Boys, "for obstruction of the field."

"Look there!" cried Richard and the Charmingest Child almost simultaneously.

"Oh, mummy, look!" cried Priscilla. Dripping, more frog-like than ever, and glancing neither to the right nor the left, the figure of the Cuban Revolutionary was perceived solemnly ascending the path towards the Seacliff Hotel.

He has taken umbrage," said

"What's the betting," cried Richard more practically, "that he's taken the

But he had not. It was found still floating pathetically in the pool where the opponent of American Imperialism had left it unretrieved.

It was ordained that I should approach our some-time comrade in the evening and offer a brief condolence on his

The Cuban Revolutionary removed his country's pride from his lips, looked up at me solemnly and uttered these momentous words-

"That was not cricket," he said. And perhaps he was right.

"All the same," argued Elaine incoronce; he did bathe." EVOE.

KING WILLOW SONGS.

II.—LIGHT.

When batsmen fail to sight the ball They say, "This is no good at all,"

And fancy that they might More profitably seek the pav, And ask each other what they'll have, Pending return of light.

They then approach the Umpire, "May We have your leave to go away?-

Suspend our cricketing? " The Umpire will rejoin, "But why?" And they will smilingly reply, "We cannot see a thing.

An Umpire thus petitioned shall, If dubious, consult his pal,

And if the twain agree The news is broken to the Field: "They have successfully appealed; Don't bowl—they cannot see."

Whereon the Crowd at such respite Decline to view things in this light And variously bawl

"Go on," "Proceed," "Continue," "Play;"

Justification for delay The Crowd can't see at all.

"Miss -- is tall, silent in conversation and dark, and has just returned to England." Daily Paper.

render her very popular.

SONG OF THE MECHANIC.

If your engine should stop when you're miles from a shop And you think you've a choked carburettor, Or you find that the hood doesn't work as it should And your seat's getting wetter and wetter; If the dynamo squeaks or the petrol-tank leaks,

Your language need not be volcanic, For you very well know you have only to go

And ring up a motor-mechanic.

If your pistons should seize or your water-pipe freeze, Or you 've got too much play in your steering;

If your glands come unpacked or your brakes will not act When down a steep hill you're careering;

If you puncture your tyres or your engine misfires,

Or your mascot proves untalismanic-Well, you very well know you have only to go And ring up a motor-mechanic.

If your car should capsize and you find with surprise That you're buried completely beneath it,

Matters might have been worse, so it's foolish to curse

And perhaps to the devil bequeath it;

For on hearing such names it will burst into flames,

But there's no need to get in a panic, As you very well know you have only to go And ring up a motor-mechanic.

A WHITE CITY ROMANCE.

It is not easy in these days to strike a new literary note. Every kind of novel has been written, from the absolutely immoral to the utterly unintelligible. So now that I have found a new sphere of my own I desire to warn all intruders off my pitch. I purpose to be the NAT GOULD of dog-racing, and the world copyrights, film rights, dramatic rights, operatic rights and radio rights of my novel, Every Dog His Day, are inexorably reserved.

Here is the synopsis of the canine masterpiece.

Chapter I.—Angela, Squire Buffham's daughter, finds Reginald Birkenhead, a young and handsome barrister, on a walking tour, suffering from a sprained ankle, and carries him into Buffham Grange.

(Note the originality of the plot, the first in literary his-

tory in which the hero has a sprained ankle.)

Chapter II.—Angela does the dog-leg hole in two, and Reginald, who has taken ten, says, "Angela, you are the wife I need to pull down my handicap. Will you be mine?'

(Note the perfect freshness of the love motive in this chapter and the Ibsenish touch of the dog-leg hole.)

Chapter III.—Reginald interviews the Squire, who explains that he is a ruined man unless Ponto, his pet Newfoundland, wins the Dog Derby. Fitzurse Montmorency, a rival dog-owner, holds a mortgage on the Grange. The interest is unpaid and the instalments on the furniture, motor-car, electric vacuum and wireless-set are all in arrear.

(The mortgage on the Grange has, I admit, been used before, but the point about the instalments on the vacuumcleaner and wireless-set is, I think, novel and true to life.)

Chapter IV.—Reginald and Angela resolve that Ponto must win. Angela appeals to Ponto. "Our old home, our future happiness depends on you, Doggie." looks at her with wistful understanding eyes, wags his tail intelligently and eats one of Reginald's spats.

(You may have met those wistful understanding eyes in the racing novel, but the spat incident is original and true

to canine nature.)

Chapter V.—Half-an-hour before the race in the training quarters at the White City. "Fit to race for a kingdom;

you put your shirt on 'im, Sir," says the trainer. The Squire departs to put his shirt upon him. A fiendish laugh is heard outside. Six live rats are thrown over the wall into the training quarters. In five minutes Ponto is a nervous wreck. The Squire returns. "My children, I stand to win thirty thousand." Seeing Ponto swallowing his third rat he bursts into tears. "Ruined!"

(I defy any literary critic to attack that chapter.)

Chapter VI.—The White City course. Fitzurse Montmorency is shouting "Hundred to one against Ponto."

His own dog, the Fiend, is favourite at six to four on.

"I'll take it to a thousand," shouts Reginald desperately.

"But, sweetheart," protests Angela.

"Hush, I've only got ten shillings ready. If Ponto fails I shall be posted at the Kennel Club next week as a defaulter."

Click. The dogs are off. The Fiend takes the lead. Ponto strives desperately and gets to his shoulder, but the rat handicap is too much.

"Buffham Grange is mine," yells Fitzurse.

"No," screams a feminine voice from the crowd. "Bigamist and dastard, face your doom." A raw mutton-chop is hurled from the crowd and drops under the Fiend's nose. The Fiend pauses to crunch it. Ponto lurches past and wins by a short nose.

(The fact that a lady's hand throws a mutton-chop

straight gives a note of rare originality.)

Chapter VII.—The bells ring out at the old village church. The Squire has paid off the mortgage and all the instalments. Fitzurse Montmorency has been posted a defaulter at the Kennel Club. Reginald Birkenhead stands at the altar with his blushing bride. Suddenly from the vestry comes the wild barking of Ponto. The Vicar pauses as the ring is about to be put on.

"Go ahead, Sir," says the best man; "it's all right. He's

caught a rat.

(This is borrowed from Huckleberry Finn; but MARK Twain utilised the rat episode at a funeral, whilst I have adapted it for a wedding.)

OWNERS.

(Dedicated to P. E. A. C.)

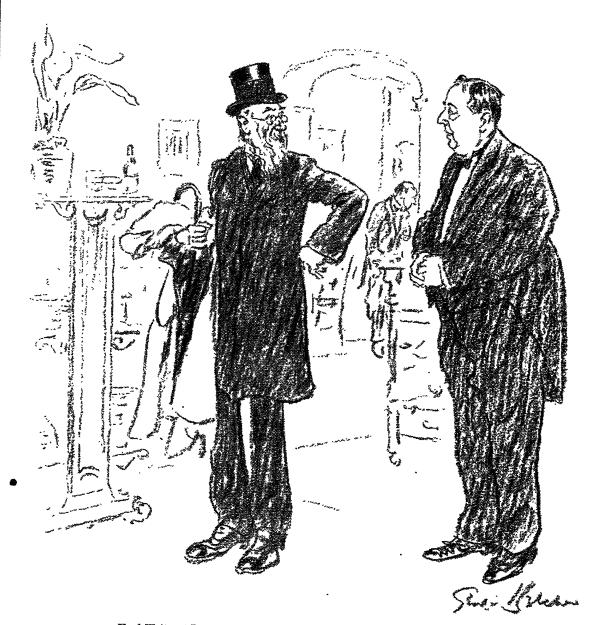
THERE are four new puppies down at the Farm, The jolliest you could see; Their skins are so tight that they almost burst But the littlest one's is much the worst, And the littlest one's for me.

They 've galumping paws that sprawl and scratch When they play at being the clown; And each of the four is a darling dear, But the littlest one has a floppy ear That won't stay up or down.

I truly believe that I saw him wink When I went there yesterday; Do you think he knows he belongs to me? That I love him really most dreadfully? Oh! I wish I could hear him say :-

"There are four new children up at the Hall, The jolliest you could see; They've the runniest legs and the jumplest toes But the littlest one has a snubbety nose, And the littlest one's for me."

-- told me that he is willing to challenge any other musichall artist to prove that he has been on the stage longer than he has." Sunday Paper. We think Mr. — ought to win.



Head Waiter. "I HOPE YOU'VE BEEN PROPERLY LOOKED AFTER, SIR?" Scotsman. "Indeed I have. Every item I ordered was put down in the bill."

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

I.—Among the Highbrows.

DARLING TRIX,—This blistering Seahave got off, isn't it too merciful? But you ought to see poor Mum's face—my dear, she's satturated with the very sight of me, poor darling. Not that I don't try,—last night I went to a perfectly fallacious party with the Antons, beards and everything, wasn't it too degrading, what I say is, why all these pair of sandals for sixpence, and I ap-

it is, after my little anti-climax with Toots, Mum said perhaps I was a clever man's woman after all, so I just went to darling Fritz and I said, Fritz, darson is over at last and I don't seem to ling, will you exterminate what hair I have left, and Fritz as usual simply soared to the occasion so that I came out looking like something in the Prusian Guard, and then I went home and embeezled one of Mum's old dressing-gowns, cut off the sleeves and my dear, all Russians and High Art and | sewed up the front, and I went to Whitworth's and got the most disarming

let it sort of waft about the hips, and everyone at home said I looked positively Lithuanian.

But, my dear, there's no coping with the inteligentsia, when I got to this party which was in some desparate slum in the British Museum or somewhere. my dear, all critics and bohemians and things, well when I tell you that I felt like a Rural Dean's daughter, because there wasn't a hair in the place, my dear, except one or two who had positive tresses, only they wore them floating round the ankles and everywhere, musicians and things can't be kept in roppriated one of those sensational red my dear, like Druids, and as for clothes, their own holes I never know, but there girdles off the dining-room curtains and they all had bits of tapestry, and altarpieces, and Crimean carpets, and, my dear, anything but clothes, so my poor little dressing-gown struck a note of absolute tedium, and really I felt like an understudy with the inferiority what'sits-name on the last night of Chu-Chin-Chow.

So I just crawled into the Cloak-Room, which was little better than an outhouse, darling, and I said that KIP-LING bit about the upper lip and counted twenty with the powder and fifty with the lipstick, and then I felt ready for anything. And when I tell you that before I left I had two Jugo-Slovvakians proposing to me at the same time, my dear, wasn't it too Bloomsbury for any-

Beards, of course, and I don't think either of them had struck soap since the French Revolution, and really, my dear, to judge by the foreigners one meets in London, well, Europe must be an insanitary Continent, however, all this was later, well, it was a studio, of course, and you never saw so many people who looked like prawns, of course one cannons into prawns everywhere, but you never see a complete prawnery, if you understand me, well, I think nearly everybody there had gills, and all the women were the

came in but you could see them growing more and more prawny under the influence, wasn't it too scientific and ghastly, as for the pictures, they were nothing but the most tuberculous green women with triangular legs and blue hair, and always something infectious in the background like a stove-pipe or a bowlerhat, really darling, I do think modern he told my two prawns they were art is a bit septic don't you?

Well, I asked my hairy loves who all the prawns were and everything and it turned out nearly everybody there was modelling in wax or did secret pottery or something, and it made me feel so utterly sterile I nearly cried, so just to get my own back I told Blackbeard just what I thought about the pictures, and, what was so disheartening, he told me half of them had been done by Redbeard who of course was listening hard with both gills, so I had to tell Redbeard I simply venerated his half of the

and what with the effort of pretending I preferred to see women with legs like fragments from a Gorgonzola, well, really I began to understand how people who live this sort of life all the time grow feelers and gills and things and I began to feel a bit crustacean myself.

Well, my dear, by this time both beards were completely bristling with passion and I wasn't a bit sure they hadn't both got bombs in their bosoms, and besides there seemed to be an outbreak of prawn-fever or something because nearly everybody was sitting on thing, and such forests of hair, both of intuition that Redbeard thought it was I began to think that perhaps he hadn't them, my dear, between them they lowbrow of me not to sit on his knee could have fitted every woman in the because that was evidently the done he did was pottery. Well, then I said room with kiss-curls and a fringe thing, only he wore velvet trousers that what simply galvanised meabove all

HEALTH BANKS BURNEYARDS

American Tourist. "I reckon you weren't a bit too soon putting up that notice."

same shape, one or two younger ones and it wouldn't have surprised me if there were mushrooms growing on them, so altogether it was a moment of trial for your Topsy, but just then up came a perfectly magnetic man called Haddock, a bit brainy to look at perhaps but only the tiniest bit prawny, and not a trace of the Lithuanian, well, my dear, he'd come to my rescue and wanted to sing Folk-Songs or something revolting in the next room, and Mr. Slabb or somebody who was the host had sent for them.

So they went off, looking just as if they were going to be tinned, and Mr. Haddock sat down and protected me, well, I thought probably he'd been attracted by my inteleck, because he looked that kind of man, and I thought ten to one he'd painted the other pictures which Redbeard hadn't, so I thought the converged hadn't hadn't had been unbroken for 200 years." thought the conversation might be a bit pictures only I didn't know which they how I'll die fighting, so I unloaded a gilt off it.

were, and of course it turned out that | few of Blackbeard's best remarks on all the most emerald women were his, Mr. Haddock. I said what I liked was and what with the effort of pretending the Pattern of the picture opposite (which as far as I could see was two green women turning into jelly-fish), and Mr. Haddock looked at it for a long time and then he said "Yes," and I thought perhaps Mum was right and I'm a clever man's girl after all. Well then I said I thought the pictures of the tomatoes was a good drawing though it wasn't like, because that was what Blackbeard said about one of the portraits. Well, my dear, Mr. Haddock simply ogled the tomatoes till I thought he'd gone to sleep, but at last he said "Do somebody's knee, and I had a sort of you?" in the most vaccilating way, and painted the pictures after all, but what

> things was Significant And then he Form. looked me in the eyes and he said what the deuce is that? So then I just tore off the mask and I said aren't you an intelectual because if not I'm wasting my sweetness on the desert air, so to speak. And he said No and it turned out he'd been terified of me because of my inteleck or rather my dressing-gown, and all he does is write advertisements. So after that we simply thawed, my dear, and I told him about my unspeakable loathing for the entire party, and he said 7es

but one of the Russian girls wasn't so bad, so I said yes she was more prawned against than prawning, which means absolutely zero, darling, but Mr. Haddock seemed to think it was inspired, my dear, that's what I call magnetic in a man, so we slunk out into the night and had an absolutely brainless supper at Nero's which was such a relief, only my sandals and dressing-gown gave the Secretary such a kick he made us both honorary members, I do think men are splendid don't you, all the same that's the last time I seek a soul-mate among the inteligentsia, no more now, your worldly little Topsy. A. P. H.

"The children were the recipients of new Provincial Paper.

laborious perhaps, but I thought any- Never break ginger-bread; it takes the



DURING THE ANNUAL CLEANING OF THE SO-AND-SO CLUB ITS MEMBERS WILL ENJOY THE HOSPITALITY OF THE SUCH-AND-SUCH.

[Puzzle-Which are hosts and which are guests?]

OUR YACHT AGAIN. III.-WE GO SHRIMPING.

STRICTLY speaking this is not about our yacht at all. It is about the fishingboat of a man Captain Percival met to get the right time. Luckily his watch was fast and there were still ten minutes to go, so he got into conversation with one Mr. Maffin, a Yarmouth fisherman. Crew Apple was not present at the interview. He had been left behind on the Merry Widow (which had been pulled off the mud the day before and out which. was now tied firmly to Yarmouth), and

weeds, mud, rushes, moor-hens' nests and other little minutiæ which give away the unskilled yachtsman to the practised eye.

Captain Percival, baving successfully got the right time, came back to the Merry Widow with Mr. Maffin. Mr. Maffin, it appeared, had invited us both to come out shrimping with him next morning. When we had accepted he said he would be round for us about two in the morning, and departed before we could properly explain our reading of the word "morning.

Two A.M. is the kind of time that you have to wait up for; it is not the kind of time to get up for. At least, if you

the estuary which runs through Yar- | bloaters which he first held fan-wise in always measured in pints. mouth. We were in Mr. Maffin's boat, front of the fire to warm them up a bit. which had two red sails, an auxiliary motor, several nets and a smell of last week's catch—so strong that I wonder Mr. Maffin had not thought of using it instead of the auxiliary motor. It was still quite dark, and Percival was asleep against the mast. I, who, when embarking, had trodden on a derelict shrimp from the day before yesterday, was sitting gingerly on a nice soft fishingnet. Mr. Maffin and his son Kit were exchanging remarks in broad Norfolk about the coming day's weather.

We steamed on down the estuary through night-clad Yarmouth. Far overhead an ominous wind blew the smell of Yarmouth bloaters from bank to to sleep again. bank. After a while we reached the

open sea. came down lower and played with ours instead. The sails filled. The boat verse! I made it.)

what I thought was a particularly vile brand of fisherman's tobacco, till 1 disof dawns he had seen in either Picardy | Widow's gibe =. or Piccadilly, I couldn't quite make

had instructions to remove from the out- | breakfast. He had a method simple | stocking. Masses of shrimps, with which side of the yacht the recently-acquired and yet effective. In a kettle he boiled were mingled unknown marine fauna

"I STUCK ALL MY 'SUCKERS' ON PERCIVAL'S BACK, WHERE THEY . . . MADE HIM LOOK LIKE A 'PEARLY KING.'

They looked just like a poker hand. Indeed there was one with such a battered expression and evil leer that I was positive it was the joker; certainly it looked as though it had exercised the joker's prerogative of being anything one liked. Then one by one Kit played his hand straight into the When each bloater caught light he extracted it by the tail and blew it "done." (I must mention this tip to the next chef I meet.)

Old Maffin at the tiller subsequently ate with relish. I personally wasn't hungry. Per ival had just dropped off | that I had a try, with no better success.

When we had reached further out joke for some while they explained it was

The motor was shut off and | into the vasty deep-somewhere off the wind, leaving the Yarmouth smell, Denmark, it seemed to me-Maffin and his son threw their nets overboard and we dragged them along the bottom of sped out towards the rising sun. (Blank | the sea, no doubt ser.ously discommoding the shrimps as they pursued their Kit Maffin then disappeared into a normal avocations some full fathom when he was just glancing into the bar of the "Cat and Bloater" at Yarmouth hole up in the bows and began to smoke five, not expecting any disturtance so early. Percival was not very interested; he had been unfortunately sleeping on covered he was merely lighting a stove for breakfast. Anyhow it woke Percival up, and he began sleepy reminiscences almost as good as one of the Merry

> After a while we hauled the nets up again. For excitement and novelty it I went and watched Kit preparing was rather like opening one's Christmas

> > and flora, poured into a basket, flapped about a bit and then began to change colour. I however was not very intrigued by all this, nor by the subsequent netfuls; I was too busy changing colour myself. Percival had just dropped off again.

We did this for two or three hours — actually it seemed like two or three days-and then set a homeward course with our baskets full. By this time I was taking an interest once more and began a little song about "fifteen hundre I quintal" tll several shrimps jumped overboard and Maffin asked me to stop. We had caught over ten pecks, or, as Maffin told us,

do you don't, if you see what I mean. We | ready-made cocoa previously stirred up | about one hundred-and-sixty pints. waited up for it and found it quite easily. with a finger. From a big toffee-tin | Shrimps, it appears (like grass-seed and By three A.M. we were sailing down he took five very flat, very repulsive other even more important things), are

> We now started to help Maffin and his son sort out the shrimps from the goats. There were some very peculiar things besides shrimps in those baskets we were sorting. Pe cival, plunging his hand in, sorted out a sea-urchin almost immediately, but failed to see the humour of it. There were also soles and dabs and hardheads and cuttlefish and a ray. I got a starfish on my third dip, and wore it like a Wild West film sheriff on my out; when he had blown it out it was lapel for some while till it grew tired. Then Percival got embroiled with a small fish which he attempted three times to throw overboard and each time found still adhering to his fingers. After

> > When the Maffins had enjoyed the



Onlooker. "Pardon me, but your net is much too low."

Nov.ce (brightly). "AH, I thought we were playing suspiciously well."

a "sucker," a fish which has on its underside a thing like a suction-cup for securing itself to anything it fancies, such as rocks or crabs or Percival's hand. There were lots of these among the shrimps, and Percival at last got hold of a big one by the tail and used it to pick up the others with. While his attention was distracted I stuck all mine on Percival's back, where they stayed quite happ ly and made him look like a "pearly king."

This occupied us all the way back to Yarmouth. Mr. Maffin seemed pleased when we parted, gave us a peculiar-looking flat-fish with a whiteunderneath for our breakfast and asked us how we would like to do that for a living. Percival, removing a "sucker" from his left elbow, said he wouldn't mind, but that he found it tiring work. May he be forgiven!

We spent a long while wondering how to cook the big flat-fish Maffin had given us. We could make no impression on it. I believe it was a sole—a rubber sole, I should say. Eventually we wrote a message of despair on its white underneath and cast it overboard in favour of bacon and eggs.

We are still finding "suckers" all over the Merry Widow, and they come in very handy. There is one holding down this paper for me as I write. A. A.

THE GREAT BREAK-UP.

[Dr. P. C. Buck, King Edward Professor of Music at London University, in the course of a lecture delivered last week said that "he once heard a well-known man of science declare that if the atom were split, which was bound to happen in a certain number of years, and might be announced in the newspapers any morning, there would be no need for coal, gas, electric lighting, steam or anything of that kind. It would be possible to run a train from London to Edinburgh for a halfpenny and to light the whole of London for a penny. Nobody would have to do anything like so much work as was done now, and everybody would have ample leisure."]

THE millennium's at hand!
For the promise is writ
Not in water or sand,
Not in cynical skit,
But in earnest by savants, who tell us
The atom will shortly be split.

Then, relying no more
Upon coal from the pit,
Steam or oil, from our door
We shall each of us flit
To the ends of the earth for a farthing
Or less, when the atom is split.

In that wonderful hour
The yokel, the cit,
Unlimited power
Will possess in his kit;
All men will be absolute equals
As soon as the atom is split.

And then 'tis averred
That all lamps will be lit
At the cost of a third
Of a threepenny-bit
In the city and suburbs of London
As soon as the atom is split.

No premium on skill,
On gumption or grit
Will exist; ev'ry Jill,
Ev'ry Jack, will be It;
For the need of all strenuous labour
Will cease when the atom is split.

The prospect's sublime,
But the theme is unfit
For a doggerel rhyme,
And it passes my wit
To appreciate fully the glories
Of life when the atom is split.

Our Modest Advertisers.

"Will Lady or Gentleman kindly Donate Motor-Car, good running order, to Lecturer World's Greatest Message, upliftment humanity; non-sectarian, non-political; touring British Isles shortly."—Advt. in Daily Paper.

From an article on the Lake District at holiday-time:—

"Greta Hall, with some gentle American lady resting her poor, sight-seeing feet in the reace which once enfolded Southey's plodding genius."—Daily Pager.

Too much "rubbering" is often a weariness to the feet.



THE SUPERFLUOUS WOMAN: A HOLIDAY TRAGEDY.

A PLEA FOR THE OLD HUMOUR OF GOLF.

WE read in an evening newspaper of a golfer in a championship match wearing grotesque apparel and resorting to byplay for the amusement of the spectators, one of his antics being, on making a successful putt at long range, to cover the hole with his hand in order to keep the ball down.

Now this sort of thing we regard as deplorable. Whether we are voted old-fashioned or not, we prefer golf as it has always been. This noble game should not be marred by the introduction of extraneous waggery.

We hope the day is long distant when we shall cease to enjoy the humour of the game as we have known it for these many years past. We trust we shall nevertire of the player who, after addressing the ball at great length, succeeds in topping it a few yards into the rough. We hope yet to enjoy many a hearty laugh at the man who takes fourteen to get out of a bunker. We are by no means weary of hearing expletives from clergymen, and we have no desire to see a player actively indicate his dissatisfaction with himself in any but the good

old time-honoured way, namely, by breaking his club across his knee. That is funny enough for us.

Golf is not a game for low comedy savouring of the music-hall. It has a humour of its own, built up by the genius of statesmen, poets, peers, great sailors and soldiers, authors, artists—men of thought and action, including some of the most brilliant intellects in the realm. We do not look with favour on the introduction of any element warranted to transform it from the thing that it now is, with its simple and sudden appeal to the sensibilities of all classes.

THE GODS THAT ANSWERED.

To Scotland came the Legions
To the land beyond the Wall,
The purple-painted regions,
Route-marching it and all;
And the red grouse on the boulder
Saw Agricola's command,
With its shield upon its shoulder
And its pilum in its hand,
Where the streams run golder
And the old blue mountains stand.
Then said Legionary Balbus,
All as very much he might,

Unto Spurius Lartius Albus,
Who was numbered on his right,
"Here's an Arcady—I'd guess it
Match o' that one Hellas knew;
Wherefore, Bacchus, come and bless it;
Piping Pan, command thy crew!"
Said Albus, "Yes, it
Lacks an oread or two."

Now the gods are no defaulters
If you call on them by name,
So when Balbus built them altars,
Why, the gods, I fancy, came;
Nay, and still for Scotland's pleasure
There abides a reed that blows,
And abides a god-like measure,
Honey cream and quelques choses
To taste at leisure
An you order Atholl brose.

And the nymphs (you ask discreetly)
Whom young Albus fancied so?
Ah, you've cornered me completely
And'twas all so long ago;
Yet a word may be bestowed here:
In a wood where pines are blown
Once I saw dim forms (and, oh, dear,
That they melted, shy and lone!)
Sylphs, then, or roe deer,
There saw I the wood-god's own.
P. R. C.



THE PEACE BRIDGE OF BOATS.

JOHN BULL. "I NEED LIBERTY!"
UNCLE SAM. "I WANT EQUALITY!"

BOTH TOGETHER. "WELL, ANYHOW, WE'VE GOT FRATERNITY!"

A MAN OF THE WORLD.

THE other night, at a Bohemian party, I found myself glowing with admiration for the performance of one of the guests, who was clearly a general favourite. A middle-aged man of no very striking appearance, he contrived to make each of the persons with whom he spoke feel that he or she was the one being in existence whose ideas were really valuable. I myself engaged him in conversation and he left me with a comforting sense that my life was in no way limited or inferior; indeed that I alone of all the world's population possessed a true sense of proportion.

I watched him afterwards dealing with an ultra-modern poet, with a movie-actress, with a K.B.E., with a Russian exile, with a sex-novelist and with a nervy hostess. As he spoke with them they dropped all their inferiority complexes, their excitability and their offensiveness; all answered him frankly, in his own quiet tones.

I have seen diplomats, Harley Street specialists and high-powered salesmen at work and I have admired their several manners, but in contrast to this wonderful man they were altogether too professional; they were so obviously being diplomatic and charming. Theirs was not the art which concealed art. This paragon was their master.

He might be, I reflected, one of those Professors of the Science of Mental Magnetism who advertise on the back pages of magazines. But I have never met anybody who had seen these Professors in action; for all I knew they were mere theorists.

I was at a loss to place the man. He had obviously travelled far, up and down, in society. Oh, if I could only learn his manner! I should then be able to check the extortions of the most villainous taxi-driver; I should be able to resist the blandishments of the young man in the hosiery who habitually succeeds in selling me impossible ties; I should be able to enter a night-club without feeling very early-Victorian; I should be able to fraternise with the patrons of coffee-stalls. In fact, life would become more free and broad. I longed to learn his secret.

Then I was fortunate enough to catch sight of an old friend.

"James," I said, clutching his arm, "who on earth is the great man?"

"who on earth is the great man?"
"Which?" asked James, who is rather unobservant.

I indicated my hero, at that moment engaged in soothing an excitable artist of the London group who had just been mistaken for an R.A.

"Oh, he's the Director of a lunatic asylum." E. P. W.



"LOOK, 'ERBERT! ASPIDISTRAS!"

OF A CERTAIN BED AT A CERTAIN HOTEL.

HARDER than that famed oak
Whereof our sires were bred,
Harder than chunks of coke—
Curst be the owl whose joke
Contrived this bed!

Granite to every shock,
Metal to touch and feel,
Is this stern mattress flock,
Hewn from the living rock,
Studded with steel;

Whereon to stretch the limbs Only one night is pain That no oblivion dims; Even the bawling of hymns Is quite in vain.

And the foul fiend below Groans in his dark abyss With envy, seeing that no Beds in Gehenna are so Beastly as this.

O travesty of rest!
O tavern of ill-fame

Where vampires nightly nest And wandering feet unguessed Go shod with shame!

Home of the awful lie!
Most horrible of pubs
Where men ask, whimpering, why
Thou 'rt recommended by
The Motoring Clubs.

O harpy-haunted inn!
May thy proprietor
Feel consciousness of sin
Pricking him like a pin
Till with one roar

He leaps up in affright
And falls on bended knees
And vows to spend one night,
A penitent cremite,
On this bed's craggy height
For his soul's ease! Evoe.

"Twin Calves."

Headline in Daily Paper.

Nothing to make a fuss about. You can see thousands of them daily, with girls attached.

A DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT.

His Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Kingdom of Transbalkania had a dog whose name was Blob. I call him a dog, his further classification being a matter of speculation, conjecture and, often enough, argument. The fact that he had been born in Byrz, the capital, and that he could accept an invitation to partake of food in seven different languages and answer to his name when pronounced with the broadest Balkan brogue, earned him more

fortunate affair between his (Blob's) grandmother and a dachshund had introduced a bend sinister into his (Blob's) heraldic device. Nevertheless, Blob was adog of breeding if not of breed—one of Nature's gentledogs, in fact.

I must now explain that the municipality of Byrz used to maintain an official whose duty it was to walk the streets with a little wired-in cart and a long wire noose, rounding up all stray dogs. Unfortunately he did not confine himself to pariahs, which he found singularly unprofitable. He preferred by far to impound the well-liking dogs of wealthy owners and hold them up to ransom. On one inauspicious day his eye

and snapping at an occasional fly. the open gates and Blob felt an iron grip round his throat. He was whirled through space and fell with a bump at the feet of an individual for whom his nose conceived an instant dislike. In the twinkling of an eyelid he was in the cart in the midst of a motley crowd of dogs of high and low degree. The gardener shouted an unavailing protest and the cart trundled away.

At first Blob eyed his companions in misfortune with disgust and bayed his disapproval; but, as that did him no good and only brought him sundry nips, he relapsed into the dignified silence of the aristocrat in the tumbril.

secretaries and the honorary attaché. Finally it was sent off to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It set out the details of what had occurred, contained a somewhat flattering description of were referred to as a "stern," and requested that he might be set at liberty forthwith. The Legation staff went home to lunch, little suspecting that a cloud the size of a man's hand had appeared on the international sky.

The next morning brought an answer

than once the appellations of "Balkan from the Ministry containing a categoritheir hair over the coding of Blob's Trufflehound" and "Heinz-dog." Even cal refusal to release Blob unless a sum loss owner admitted that an uniof forty crowns was paid forthwith. It cipher produced nothing nearer the

Damaged Veteran (furiously). "WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU DOING, SIR,

THROWING STONES ABOUT LIKE THAT?"

Sportsman (with dignity). "You'll pardon me, Sir, I did nothing of the sort. That was a golf-ball."

Legation garden idly sunning himself | ran the reply, that the Commissioner | writer. of Canine Security was entitled to de-There was a sudden flick from outside | mand this sum in return for the release of any canine he arrested in the performance of his legal duties. The Ministry regretted its inability to interfere with the course of justice.

When this outrageous demand reached the Minister, His Excellency foamed at the mouth. An Aide mémoire was at once sent to the Foreign Ministry, pointing out that (a) the Legation garden was extra-territorial territory, and (b)Blob, as a member of the corps diplomatique, was entitled to diplomatic im- at Byrz." munity from arrest. The Ministry lost no time in retorting that (a) the Commissioner of Canine Security had not entered the Legation garden and there had The Minister took the news quietly therefore been no violation of extraat first. A Note verbale was drafted, territoriality, and (b) Blob, never having

typed, read over and initialled by the presented letters of credence to the counsellor, the first, second and third King of Transbalkania, could not be regarded as possessing diplomatic status.

The Legation then shifted its ground. It pointed out that Transbalkanian dogs accredited to the Court of St. James were never submitted to such indigni-Blob, in which his several yards of tail | ties. Blob's release was therefore demanded on grounds of reciprocity, and a rupture of relations was foreshadowed in the event of non-compliance. The Transbalkanian Government replied by mobilising.

Then things began to hum, especially the telegraph wires. Cipher officers tore their hair over the coding of Blob's

> mark than a group for "Bleat, bloke or bloater." They eventually had to invent a new and even more complicated code.

On instructions from Whitehall feelers were put out to Transbalkania's neighbours. Cisbalkania, it was ascertained, would be with us if it came to war. She would in fact welcome any opportunity of paying off old scores against Transbalkania. Balko-Slovaria, on the other hand, would be against us. She was in fact dying for an excuse to overrun Cisbalkania.

When half Europe was ready to fly at the other half's throat, the Legation at Bvrz received final instructions and a formal declar-

fell on Blob, who was lying in the was distinctly stated in By-law 37, ation of war was run off on the type-The Minister donned his uniform to present it in person and strode out of his front-door. Then he stopped. For there on the doorstep, with a smile of quiet triumph on his countenance and a broken noose round his neck, was Blob. The Minister went back and changed.

> This all happened so long ago that not even the honorary attaché is still alive. But in the archives of all the chancelleries of Europe you may still find a dossier marked "Legation Dog

Improving on Nature.

"They have acquired a pleasant country house in Berkshire for they are both lovers of the country, which they are having altered and decorated to their taste."

Theatre Programme.



Visitor. "You've got a lot of entries for this race."

Committee-Man. "Ay. It's gettin' late, so we're runnin' the 'alf-mile, mile, an' three-mile all together."

THE HERO OF THE SEA.

Down at Shrimpton they are seething with excitement And I am in the centre of the stage;

A reporter from the Press has demanded my address, My professional accomplishments and age;

Photographers are queuing up in hundreds And the populace has never ceased to cheer

Since the moment when they heard that a marvel had occurred

And I'd really caught a flounder from the pier.

Such an incident is barely precedented,

Though a veteran whose memory is bad Has been understood to say in a mazy kind of way That he heerd o' something like it when a lad;

But although I had a prehistoric rival

I am none the less a hero to revere; Children eager for a view gather round and whisper "Coo,

That's the bloke wot caught a flounder from the pier."

And it isn't only children that admire me;
I have hardly any rest from writing down

Henry Arthur William Snooks in the handy little books

Of the autograph-collectors of the town;

And it 's perfectly impossible to cope with The innumerable offerings of beer

That the local sportsmen vie in their eagerness to buy

For the man who caught a flounder from the pier.

There is talk of a municipal reception;

All the local rank and fashion will be there,

And I fully mean to show I am one of those who know

Instinctively the proper thing to wear; Immaculate in yachting-cap and sand-shoes,

I shall move with ease in that exalted sphere When the Freedom of the Town marks the merited

renown

Of the man who caught a flounder from the pier.

There's bound to be an interview in Angling, Where I also mean to play a worthy part,

As I learnedly dilate on the tackle and the bait After quoting IZAAK WALTON at the start;

I shall plainly point the moral of my prowess And remind the world that those who persevere,

As from eighteen-ninety-one I have regularly done, May at last secure a flounder from the pier.

SEVEN AUTHORS IN SEARCH OF THEIR CHARACTERS.

WHENEVER the dramatic critics caution young playwrights and foretell for them a grisly future in which they will "get into a rut" and end by collapsing into a morass of mannerisms, I am goaded into a desire to remind them that the habit of dealing in a stock set of themes and types is by no means confined to the young and obscure. Our established eminents, so far from setting the rising generation an example of dramatic variety, are apt to insist upon that individual idiom which won them fame, and in which SHAW is hard, BARRIE whimsical and pawky, PINERO exclusive, MAETERLINCK confusingly symbolic, Tchehov gloomstruck, PHILLPOTTS "mummerset" and Baroness ORCZY florid.

However, to the great all things must be possible, and, with the view of testing the hidden powers of versatility which may lie concealed in the bosoms of these seven playwrights, a skeleton play and cast have been drafted and characters handed round which were deliberately selected for their novelty to the author to whom they were allotted; SHAW, for instance, receiving the frail and dainty Aunt Lavinia, who normally should have fallen to BARRIE, while MAETERLINCK was invited to deal with the prosaic in the form of the family butler and footman for whom Pinero | your head if you believe in Cinders. petitioned hard and long.

The completed play convinced the critics how difficult it is for even the most distinguished writers to escape from

the personal note.

THE LITTLE SPINSTER.

Cast:

By BERNARD SHAW. Lavinia Grey . . . Sir Oswald Montague . By Eden Phillpotts. Mavis Montague, their daughter By Anton Tchehov. Wilbur Maxley (President) of the Maxley Steel By James Barrie. Works).... Alistair MacTartan . Alfred Miller (Foreman at the works). . . By ARTHUR PINERO. Fred Stubbs (Head Fitter) By BARONESS ORCZY. Matting (Butler to the Montagues) . . . By M. MAETERLINGE. Henry (Footman) . .

(The Employees and Visitors in Act II. appear by arrangement with the Management, and have been selected from the theatre staff.)

ACT I.—THE HALL, QUEEN'S MONTAGUE. (Evening.) (The telephone rings. Matting enters to answer it.) Matting. I understand, Sir. [He replaces the receiver. Enter Henry.

Matting. Mr. Maxley and Mr. MacTartan are coming to us. I am frightened of the telephone, Henry. It is a little voice from the unknown, coming we know not how, going we know not whence.

Henry. Yes, Mr. Matting, or whither.

Matting. Or why.

Henry. Oblivion will be like that, Mr. Matting.

Matting. There is no oblivion, Henry.

Henry. We must finish the table. We must hurry. Matting. There is no hurry. Exit Henry.

Enter Sir Oswald, Mavis and Lady Montague. Sir Oswald. Nigh on seven-thirty. . . . I belong to be shrammed for my vittles. Serve the soup, drabbit it! I'll wait for no man.

Matting. There is no soup.

Lady Montague. And, when you serve, pass over the gentlemen and tend the ladies first, all vitty.

Matting. Yes, my lady. All of life is service, and death,

Sir, is but a passing over.

Mavis. I disagree, John Samuel Matting. Life is unguaranteed well-being, but death is assured decay. I want [Exit Matting.

Sir O. (aside to Lady M.). The maid she be always at

swill, simly, like thikky sow up to village.

Lady M. Her in'ards be brashy. 'Tis the excitement of the party. Will I give you a drench, dearie, against Wilbur come?

Sir O. She be main and pretty, and there's money in the linhay, both sides, his and hers.

Henry enters with a tray of cocktails. Matting enters leading Wilbur Maxley and MacTartan by the hand.

Lady M. You be kindly welcome. Sit you down with a [Matting and Henry go out.

Maxley. We came from the works in the engine with the driver, for fun! It was all goldy with sparks, like Cinderella's coach. Have you read Cinderella, Mac?

MacTartan. Imphm. Maxley. And do you believe it? I do. Now, Mac, nod

MacTartan (complying). I got a yin-twa in ma eye frae the bit engine. Fegs! And anither in ma lug. Hoots! Whaur will I pit ma lum hat?

[The Montagues and MacTartan withdraw up stage. Maxley. There's a little fairy in both your eyes, Mavis...

Mavis. What percentage do you pay your shareholders?

Maxley. Isn't "percentage" a funny word! Like the jingling of a tambourine... Oh, I pay them lots and lots.

Mavis. Then why does my aunt Lavinia Hortensia receive

no dividends?

Maxley. The lavender lady? We will have—oh! lots of lavender in our garden when we are married, you and I. And to-morrow you come to the birthday-party of the Maxley Works—oh, the cleverness of me! Where is Aunt Lavinia?

Mavis. I think her soul is in hell. I want another cocktail. Enter Lavinia Grey. She is in lilac silks with an exquisite lace scarf over her silver hair. She is very frail and leans on an ebony stick.

Maxley. What a darling mother she would make!
Lavinia. Nonsense, Maxy. Too many inefficient women at that game already. Spinsterhood's the only market which isn't overstocked.

She goes slowly over to her special chair. Mavis. I have been asking him about your dividends-Lavinia. Let be, let be; he won't tell you the truth. Maxley (pale with fury). And you so like a mother!

Lavinia. Now you are confusing a physical with a moral issue, my dear man. The sacredness of motherhood is a myth which your sex has invented for its own convenience. Actually it is a condition, not a quality, and no more admirable than a self-imposed fast or a drinking-bout. Learn to think less fluffily.

Mavis. I feel a sense of evil. I have a right to know about this money, Lavinia Mary Hortensia, since soon I

shall become his wife.

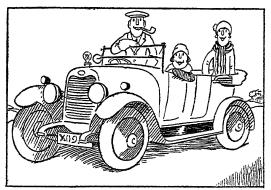
Lavinia (sharply). You mean that? Then I will speak. Maxley. Ah, yes. To-morrow you shall make the birthday speech to the hands and the guests, and you shall stand against the big grey engines in your little grey gown-

Lavinia. Oh, you shall have your birthday speech, Maxy. [The gong sounds.

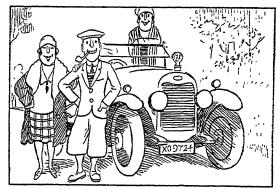
Re-enter Matting. Matting. There is food upon the table. Bonzo the

SCENES BY THE WAY.

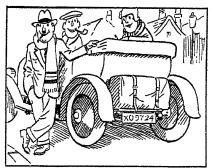
WE ARE GLAD WE TOOK OUR CAMERAS WITH US ON OUR MOTOR-TOUR, BECAUSE IT IS SO JOLLY TO BE ABLE TO LOOK BACK UPON ALL THE PLACES OF INTEREST WE PASSED THROUGH.



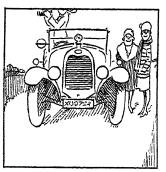
VIEW NEAR HINDHEAD.



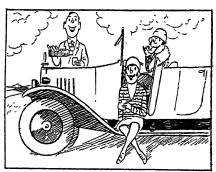
THE FOREST AT LYNDHURST.



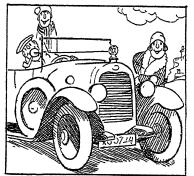
A VILLAGE NEAR EXETER.



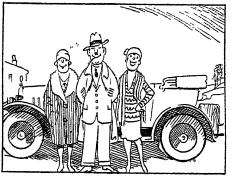
DARTMOOR FROM PRINCETOWN.



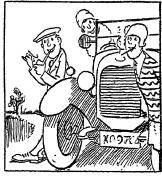
ANOTHER VIEW OF DARTMOOR.



ST. IVES.



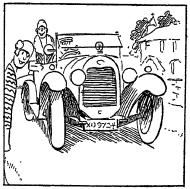
A COTTAGE AT DAWLISH.



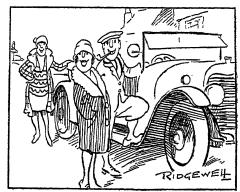
NEAR CORFE CASTLE.



A BIT OF SALISBURY.



GORING CHURCH.



WINCHELSEA.

dog knows; Felix the cat told him. They are wise, the animals.

ACT II. THE BOILER-ROOM OF THE MAXLEY STEELWORKS. (The next day.)

The great building is full of visitors and hands. Miller and Stubbs, watch in hand, await the guests of honcur.

Miller. There go the Standishes. They are the senior

Stubbs. Lud love you, Sir! Demmit, young man, what use are the Standishes to me?

[He waves Miller away with a bandana handkerchief and makes a leg to a lady visitor.

Enter the Montagues, Maxley, MacTartan and Lavinia Grey.

Maxley (concluding tour of inspection). That big boiler there I call Mister Haha because of the funny noise he makes. He boils the steel. That one there is smaller because he's not so big, and his name's Master Littleboy, and those wee ones over there are little pets who don't quite know what they 're for. (The guests laugh admiringly.) And now I've brought you all a sprig of lavender from the garden of Seldom Indeed.

> [He ushers Miss Grey to a rostrum.

Lavinia. My friends, you've all heard Mr. Maxley being charming to me. It's a way men have. Yet most men have a secret dislike of seeing us acquire a competence that allows us small luxuries, because luxuries aren't respectable. So you keep us, in the interests of morality, in a state of semistarvation that you may vindicate your manhood by offering us gestures of politeness instead of a square meal. That's called chivalry. Personally, I have more respect I ALWAYS GET THE BLAME." for the man who pays his!

work-girls eighteen shillings a week for the privilege of getting phosphorus-poisoning at the end of three years, for at least he has the courage of his own devilry and doesn't smarm over the economic situation with a lot of protective drivel. Wilbur Maxley is a crook. (Sensation.) D'you know who his mother was? No? Then I'll tell you. She kept a bucket-shop in 'Frisco, and he's inherited her ideas on gambling. He once performed that piece of posturing poltroonery known as paying attention to me, and chucked me when he'd swept my money in; and, if I'd been brought up to use my brains instead of keeping myself groomed for the marriage-market, I'd have realised that he isn't the type of man to look twice at a woman ten years older than himself, unless it 's going to pay him well. I didn't tell, because all women are fools over men. Nature made 'em like that to keep the show going. These works are bust. (Uproar.) This is a rotten town. He's ruined me, but he shan't ruin my niece. Kick him out, and put the firm on its legs again—only help me unsnarl my knitting first. That's my birthday-speech. (Checrs. Frenzy.)

All. The bosses, the bosses! Stubbs! Stubbs! Speech! Stubbs. If, Madam, the admiration, long-felt but too seldom expressed by me, can be laid in all deference at those feet whose smallness shames the leather which so monstrously overhouses them, believe that it is proffered, with all devotion, now and for ever. Madam, your most obedient.

All. Good for you, cully! Miller! Miller! Speech! Miller. Gentlemen, this is a scene unprecedented and distressing, but one, I thank Heaven, not necessarily calculated to diminish our standing in the eyes of the county. We have long considered Mr. Maxley to be merely of the canaille. We shall henceforward proceed co-operatively. Miss Grey shall be fully compensated. Most regrettable.

Sir O. Well, I vum! I be going home-along. Come,

Tibby.

MacTartan. It was braw o' the wee body tae gi'e awa that she was ten years the elder. Havers! I thocht she was fufteen!

Mavis. Oh, Wilbur, Wilbur! Kill him, you men! My heart, my heart!

Maxley. To die will be-Lavina. —an awfully big debenture. For this factory! Now steady, boys. No mischief. You've won the trick.

[With a roar of cheers, the men raise Miss Grey shoulder-high and chair her round the factory while she counts stitches placidly, pausing to poke Maxley whimsically with her needles whenever the procession passes him.



Visitor. "Who is the responsible man in this firm?" Office Boy. "I DON'T KNOW WHO IS RESPONSIBLE, SIR, BUT

Hints on Etiquette.

CURTAIN.

"Never break your bread or roll into your soup."—Daily Paper. We are always scrupulously careful to avoid this method of getting into the soup.

"The opening bars of the National

Anthem were played by the massed bands in the first interval, the second part in the second and the complete National Anthem at the conclusion of the 'joie de vivre.'" Local Paper.

We seem to trace in the last line the effect of the "opening bars."

"As we showed in a recent article, the village industrics in which father followed son, for generation after generation, are slowly dying out."-East Anglian Paper.

The surprising thing is that they should survive at all.

"A twelve-year-old Birmingham lad, who yesterday swallowed a needle, was operated on to-day, and removed from his stomach. He is going on as well as can be expected."—Provincial Paper. Very hard on a twelve-year-old boy to be removed from his stomach in the full swing of the apple season.

Mice v. Men.

Woman, once docile, kept for man his house, And screamed or swooned if she beheld a mouse; Now ranges she abroad with voice and pen. Has still respect for mice, but none for men.



Visitor to Exmoor (who has cannoned into and knocked over resident sportsman). "I AM SO TERRIBLY SORRY."
Resident Sportsman. "OH, DON'T MERTION IT. WE'LL HAVE THE MOOR ENLARGED BEFORE YOU COME AGAIN."

PALL MALL: A LAMENT.

[During the progress of the relaying of Piccadilly the buses have been diverted down St. James's Street and Pall Mall.]

When bishops—pukka bishops, not the brand of Rum-ti-Foo—Not only bless the Charleston but learn to dance it too, All things are possible; and yet what prophet dared foretell The epoch-making advent of the buses in Pall Mall?

I 've known a man who in the fields of Battersea shot snipe; I 've lived to see Prime Ministers indulging in the pipe; I 've lived to see George Eliot displaced by Ethel Dell; But till last week I never saw a bus invade Pall Mall.

Although it was a struggle, still I've come to acquiesce In woman's competition in work and games and dress; But none of her intrusions so "crush, conclude and quell' My spirit as the spectacle of buses in Pall Mall.

I know it's wholly foreign to the spirit of our land
That any public vehicles should anywhere be banned,
And yet against "the scheme of things in general" I rebel
When I see those huge two-deckers caracoling down Pall
Mall.

The L.C.C. of course declare 'twill only last until
They've worked on Piccadilly their eviscerating will;
But in my bones I feel it that we never shall expel,
Once they have gained a foothold, motor-buses from Pall
Mall

Ev'n as I write these verses they are roaring past my club (Where we have recently been forced to raise our annual sub.), And the once secure foundations of man's peaceful citadel Are rocked by the vibrations of the buses in Pall Mall.

There are a host of changes that we simply have to lump, But there's a straw, a final straw, that breaks the camel's hump;

And nothing so conclusively appears to me to spell The end of the old order as these buses in Pall Mall.

So I muse on Captain Morris, who immortalised the pride Of the clubman in his promenade—the sweet and shady side; Could he again revisit the scenes he loved so well What would he think of buses, *motor-buses*, in Pall Mall?

The tide floods in by inches; 'tis futility to grouse About the passing of Park Lane or Devonshire its House; But still there is a limit, when the inch becomes an ell And sacrilegious spoilers lay their hands upon Pall Mall.

I do not make a bogey of everything that's new;
I'm not a Die-hard fogey seeing red in every hue;
And yet I mourn the coming of a change that sounds the knell,
With its hooting and its humming, of the glories of Pall Mall.

Our Nimble Lawyers.

From a law-report:-

"Mr. F —— replied by citing a case on all fours."—Local Paper. It sounds very much as if he hadn't got a leg to stand on.

"From Christchurch, New Zealand, comes the claim of a fifteenyears-old girl, said to have weighed 14½ oz. at birth and to have been fed with ***"—Provincial Paper.

We should not ourselves have selected Three-Star as an ideal food for infants.

"The fact is that the British system of education has been conceived and constructed upon so rotten a foundation that the cream of educated (so-called) Burmans has been drawn into the maelstrom of Government service in which they have foundered and sunk, lock, stock and barrel."—Indian Paper.

It is sad to think that this distressing result might have been avoided by the simple expedient of keeping the bung in the larrel.

THE BOOK OF ABERDEEN.

I HAVE said that He reads and smokes and writes letters; but that does not cover the whole ground. They play games too. There is a game my lot play in fours, with cards in their hands. This is an abomination to me, because if I so much as stretch or shake myself before entering on a new nap They say it disturbs Them. There is another game where They walk round a table with long sticks, when I mustn't so much as move for fear of getting in Their way and spoiling what they call a stroke.

These are indoors; out-of-doors there is what is called a game when They hit a little white ball over the grass. At the first blush you would think that this would be just the thing to ask a dog to enjoy with you: walking over no good; the last word is always with the turf, all among gorse-bushes where there are hosts of rabbits, with a ball to run after now and then too, just to keep Them in good spirits. But you try it!

They leave me behind when They go to play this game, or perhaps take me as far as what They call the clubhouse and tie me up there; but once I got away and rushed about till I found I am thinking of our tell-tale counten-Them. He was just tapping at the ances and tell-tale demeanour generally. ball near a hole with a flag beside it, and He had bent knees and a hunched backand looked so foolish I was a shamed

All the same I rushed up and jumped at His darling old legs, I was so pleased to get to Him again. And what do you think? He called me the most awful names and shoo'd me away with His stick—a nasty-looking thing with iron at the end—and I ran back home across the links, crying with mortification and grief; and every time I came across any names too.

How could I tell I was doing wrong? And my heart so full of loneliness and affection!

One of the terrible things is the way They always get you in the end. Not long ago, for example, I heard Her say something about it being time for me to have some more Benbow. Now "Basket" is a bad enough word, meaning that, no matter what fun is on or how lax and generous the guests at the table may be, I must drop out of it all for a while; but "Benbow" is worse. Benbow is a foul medicine.

So when I heard "Benbow" the other morning I made myself scarce. I went first to the place where I hide bones and dug up a good one, and then I carried it to one of the spare rooms out all the humorous points very clearly." and hid under the bed.

an hour when I heard Them calling me. | funnier than the title.

I paid no attention. They went on calling me, putting into Their voices in Their cunning human way all the tenderness They could pump up. I paid no attention.

Time went on, and I heard Them getting anxious, but still I paid no attention. They came nearer. They came into the room itself, and I scarcely breathed.

"Artful little devil!" I heard Him say. "He knew you were going to dose him. He's probably under the bed." I lay like stone, but They found me and prodded me out, and then I bolted and They chased me. It went on for an hour, but of course They got me. There's always a corner from which you can't escape, and I not only had the medicine, which was more than usually horrid, but a beating too. It's Them; and yet I shall hide again as sure as rats is rats.

When it comes to being naughty I am very unfortunately placed by reason of a total inability to conceal my guilt. I am not at the moment referring to the unfortunate circumstance that earth, after digging, adheres to the nose; I have talked with other dogs about this, and it seems to be a universal trait and handicap. Even the most hardened breeds or mis-breeds—even lurchers give, to a practised human eye, signs that they have been breaking the rules. In my case it goes beyond the mere incapacity to look innocent when I am not; I am so strangely composed that after sin I am actually unhappy unless I am punished for it and forgiven! Can you believe it? An Aberdeen too.

One of the things that we all wonder other players they called me dreadful about is why They are always so down on our digging. Don't They know that Aberdeens are terriers, and terriers naturally go to earth? But if I so much as scratch one of the beds She's all over me. He is more sensible, although She does Her best to make Him chivvy me.

How is one to bury a bone unless one digs? I wish I could ask Them that. Since all bones have a second time on earth, in the interim they have to be in it. I wish I could put that simple axiom before Them one morning when They least expected it. That would make Them sit up. E. V. L.

(To be continued.)

"Miss — followed with a reading, 'Mr. Collins' Proposal,' from Jane Austin's book, 'Prude and Prudence.' Miss — brought Dominion Paper.

THE REST CURE.

Bad men may kill their spouses Or chop their aunts to shreds, Set fire to rows of houses And bash policemen's heads, I feel no perturbation, It makes no odds to me, While spending my vacation At Ripplingham-on-Sea.

If politicians squabble And raise their clouds of dust, If powers and parties wobble Or go completely bust, While summer seas are shining And golden sands are hot I, peacefully reclining, Ignore the blooming lot.

If trade and commerce dwindle And prices sag and sink, If rogues deceive and swindle, If flappers take to drink, I just propose to swallow Ozone from day to day And placidly to wallow In yonder gleaming bay.

If books grow still more shocking To suit the modern craze, If eager crowds go flocking To see unsavoury plays, The giggling and the clamour Do not afflict my ear, Soothed by the tuneful glamour Of music from the pier.

Strident and shrill, the riot Of cranks may fill the air; Experts may damn our diet And curse the clothes we wear; They cannot mar my freedom Nor make me care a blow; I simply do not heed 'em Because I do not know.

With many a freakish antic Let journals howl and fret, Their headlines big and frantic For me in vain are set; No typographic caper Can spoil this peace of mine; I do not buy a paper; I do not read a line.

An Irish Glimpse of the Obvious.

From a speech of a member of Dail Eireann last week:—

"We rarely have normal times in Ireland." Dublin Paper.

"The Marquis of Aberdeen gave a dance in the Victory Hall, Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, last night, in celebration of his eightieth birthday. His Lordship footed it with the nimb'est in some of the old-fashioned dances, and during the supper silver, wore a pearl necklace and earrings and white heather and Gordon ribbon I had not been there for more than Nothing however could have been much his age."—Provincial Paper. These "gay Gordons!"

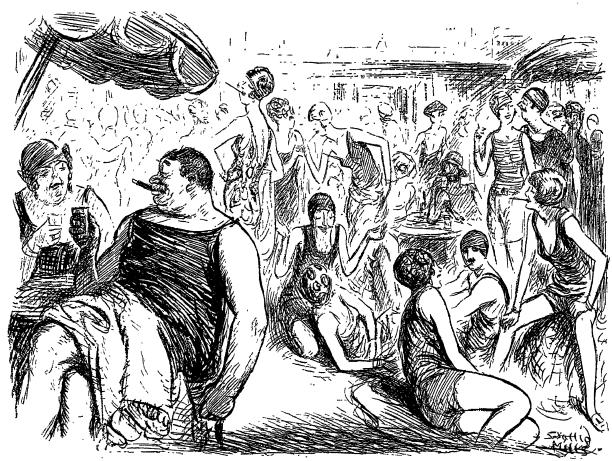


MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XLIX.-MR. HILAIRE BELLOC.

He'll write on anything you choose—Politics, War, Bad Beasts and Jews. In France he finds himself at home, And knows the shortest route to Rome. But even quicker yet he wins With eager feet to Sussex inns,

Drawn by the smell of Sussex ale, And there absorbs it by the pail. Not CHESTERTON, that thirsty seer, Has proved a better man at beer. 'Tis this, of all his gifts so various, That makes our BELLOC most hilairious.



FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A FASHIONABLE FOREIGN PLAGE.

Mr. Smith. "Well, Maria, 'ow d' ye like it?" Mrs. Smith. "Top 'ole. Looks as if it was goin' to be as matey as Margate."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE,

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF Young Anne (CAPE) is a first novel, I should like to congratulate Miss Dorothy Whipple on a promising performance. True the book does not find its legs at the outset-indeed I could wish its somewhat "conceited" account of Anne's little girlhood had been re-written by the austerer annalist of her twenties. But it goes on learning; and experience I think will suggest to its writer that the unique fabric of her small Lancashire world can afford to dispense with embroidery. A cotton town and its delightfully unspoilt environs are the scene of Anne Pritchard's adventures. Here she spends her schooldays, the child of precarious lower-middle-class fortunes, acquires a lover, loses him, marries without love and faces the problem of love's return. The psychology throughout is a trifle nervous, apt to butter the easy catches and hold the hot ones. The charm of the story is due to its observation of the external drollery and pathos of provincial life, and its heights of enchantment are scaled when this observation is adequate to a spiritual crisis. It is full of good Lancashire characters, speech and food. I admit I was "fair struck" with Emily Barnes, the Pritchards' cook, and Aunt Orchard, their detestable patroness, with the episode of Emily's giving notice and taking it back, and Aunt Orchard's writing that enjoyable letter about her nephew's "passing away." Also with both Erskine Childers and Sir Roger Casement, the two all the beautiful high teas at the *Pritchards*, the *Orchards* most pathetically noble or ungratefully traitorous figures—

me as most creditable to its creator's vision is not the white doe of Anne's innocent first wooing, so prettily depicted on the jacket, but the crushed ospreys of tragic Mrs. Yates, whose only daughter, radiantly married "above her," is tempted to despise her mother.

The late Mr. DARRELL FIGGIS, of Connaught, who spoke Irish, according to his own statement, indifferently, has left a volume—Recollections of the Irish War (Benn)—written in most excellent English, in which is related a good deal of the inner history of Ireland between 1913 and 1921. If there are conspicuous gaps in his account Mr. Figgis can hardly be held responsible, partly because circumstances compelled him to spend considerable intervals during these years in various English prisons, where he solaced himself by whistling selections from BEETHOVEN and BRAHMS half the night through, but more especially because, in the amazing cross-tides of personal antagonism which marked, and might have been expected to wreck, the Irish National movement, he alternated repeatedly between exile in lonely Achill and inclusion in the innermost councils of Sinn Fein. His book accordingly is more a handful of raw material than a connected account; yet here and there, as in his telling of the first gun-running at Howth, the importance of his own share in the action gives vitality to the narrative. In connection with this memorable exploit he was associated with both Erskine Childers and Sir Roger Casement, the two and the Yateses'. The symbol which I feel will dwell with as you choose—of the period, yet in spite of his contact

with such romantic personalities the most notable thing about his book is perhaps the mental attitude underlying every sentence. That educated Irishmen should think that "the European war was to them a remote evil, that threatened no Irish liberties, seeing that there were no Irish liberties to be threatened," seems incredible enough; but to the normal Englishman, whose only impulse throughout the Irish troubles was an urgent desire to rid himself of a recurrent annoyance without injustice to anyone, it will seem nothing less than monstrcus that he should have appeared to millions of his fellow-creatures as a ruthless foreign tyrant, to be hated and tricked and murdered in the name of freedom.

In Mrs. Lesley and Myself We find a lady with objections To sitting tamely on the shelf Engaged in wifely introspections While Mr. Lesley, who is rich And an unmitigated bounder, Indulges in adventures which Are known to everyone around her.

She therefore, when he's out of sight For six good months in Valparaiso, Starts on a hectic bust which might, If I may be allowed to say so, Have seemed more hectic if the man,

"Myself," who's shy, detached and lonely,

Had not been hampered by the plan Of telling what he shared in only.

The rest we get in hints, and in His long and rather green-eyed lectures

To her upon the social sin

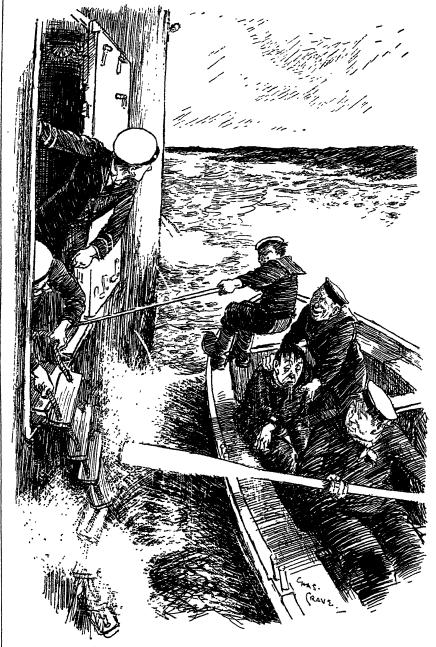
Of giving grounds for sad conjec-

And thus Hugh Smith's delightful quill (Per Duckworth) leaves us quite uncertain

Whether we ought to love her still Or draw the prim reluctant curtain.

It is difficult to know how Mr. A. SAF-RONI-MIDDLETON wishes us to approach his South Sea reminiscences. Appar-

ently both George Washington and Baron Münchhausen presided over the cradle of Tropic Shadows (RICHARDS), and only an experienced diviner of the truth that lies at the bottom of all sea-yarns could distinguish the offices of either. Personally, having less than a longshoreman's skill in such matters, I should not care to question Mr. SAFRONI-MIDDLE-TON'S facts; but I am fairly within my province in regretting the manner in which he has chosen to convey them. That he is capable of sound plain narrative his footnotes witness, but his style as a whole is remarkable for deleterious colouring-matter. In this he conveys much that is interesting fortune I will not anticipate, or discover the tokens that may and more that is marvellous. To him an aged albatross indicate to some lucky reader the site of their lost Eldorado. bears the message of an eighteenth-century castaway. On him a Russian seaman bestows a priceless Stradivarius. They voyage before the mast from Sydney to Auckland with



Officer (referring to member of the crew who has been picked up after being in the water three-quarters of an hour). "Is HE ALL RIGHT?" Sailor. "YESSIR-'CEPT THAT 'E SEEMS TO 'AVE LORST 'IS SENSE OF 'UMOUR."

published nothing, acclaims DICKENS as England's master of fiction and hot chestnuts as the poetry of food. Once in New Zealand the two fo'c'stle hands spend a month in a Maori pah; and when Yuloff tumbles down an extinct volcano his fidus Achates follows him. Up again as blithe as ever, they part, the writer to be kidnapped by a Dutch vessel and marooned on the coast of Borneo. Well-nigh sacrified by a voodoo priestess, he escapes with a Spanish settler into the interior, and here they discover a vast goldfield and stake out their claims. Their declension from this high

In Ships and Sealing Wax, a book of essays and short stories, "George A. Birmingham" follows up Spillikins in JOSEPH CONRAD as mate; and the mate, who has as yet the same diverting yein. He is, moreover, characteristic-

The essays, both the grave and the gay his book's title. ones, are all well and truly laid on the sound foundations of philosophy, common sense and humour, and they should have been very good indeed. enhance Canon Hannay's reputation as an all-round writer. I best like among them "Conferences" and "Merrie England," and I have found in "Afterwards" (an essay on our chances of immortality) a train of masterly and comforting thought. The short stories (in the essay mode) are grouped under the heading of "Yesterdays in Ireland," and my wonder grows that Ireland and the Irish so lend themselves to the short story, especially (since Ireland, says Canon HANNAY, could never deserve the adjective "merry") to the humorous short story. Mr. Kipling's self goes to Mulvaney for some of his best efforts in this direction, and, if Flurry Knox had had to hunt in Leicestershire, even Miss Somer-VILLE might have failed to make him and his field the entirely perfect creations they are. And so to Ireland

first literary love? 'Tis here we meet the ships of his title, if you can call the Mary Jane a ship, and also an Admiral of the Fleet who in the best of the tales signs a testimonial. This little book, which METHUEN publish in pocket size (shootingcoat pocket size anyhow) is an excellent and happy thing for holiday reading.

Mr. Bohun Lynch's Respectability (CAPE) is two-piece" novel, in which a mother and daughter hold the centre of the stage in turn. My own view is that a heroine ought not to die halfway

through a book, even though she leaves a daughter When this happens on ready to step into her shoes. the same actress throughout, first as mother and then as daughter; in a novel you must just bear the loss of the mother as best you can. Esther Wade, the "mother" of this story, came of highly-respectable mid-Victorian parents. Forced in the interests of Family Importance into an un-She dies, leaving an illegitimate daughter, who is adopted by her married sister, Millicent Francklyn. Enters then Esther the second. Materially the young Esther is well cared for, but spiritually her life is of the bleakest. She is continually reminded that she is a child of sin and that only the overwhelming condescension of her aunt has saved her from the workhouse. The expert novel-reader will look eagerly for a chapter in which Esther tells her aunt exactly what she LYNCH is not out for these cheap dramatic effects, and has

ally pleasing in a preface which apologises for and explains more dear to her in that he embodies every quality her aunt most cordially dislikes. An interesting and well-told story which with a little more speeding-up at the finish would

All books which encourage English people to become better acquainted with the French people and their beautiful land are to be welcomed. The pleasant pages of Mr. STEPHEN GWYNNE'S In Praise of France (NISBET) recount the wanderings of the author, who was equipped with a fishing-rod and blessed with a fine appetite. I gather that he assumed the fisherman's guise in order to catch not fish but men; for in France as elsewhere the fisherman is more or less of a brother among fellows of his craft; and indeed every one is interested in fishing, if only as a prelude to the appearance of a savoury dish. It does not appear that Mr. GWYNNE caught many trout; but he so discourses of his excellent repasts, devotionally served in time-honoured Canon HANNAY goes too when he would be at his most at restaurants, with their waxed floors and clean table-cloths of home, as why, after all, wouldn't he go, for was she not his coarse linen, that the reader becomes quite hungry. With a

sober enthusiasm Mr. GWYNNE records the luxurious career of that strange prince of gastronomers, GRIMOD DE LA REYNIÈRE, author of the Almanach des Gourmands, and indites a eulogy of the great, the immortal BRILLAT-SAVARIN. It was GRI-MOD who remarked that the Revolution, so far from being merely political, actually reduced the number of daily meals from four to two. Even so, BRILLAT-SAVARIN must wrestle for four years with the waxing circumference of his waistcoat, and "succeeded at last in fixing it at the majestic." And of all that wealth



"Now. Harold, just for two seconds do be serious."

of wines of which France is so profuse Mr. Gwynne speaks with wise discrimination. A delightful holiday awaits the films you have at least the consolation of seeing those who are content leisurely to follow Mr. Gwynne's devious path in France, taking his book with them.

The hero of The Romance of Nikko Cheyne (CASSELL) had the temerity to fall in love with Princess Natalie Melliora Maria Elizabeta of Sciriel and, rejecting this handful of happy marriage, she elopes with the man of her heart, but names, to call her Bettany. Sciriel, it is almost superfluous finds to her dismay that her husband will not divorce her, to say, is yet another little Balkan kingdom and, when Nikko was informed that his Bettany would eventually be its Queen, he was persuaded that a marriage between her and him was not on the map; so, broken-hearted and totally devil-may-care, he joined the Foreign Legion, and, vowing to serve her with the last drop of his blood, bided his opportunity. After some years of waiting it came with a vengeance, and before Mr. ROLAND PERTWEE closes this remarkably thrilling drama he gives Nikko many chances thinks of her and then goes out into the world to seek her to shed both his own blood and that of other people. fortune, slamming the front-door behind her. But Mr. Sciriel fell into the hands of a terrible man called Foscani. as ruthless and crafty a villain as Europe, either in fact or designed for Esther a more gradual emancipation. In the fiction, has produced in these post-war years. Nikko's end, however, the severance is complete, and Esther is free task was to free Sciriel from this pest, and I invite you to to marry the disreputable $Nigel\ Romish$, who is no doubt the discover how thoroughly he accomplished it.

CHARIVARIA.

ALTHOUGH Mr. COSGRAVE won on the casting vote it should be made clear that, the real result being a tie, he gains no points on the first innings.

A Manchester man who the other day stole four ukeleles from a house was arrested by the police, instead of being allowed to carry on the good work.

According to the daily papers summer is to last this year till the end of October, but no information is given as to when it is to start.

It is urged that Glasgow should have more public drinking-fountains. Residents showing visitors over the city

offering their guests a little refreshment.

Complaints that visitors to Scotland who adopt the kilt wear it too short have led to the appointment of a committee of the Kilt Society to inquire into the whole matter. Temporary Highlanders will find that these flapper fashions won't be tolerated.

All the same, nothing looks more un-smart than a kilt that sweeps the ground.

With reference to the octopus caught at Chatham it is said that Mr.

adopt it as a mascot.

An epidemic of thefts at the Zoo this summer is reported. Special precautions are being taken to protect the kangaroos from pickpockets.

The Athenæum Club is to be closed for four months for internal alterations, but it is understood that the members will ultimately be replaced in their original positions.

Lord LAMBOURNE'S reported complaint that London is too respectable nowadays is very disheartening to the Bright Young Things who have been doing their best to correct this reproach.

"Two interesting babies were born last week," says a Sunday paper. We had no idea the birth-rate had fallen as low as that.

ascribed to Communist influence. The church. The idea seems to be that he Red Man seems to be turning redder.

Gene Tunney is said to be unpopular in America because he uses long words. It is felt that they give him an unfair advantage over a natural in-talker.

We hesitate to believe the report that a Los Angeles film actress has just celebrated her silver divorce.

A seaside holiday-maker complains that in some boarding-houses once a thing is lost nobody can find it. He should look in the rissoles.

given sentences amounting to more the old highwayman used to ask for

Old Lady. "Well, we'll be able to have tea on the journey. SEE THEY 'RE PUTTING THE MILK IN."

Winston Churchill has offered to It is not known which newspaper will publish his experiences when he comes

> Professor S. Mangham has suggested that the way to make hollyhocks grow tall is to put hats on them. We must order a nice cloche for our aspidistra.

> Those who complain about the weather should cheer up, for winter will soon be here.

> "I claim to possess no more sanity than most people," says Sir Ernest Benn. Signor Mussolini would have done better than that.

Dog-racing without a hare has been tried at Hull. The next step will be horns and hooters should be standardised the elimination of the dogs.

Because he had the toothache a Blackpool man refused to get married his pedestrian down in D flat.

The revolt of Indians in Bolivia is although the bride was waiting in wanted to enjoy a little toothache in peace.

> Portugal has had seventeen revolutions in the sixteen years since the Republic was established. If they are doing that sort of thing for charity it might be more convenient to hold a flag-day.

> A Nottinghamshire judge recently told a woman witness in his court to talk just as if she were at home. It seems a risky bit of advice.

Discussing traffic problems, a corre-A man charged in Hungary has been | spondent in a contemporary says that are annoyed at the lack of facilities for I than one hundred years' imprisonment. I your money or your life, but the reck-

less motorist nowadays doesn't offer this option. A further point to be noted in favour of the late RICHARD TURPIN is that he had at least the decency to wear a mask.

A theatre for children is to be opened in London. Desperate dramatists realise that something must be done with the plays which the Censor passes unhesitatingly.

A seven-foot shark has been found dead in the Manchester Ship Canal. We are not surprised.

We are glad to learn that many harvest thanks giving services have been postponed in order that those farmers who have over-grumbled themselves and are still in hospital may have the opportunity to attend.

A doctor tells us that the less a woman wears the more she cats. That helps to explain Eve and the apple.

Hiding in a cupboard in a teashop two men were discovered by the police because one of them coughed. Up till now no enterprising advertiser has asked him to name the remedy that would have stopped the irritation if he had used it.

It has been suggested that motoras to pitch and a more melodious note adopted. Nothing is more irritating than an unmusical motorist who knocks

HEART-BEATS.

(From the works of Miss Flavia Flabbe.) Foreword.

THE difficulties which young poets experience in getting their verses before the public are too well known to need elaboration here. Still more does this apply to young poetesses, for no thinking person will deny that the average publisher is prejudiced against women's I had my hour. Now I pay the price work. I have this on the definite statement of Miss Flabbe herself. I need only say that the editor who has been People eye me askance; say "She's bold enough to print these extracts from her work will have his own reward in the knowledge of what he is doing for Poetry.

"I call them Heart-Beats," she explains in an autograph letter now in my possession, for which American collectors would pay a large price, "because they come from the heart rather than

the head."

I once asked Miss Flabbe how she set to work. "I first make my mind a complete blank," she told me, "and then it just happens." It just happens! Could any phrase be more descriptive? My soul is a swirl of emotions; Here we have the clue to all her work.

They tell you that it is one of the qualities of a Great Work of Literature that it makes you put down the book wondering "what happened afterwards?" But surely Miss Flabbe's work is doubly valuable, for after reading many of her poems a second question instantly springs to the mind: "What had happened before? Why was this poem written?"

One is impressed not only with the commendable economy of words, but also with the latent strength of her

economy of ideas.

I have not space here to set out in full the story of Miss Flavia Flabbe's early life. In her presence you undergo some of the sensations of spiritual highfrequency treatment. Half-an-hour's conversation with her alters your whole conception of womanhood. There are episodes which I could narrate which would explain much-tales of soulsearing experiences which cannot but alter an individual's entire outlook. Much she reveals herself in the poems which follow. Rarely have I read a more poignant exposition of the Soul of a Woman. C. D. C. D.

DESERT LOVE.

The stars gleam out from the arch of

Brighter far than the lights of Town; The guide's low song has the silence

And the old old Sphinx looks down.

You were a man of the world, my dear; I was only a débutante;

The desert's glamour was round us

Camel, lion and elephant.

The desert breeze blew warm and light; Your breath on my hair was like fragrant dew;

What did I say and do that night? Only we two and the old Sphinx knew.

With the endless ache of lifelong

not quite nice . . ."

And the old Sphinx stands there yet.

RAPTURE OF LIVING.

The sun to the heavens is married; The earth is made sweet by the rain; The night has been dark while it tarried, But to-day there is daylight again.

The leaves are so green as they rustle; The rivulet swirls at its edges; The insects are starting to bustle,

And young hedgebirds are leaving their hedges.

 $\check{ t I}$ love and ${ t I}$ hate and forget; But mine are all lands and all oceans, For Life is the greatest thing yet.

BECAUSE.

I bear with the scorn you have shown

Forgive you the wrongs that you do, Take gladly the crumbs you have thrown

Because you are you.

But wait. There's an end to my sadness;

The rainbow must spring to the sky; And life shall for you be a gladness Because I am I.

The sun will arise in his glory, His radiance enlighten the sea, And make but a scene for our story Because we are we.

(To be continued.)

Simple Tastes on the Moors.

"Shooting.—A Gentleman, good and careful shot, would like few days Grouse Shooting; no birds required only sport."—Advt.

From a serial story:—

"She turned her sweet flour-like face to-

Asking him no doubt the age-long question: "Have I put too much on?"

"Nicely-Furnished Modern Residence; 8 bed. bath (h. and c.), 3 reception; electric light; first-class repair; £770 per week."

Daily Paper.

THE FIRST WASP.

I THINK I was the first to notice it. for even when its buzz had become quite audible Lavinia did not look up from the letter over which she was frowning. The wasp ignored the homemade marmalade and made a bee-line for the fruit-bowl.

"Keep quite calm," I said quietly to

Lavinia.

"How can I keep calm when Margaret wants to bring the twins and the dog for a month?" she replied sharply.

"I was referring to the wasp," I whispered. "It is on that plum. Don't be alarmed; remain still and it will soon go.'

"It will not," said Lavinia grimly, folding her napkin into a shape suitable

for swatting.

"No-no-no, Lavinia; don't kill it."

"Why ever not?"

"Wasps ought not to be killed. I read it the other day. I meant to cut it out. They are so useful—in the garden and that sort of thing. They eat things."

"Yes, plums," said Lavinia, raising her napkin above the fruit-bowl.

"I mean things that spoil the crops, and so forth; I forget their name. The johnny who wrote about it killed a wasp, and when he opened its maw-"Its what?"

"Maw, I think he said. Anyway, he found a simply incredible number of whatever they are—just the things that want killing, you understand."

"How very interesting!" said Lavinia, making a futile swipe at the wasp.

"Anyway, they are things that are fond of the roses, you know.

"Butterflies, perhaps. I can quite believe that a wasp is just the sort of vicious beast to fill its maw to the brim with butterflies."

"It might do worse, Lavinia, for butterflies are fearfully destructive things. Think how they eat cabbages. They ought to be killed.'

"And how many cabbages did your learned friend find last time he looked into a butterfly's maw? Besides, if it comes to that, you too eat cabbages."

At this juncture the wasp, possibly mistaking me for a butterfly, settled on my cheek and struck home.

Our Helpful Publicists.

"The quickest way to decide whether a snake is harmless or poisonous is to turn it over on its back. If the scales on the belly are small or if there are short transverse plates, the snake is harmless. If the snake has large transverse plates, etc., it is probably poisonous."—Monthly Magazine.

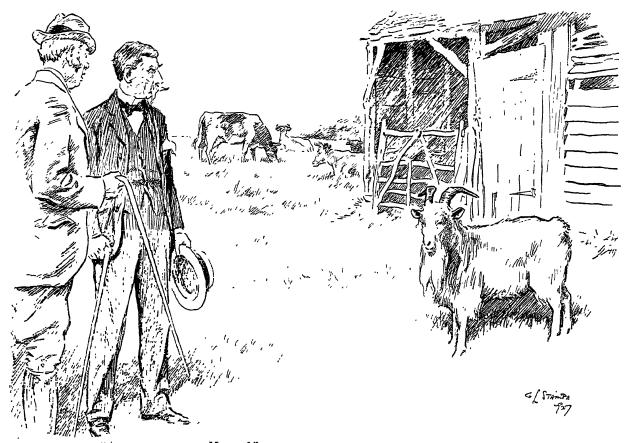
We are not told, unfortunately, how to We think that for forty thousand a year keep the reptile amused while we dethey might throw in a fourth bedroom. cide whether it is harmless or not.



THE NEW FAVOURITE.

FILM STARS ALSO RUN.

[The Times, which has raised greybound-racing to the dignity of treatment in a leader, thinks it probable that this sport "may even prove a serious rival to the cinema."]



"Admiring my goat, Mister?"

"OH, HE'S YOURS, IS HE? WELL, HE'S BEEN WORRYING ME FOR HOURS."

"WORRYING YOU?"

"YES. HIS FACE REMINDS ME OF SOMEBODY I KNOW, AND I CAN'T THINK WHO IT IS."

GUSHINGS OF THE GREAT.

III .- THE ROMANCE OF SUCCESS.

(By a Big Business Man.)

THERE is no royal road to prosperity. The pathway of success is paved with rolling stones which have fallen off by the way in the heat of the struggle, and only by looking out for the early worm of chance or opportunity is it possible to outstrip competitors in the race.

The best advice I can give to those who wish to climb the ladder of wealth is to set before themselves and keep vigorously in their minds certain precepts which have helped me in my own career. These are roughly-

Rise early. Eat little. Drink nothing. Save constantly. Read much. Avoid gambling. Wash behind the ears. Beware of pickpockets. Step off with the right foot first. opportunities. If you see one, bite it hard.

comes into my office—a thing that frequently occurs—and asks me frankly the best way to succeed in life, I point with my ruler to a quotation from the greatest of poets that hangs, written clearly in red ink, on the wall behind my desk, between the calendar and the Ten Commandments. It runs:—

There is a tide in the affairs of men Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

Omitted, all the unseen consequence Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought

Till ghosts do squeak and gibber in the streets.

So let it be with Cæsar."

After this my young friend usually shrinks away abashed. If not, I set him a cross-word puzzle and watch his manner in dealing with the more difficult | Ethics of Aristotle. words, or make some excuse for quitting the room and leave a marked five-pound note on the desk.

My own early struggles taught me Set your teeth and look out for that the way of life is hard. I was one of a family of fifteen, and was sent out

When any young friend of mine the knocker-up had made the round of the gloomy street where I lived I was out of bed and waiting eagerly for the day's routine. I worked in a glue-andsoap factory, and it was my duty to give a half-turn to the handle of the "slub," as it was called, which permitted the "kibe" to fall on the "ratchet," and brought the whole boiling mass forward until it was tipped into the "swipe" or "hopper." There it was mixed by revolving spindles, or "pugs," into a smooth viscous paste, which was technically known as the "gloop."

I gave fifty-three half-turns of my handle every minute, and worked for fourteen hours a day, with two short intervals, during which the others either ate food or played shove-ha'penny on the tram-lines, while I spent the time reading a translation of The Nicomach an

Seven of my sisters and five of my brothers worked with me in the mill, the whole of our wages going into the family exchequer. There were no oldage pensions, unemployment pay or insurance schemes in those days. There to work at the age of five; long before were no cinemas nor motor-cars. In fact there was practically nothing. My father wore whiskers and my mother baked her own bread. We had no amusements except leap-frog and hunting for sewer rats. One of these rats was my earliest pet. Sometimes I would earn a few pennies by holding a gentleman's bicycle while he went into a bar, and these I would treasure in order to buy books at a second-hand bookstall. In this way I read Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, the Idylls of Theocritus, the whole of the works of Balzac, Ovid's Ars Amoris and Vanity Fair before I was nine.

My mother was unable to spare me a candle at nights, so that I was obliged to read by the light of a glow-worm, which I had found on one of my excursions into a neighbouring brickfield

covered with slate or slag.

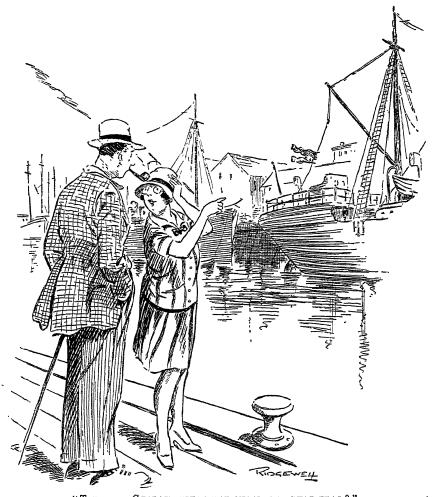
Though all of us were earning wages we were still terribly poor. One day little Dot and little Cecil, my youngest brother and sister, through standing too near the "hopper," fell off into the "gloop" and were never recovered, thus terribly reducing the family income. This incident made a great impression on me. But all the time I was awaiting

my chance to make good.

It came when I noticed that the lower ends of our shaving-sticks—one of the principal manufactures of the firm—could not be used beyond a certain point for creating a lather owing to the fact that they were firmly embedded in a metal holder. I perceived that it would be possible to make these lower ends of a compound of white paste and mud, thus effecting a saving of several millions a year without any damage to the intrinsic value of the goods.

I spoke about this to our foreman, and he smacked me on the head. But I was not discouraged and bided my time. One day, when the owner was making a tour of inspection, I let go of the handle of the slub and fell, as though accidentally, in front of him. He kicked me in the stomach. When I came to I asked to be allowed to see him in his private office, where I pointed out the discovery that I had made and the economy that would result from it. He instantly took me into partnership.

Some time later I conceived the notion of making buttons, jam and toilet accessories out of the waste portion of the "gloop," which had become too impure for the ordinary purposes of our manufactures. I doubted for some time whether to embark in this new commercial enterprise, but, after reading the *Lives* of Plutarch and the philosophy of Spinoza, I became emboldened and, without giving any warning to my partner, I suddenly left him and started a factory of my own.



"Tell me, George—what nationality is that flag?"

From that day I have never looked back. But, though I have been twice mayor of my native town, have kept partridges and grouse, have talked familiarly to dukes, jockeys and dignitaries of the Church, have sat in Parliament as a Liberal, a Conservative, a Socialist and an Independent, and own a steam-yacht with several funnels, I doubt whether I have ever felt so happy as on the day when I first started mixing my own gloop in my own little hopper with my own revolving pugs.

I have never lost my interest in literature, and time after time it has stood me in good stead. Thus, when I wished to find a new and startling advertisement for a fancy shampoopowder, it was a recollection of WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS' well-known line

in Innisfree-

"And evening full of the linnet's wings—" ladder and, that gave me my inspiration and enabled me to place it upon the market, and to patent it under the name of The Linnet's Wing Shampoo, which has been a boon to so many thousands of homes. On another occasion it was the

memory of Shakespeare's aphorism—

"Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage—"

that caused me to throw myself unreservedly out of tallow and plunge

headlong into lard.

For the rest, alas! I have altered. I rise later nowadays, eat the usual meals, drink alcohol, occasionally smoke a cigar and now and then put a pony on a racehorse or a monkey on a dog. The leap-frog of innocence has been replaced by golf, and the glow-worm of my early struggles superseded by electric light. But I still maintain that poverty, industry and self-denial are the best schools for the creation of character, and that the only certain way of amassing wealth for those who do not possess it already is to begin at the bottom of the ladder and, gradually seizing the occasion, take advantage of the favouring wind. The road may be long and difficult, but for the persevering and quickwitted the world is like a succession of oysters, and there is an open sesame for

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

II.—THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Well, night-light of the North, I haven't a particle of news, but that shows I'm fashionable, you see down here we're having the most heavenly reaction against all this histeria and the Press and everything, you know, all these pestilent eclippses and Flights and grey-hounds, and, my dear, that detestable Wimbledon place, you see nowadays the papers have only to say You must flock to Thingummy or Whatname and we all flock, my dear it's too gregarious and revolting, and really nobody 's happy this year unless they 're standing in a quue. So we've started a perfectly darling movement to avoid excitement, when I tell you that we

we all stayed up and saw an ordinary dawn and, my dear, you've no idea what a sedative it was, yet Mr. Haddock saysthishappensnearly every day and not a word about it in the papers, so whenever the papers say that something is too marvellous we band together and shun it, and when I tell you that not one of us have been NEAR the Electric Hare, and Toots cut BETTY NUTHALL dead the other day, and whenever we meet somebody who's just flown the Atlantic we simply wither him with a look.

Meanwhile of course my cabbage we have our own little amusements and records and things, but all on the most sopporific lines my dear, well, Toots has a competition to see who can take the longest to drive up Bond Street between twelve and one, and another one to see how long you can drive round and round Piccadilly Circus without anybody noticing. Then that magnetic Mr. Haddock I told you about, only I do wish his name wasn't Albert, well, whenever some ghastly bore is swimming the Channel or flying from Moscow or winning some grotesque championship or record or something and the whole of London is massing in a quue (how do you spell that?) and swooning with excitement over some Elysian Chloroform parties, well, we just congregate in his garden and gaze at his gold-fish and have no conversation at all, and he has the most seduc-

too refreshing.

So in a month or two I think you'll find that all this fallacious Speed business is perfectly mildewed, well, yesterday Mr. Haddock took us a trip in his house-boat on the Grand Junction strained kind of travel you can imagine, my dear it's too primitive and dilatory for words, well, when I tell you that we started somewhere near Ealing and took six hours to reach Hammersmith you must see how divinely stagnant one felt, you see it has the most inconnever starts, and my dear every halfhour the propeller is simply festooned with water-lilies and Mr. Haddock has

"SIR, WOULD A WIFE'S GIVING HER HUSBAND THE ASPIDISTRA'S FOOD IN A CURRY INSTEAD OF CURRY-POWDER BE GOOD GROUND FOR A DIVORCE?"

pull the thing along with the most rugged sort of rope, my dear, all tar and everything, and I did the Christian thing and helped Toots pull, and Toots too like the Russian Ballet to breathe, darling, though of course my new blue

silk was a perfect sacrifice. Well, then a barge caught us up with the most fascinating horse and a celestial bargee, my dear I fell in love with him at sight, only of course he had a wife and six children, and they all lived together in the weeniest cabin, about it, your loving Topsy. odious tennis-player he gives the most the size of Hermione Tarver's lacquer cabinet, and it was all decorated with castles and roses and hearts, my dear, and the most marvellous brass knobs you ever saw. So the barge sort of tive mussel in a glass tank which only towed us you see, the complete poetry education.

moves once in four days, my dear, it's of motion, my dear, because there wasn't a sound and every now and then the divine horse stopped to eat, and it didn't matter at all, my dear the ecstatic slowness of it all, except once, when the horse walked in its sleep and fell into the canal, because then there was a sort of Canal, which is quite the most re- refined excitement, and Toots jumped on to the bank and was terribly helpful, but my darling bargee didn't seem to think that experience in the huntingfield cut any ice with a barge-horse. So while they were enticing the horse out of the canal with the most heavenly language we went on board the barge sequent engine which goes three miles and my dear you ought to see the way the an hour with the wind behind it and bed lets down out of the wall and how they all manage I can't think but I've quite decided I'm going to go primitive and live on a barge and never have a simply ignored the Ecclipse but next day to take off his shoes and stockings (my bath again, darling, just look at the time

one wastes!

Well we got to Hanwell where there's a lunatic asylum and seven locks in a quarter of a mile, and when I tell you that it took us a whole hour to go that quarter of a mile, and that was a record, well nearly anybody can fly the Atlantic but as Mr. Haddock said seven locks are seven locks and what civilisation wants is a lot more things that can't be done quickly. Well of course at every lock the men had to wind up the gates or the slooces or something and it was too utterly restful sit-

dear he has the most musical toes!) and | ting in the cabin and watching them unveil the propeller. And of course me swear, and Mr. Haddock with his being on board simply everything went hair wet looks exactly like a consumptive wrong and the engine got petrol in the rat, as I told him, darling, and he agreed carburettor or something so we had to unanimously, well, all this happened under the wall of the asylum, and really if anyone had looked over the wall and asked us what we were doing we should have had to say this was a sang the Volga Boat Song, and I felt pleasure-boat having a pleasure-party and then I don't know what they wouldn't have said, but really I don't care because really all this rapidity is too revolting, and as far as I can see the sole point in all this Flight ramp is to let the Americans get to Paris without their wives, and I don't care what you say but I won't have any truck with A. P. H.

> "Young Lady, aged 5, seeks comfortable home, near a good school, for self and mother." Morning Paper.

> We hope mother will profit by her



Pedestrian (having been run over by midget). "I wouldn't worry if the beastly little thing hadn't leaked so much."

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MEN.

From a number of letters which have reached us on this much-discussed subject we extract the following as of special importance and interest:-

GREATNESS AND FAME.

SIR,—The title of "Great" has been conferred on various sovereigns and commanders, though rarely in their lifetime. Surely a strong claim to preeminence may be preferred on behalf of Mr. LASKY, the first person in the world's history who has assumed and justified the prefix of "Famous."

FANNY FILMER.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

SIR,—Greatness is a relative term, and after all, as has been well said, is nothing if not lasting, witness the oblivion that has fallen on the Great VANCE. But we should never forget the services of those anonymous heroes who have influenced the history of the world, though their names have never Fame. Amongst these I would unhesi- race to-day.

tatingly include the man who first ate an oyster, and the intrepid adventurer who went into QUARITCH's and asked for a second-hand copy of Whitaker's ALARIC JOBSON. Almanack.

OUR DAIL-Y DEBT.

Sir,—Greatness is no monopoly of the past. It springs up every day and every hour and, on the morning that I pen these lines, demands the homage of a minor bard :-

O Erin, everlasting sphinx, By turns a Mænad and a minx, While in the East chaotic Chinks Are tying up their world in kinks, While holidaying England slinks Indoors, deserts the beach, the links, And finds no comfort in strong drinks, All of a sudden, in two twinks, You give us your immortal JINKS.

DECIMUS DOTT.

A Woman's View.

Sir,—I venture to submit the names of the world's three greatest mengreatest, that is, as the supreme benebeen inscribed on the Golden Roll of factors of the majority of the human tion and beneficent bombination.

- 1. M. MARCEL, the supreme enhancer of woman's capillary attractions. As I have written elsewhere:
 - "Let the assailants of established schools Deny their principles and waive their rules:
 - MARCEL unqualified allegiance craves From women as the ruler of their waves."
- 2. Mr. Courtauld, the outstanding figure in that great industry which has revolutionised, rationalised and standardised women's dress, and more than anything else is responsible for the splendid physique of the girls of to-day, as acknowledged by the testimony of our leading doctors. We are familiar with Red Admirals and Purple Emperors; to this great benefactor rightly belongs the title of the Pink Panjandrum.
- 3. ADOLPHE SAXE, the inventor, in 1840, of the saxophone, who, though he died many years ago, built better than he knew, and bequeathed to our generation the priceless legacy of the instrument which is the culminating, glory of the great revival of tarantula-

REGINA URGE.

CULTURE AT THE CREASE.

[The journalistic activities of our cricketers have become so general that it has ceased to be a distinction to make a hundred runs and write a column of bright prose on the same afterncon. Young Willow of Wideshire, however, has, so to speak, broken new ground with his pen by writing in verse. Here are a few extracts from his latest achievement, written after the writer had briefly studied some of Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD'S sporting and narrative poems. Excursions into the realm of fancy have been deleted for the sake of economy in space. Asterisks indicate where they originally occurred.]

When I went in to bat the board Showed eighty-five runs had been scored With four men out, a situation To cause a Hendren perturbation; But I thought, as I walked to wicket, "Nerves have no place in first-class

Feel like one and you'll be a rabbit; Hang on and get the Hammond habit."

Middle and leg I took, and saw The wicket-keeper hunched and raw; Cover blown out just like an alderman And bald; but point was a far balder

Three slips that gaped like greedy sharks; Mid-off with eyes like blacksmith's sparks;

Square-leg with worst of spooky faces And hands like two attaché-cases; The umpire like a mid-day ghost At his arbitramental post.

I spat upon my hands and gripped My bat and thought of Bill, who sipped Too much of ale before he went in And afternoon pavilion spent in; Mother I thought of, who oft said, "When you go in just you see red; Stopall the straight ones, pull long-hops, And them as rear up to your chops Leave clean alone; fall on the yorkers And watch Alf Binks—his breaks are corkers;

Don't call short runs; jump out real jolly

To any blooming old half-volley." That's how she raised her fifteen kids, And that's how Father made his quids.

Yes, eighty-five for four it was; For four, mark you, and all because Four silly toughs, for goodness' sake, Forgot to reckon with the break. I told 'em breaks were made to smother. Heavenhelp'em if they meet my mother!

Summer in gold dressed that wide field In gold and green; the swallows wheeled

* and I thought, "Gosh, I must have one real crimson slosh; Here comes a slow full-toss, a beauty. O Hobbs, O Grace, O filial duty!" But "keeps" it was and "keeps" I would.

As any decent sportsman should.

Ah, if the barrackers could know, When skipper's orders are "Go slow," How irked the batsman is who scores In singles when he could hit fours, They'd shut their silly mugs and pay Respect to discipline, I say.

Here's one to watch, and watch me watch it,

The stinging snake, with bat stiff scotch it:

Put left leg forward firm, take sight With both eyes; light on leg called "right,"

Bat straight and handle forward—so. It hasn't pitched yet, has it? No. Missed! Lord! I surely can't be legbefore?

Struth! it's took out my middle peg before

I realised the local TROTT Had dropped it on the old blind spot.

Ah, summer gardens pink and green, In Saffron Hill, in Aberdeen, In Hornsey, Peckham, Tooting, Malden, In Balham, Penge and Saffron—(We had that before.—ED.)

No, it's the other Saffron - Walden; (ad lib.).

THE PARIAH.

THE golf ball is one of the still untamed things of nature; man has civilised it partially, but he has never really tamed it. At any moment a golf ball is liable to develop a perverse individuality of its own, and in a fraction of time all the kindness you have lavished on it, all the endearing care you have spent on the preservation of its pristine beauty, are forgotten. Away it will go, cavorting about in the air with the skylarks or grovelling in the company of the purblind mole; it will take sudden unexpected corners in mid-flight, like a distracted hen, or it will dive enthusiastically down a rabbit-hole like an opinionated ferret. There is no other thing which can become so quickly or so completely possessed of a devil; the Gadarene swine were dear little lambs of things compared with it.

Show it a beautiful stretch of smooth green turf, and as like as not it will swerve off into an impenetrable patch of gorse to starboard; assist it patiently out of the gorse, and it will trickle ball by altering its size or its weight. sullenly into a sand bunker away on the other side of the fairway; give it a gentle kindly pat on the green and it will suddenly develop the speed of a greyhound; give it a good full tap on the same green next time round and it will put on four-wheel brakes and pull decency in. up all standing. There is no pleasing it; nine times out of ten there is not even any humouring it. It is the most perverse and pigheaded of all created things.

And yet, I ask you, could there be anything more innocent-looking or apparently more incapable of doing wrong than the dear little white ball sitting so patiently on top of a little heap of sand asking you to hit it?

"Look," it says; "it is ever so simple. Just one nice easy swing (keeping the head still and the eye on me) and I shall go bounding away down the fairway."

Then you hit at it and it jumps two feet into the air and falls into the sand-

That is in very brief outline my trouble with the golf ball, and I venture to assert that it is common to about eighty-seven point three out of every hundred golfers. In fact I know it is. I have heard perfectly respectable men saying things, intimate heart-to-heart things, to golf balls which would blister the paint on a Ford car. I have myself used words to a golf ball which I didn't know I knew.

No other ball is ever spoken to like that. I have never heard Corbett talk to a rugger ball in the way in which the mildest and most Victorian of flappers habitually address a golf ball; I have seen WILFRED RHODES pat a cricket ball lovingly before taking a wicket, but I have never heard him address an unkind word to it. I admit that I have seen a certain lady look things at a tennis ball which the French language was unable to express, but in this and other behaviour she is exceptional. Hockey balls, soccer balls, fives balls, tennis balls, cricket balls, rugger balls, ping-pong balls even—they are all respectable members of society. The golf ball is the pariah.

And now the law-makers of the Royal and Ancient Club say that the golf ball is too easy, that it goes too far, that its flight is too easily controlled, that it is making skill unnecessary!

I wonder who told them that. If only they would come and sit in the smoke-room of the Great Spoffington Club for half-an-hour they would learn an awful lot of things about golf balls which they don't seem to know.

And the remedy? My dear Sirs, there is no remedy; this is not the sort of problem which can be tinkered with. You cannot change the nature of a golf

On the whole I think it had better just be left to the few hundred thousand of us who do not find it too easy. When we have knocked hell out of it for a few more generations we may have succeeded in knocking a little common

[&]quot;The Duke of Argyll is chief of the Cameron clan."-New Zealand Paper. This should set the heather on fire.

AFTER A QUIET MONTH AWAY FROM THE CARES OF BUSINESS-



A LITTLE TENNIS-



A BIT OF GOLF-



EOME BATHING-



A FEW JOLLY GAMES ON THE BEACH—



LONG WALKS IN THE COUNTRY-



AND IN THE EVENING A GENTLE RIDE-



OR A LITTLE DANCE-



ONE IS RESTED, AND READY TO COME BACK—



TO THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.



SECRETS OF A BROADCASTING STUDIO.

TIRED TENOR EMPLOYS A DEPUTY.

TOLD AT "THE PILCHARDS."

Tom Pascoe was a fisherman belonging to Portloe, And when I can't just tell you, but 'tis middlin' long ago; And overright the Manacles, a-hauling of his seine, Tom Pascoe catched a merrymaid and let her go again.

Oh, I tell you, she was pretty, I tell you, she was neat, From her head down to the little tail she'd got instead o' feet; She was pink and pearl and silver, like the sea at break o' day, And the shiny, greeny eyes of her they stole Tom's heart away.

Now Tom he was a lazy chap and fonder of his beer Than he was of mending up his nets and tending to his gear, And that was how it came about the seine bust clean in two, And Tom he stood there gaping while the merrymaid slipped through.

She popped between the meshes and she flipped her dainty tail,

And there wasn't so much left of her as just one shiny scale,

And Tom he hove a thumping sigh and nothing did he say But hauled his gear in sorrowful and fished no more that day.

His girl run down to meet him when she saw his boat come in,

But he passed her like a stranger with a kind o' foolish grin,

And he sits down on the sea-wall and starts in to mend his gear,

And, says he, "You don't give me the slip next time, my pretty dear!"

And any day and every day as boats could go to sea, Why, there you'd see Tom Pascoe just as plain as plain could be,

Looking for his merrymaid, and peering overside And calling to her tender-like to come and be his bride.

His mates they'd shake their heads sometimes and say, "Poor chap, he's queer!"

Then tap their foreheads meaning-like and finish up their beer,

And his girl she cried her eyes up till you'd think she'd never stop—

And then she married Mister Budd as kep' the general shop.

And his boat got old and leaky and his beard got long and white,

And folks got kind of used to him and said he wasn't right; And all the little boys and girls 'ud point at him and say, "Good morning, Mister Pascoe; any merrymaids to-day?"

And the years come and the years went, till one day a feller found

A boat with no one in her, on her lonesome drifting round; And seeing she was Pascoe's it was plain enough to see He'd gone to find his merrymaid as wouldn't come to he.

So all you likely fisher chaps as listen to my lay, Don't have no truck wi' merrymaids—you'll find it doesn't

And don't go yarning with your pals and sitting at your beer

Instead o' mending up your nets and tending to your gear, But remember poor Tom Pascoe and the end what he came to . . .

Well, talking is a thirsty job; I don't mind if I do.

C. F. S.

"The volumes consist of brief notes and fragments . . . written down at the moment of thought or observation on the back of an envelope, on the soles of his shoes while walking in the street."

One has to hop to do this.

Review in Literary Paper.

THE DISPENSER WHO WAS DISPENSED WITH.

My friend Johnson earns a precarious livelihood as a country practitioner in the village of Little Dithering, and on my last week-end with him I had the curiosity to peep into his dispensary. There he was all by himself, solemnly dispensing bottles of medicine, sticking on labels carefully and wrapping up with white paper.

"Hullo, Coot," he said sourly. "Hullo,"I replied,"dispensing, eh?"

"Yes," he growled.

"What's happened to that dispenser chap of yours, Higginson or some such name?" I wondered.

"Fired," said Johnson briefly. "Sorry to hear that," I said.

"I reckon he's cost me a clear three hundred a year over and above his salary. In fact he's nearly ruined me. Thanks to him I've lost my best patient."

By "best patient" I knew Johnson meant "worst chronic."

"He poisoned her mind," Johnson continued bitterly.

"No."

"Yes, I tell you." "Against you?"

"Against me. You've heard me mention old Lady Crabapple, who lives out at Applecombe Cross?"

I took a chair.

"Yes," I encouraged him.

"I'd looked after her for years. She was always croaking. Nothing really the matter with her—just malade imaginaire and old-maidishness generally. Well, she sent for me about a week ago and told me the old story about her aches and pains. Of course I listened to her-after all, what is one but a paid listener at this job? I ask you, what?"

"Go on," I said.
"Well, I listened, and after she'd told me everything at least twice, I patted her hands and said:—

"'My dear Lady Crabapple, I quite understand. I know exactly what you require. I'll send out some medicine for you, and I want you to take it every four hours. There 'll be about six doses in the bottle. You'll find it rather nasty, I'm afraid, and you may not be able to manage all six doses, but, if you can possibly take three, I shall be more than satisfied. I'm sure it's what you require. Three doses, please, Lady Crabapple.'

"I promised to call again next day and we parted on the best of terms. Then I came back here and prescribed some medicine for her. While Higginson was dispensing it I told him to put a 'SHAKE THE BOTTLE' label on it. When I called next day," he went on, "I was told that Lady Crabapple was cine," I murmured.



Provincial (who has blundered into an expensive hotel and restaurant). "Here! I CAN'T FIND A HOOK TO PUT ME HAT AND UMBRELLA ON."

Magnificent Footman. "Well, no, Sir. This is not exactly the hook class of hotel."

not at home. At first I thought the old thing had simply disregarded my instructions (I'd told her to stay indoors) and toddled out into an east wind, which would mean that she'd get a chill and blame me for it; but I saw the butler fellow looking at me rather strangely, and then he said :-

"'Not at home, Sir; and her ladyship's orders I was to return you this bottle.' And he shut the door in my

"I looked at the bottle, Coot, and everything was clear as a flash. I came straight home and sacked Higginson."

"He had dispensed the wrong medi-

"No," shouted Johnson. dispensed the right medicine. He'd put on the wrong label. When I told him to stick on a 'SHAKE THE BOTTLE' label the careless idiot went to the wrong drawer and put on a label marked 'Poison,' and that," thundered my poor friend, "after I'd told the old woman I knew exactly what she required, and that if she took three doses I should be more than satisfied.'

"TAKE A TIN HOME WITH YOU." Advt. on Hoarding. Excellent advice for British holiday weather. We recommend the corrugated kind.

OUR YACHT AGAIN.

IV.—WE USE THE NEW CUT.

THE New Cut is a straight canal over two miles long. The idea of it is to enable yachts to sail from the Yare into the Waveney, or vice-versa, without having to go right down to the mouth of one, practically out into the ing quite clear for all types of reader. sea, and back again up the other. Well, Percival and I used the New Cut yesterday afternoon. We are still a bit flustered and dishevelled. We used nearly all of it.

We begin by being in the Waveney. We were, after our gale experiences, tied up to what an inhabitant assured was already against us, and Percival, ling roughly, of course.

who had been looking things up in the book, had discovered that the New Cut was almost impassable against both wind and tide, being too narrow to allow even ordinary tacking, let alone the big stitches we usually take. Why there should be any tide at all in a canal I couldn't understand, but Percival said the book said there was. Percival yachts a good deal by book.

At 2 P.M., after four hours' waiting, Percival suddenly said the time-table said the tide had turned and so we

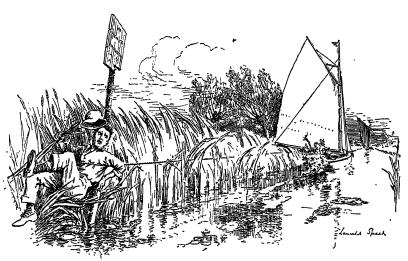
left our moorings. A man in another yacht—quite a novice—asked us in surprise, as we passed, if we were going up to get us through, after which our rate the New Cut. Percival cried, "Why, yes, slowed down a little. So we decided to old man," and waved a friendly tiller try to tack. At first we made quite at him. At which we promptly ran four yards every tack, but unfortunately him down. Since he was a novice, he apologised, and Percival told him severely that he really must both belay and avast on occasions like that. Then we sailed superciliously into the mouth of the New Cut, and were immediately swept out again by a strong and hostile it as a guide to the joke. tide.

When this had happened three times I asked Percival if he was quite certain about the tide having turned at 2 P.M. I felt he might have got the wrong time, or wrong schedule, or even the wrong ing, fishing and shooting cries, Captain canal. Percival told me he was not a Percival towed very well for half-anfool and read it out again. He was hour. Then we stopped because of a quite right; the tide had turned at 2 P.M. But for some unearthly reason passing. We didn't stop in order to the poor fish Percival had seen fit to read it; we stopped because we got the assume that originally it had been tow-rope twisted round it. against us, whereas during all the

now of course it wasn't.

I was very nice to him about it, even though I still didn't see why there should be any tide one way or the other. I merely said it was a pity the author of the time-table hadn't made his mean-

So we had another attempt. This time, knowing what the tide was doing, we managed actually to sail, though very close to the wind and rather too close to the bank. We got on famously. We made a yard a minute. The canal looked very long and straight. To pass the time I worked out that, if we were us was a practically immovable village lucky enough to maintain our present on the river bank. We were waiting rate, we should do the New Cut by val jungle fastnesses, like some Eoanfor the tide to turn, because the wind 2.15 a.m. on the third morning—speak-



"ROUNDED THE POST LIKE A FLASH AND WAS PULLED INTO THE WATER."

five men half-an-hour and three ropes we made them in the wrong direction, and when finally we ran into both banks practically at once we gave it up. There was only one thing left-to tow; for the humourist who originally built the New Cut provided a tow-path alongside

Captain Percival got out and-towed first, while Crew Apple handled the tiller. We kept the sails up to get what help we could from the wind. Encouraged by Crew Apple with huntpost and notice on the bank about tres-

hours we had so patiently waited it | Apple having incautiously steered too had really been going our way. And | near the bank, the bush, a fine healthy one, was uprooted by the boom and came on board into the well all over Crew Apple. Not being used to steering in forests, he promptly ran bang into the side. This stopped both the vacht and Percival practically simultaneously. The subsequent conversation between Percival, who had sat down very abruptly ashore, and Apple, peering coyly through the leaves on board, was not marred by any insincere politeness. The net result was that Percival accused Apple of leaving all the towing to him, and suggested that he should get out and do some for a change.

> Crew Apple crawled out of his primecival, after a few scathing remarks about

> > house-boats and window-boxes, took his place in the thicket, whence he was heard lateraskinginamuffled and querulous voice which branch Crew Apple had been steering with.

Apple towed manfully with the ropetied round him. Apple passed people on the bank and the people on the bank passed remarksat Apple. Apple meta cow; the cowmet Apple. Then the cow met the rope, got both entangled and frightened, and towed the Merry Widow and

Then we came to a bridge. It took | Apple and all for half-a-mile-luckily in the right direction. Even the angry Percival (whose view of the bank was obscured by the thick foliage about him) was constrained to commend Crew Apple for some remarkably fast towing.

The end of the New Cut came in sight and then a funny thing happened. Perhaps it was due to some slight change in the wind, but the Merry Widow slowly began to sail instead of being towed. Since the tow-rope, though now hanging slack, had yet to be pulled through the canal-side rushes, Crew Apple did not notice any vast change, while Captain Percival's vision was still incommoded by the bush.

So gradually, all unsuspected by Captain and Crew, the Merry Widow overtook the toiling Apple, the tow-rope dragging in a vast loop between them. They went like this for some while—a pretty sight.

Then another notice about trespassing cropped up and took the loop of the tow-Our next halt was for a bush. Crew rope. For some while Apple and the



ON THE NORMANDY COAST.

- "WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS ABOUT?"
- "I expect the second-housemaid's forgotten to bring the bath-salts."

Merry Widow strained immovable on either side. Then the yacht, having the wind, while Apple had only Apple, began to win. Slowly at first but with increasing speed the bewildered Crew Apple was pulled backwards as the Merry Widow under the freshening wind went forward. At the end, Apple, doing about twelve miles an hour backwards, rounded the post like a flash, did twelve miles an hour forward and was finally pulled into the water. Pereival, immersed in arboretum, did not notice this effort.

The Merry Widow reached the end of the New Cut a quarter of an hour later, when Percival discovered his Crew's absence and hauled him in from astern.

What still rankles in the Crew's mind is that his captain had the impudence to accuse Apple of again leaving all the towing to him.

A. A.

Commercial Candour.

"This booklet gives a good resume of Chinese classics, history, philosophy, arts, sciences and literature . . . The artistic appearance and movement attached to it will surely help you to make up your mind to reserve a good corner of your growing library of world famous books for this monstrous piece of work."

Chinese Bookseller's Advt.

NISI SERENAS.

(To Messrs. Blank and Co., Horticultural Experts, after three long months of clouded skies.)

THE little garden that you made For me to walk in was divine (Perhaps no firm in all the trade Constructs so elegant a line

Of gardens in the fancy sort
At such a reasonable price,
Wherein the Loves and Hours may
sport

And lupins look so nice).

The rockery did very well;
The fencing and the wicket-gate

Aroused the envy of "The Dell";
The pergola was simply great;
The fountain—oh! I do not think

That any artificial spray Could be so bubbly at the brink, So rapturously play.

I have looked out upon the lawn Between the jasmine and the rose And seen how exquisitely drawn

The line of crazy-pavement goes; Have even walked from seat to seat Its total length, with showers awash Having my gum-boots on my feet, Clothed in my mackintosh. But in the midst you did me wrong
To put this clock of carven stone
That does not lead the Hours along,
Whose use and meaning are un-

known;
It has no basin to collect
The water, and no wheel to turn—

The water, and no wheel to turn—What madness caused you to erect This infantile concern?

An unlaborious instrument,
Devoid of any sense of shame;
Perhapsthemainspring has been bent,
It has not altered since it came;
You call it, with your pleasing wit,
A sundial. I want to know

What one is meant to do with it—
How does the dam thing go?

"At the Zoo last year 505 lbs. of 'dried flies' were consumed."—Sunday Paper.
Now we know where at least some of the flies go in the winter time!

"This evasive practice . . . if it were to obtain any general vogue, would result in dividing taxpayers into two classes: (1) those who pay taxes, and (2) those who do not."

If you must be a taxpayer, the best plan is to be one of the kind that pays no taxes.



JOHN O' GROATS.

INSPIRED BY A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF HIS PENTLAND FERRY. I KNOW not, John, if the tale they tell be true.

How that you had eight stout sons and a troublesome team you found them,

For each of the eight would be first, and they fought, the cantankerous crew,

Till at last you hit on a ruse and at last got round them.

For you built them an eight-sided house with a door for each,

And in it you set a table, eight-sided and -legged and -angled,

So that each son sat at the head; and lo! there was peace on the beach

And peace on the hearth, and no more your offspring wrangled.

I know not if such be truth, but I do know this—

Lucky were you and they in the place where fortune led you,

The deep sea under your eyes, in your ears its murmur and hiss

On your threshold of broken shells to waken and bed you;

And always away to the north the rarest of views,

Islands of mountain and mist, hued like a grey gull's feather,

And the ice-clear Pentland sea all purples and greens and blues

Between the Ronaldshay rocks and the Caithness heather;

And always the perfectest picture hung there to enjoy,
A picture that changed with the hour in colour and range

and shading,

The cots and the crofts of Stroma, the pedestal cliffs of Hoy, Pomona's peaks like a dream in the distance fading;

And always the deep sea shelving down from your docr, Clear with its bottom of shells as if lamps were lit down under,

Alight and afire, a treasure of jewels on a silver floor, Never the same and always a shining wonder.

So it makes no odds if your eight sons quarrelled or not;
I'm content with a simpler tale than the history men have made you—

That you lived there long and loved it and were mightily pleased with your lot,

Ferrying over the Firth—and I hope your ferry paid you; So rest you, John, in the Canisby kirk where long, long syne they laid you!

H. B.

"FIREARMS, AMMUNITION, ETC.

Excellent Famous Garden Fruits. Bombay Mangoes, Rs. 8 pcr 100. Malda Mangoes, Rs. 8 pcr 100. Langra Mangoes, Rs. 14 pcr 100."—Advt. in Indian Paper.

In electoral warfare, we believe, a well-ripened mango can give points even to the prehistoric egg.

"The judge had carefully shifted the evidence of the prisoners." $Peking Pa_l er.$

In the West, as a means of ensuring an unbiassed decision, we change the venue; in the East they shift the evidence.



THE MAN WHO SWALLOWED THE OATH.

IRISH REPUBLICAN ELECTOR (to Mr. DE VALERA). "I'D NEVER HAVE SENT YE TO THE PARLIAMENT 1F I'D THOUGHT YE'D BREAK YOUR WORD AND GO THERE; AND, NOW THAT YE ARE THERE, WHERE ARE YE?"



THE CAT AT THE METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE WASHES ITS FACE.

THE DEDICATION.

"I SHOULD be glad of your advice," said Manders as we met in the club smoking-room. "I want a dedication for my book, Caravanning in Cuba. After the title-page, you know. A little matter but important. I've made out a few examples and I'd like your opinion as to which you think the best. You have taste and judgment."

He produced five or six slips of paper

from his pocket.

"I'm afraid I'm no good at-

"Here's the first," he went on :-

'TO THE MANY WHOSE LIVES ARE CAST IN A DULLER MOULD I DEDICATE THIS RECORD OF FREEDOM AND ADVENTURE."

How does that strike you?"
"It seems all right," I said.

"I don't dislike it myself. Then here's a second:—

'To the Memory

0F Wondrous Days in the Open, SILENT NIGHTS 'NEATH THE STARS, PEARLY DAWNS

AND SETTING SUNS, THIS

LITTLE TRIBUTE.'"

I hesitated. "Isn't it a trifle reminiscent of a funeral-card?" I suggested.

that light. But I've lots of others. Look at this one:-

> 'To THOSE

COMPANIONS OF MINE WHO SHARED THE DANGERS, BRAVED THE DISCOMFORTS AND GLORIED IN THE QUEST GLADLY I DEDICATE THIS

Book.'

How about that?"

"It's a pretty shape. But really I'm not a competent judge. What does your wife say? She was with you, wasn't she?"

Manders looked a little disconcerted. Catherine, his wife, is an admirable woman, decisive and without the slightest trace of nonsense about her.

Frankly she doesn't like any of them," he confessed, "but she doesn't make any suggestions herself. You know what women are. Critical and not at all times helpful."

He put the slips of paper back into his pocket, gave a little sigh and ordered tea and buttered toast from the waiter.

I received my presentation copy of Colonel Sir -I received my presentation copy of Colonel Sir — and party, who had a very Manders' book this morning. It is successful day."—Sunday Paper. admirably produced; the photographs | But clouded, no doubt, by this unforare excellent, and some time or other 1 tunate contretemps.

"Perhaps. It hadn't struck me in must read it. I turned at once to the dedication, about which my curiosity was more pressing; and the compliment which Manders paid to my taste and judgment I gladly reciprocate. The dedication ran as follows:-

> "To My WIFE."

THE BARRIER.

I CANNOT have you for my friend Because our auras do not blend. Your heart, I know, is nice and kind, Your manners charmingly refined; I like your looks, I like your wit, In many ways you're simply ir; But-yours magenta, mine rose-pink! There's little more to say, I think; I may not have you for my friend, Such auras, dear, could never blend.

"Almost every Englishman knows that Lord Nelson fought the battle of Warterloo." West African Paper.

But only the very exceptional Englishman ventures to spell it like that.

"The Duke has sold his Longshawe Moor to the Sheffield Corporation, and there shot

THE PINCHING OF THE PEKE.

"WE will stay," she said coldly, "cn this side of the street. Lady Jane may look as hard as she likes. I do not choose to see her."

"I hope," I said, " this is not because her pet Pekinese bit Tom's thumb?"
"Oh, dear, no," she declared. "I

didn't mind that one tiny scrap.'

"But are you sure it was Lady Jane?" I asked. "I thought it was, but she hadn't her Pekinese with her, and Lady Jane without her Pekinese is unthinkable.'

"Isn't she?" she agreed. "But it was Lady Jane; didn't you see how she glared?"

"I'm afraid," I said, "there must have been some misunderstanding --- even from Tom's thumb."

"Not at all," she insisted. "It is only that I happened to leave a perfectly new handbag I had just paid sixty-seven-and-six for at her flat the other afternoon, and she's deliberately keeping it."

"Can't you ask her for it?" I suggested, "or send a note

round?"

"That," she said bitterly, "is exactly what she is waiting for."

'But if it's your bag?"

"And paid for," she sighed.
"One of those deliciously quaint ones that have just come in, made to look like a toy dog, and you carry it under your arm so that people think it's real, and then you open it and take out your purse or your handkerchief and everyone's so surprised. You must have seen them."

"I noticed," I admitted, "a stuffed dog in a Bond Street window labelled 'I am a bag,' but it seemed such a deliberate

untruth I preferred to take no notice.' "And after I had got it I went straight to Lady Jane's. She admired it terribly. There were a lot of people there and they all admired it."

"Then she must know it's yours?"

"Of course she does."

"And yet she's keeping it?" "And yet she's keeping it."

"But if it's your bag you could casily have asked her to return it."

"I could," she admitted with reserve. "But after all I didn't really know it was mine; someone else might have taken my bag and left hers instead, because one or two of them there that afternoon had bags like mine, only not so nice."

"There is," I pronounced with severity, "more behind this than appears to the naked eye."

"Oh, no," she protested, "only it was all dreadfully unfortunate, because, after Lady Jane had finished admiring my bag, she put it down on a chair, and I had been having rather a hot argument with someone else about whether a frock can be really chic if it fails to show both knees when you're sitting down, and I suppose someone moved the chair or something—anyhow, when I went it wasn't my bag that I picked



THE DETECTIVE STORY.

"It was someone else's?"

"It was something else," she corrected me. "I put it under my arm and no one said a word, and I went into the park and sat down, and I put the bag on the seat at my side and—I was never so surprised in my life."

"Why?"

"It jumped down and barked and walked away. It was like drinking a gin cocktail you really truly thought was iced lemonade. What would you do if you had a handbag and you put it down, and it barked and walked away?"

"I should write and tell The Spectator

at once," I decided.

"Well, I didn't. I just sat there and stared. Then I shut my eyes ever This is the well-known "tic-tac" work.

so hard, and when I opened them again the horrible little creature had disappeared and has never been seen since. You see, it was Lady Jane's own special pet Pekinese I had picked up instead of my bag; and it was all its own fault, for if it hadn't had so much chicken and cream for lunch it would have barked at once or wriggled or something and I should have known."

"Lady Jane," I mused, "must have had the surprise of her life when she went to give her Pekinese its strawberries and cake for tea and found your

bag instead."

"It makes it very awkward for me," she sighed. "And I do think it's mean of her about the bag, when she can see it's a perfectly new one; and she's only keeping it so as to make sure who—who——"

"Pinched the Peke?"

"I do not think," she said coldly, "that that is at all a nice way of putting it."

I apologised.

"Though, after all," I added musingly, "perhaps a certain natural curiosity on Lady Jane's part, a certain justifiable longing to know, may be understood.

"She knows perfectly well, really, inside herself; and l think it's absolutely horrid of her to go on keeping a bag she knows very well isn't hers.

" Most unjustifiable," "What did agreed sternly. Tom say when you told him?"

"He was ever so funny; he never said one word, but just got up and went to the 'phone and booked a table for that evening at 'The Gorgeous,' where they have that new cabaret thing I wanted to see; and when I reminded him I simply hadn't a thing fit to be seen in he told me to hurry out

and get something—something jolly, he said. It was," she said thoughtfully, "the surprise of my life; but I suppose he must have done rather well in the

City that day."

"I expect so," I agreed; "and then I daresay his thumb was feeling better E. R. P.

"A Good Home offered to a very small dog of gentlemanly conduct, who will bark." Argentine Paper. No "young puppy" need apply.

"The incomparable Worth features a buckle -beautiful in its jewelled design-on the shoulder of a frock and threads a ribbon through it, for all the world like a bookmaker."

FLOWER NAMES.

In woods or in gardens, wild-flowers or tame,

Ermyntrude knew every blcom by its name;

But she never got any Prizes for Botany,

For her names and school names were not quite the same.

The right names they taught her had little appeal;

Digitalis for Foxglove seemed rather unreal;

> And, according to them, any Windflower's anemone,

And something bizarre stands for Solomon's Seal.

Though their names were Latin, she would cling to hers,

Such as Stitchwort or Ox-lip or Heartsease, and worse-

She spoke of a Gilliflower, Or wrote "Daffodilly-flower," And persistently called Shepherd's Purse Shepherd's Purse.

Invainthey rebuked her; so, thoroughly

They marked her report, "To this obstinate child

We cannot allot any Prizes for Botany.

Yet she knew and she loved all the tame flowers and wild.

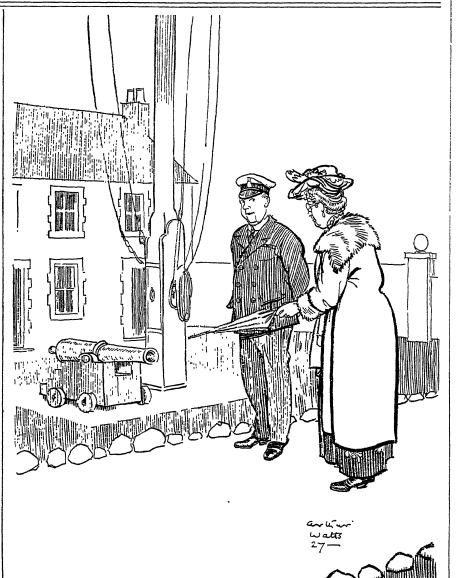
HOW TO MAKE THE DRAMA MORE HELPFUL.

I am not one of those who say that the theatre is played out, or is going to the dogs, or is not so good as it was in my young days, and so on.

On the contrary I maintain that the theatre was never better-by which I mean, of course, it was never of more practical use-than it is to-day. The modern drama displays to us nice frocks and foot-wear and furniture and things, and tells us, on the programme, where they come from, so that, if we wish, we can go and get some like them. Thus there is always the hope that the time and money we spend at a theatre will not be entirely wasted. This system marks a great advance on Athenian and even Elizabethan times.

My only criticism is that it might go a bit further. The stage entrances us with its attractive house, flat and bungalow interiors, but we search the programme in vain for the name of an estate agent or Building Society from whom a similar highly desirable residence might be obtained.

Playwrights should take a little more their characters in a villa at Putney for a play to be written around the class How did he lose his amateur status?



Simple Old Lady (to Coast-Watcher). "AH! CAPTURED AT JUTLAND, I PRESUME."

they should see to it that the scene is a of property they intend to erect. If sample of what really can be obtained Mr. Shaw could be persuaded to alter in that suburb. Reference to those his Widowers' Houses to meet the reparts of the building which are not on view should be worked into the dialogue, and mention made of the rent or freehold price. A clever playwright could find good dramatic material in all that sort of thing; they did it in the old days with mortgages. And house agents should have their names on the programme, or else put up little kiosks in the foyer and do business during the intervals.

In thus helping the home-seeker the drama would do itself a good turn by attracting the landlord and the builder to put money into the theatre. It trouble with the really important funda- would surely be worth the while of a mentals of their craft. If they put Land Development Syndicate to pay would surely be worth the while of a

quirements of a prospective builder, I fancy it could be transformed into a really helpful play.

More Commercial Candour.

From the advertisement of a Continental hotel:—

"No Taxes. No Service. No Tips." Sunday Paper.

"More Room in Front of Train." Notice on Underground. Naturally; but what happens when the train starts?

"Wanted . . . Cook Housekeeper for a professional bachelor."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.



"I SAY, THOSE ARE THE TWO GIRLS WHO CAME DOWN IN OUR CHARABANC."
"BY GAD! SO THEY ARE! THE WORLD IS SMALL, ISN'T IT?"

THE TRYSTING.

THOUGHTS FROM GORAKHPUR.

AULD Lord o' the Loch, I hookit ye last
September;

The wind cam up frae the sea an' the gulls ca'd shrill;

There was whiles a taste o' rain in it—
fine I remember;

The burn was chucklin' in spate, the heather was warm on the hill.

Auld Lord o' the Loch, I lie in my lang chair dreamin';

Outbye is the glare an' the dust an' the great brass sun;

The brain-fever bird in the shisham is screamin' an' screamin',

But my heart is awa wi' my dreams dancin' ever the run.

Auld Lord o' the Loch, like a tossin' an' foam-white billow

Roll up on the distant horizon the alien hills,

But I mind on the day when ye fouled my auld wand on the willow

An' ran for the sea wi' the best o' my casts in your gills.

Auld Lord o' the Loch, there's a day drawin' nearer an' nearer—

Will it come i' the full o' the year when the ling is in bloom?

Will it come when the breast o' the braes is warmer an' dearer

An' the flame o' the woods has pit out the flame o' the broom?

Auld Lord o' the Loch, we'll hae the gran' day thegither,

We twa in the deep o' the hills in a warld by our lane,

The wind blawin' salt frae the sea an' the tang o' the heather!

Auld sportsman an' frien', will ye come tae the trystin' again?

The Ferocity of Fascism.

"PERSONAL'S APPEAL:—

1 electric botton blow for the waiter.

2 ", ", blows", ", chambermaid.

3 ", ", ", ", porter."

From a Notice in a Hotel on the Lido.

"Admitting that they had been ingloriously drunc and resresbered nothing of the night before, —, holder-up, of South Bank, and —, also of South Bank, weie charged at Redcar to-day with having beet druak and with obstructing he police."—Local Paper. We like these verbatim reports.

"A water splash, 30ft. deep and 2ft. wide, near Great Asby, created difficulties. Two German brothers named Rossner waded through, carrying their machines at shoulder height."—Evening Paper.

This was characteristic thoroughness. We ourselves should have jumped.

"The three youths very pluckily mounted the cage over the culvert when the water was four feet deep, and with the aid of hayricks succeeded in clearing the rails of the stones, sand and mud so that the culvert could take the water."—Provincial Paper.

It is only at moments like these that one realises how handy hayricks are.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BLETHERSTON-ON-SEA.—The annual meeting of the Summer School of the Post-Montessorian Association ended yesterday, and the illuminating nature of the discussions which took place during the fortnight may be indicated in the following brief summary:—

Foremostamong the proposals brought forward I would place the plea for a revised nomenclature of numbers advocated by Professor Orlo Bodger, of the University of Yucatan. He upheld the duodecimal system and pleaded for its logical extension by the addition after nineteen of the supplementary members "tontine" and "levantine." The proposal was carried by a large majority. An amendment submitted by the Communist Co-educationist, Mrs. Cornelia Bashall, that all decimals should be rubricated, was rejected after a prolonged debate.

There was a very large attendance at the lecture given by Mme. Varvara Botuleso, the directress of the Psycho-Corybantic College at Bucharest, on the menace to the new psychology involved in the apotheosis of the American aviator, Colonel Lindbergh. Lindbergh, as she pointed out, was notoriously a plantigrade reactionary. He did not dance. He was apparently destitute of the Bacchus complex and incapable of

tarantulation. Mme. Botuleso's eloquent denunciation was greeted with enthusiastic applause, and a telegram was despatched to President Coolings warning him against any further encouragement of flat-footed flying-men.

Another notable debate was initiated by Mrs. Wambley-Pamber, who took the line that fairy tales ought not to be proscribed, as in the system of Mme. Montessori, but rewritten in accordance with the spirit of the time. Thus Jack the Giant Killer would become an allegory illustrating the ascent of the Socialist and the downfall and destruction of the Fat Man or Capitalist. Certain characters, especially those tion of a handsome and virile chauffeur perfect servant, deferential and remote.

which tended to engender phobias, would have to be eliminated entirely in these revised versions, and the works of the Brothers GRIMM should be absolutely taboo in view of their sinister name. In the course of the debate Dr. Tabb-Lloyd strongly advocated the use of concentrated doses of instructive monosyllables, but it was pointed out that the most fruitful psychological instruction could not be imparted in a condensed form, because there were no monosyllabic equivalents for its terminology.

The Rev. Ninkham Pope preached a brilliant sermon on "SpiritualCallisthenics"; Lady Goll advocated the inclusion of the study of Posiothereutics (husband-hunting) in the curriculum of infant

the costume of a Mæso-Gothic Moron. Altogether a memorable and momentous meeting.

Shakespeare at the White City.

"When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased."—Merry Wives, V., 5, 252.

"Proud of his title of 'York's Grand Old Man,' Mr. James Melrose entered upon his 110th year yesterday. His ambition now is to celebrate his 100th birthday."—Daily Paper. Alas! he'll never see it again.

"A Peking telegram states that Madame Borodin and the three Soviet courtiers, who were arrested by Chang Tso Lin's soldiers last March, have been released."

South African Paper. "Soviet Courtiers"! Shade of LENIN!

AT THE PLAY.

"POTIPHAR'S WIFE" (GLOBE).

The Earl of Aylesbrough (Potiphar) had been ill-advised in his choice of a wife. Not only were we told that there was a great "disparagement" (sic) between their ages, but as a type of the best conventionality he was unequally yoked with a lady who breathed defiance of the shackles of propriety. How he ever tolerated the unspeakable house-party which she collected I cannot imagine. But he was docile and let her go her own ways.

One of these ways lay in the direc-

HASELDEN.

LADY POTIPHAR "CASTS HER EYES" UPON JOSEPH. The Countess of Aylesbrough MISS JEANNE DE CASALIS. MR. PAUL CAVANAGH

schools; and Mrs. Poffley Shyster re- | (Allen), with whom she had a habit of At this juncture the curtain mercifully insomnia by imbibing the pure night air. To her patent overtures our Joseph makes no response; so, to prove whether | last man in the world to be likely to he won't understand or can't understand (the latter alternative indicating) an incredible lack of intelligence), she appears, full of the bounding confidence orders him to come to her dressingroom late at night on the excuse of an electric fan that needed mending. With amazing candour she confides her the semblance of a warrant. scheme of seduction to the only decent her husband's, and persuades her, under

Aylesbrough's) instead. Having changed into Lido pyjamas, a transparent upper garment and a loose open jacket she despatches her maid to Lady Sylvia, and prepares for the seduction scene, adjusting the lights, setting out a halfbottle of champagne and squirting scent over herself, her sofa and the room generally.

Allen arrives and proceeds to tackle the cord of the electric fan which we have just seen her deliberately damage. She invites him to sit on the sofa beside her. "It's not often," she says, with the extreme of improbability, "that we get a little talk together." He remains the

> His detachment is not due to inexperience of women, for he admits, when questioned, that he has been the object of considerable admiration. In the end—for I will shirk further details of this painfully crude episode, which must be seen to be believed, though I don't recommend such a course—he tells her with appalling honesty that she doesn't happen to attract him. (I don't wonder, for her pyjamas might have put any man off; though he seemed to forget that, whether by oversight or out of mere politeness, he had conceded a brief embrace.)

> Furious at this blow to her pride—spretæ injuria formæ—she beats loudly on the door and utters piercing screams by way of attracting aid to assaulted innocence.

cited a touching "Ode to Piffulence," in driving out alone in the dark with falls, thus sparing us the dreadful the alleged motive of correcting her spectacle of the house-party in its slumber-wear.

Next morning Lord Ayles brough—the commit this social indiscretion—sends for the police. A detective-sergeant of his type as seen on the stage, takes evidence from the injured lady and her guests, and carries off Allen without

Follows the trial at the neighbouring woman in the house, Lady Sylvia Assize Court—the most passable scene Cardington, apparently a relation of in the play, a pleasantly solemn parody of the Law's proceedings. In the threat of an open scandal, to assist witness-box Lady Aylesbrough made no matters by getting rid of her own maid attempt to work on the feelings of the for the evening and using hers (Lady jury (supposed to be situated in the stalls) by a daring costume, this heavy sacrifice being demanded by the necessity of conveying an air of outraged virtue.

Counsel for the defence had the happy idea of comparing her with Potiphar's wife, and was about to read aloud from Holy Writ the passage that relates the behaviour of that lady, when the Judge very properly intervened, saying that this Biblical story was sufficiently familiar to the jury. The other occupants of the auditorium received no such credit for Scriptural knowledge from the Management, who had presented them, in an inset of the programme, with a printed extract giving the passage in question.

In consequence of awkward admissions made, under cross-examination, by Lady Sylvia and Lady Aylesbrough's maid, the jury asked for the case to be stopped on the ground of insufficient

evidence against the accused.

The first part of the final, and feeblest, Act deals with the exposure and denunciation of the sinister conduct of one of the guests, who appears to have been the evil genius of the piece. I leave his motives to the obscurity which veiled them throughout. Lord Aylesbrough is then shown the error of his ways—theold story of the man who occupies himself with his own affairs to the neglect of a young wife who needs entertainment. He is prepared, gallant nobleman, to furnish her with the means of divorcing him, or alternatively, poor fool, to take her back to his sadly disillusioned

Joseph, reappearing to demand from Potiphar his arrears of wages, seizes the occasion to pronounce a homily on the viciousness of the idle life lived by Potiphar's wife and her kind. Lastly, the delinquent, no longer recognisable under her new cloak of piteous repentance, postpones her return to her husband till such time as she shall have "earned the respect of her own chauffeur." So ends the play on the most

improbable note of all.

Miss Jeanne de Casalis by her vitality and brazen recklessness brought what attraction she could to the earlier scenes; but, later on, the compulsory suppression of these qualities entailed the eclipse of some of her personal distinction. Mr. PAUL CAVANAGH, as Allen, was an excellent figure as long as he was allowed to be just strong and inarticulate, or only to say what was wanted with devastating directness and brevity; but when he was asked to emerge into melodrama he lost something of his appeal through no fault of his own. Miss Martita Hunt was sound in the rather colourless part of Lady Sylvia; Mr. Robert Horton did his possible with the flabby and futile Lord Aylesbrough; and Mr. | Sloe-gin is the only safe stuff.

HENRY OSCAR as Counsel for the defence made a very presentable foil to his learned brother (Mr. George Bealby), to whom a very bad manner was assigned. The house-party, in which there seemed to be a general exchange of husbands and wives, will not expect, I hope, to be mentioned individually. One of them said a smartish mot, but there was not enough wit to go round. Indeed they were most of them better at shock tactics than delicate rapier-

The play was curiously well received on the first night. The author, Mr. EDGAR C. MIDDLETON, coming on to make his bow with a flourish so in-



LORD POTIPHAR IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

Earl of Aylesbrough . . Mr. Robert Horton.

differently executed that it brought his hand over the pit of his stomach instead of his heart, expressed what appeared to be disapproval of the activities of the Censor. I don't know what this official had excised, but it seemed to most of us, judging by what was left, that he had treated the author pretty generously. Mr. MIDDLETON went on to say that the play was indebted for what it was to the efforts of the company, and in particular of Miss Jeanne de Casalis. For myself I don't think they were O. S. really to blame.

- missed his putt. Had that hole gone the other way, as it would, perhaps, five times out of six, the difference in aces would have been six, with Metropolitan still full of hops."-Australian Paper.

THE BOOK OF ABERDEEN.

ALTHOUGH the story that follows is all against myself, I can't resist telling it.

You must know that a great part of our lives is spent, when we are with Them, in listening hard in the effort to hear what They say. We are so entirely in Their hands that to know what They are saying—and therefore planning—is of the highest importance; and especially so at breakfast-time, when They are laying out the day. Are we to be in it or are we not?—that is the agonising question. Clever dogs can get to know quite a lot if they listen attentively and have any knack of putting two and two together, and I flatter myself that I am no fool. Well, one morning I distinctly heard the dreaded word "Bath," not once but several times, and that was enough for me. Making myself as small and invisible as possible, I melted through the door and sought refuge in the bedroom least likely to be searched.

I have told you about "Basket" and all the restrictions that that word implies; I have told you about "Benbow" and its repulsive associations; but I think that "Bath" is even worse, because it means soap—a sharp medicinal soap, very painful in the eyes-and a scrubbing-brush, and a wet skin, and in fact the height of ignominious discomfort. It is hours before I get my selfrespect back after a bath. To jump into a pond in hot weather is all right, but to be forcibly cleansed in a tub of suds—that is a degradation.

You will understand then why I made myself scarce on hearing the hated word.

Oddly enough nothing happened. There I lay for at least an hour expecting the hue-and-cry, but there was no sound, and no footsteps approached.

At the end of an hour I heard Them calling me. First She called, and then He called. It cuts one to the heart not to respond; but such is my distaste for a bath that I remained absolutely still (when I think of it now I could weep). She called again, in Her most coaxing voice, but still I gave no sign; He called again, and, although it was in His most seductive tones, I managed to keep an iron restraint on myself.
"What a pity!" I heard Him say;

and then—what do you think?—to my horror and mortification I heard the car come up and the door bang, and off it

I rushed downstairs in a frenzy of disappointment, but I was too late;

They had gone.

Nothing is so boring as my life when They are away, and this is particularly the case when I am completely in ignorance of Their intentions. I could not



Parent. "Now look here, Eric, if you don't leave me alone for ten minutes I'll give you such a smack."

know whether They had gone for an hour or for the rest of the day, or They might even have gone to London for a week!

I dislike to be left alone, partly because I am attached to Them and have made a habit of Them; partly because I have got out of the way of amusing myself; and very much because the are away, let me know it. Often enough | and jumped all over Him in my joy. I am shut up in the wood-shed, to keep me "out of mischief," as they say. I get nothing to eat but dry biscuit, no

On this particular day it was worse than ever, because, as I say, I had no kind of information as to what was happening, and this means that, in addition to being cold and lonely in that dark place, I wore my nerves to rags listening for the car to return.

For hours I strained my ears, and then at last I heard it. I heard it approach, I heard it stop, I heard the door open and both of Them get out. I heard Them enter the hall, I heard Her go upstairs, I heard Him drop His stick into the hall-stand and go to the library, where there is a fire even at midsummer. My favourite room.

I waited and shivered. Surely They would want to see me before anything?

And then I heard His divine voice calling me. I answered Him. I flung myself against the door; again and again I battered at it till I ached, but no one came.

He called again, and at last I was let servants don't like me, and, when They | free. I streaked to Him like a bullet

"Well, you little Juggins," He said, "where were you hiding yourself? You missed a lovely ride and a piece of very tit-bits; I get no kind words, no patting good veal-and-ham pie at the Pump of the head; there is no lap on which Room. We have been to Bath for the day."

Bath, the town! What is a poor dog to do? How am I to behave next time I hear that perilous word? E. V. L.

The Renegade.

"Proceeding to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar, he failed to get his blue at cricket, but represented the Light Blues at lawn tennis." Evening Paper.

"A MASTER OF CRAFT.

During the war he had to deliver a fleet of submarine chasers to Braila in Roumania He dodged the Black Sea by towing them Rouen and then proceeded by canal to seilles."—Channel Islands Paper.

A very artful dodger!

KING WILLOW SONGS.

III .- FIELDING.

I'm responsible for errors when I'm stationed in the "slips,"

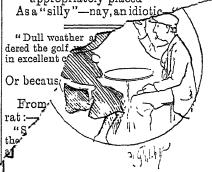
In the "covers" I am frankly asinine, At "long-leg" I'm in extremis, at "square-leg" I'm in eclipse

(Behind the Umpire's back I fail to shine);

In the "country" hefty drives I've indeterminately chased

Till I'm racked with aches and pains in every joint;

consider on the whole I'm most appropriately placed



SEDENTARY SPORT.

(With grateful acknowledgment to the list of shootings in Scotland recently published in "The Times.")

THOUGH I live at West Tooting and never go shooting Or hunting, or following spoors,

I find rich enjoyment and fruitful employment In reading reports from the Moors.

Remote Tarriebuckle inspires me to chuckle As freely as Jeff and his Mutt; Romantic Tarlogie 's suggestive of bogeys; You cannot be hungry at Glutt.

The atmosphere ranges with gradual changes From Torridon's ardours to Coul; Drumtochty arrides me and Foulis provides me With matter for playing the fool.

I could do with a small bin of port up at Brawlbin, Or happily live in a kiosk,

In a corrie or gully not far from Ardullie, Or close to the banks of Lochrosque.

Belmaduthy is cheering and vastly endearing; Ben Damph is a ready-made oath; And as for Balwyllo combined with Balmillo, I'm equally fond of them both.

Attadale, you'll concur without any demur, Is a spot for all bright "Attaboys"; Just as genial Glen Doll is attuned to the follies Of feminine fancies and toys.

Other names are delicious and highly propitious, But Phesdo is truly sublime, In sound and in spelling all rivals excelling And utterly beggaring rhyme.

MUTABILE SEMPER.

"And why did you leave your last place?" asked Eu-

phemia firmly.

Five young ladies had already toyed with our situation and declined it, but nothing can daunt my wife. I thrilled with pride and anxiety.

"Temper," answered Johanna MacRobert tersely.
"Oh, yes."

The point was, whose temper? It made such a difference.

Fortunately Miss MacRobert did not wait to be asked.
"My ain free wull," she said carelessly; "I could bear her guid temper nae langer."

Euphemia showed a little confusion.

Rad temper?" she suggested faintly. mner," reaffirmed Johanna. "Ye micht," she earlier scenes; but, a micht a most go sae far as tae call it

pulsory suppression of the her with abhorrence. entailed the eclipse of some of the suppression of the her with abhorrence.

sonal distinction. Mr. PAUL CAY wife. as Allen, was an excellent figure ame," said Johanna, warming as he was allowed to be just stror an oratorical moment, then

as he was answed to be just stron. Florentine friar in a Lenten inarticulate, or only to say what Florentine friar in a Lenten wanted with devastating directness, brevity; but when he was asked that'd she say?: 'Weel, brevity; but when he was asked that'd her the home emerge into melodrama he lost some told her the ham was emerge into melodrama he lost some rold her the ham was thing of his appeal through no fault of his own. Miss Martina Hunt was sound in the rather colourless part of Lady Sylvia; Mr. Robert Horton did his possible with the flabby and futile Lord Aylesbrough; and Mr. Sloe-gin Sloe-gin

Having let this outrageous departure from normal make its full effect, she added more quietly-

"It's English she was, puir body, 'tis true, but e'en so that was no a sufficient excuse. Gie me a leddy wi' a decent temper, that'll sorrt a gerrl like a Christian . . Wull it be Monday first ye wud be wanting me, Mem?"

"Yes," said Euphemia briskly, waiving, I noticed with

regret, all further formalities.

"You said nothing about references," I pointed out when they had parted with a calculated coldness on Euphemia's side.

"That's not what really matters," said she; "a woman that doesn't want sweetness is the woman for me. I don't think anyone could accuse me of sweetness.

Her remark seemed to call for an answer, which I was loath to give—assent and denial appearing to be equally fraught with danger. I departed on a slight tangent.

"All the same I doubt the wisdom of it," I said; "there is something in her eye that I don't like. Isn't there a second registry-office in Perth? Have another shot before you decide."

Euphemia did not condescend to answer me; she addressed a picture on the wall with cold detachment.

"Am I or am I not," she asked, "the mistress of this house?"

Every little helps; Johanna helped for three weeks. Then, quite unintentionally, I took part in the closing scene of our joint lives.

Johanna was speaking when I entered the sitting-room. One might almost have said that she was screaming.

"I'm awa' the nicht," she cried. "I'll no stop tae be spoken to in sic a fashion aboot a wee drappie whusky! And it was the cheapest brand forbye. I'm a gerrl as works lik' a slave for decent folk, but I'll no work for an ill-tempered she-deevil——"
"David!" said Euphemia in an awful voice.

I reminded myself that in India I represent the Majesty of the Law.

"My good woman—" I began.
"Eh, I'm no quarrellin' wi' you, ma puir mannie. I'm juist awfu' sorry for ye. Ay, fine I ken she'd sorrt ye gin ye didna speak when she tell't ye. A foul-mou'd, illfavoured-

Gathering the tatters of her dignity about her, Euphemia walked to the door, remarking coldly as she passed me-

"You will deal with this."

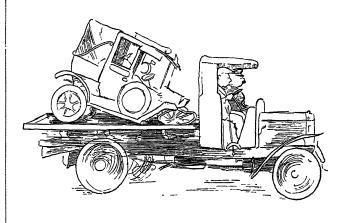
"I thought," I said, "you were mistress of this-But she was gone. I was left to "sorrt" Johanna.

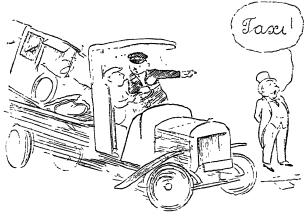
THE CAGED GOLDFINCH.

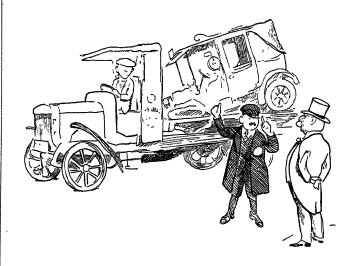
(From an Up-train.)

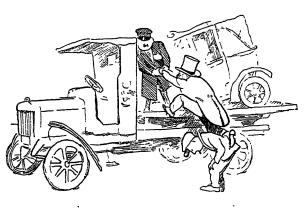
FRESH caught, I judged him, to-and-froing where Outside of Paddington the mean walls be, A toy for Ignorance and Stupidity; O Pipes of Pan, that anyone should care To cage such atom daintiness! but there-"Our Bert 'e do love birds." It seemed to me, New come from Idlesse-river, field and tree, . That Monday's morn was still less debonair.

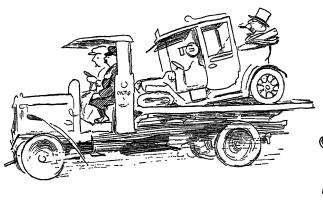
A sprite the fewer finds the thistle-tops On bents where clocks of dandelions blow Light minutes off their fingers to the flowers, Since he, condemned to other clock-work, hops Aimlessly and for all time to-and-fro, Small pendulum that beats its own sad hours. P. R. C.







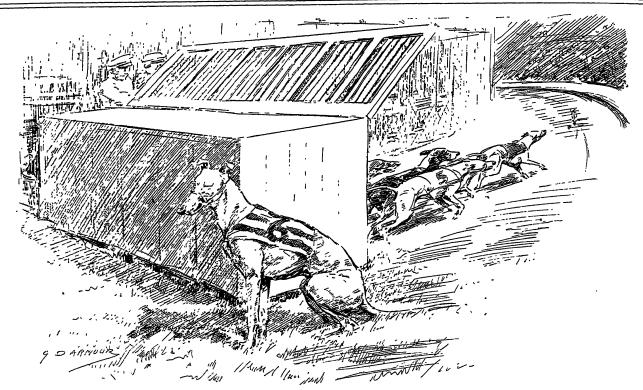








THE OPPORTUNIST.



Experienced Dog. "I've had enough of this hustling. I guess I'll just grab him when he comes round again."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE,

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is difficult to describe Mr. A. E. W. Mason's new story without precipitating in a wholly unpardonable manner conclusions which the reader would rather infer for himself. However, I think I am safe in saying that No Other Tiger (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a novel of the same kind and calibre as The House of the Arrow, and that in point of quality the new-comer runs neck to neck with its chronological predecessor and occasionally shows it a clean pair of heels. The reader who was kept pretty hard at work on the clues and counter-clues of the Dijon mystery will have to sing even more lustily for his supper in the present case. Not one murder, but two, and those several years asunder, have taken place in two different European countries before Colonel Strickland, travelling in Asia, becomes involved in their consequences. And Strickland, a sober and distinguished soldier, anything but an amateur of crime, is sucked deeper and deeper into the maelstrom; while Mr. Ricardo, the criminologist so potently attracted to it, contrives to swim clear. Moreover Strickland has companions in his descent—Lady Ariadne Ferne, the gallant and beautiful, Julius Ransome, her parliamentary fiance, Corinne the dancer, Leon Battchilena, her lover, Lord Culalla, mystic and millionaire. How do these prosperous people come to partake the menace that first confronts, in an Indian jungle, a hunter on the look-out for purely local game? The plausibility of that "how," once you know it, is Mr. Mason's secret, the fine flower of his craft. His people, save for the strange promoters of a new rural industry, are old friends, labelled by their idiosyncracies and valuable as conductors of sympathetic excitement. But the best interests of an admirable melodrama are served by their conventionality.

and foreign occasions for the formation and display of character, became the unfashionable thing it is. Millicent Dorrington (Hodder and Stoughton), a gracious and discerning story of the old-fashioned *Channings* type, harks back for its opening to the 'eighties, when even an advanced and temperamental mill-owner, an artist who has only just missed his vocation, finds a quiverful of boys and girls the inevitable sequel of marriage. Millicent is the only one of her father's eight children to enter his world of ideas, though little Cecily promises a kindred understanding. The rest of the tribe are good-looking, easygoing, selfish young animals, except poor Bunny, the youngest, who is half-witted. The last of the mill-owners to quit his mill-house for the outskirts, Dorrington père builds a country-house with a wall round it; and this wall becomes for Millicent the symbol of noblesse oblige in general and family claims in particular. I think it is rather a pity that the jacket emphasises the fact that the wall never let Millicent out, for the surface interest of the book depends on the success or non-success of her efforts to escape. Underneath this pre-solved problem, however, lies the tantalising crux of *Millicent's* character. Is it heroic self-abnegation or a secret fear of life that makes her immolate marriage, a career, a lover—every "chance" that youth, beauty and genius offer—to the demands of others? These others, the weaker or more ruthless members of the family, are even more capably handled and drawn than Millicent herself; and many a more professional psychologist might envy Miss Richmal Crompton her way about her own world.

Dumphry (WARD, LOCK) is by Mr. BARRY PAIN, whose name on the cover is quite superfluous, as he has signed it at least twice on every page. It describes, in a series of incidents, the life of Mr. Dumphry, a chartered accountant, A valuable range of ingredients was lost to the novelist's London. In one or two of these sketches Mr. Barry Pain stock-pot when the large family, with its unrivalled domestic has contrived a neat surprise, but for the most part he is

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too truthful to be dramatic or to invent unlikely happenings. He prefers to give us small beer chronicled with humour and with truth. Mr. Dumphry is a lovable fellow. Less fortunately born, he might have been Eliza's husband; and fundamentally he is Everyman. Like Mr. Dumphry, we are all apt to be intolerant of the treadmill of our existence; we are all fired at times with sudden and splendid ambitions; and we all have someone at hand to administer, as needed, the cold douches of practical commonsense. Dumphry is not perhaps so good as the $\hat{E}liza$ books, but it is fit to go on the same shelf with them. Read it, then, and remember while reading it that Mr. BARRY PAIN'S best jokes come suddenly out of a clear sky. So keep your eye on the page; if you lift your head you will miss something.

The name, on a jacket or cover,
Of VALENTINE WILLIAMS is bail—
Good bail to the mystery lover
In quest of a "norrible tale";
And The Eye in Attendance evinces
The notable skill of his books
In "featuring" sirens and princes,
Detectives and crooks.

As he swims with the stroke of a Corson Through waves of unrest and alarm, I wish that the rudeness of *Orson* Had tempered our Valentine's charm;

For I cannot feel deeply afflicted If guilt is unjustly presumed Where innocent folk are depicted As sleek and well-groomed.

Yet in spite of this needful deduction
I feel myself free to commend
A story concise in construction,
Which goes with a bang to the end;
Let me add it is published by HODDER
AND STOUGHTON; it craves to be read;
It isn't mere holiday fodder;
It kept me from bed.

The political novel, unless it hap-l: pens to be very good indeed, is about the dullest form of literature ever invented. Mrs. AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS, who starts with the advantage of being Mr. St. Loe Strachey's daughter, has written one which is by no means dull and therefore, if our premise is correct, must be very good indeed; as in fact, premise or no premise, it is. The Wall of Glass (CAPE) is the transparent but impermeable partition through which Capital and Labourto employ a convenient but inadequate distinction—regard one another, like fish in adjacent tanks of an aquarium. Mrs. WILLIAMS-ELLIS looks on both sides of the wall with welldistributed sympathies and notes the antics of the denizens of both tanks with scientific impartiality, sometimes, experimentally, transferring a fish from one tank to the other. It is a varied collection which she observes— Tories of the old rock, political Jews, brilliant young whom one knows as muc Socialists from Balliol, Labour Members from Clyde-one's actual acquaintances.



Captain. "But what really is the matter with this fellow?" Bo'sun. "Well, Sir, I've bin readin' some exceedin'ly 'igh-clawse books lately, an' from them I gather that 'is emotions is perpetuly at war with 'is intellect."

side, dreamy survivors from the Morris era, vaguely interested great ladies, ardent young members of the League of Youth, people with ideals, people with axes to grind, people who are merely restless. The effect is cinematographic, for motion is of the essence of Mrs. WILLIAMS-ELLIS'S art, and she knows how to make motion into pictures. Her changes of scene are perpetual; she shows us close-ups and fade-outs. The one thing which she omits is the finale. Conclusions, it would seem, do not interest her. She can describe an election at length and forget to tell us the result. Love-affairs she just leaves hanging in the air. The result of it all is extraordinarily like life. One has the sense of looking at a world which is well-meaning in the main, rather futile and entirely real; of being among a crowd of people whom one knows as much or as little as one knows

Had 1 been asked last Christmas for names of "worth while" hunting books of the present decade I could only have said Hunting the Fox, with Ratcatcher to Scarlet as a not too bad second; and I'd have mentioned Foxhounds, Lord Chaplin's brochure. Here however is a new book, The Harboro' Country (Lane), extremely well written and wonderful illustrated by Charles Simpson, R.I., which I've found worth anyone's while, though it deals with but the one hunt, the Fernie, whose Master, Lord STALBRIDGE, pleasantly introduces it. We open with Harboro on the day of the battle of Naseby, of which dignified encounter we get a leisurely glimpse. We see the inception of fox-hunting, circa 1700, and 'tis instructive to note how rare "the raw material" (already going the way of the wolf) when Mr. Boothby and his hounds (a hundred couple out at a time—imagine the cry!) saved the situation. The fox now fully established, we come by pleasant bridlepaths to certain gallant extracts from Mr. Tallby's hunting journal—he carried the horn from 1856 to 1878, a great era. It is as artistathat Mr. Simpson excels; "E-e-eh,"

Berkshire hill - side, "hunting's pretty stuff!" And Mr. SIMPson's art has captured for us all the choky and indescribable magic that this cri du cœur implied. All the same there's a sad little black-and-white of a hunted fox, though he doesn't look dirty enough. I've but one criticism else, and it is that, had I been choosing a run from WHYTE MELVILLE, I would have quoted, not from the one in Market Harborough, which enabled Mr. Sawyer to stick The Honourable Crasher with Marathon, an in-

I once heard a very young lady cry in squealing ecstasy as hounds came tumbling out of a hanging cover high on a generation the Bishop of London draws their serious atten-

Gallant. "CAN I ASSIST YOU IN ANY WAY?" Damsel in distress. "Thank you very much. I should be most grate-FUL IF YOU WOULD DRIVE TO THE OTHER END OF MY CAR AND FETCH ME THE SPARE WHEEL."

ful introduction to Holmby House.

The Hurons of The Inn in the Valley (Heinemann) are not, as one might be excused for supposing, North American Indians, but merely a family of French peasants, citizens of the rising town of Sabrats-les-Bains, to the head of which, in the year 1861, occurred the happy thought of building an inn on his land in the Iris valley. The simple story of this inn, which became in due course the Hôtel des Joies de l'Iris, a sufficiently remarkable name, is told by Miss KATHARINE PLEYDELL BOUVERIE with a quiet competence that has a charm of its own. She knows her terrain, the foothills of the Pyrenees, and she knows too how to make her characters alive. The four children of the Huron family, who come ultimately to run the inn in the valley, are cleverly differentiated. Michel, the roving hunter, to whom tourists and hotels represent a necessary evil, and his sister *Hortense*, waose obvious career from the start is that of an innkeeper, are excellently well observed. The author confesses to have taken one or two of her characters from real life, and perhaps her final catastrophe as well; but we are none the less grateful to her for a pleasant holiday more than a little while accompanying Mr. Wason on his in the Central Pyrenees.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes asks us to believe a great deal more than is at all likely in Thou Shalt Not Kill (HUTCHINson), but she asks it with so plausible an air that we pocket our scepticisms and continue our interest in the successive attempts of the villain to dispose of his ward and annex the fortune to which an exceedingly imprudent father had willed him the reversion. Poor harassed Netta Antrobus survived the ordeals by coal-gas poisoning, by nicely calculated slither from the deck of a steamer, by road-hog, by fire and by electrocution, and finally the sixth ordeal by boiling geyser, which in fact, owing to a fortunate miscalculation of time, parboiled the villain himself. Though the wan heroine and the much-too-credulous hero are rather colourless folk, the author has evidently taken pleasure in the development of the sham baronet, Gilks, whose speciality is murder by seeming misadventure, and his bland accomplice, Mrs. Bird—as pretty a couple of black hounds as ever ran a crooked course.

The dominant note of Some World Problems (LONGMANS)

tion to many of the problems which he encountered during his recent prolonged tour, and in some cases he suggests wavs andmeans of solving them. The BISHOP in his travels visited Canada, the United States. Honolulu, Japan, China, Malaya, Australia, New Zealand and Ceylon. Of all of them he writes with characteristic optimism; of none more than Australia, whose difficulties, though he does not attempt to minimise them, he believes to be capable of adjustment if tackled at once and without

cident that I would wish forgotten, but from the beauti-political prejudice. A sensible little book, whose aim I can commend without reservation.

> In an introduction to Palajox (COPE AND FENWICK), Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE writes: "I don't intend to embark on a critical exposition, because I am simply incapable of guessing what other people will think about it." My feeling on reading these words was that Mr. MACKENZIE must be suffering from an access of caution, but now that I have finished Mr. Sandys Wason's farciful story I recognise that the world's best and boldest guesser would probably adopt Mr. Mackenzie's evasive attitude. Into the hands of Palafox, a painter in his leisure moments, came a small metal disc, which gave him the power of reading the thoughts not only of people but also, in emergencies, of plants. It needs little imagination to picture how fantastic are the possibilities offered by the possession of so unusual a faculty; and Mr. Wason, apart from a few occasions when self-consciousness creeps in, has yielded himself completely and, let me say also, attractively, to the absurdities of his scheme. Tales of this genre always run the risk of being too extravagant in humour for British taste, but I confess to have laughed devastating flights of fancy.

CHARIVARIA.

THE trouble about the weather is that owing to the operation of summer-time it starts raining an hour earlier than in | fully awkward. the winter.

A diver's outfit was seen the other day on a London suburban train. It was probably the property of some Thames-side resident compelled by the recent heavy rains to find a new parking-place for his bungalow.

Mr. Dwight E. Davis is reported as saying that there is nothing like English rain. Little danger of losing its reputation for quiet enced, that he wrote of there being compliments like this help us to fill good taste. out our mackintosh.

Club-men in St. James's Street and Pall Mall are said to have frowned upon the motor - buses. Sightseers in London rarely have such an opportunity of being frowned upon by club-men.

A Detroit man is reported to have spent twenty-seven minutes in the National Gallery. It is not stated what detained him.

The various ways in which cricketers will keep themselves fit during the winter have been enumerated. What remains a mystery is how cricketers have kept themselves fit during the summer.

An M.P. is stated to

have made five hundred and ninety-one runs for his cricket club this season. And yet people complain that our legislators do nothing.

Recent discoveries in Ireland are thought to disprove the belief long held by the majority of archæologists that prehistoric man never lived in that country. Hitherto this has been regarded in some quarters as evidence of prehistoric man's intelligence.

On the other hand some authorities maintain that Ireland to-day is largely inhabited by prehistoric men.

the sky over a wide tract of County to be. There is a growing belief that Monaghan. No wonder that English he couldn't last ten rounds without a farmers are clamouring for Protection. | dictionary.

writer in describing a crowded nightclub. These gossip-writers are dread-

Our feeling with reference to the announcement that the new silver coinage is to be more artistic is that it will but sharpen the pang of parting between a lover of the beautiful and half-a-crown.

A writer in a trades journal draws attention to the exaggerated styles of discovered that it was while the Bard dress worn by young men in White-

THE PACE THAT KILLS

Country Doctor. "You'll have to take things quietly for the next few weeks, Jakes."

Rustic. "But Of can't, Zur. Of be entered fer th' dart-throwin' down at th' 'Bull.'"

The Sunday Express points out that in a recent article Mr. H. G. Wells's typist made him describe himself as "British" when he meant "English." It is understood, however, that Mr. Wells's typist is not responsible for litter about. all his opinions. * *

Two horns for motor-cars are advocated. Is the latest idea to toss the pedestrian?

The pom-poms that have been in action on the Yangtse were of course employed against the peke-pekes.

It is now alleged that GENE TUNNEY Sheaves of wheat have fallen from is not so intellectual as he was supposed

"The first person I ran into was On leaving London, the Mayor of Prince — of —," says a gossip- New York is reported to have said that what impressed him most was the solidity of the buildings, which seemed to him as if they would stand for ever. He can't have seen Cornhill.

> Our sympathy is with the suspicious Scottish water-diviner who took a hazel twig with him when he ordered a whisky and it broke two of his fingers.

> A Shakespearean research student has was camping out, in the middle of a

> > inspired thereto by the volumes of flood-water.

A man charged with using bad language told the magistrate that he strongly objected to being knecked down every day. We fear he will never make a good pedestrian.

"Who is a Road Hog?" asks a Daily Express headline. That's an easy one. He is some other motorist.

* * A reader of The Daily News writes to that paper to say he has grown a cauliflower plant with a reddishblue heart. A correspondent is anxious to know what newspaper he would have to read to grow a cauliflower with a perfectly white centre.

A City clerk dropped a "Fisher" on his way to work, and, returning by the same route that evening, he saw on the path a ball of paper which turned out to be a leaflet urging people not to throw

When Dr. NICHOLAS MURRAY said that there were no truly great men today, had he considered the husbands of some of our very prominent women?

Epitaph on the late departed Season. Here lies poor Summer, deep beneath the ground,

Who, hapless maid, in her own tears was drowned.

Stranger, who standest by this clammy heap,

Sigh an thou wilt, but, prithee, do not weep.

'THE PILGRIM OF A SMILE."

(By a Sydney Correspondent.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,-Please do not imagine for one moment that I am complaining, or anything of that sort, but I do wish you would use your influence. You see, it is this way:-

Before Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York did us the honour of visiting us this year, Australia, or parts of it (including my particular part), had been suffering from the effects of one of the worst droughts on record. In fact the young things on the placelambs, foals and anything else that had had the temerity to be born into this dry and dusty world during the last two years—had never known the delicious smell of earth new-washed by a sudden shower or tasted the juicy succulence of a spring dandelion. And my daughter Pamela, aged two-and-a-bit, had never so much as been introduced to a mudpie. (By the way, I take this opportunity to record, for the benefit of those interested in the great dispute of instinct versus education in the very young, that when later, in answer to her question, "Whassat?" I replied, "That, my child, is mud," she gave one gurgle of pure rapture and fell to the time-honoured task.)

Well, when Their Highnesses were about to arrive, of course we all put our heads together to try to think how best to do them honour. And the Clerk of the Weather decided that, for his part, the really handsome thing to do would be to cause the drought to break. So he sent an imperative message to our long-lost Rain Sprite summoning him back to our land in no uncertain terms.

Even then he, spoilt child, hung back reluctant for one more day. So, the great little Lady had her first view of Australia on a day that was as bright and sunny as the smile that we have all folded away so happily in our

memory of her. Then, on the second day, our Rain Sprite arrived in sulky mood, driving his clouds before him. Saw the smile and, like the rest of us, was captivated at once and decided to put his whole heart into this drought-breaking business. The gallant little Lady, though greatly inconvenienced by the deluge, spurned closed carriages and umbrellas, lest any of us should be disappointed, and smiled on. Our Sprite, completely bewitched, followed enraptured in her train, and wherever she went the drought broke enthusiastically, to the added joy of the landholders and to the dismay of the reception committees. But the damage done by two years of dryness takes a lot of undoing, and since the Renown started on her home- It is not sport to them.

ward voyage I have been wondering, rather wistfully, what could have become of our precious imp and his rain-clouds. Now I know, for I read in the cables to-night that London has had fifteen successive days of rain, and that the Italian ice-cream vendors are attending a special mass to pray for sunnier days. Someone ought to tell them that it is our Sprite who has frolicked off to England to welcome the little Duchess in the only way he knows, and to bask once again in the smile | The cries of little children to their that she is too kind to deny him.

Will you speak to the truant, Mr. Punch? Tell him about my lambs and Pamela's recently aroused craving for the mud-pies that are her birthright. Or ask the Duchess if she could possibly manage a frown.

HEART-BEATS.

(From the works of Miss Flavia Flabbe.) SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.

"HARD A-PORT!" cries a voice in the night;

"Seven bells, and the tides do race." Starboard light to starboard light You signalled to me o'er space.

Dark was the night when we hailed, hove to,

My mooring lights were low and dim; They told me curious things of you. I said, "You can't mean him?"

The Bo'sun's whistle calls to the Mate: "Enough of dalliance. Now begone." "Farewell!" our lanterns flash. "'Tis late!"

And the wheels of Life move on.

Life is a voyage o'er chartless seas. Two frail barques meet in the wind and rain;

A moment together they rest at ease-And never may meet again.

To a "Sportsman" (?):

Your crimson coats are meet for war; You've trained your dogs to lust for

You crack the whips you've brought. Even the Horse, that Noble Beast, Debased to make a Roman Feast, Must join your so-called "sport."

Urged on by yells of "Hi! Hullo!" Inflamed by wine and spirits too (Each has his flask of port),

You reck not, cantering o'er the rocks, How dear is life to each poor fox. Ah cruel, cruel "sport"!

To chase the gentle large-eyed hare In terror from his leafy lair We women all condemn;

But even fluffy bunnies quail When other larger victims fail . . .

Up in the bough the partridge sings Till rifle-bullets pierce his wings; He'll soar no more above!

You call it "sport"; but think, ah, do! With what less harm you might pursue The gentler sport of Love.

I SOMETIMES THINK.

I sometimes think I feel things more than others,

The sun, the flowers, the rustle of the trees,

mothers,

The murmuring of bees.

To me the Spring is more than just a season;

The frisking lambs bid me to share their game.

Earth calls to me. Oh, would I knew the reason!

Do others feel the same?

Perhaps I have been sent as mediator To tell the World how Life can make you Glad.

Am I indeed more close than most to nature?

Or am I going mad?

THE MOTHER SPEAKS.

My daughter-in-law is tall and dark; She has large lustrous black eyes. We hated each other the first time we

And she has forbidden me the house.

But she does not lift him in and out of his bath every evening,

Nor change his intimate garments many times a day,

Not do for him all the other dear things that mothers do,

As I did before he was strong enough to resist.

When he was small he used to call me "Mother,"

And when I told him to do this or that, he generally did it;

But he cannot logically call her "Mother." nor will he probably do all the things she bids him do.

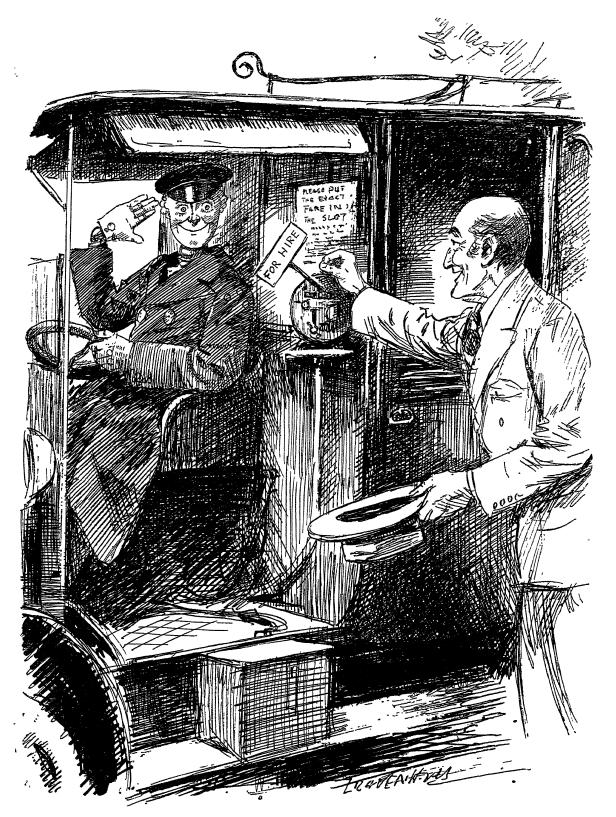
That is the one consolation that I have. (To be continued.)

A New War-Lord.

"HANKOW IS UNDER MARSHAL LAW." Headline in Chinese Paper.

From a notice of Barbara's Welding: "Mr. Robert Loraine played the part of the old, old man. His make-up suggested a centurion; his voice would have been vigorous even for a man of sixty."—Daily Paper.

Well, why not? We have always understood that a centurion was the Roman equivalent of the Sergeant-Major.



MORE MARVELS OF MECHANISATION.

"PUT THE CORRECT FARE IN THE SLOT AND THE FIGURE WILL MAKE SUITABLE ACKNOWLEDGMENT."—Extract from Official Regulations of the Future.



Mother of Family. "AH COOM OUT FOR A DAY'S PLEASURE, AN' BA GOOM AH'VE GOT IT!"

GUSHINGS OF THE GREAT.

IV .-- WHAT OF THE NIGHT? (By a Notable Pessimist.)

NEWSPAPERS are in the habit of asking me how I feel about the future. And on every occasion I am forced to

make the reply-

"I do not think at all well of the future. I cannot recommend it. The future has an unsatisfactory character. If the future were employed by me as a manservant, which fortunately for itself it is not, I should be compelled to discharge it at once. I should in fact abolish the world. Neither amongst the rich nor the poor do I see nowadays any signs of seriousness or good sense."

It is reported that Professor VORONOFF, the inventor of the monkey-gland experiment, is about to establish a reservation for chimpanzees at Ventimiglia, in order that a sufficient supply of these apes, expatriated from their own jungles and naturalised in France, may be available for the rejuvenation of mankind. This statement, if true, appears to me to be symptomatic of modern ideas of salvation and grace. But if I am asked

sacrifice of a certain number of chimpanzees for the sole purpose of enabling a few raddled sexagenarians to continue their round of champagne drinking, golf and roulette affords any hope that the sanity of the human race is improving, or likely to improve, I say No.

We have established the fact that we owe to the apes rather than to the angels the origin of our existence upon earth. We are now endeavouring to wring from the monkeys the elixir of eternal life.

The treatment, however, is expensive, and likely to be confined to the rich. Amongst the poor the survival of the unfit is secured by other means, and as the State becomes more and more socialistic the tendency of the prole-tariat to produce larger and more noisome families to be supported by the middle-class taxpayer will undoubtedly increase. Family life is already disintegrated, and these children will have been brought up in two beliefs, and two beliefs alone. The first of these is that there is no standard of right and wrong, the second that work is unnecessary. the second that work is unnecessary. causes, to modern notions of psycho-On the whole, they will become suitable logy. We are rapidly beginning to be-

future, institutions so full of the amenities of life in the form of loud-speakers, cinemas, and possibly an occasional doped dog-race, that they are likely to supplant those depleted and impoverished universities such as Oxford and Cambridge, in which we formerly took a certain amount of pride.

I shall be told that this is a dark view, but I confess that it does not deter me from stating it. The notion that civilisation was proceeding handin-hand with democracy towards some distant and glorious goal was a mere dream of the Victorians. Decadence recurs in cycles. There have been dark ages before, and I feel a certain amount of grim satisfaction in stating that we have got one now, and got it good. If it were not for the miserable ignorance of Latin amongst the poor fishes who will probably read this article, I should quote at this point several rather apposite sentences from the works of JUVENAL and TACITUS. As it is, I will forbear.

The decline in morals of which I have spoken is due, amongst other whether the laborious importation and graduates for the State prisons of the lieve that responsibility for sin lies in

the less mentionable portions of the anatomy rather than in the soul. A man or woman who applies the antiquated test of vice and virtue to the actions of any fellow-being in these days is merely accused of a lamentable ignorance of the functions of the human intestines, and all modern plays and novels tend to emphasise the view. The worse our conduct is, the less we are to be blamed for it.

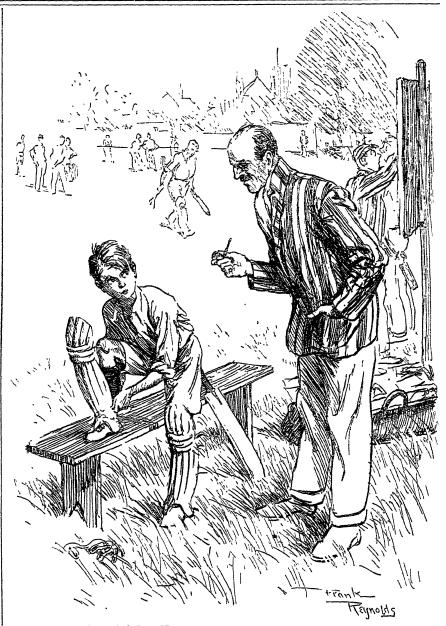
This crude and nasty belief has always gained currency in the more miasmatic periods of human history, and always finds ready support amongst an idle and vicious population. The world has always been too easily imposed upon by quacks, charlatans and impostors. I do not hesitate to assert that the future of the human race would be far brighter in prospect if all modern psycho-analysts, psychiatrists, novelists and dramatists were boiled in oil. A little of the ancient Roman virtue, prescribed under penalty of death, would do us all a great

deal of good.

The licentiousness of a democracy which has run to seed is naturally accompanied by laziness. For this evil I see little remedy in the future, unless it lies in the production, by means of scientific chemistry, of some synthetic and easily-manufactured food. Nourishingvitamins are said to reside in artificial sunlight, and it is stated that rats fed upon sawdust can be kept alive through treatment with the actinic or ultraviolet ray, whereas rats fed on sawdust alone almost immediately perish. It is painful to me to contemplate a future in which a few highly-paid electrical workers and wood-sawyers will support a degenerate populace too lazy to work for its own bread, and too corrupt to have any ideal except the reproduction of its species. But this period may come. I do not say that it is a certain development of the future. I only regard it as probable. And when I regard a development as probable, however unpleasant it may be, I like to mention it. Readers of this column are meant to squirm, and it will be no fault of mine if the lash does not sting.

War, with its tendency to reduce superfluous population, might be a solution of the miseries which I anticipat e. But war has by this time been rendered so terrible by science for the noncombatant that civilian populations are likely to insist on going into the trenches and leaving the troops at home, and if this should be so, the troops are likely to seek the earliest opportunity of making a wretched and inglorious peace.

Turning to commerce the possibility of enormous trusts and trade combines does not appeal to me. The tendency



Captain of Scratch Side. "Now, young man, everything depends on you." Small Boy (Captain of his Preparatory Second XI.). "That's all right, Sir, I'm USED TO RESPONSIBILITY."

supplied, in the interests of the trustees. Nor am I consoled for the blaring announcement that such and such an article may be procured in the most out-of-theway places by the certain knowledge that the article in question is bad.

We read much of the marvels of modern science as applied to industrial concerns. We are told that space is annihilated by means of wireless telegraphy and aeroplanes, and that the world grows smaller every day. If I see any merit in this contraction of the globe, I discern it in the fact that it renders the circulation of newspapers more easy and increases the number of my readers. This may at least enable of trusts is to reduce the value of goods the world to know how far it has sbrunk,

and is likely to go on shrinking, not only in mileage but in morality.

That part of the peoples of Christendom which has long been the salt of the earth is becoming rapidly extinct. An intellectual minority everywhere is being ground between the millstones of complacent hog-like acquisitiveness and blood-thirsty vulpine revolt.

Fortunately in this intellectual minority there remain one or two only partially-pulverised individuals who can, however feebly, employ the pen.

EvoE.

Something New from Africa.

"Refined Capable Englishman requires position; good traveller; domesticated; sewing. Natal Paper.

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

III.—NATURE.

TRIX, dear, I've just had the most contagious week-end at the Antons', my dear it's too feudal and humiliating, there isn't a servant who's been with them for less than 27 years and the shrubbery was planted by Catherine Parr, so you can see the sort of handicap one has, and between you and me my little complexion does not go with woods and spinneys, but there it is I was as good as aluminium and went to church on Sunday, though they have such breakfasts, well, you know my weakness, all those rows of dishes, I do venerate having about 9 things to choose from, don't you, well, when I tell you that there was kipper and

kedgeree and fried fish and bacon and eggs, and bacon and tomato and scrambled eggs, and the most Elysian kidneys, and bacon and mushrooms, and bacon and sausages, and porridge and cold bird and celestial ham and strawberries and everything. So really I could have spent the entire morning just flittering like a humming-bird from dish to dish, simply toying with them of course, darling, but life is serious after all, as Mr. Haddock said (my dear, I told you about him didn't I, the most capacious man!) and I'd hardly got to the kidney and mushrooms when it was time for church. I

manners are positively Bizantine and when he sings seconds in a hymn simply everybody looks round, only I do wish he had two suits but of course it's the spiritual side of the man that tickles me, well there was rather an erroneous sermon but quite short and afterwards I thought I should have what Mr. Haddock calls a nice laydown before lunch, but in the country, you see, you never know from one minute to another what qhastly event is lurking for you, and sure enough old Anton asked if we'd like to see the New Field which they've just bought or morgidged or something.

unnecessary dogs, my dear I do think that too many dogs can be absolutely excessive on a muddy day, don't you,

when the Antons kept horses only they don't keep horses now so there was Anton is rearing pedigree tomatoes know why, I didn't seem to get any kick out of the tomatoes though everybody say about tomatoes and the Govern-

nail and Mr. Haddock pinned it up for likely, and I said what was more I shouldn't burst into tears if I missed the

First Tramp (approaching new suburb). "What sort o' place is this, MATE?"

Second Tramp (departing from same). "Not so Bad. Kind-Earted, but a bit too sporty."

didn't mind that because Mr. Haddock | me with a little gold pin which was | that if Love is not spiritual it's simply

merely drooping with exhaustion and languishing for food and sort of stewing in my macintosh and one of those irrelevant dogs had taken a fancy to me, it kept bounding up at me out of the deepest puddles and Mr. Haddock said was more than I could say for the dog, so what with my skirt and everything we sort of drifted behind the others and talked scandal about May Anton and that refreshed me. Well then we dear the rain dribbled down my neck gree ewe. till I could have cried. Well the next and of course the Shires were a mass thrill was the pedigree ewe and old

of mud because they always are when Anton said it might be a little damp I go to them, well first we had a look underfoot for the ladies but we all did at the stables where the horses were the Christian thing and said we didn't care if we had to swim to the ewe. well, my dear, what old Anton meant nothing in the stables but an old pram by a little damp underfoot was two and the gardener's baby, so we all said | fields of long grass up to a girl's knee, the stables were too seductive, and we my dear, I was inundated, and at the went on to the tomatoes because old end was the most indecent stile; but when I tell you that the pedigree ewe under glass or something but, I don't turned out to be a common or garden sheep, my dear the most fallacious animalyou ever saw. Well, that finished else had all sorts of snappy things to me, and when they all went off to see the Jersey heffers or something I told ment and Sir Humphrey Somebody | Mr. Haddock I should go no farther knew all about culture and Denmark because ten to one the heffers would and everything, but of course I tore only turn out to be ordinary cows, my skirt on some perfectly redundant which Mr. Haddock said was quite

New Field.

Well Mr. Haddock said he was comparatively lukewarm about Jersey heffers too, so we sat on the stile which was the only dry place in Sussex, and really I think we might have become quite good friends only of course that seditious dog had stayed behind as well and what with its perfectly mawkish leapings real conversation was absolutely prohibitive. All the same, darling, I found out that we have simply masses in common, well he agrees with me that all this Nature is too utterly revolting and over-rated and he thinks

found all the places for me, my dear his rather a flower-like gesture, I thought, nothing, which is what I've always Well, my dear, by this time I was said, haven'tyou, darling. Mr. Haddock said he wanted me to be nice to his friend George Rowland (who was there too) because he wanted Mr. Rowland to marry and he thought I might kindle the fires of spirituality which from what I can make out are absolutely dormant it showed I had a nice nature which in Mr. Rowland, so I said I'd do what I could but my feet were sopping so we went back to lunch. Well in the evening I had the most degrading cold but between sneezes I fascinated Mr. Rowland and from what I can make out he dismembered the rest of the party and fancies himself as a devil and has a we caught them up at the new In-little money so I'm going out with sinerator where they destroy the rub- him on Friday and you shall hear Well off we all went with all those bish and we all stared at the Insinerator all the doings, I only hope he won't and said it was too miraculous and my | be quite so dissapointing as the pedi-

Your spiritual little Topsy.

A. P. H.



Gardener. "Come on, Alfy—get busy! The Missis is comin' back this affernoon. Tidy up a bit, an' put some Latin l'ibels on them weeds."

ELIZABETH'S FRIENDS.

If ever Elizabeth asks if you'd care To call on her friends, you had better beware, For few of these friends whom she takes you to see Turn out to be quite what you think them to be.

There's nice Mrs. Pettit just over the way—A harmless and kindly old dame, you would say; And it comes as a very unpleasant surprise When Elizabeth says she's a witch in disguise. If you treat her politely you'll suffer no harm, But if you offend her she mutters a charm, And before you have time to look round or say "Knife!"

You're changed to a toad for the rest of your life.

There's Robert the Rabbit, who lives in a hutch—You'd never have guessed he was anything much; His fur's a bit thin and he's rather too fat, But don't be misled by a trifle like that; For Elizabeth says that he's terribly great When he's living at home in his rabbity state, And that is the reason he chatters with rage If you show no respect when you come near his cage.

The speckled brown hen, Angelina Ducoq. Is bursting with pride, and it gives you no shock To learn that this bird wanders off on her own And visits the Queen as she sits on her throne.

But who'd have suspected that Larry, the boy Whom Cook and the Gardener fight to employ, Is sometimes a pirate and sails the high seas And chops up his foes with the greatest of ease?

Then Thomas the Tortoise, whom everyone

So placid and lazy, is not what he seems; He sleeps all the day in a hole in the ground, And when he is wanted can seldom be found; But after it's dark he comes out of his shell To teach all the fairies who live in the dell, And Elizabeth says he is very severe With any small pupils who fail to appear.

The kitten, a stray, is a lost little elf—Elizabeth says that he told her himself—And Bill the Canary, who whistles and sings, Can tell you about the most wonderful things; And even old Nurse, who is portly and slow, Was something mysterious ages ago, And hints rather darkly of Times that are Past, And says it's a pity her luck didn't last.

I'm rather a friend of Elizabeth's, so I wonder if I am exciting to know? I never dare ask lest her answer should be That of course I am not, for I'm only just me!

THE EXPLANATION.

"No," she admitted, "we didn't show at Tom's cousin's dance, but it wasn't our fault."

"They were a bit huffy about it," I told her. "Said you

could always depend on relatives to let you down."

"We did go, really," she protested, "only, when we arrived, there was a little misunderstanding with the detective."

"The detective?"

"Yes. On account of all these stories about people turning up at dances and receptions and so on that they 've never been invited to, so there was a detective man there to look at your invitation cards.'

"No one ever asked for mine," I said, "and a good thing

too, for I had left it at home."

"So had we," she said, quite pleased, "and the detective person looked rather funny, and then Tom said it was all right, because he was a relation, and the detective person looked funnier still, because it seems that's what they always say."

"Do you mean he wouldn't let you in?"

"Oh, it was all right in the end," she explained, "because Major Wilkins blew in just then and the detective person knew him and he knew us, so there was no trouble then, though Major Wilkins was quite surprised to hear Tom was a cousin. He looked as if he hardly believed it."
"I suppose," I suggested, "he was surprised that any-

one should admit relationship with a figure so unconsidered and despised as that of the host at a modern party.'

"It may have been that," she said thoughtfully. just then someone else turned up, and they had no invitation card either, because they said they had been asked over the 'phone. The detective person seemed to think it was all very difficult, but he let them through, only I'm sure he told a footman to watch them and find out. And there was rather a funny fat little man with a bald head we had both noticed standing about, because he looked so nervous and uncomfortable and didn't seem to know anyone, and I felt he wanted to speak to us. So I said to Tom I was sure the people without an invitation card were all right, and the fat little man heard me, and he giggled and said he had never had an invitation."

"What was he doing there, then?" I asked indignantly. "That's what I wondered, so I told Tom, and Tom told Major Wilkins, and Major Wilkins told the detective person, and the detective person thought perhaps he had better ask him. So he did, and the little fat man just smiled and said,

Oh, well, he was the host."
"The host?" I cried; "Tom's cousin? But Tom's cousin isn't little or fat or bald."

"Of course he isn't, and Tom said so at once."

"Oh, well," I said, "it doesn't take a very wise man to know his own cousin, especially when they 've been at school

and college together, and play bridge at the same golf club."
"No, it doesn't, does it?" she agreed, though with, I
thought, a shadow of reserve. "So the detective asked if anybody there knew him, and nobody did or had ever seen him before, and the little fat man began to use the most dreadful language, just like To- I mean, really dreadful language, and the detective person said that was enough of that, and threw him out, still swearing."

"Served him right," I declared.

"I'm so glad you think so," she cried, though still perhaps with a faint touch of reserve in her manner. "Tom and I agreed afterwards that it served him quite right, only

it was so unlucky that it turned out he really was the host."
"But how could he be?" I protested. "Tom knows his own cousin, I suppose. It wasn't his cousin disguised, was it?"

"No, of course not; only you see the taxi had put us down at the wrong door, and we hadn't noticed. So we were quite perfectly right about the poor man not being Tom's cousin, only wrong about his not being the host."

"And what did you do?"

"Oh," she explained, "we both felt a little depressed somehow, so we just went off home." E. R. P.

SECOND FIDDLE.

My father was a second son, a penniless cadet; My mother was his second wife and I her second pet; Our flat was on the second floor, our wines a second brand; Our friends were rather second-rate, our fittings second-hand.

I missed (it was my second shot, I must have been a fool) The second exhibition at a secondary school;

The green-eyed monster stung me then, but time has drawn his sting;

It's second nature now with me to be the second string.

I faced the disappointment and, resolved to persevere, Was second in the second form within my second year; Of "proximes" and "mentions" I accumulated trucks, But never won a single prize; I wasn't born a dux.

At games and sports it was the same; I entered for a race And, when I got my second wind, was sure of second place;

At golf I lost my second ball before the second green; At cricket, if I stopped the first, the second bowled me clean.

I fancied second helpings, but, when tempted to exceed, On second thoughts declined them as I knew they disagreed; I travelled second-season (there were seconds in these days) And figured as a second in innumerable frays.

I wooed a second-cousin, but her mind was set on dross: She said she might consider me perhaps en secondes noces, And hoped I'd grace her wedding ('twas a stony-hearted jest)

As the lucky bridegroom's best man and the sweet bride's second best.

I joined a regiment of the line; a soldier's life was grand. But, when promotion ceased for me at second in command, I thought I'd make a second start before it was too late, So chose the mercantile marine and rose to second mate.

I'm now in second childhood and my second teeth are thin:

My second sight is failing and I've grown a second chin; It's time I was seconded for a place upon the shelf. And if someone will propose it \overline{I} will second it myself.

News from Nowgong.

"In regard to the alignment of the proposed Railway line to the interior of the Nowgong district, one or two interested persons are tryinterior of the Nowgong district, one or two interested persons are trying their best to have a petition submitted to the authorities by going from door to door of the simple-minded villagers. To get their signatures they state cook and bulls against the alignment of the proposed Railway line through Senchowa Siding. But they must remember that there are men who minutely watch their nefarious movements from a distance and they will be brought out of their bags when time comes."—Assam Paper.

Of a recent horticultural exhibition:—

"There will be many novelties in the show. . . In the great main tent, which covers nearly two acres, I found a banana tree with its great bunch of almost mature fruit wrapped in cotton-wool and paper, and I learned that on Wednesday there will be fruiting pineapple trees to keep it company."—Daily Paper.

The pineapple-tree is indeed a novelty.

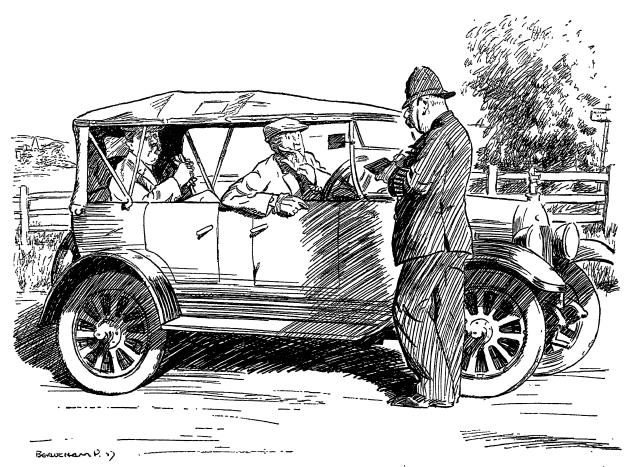
MANNERS AND MODES AT DEAUVILLE.



WHERE MEN GET THEIR CHANCE.



IMPRESSION OF ONE'S FIRST BATHE.



P.C. "YOU WERE DOING FORTY MILES AN HOUR, SIR." Motorist (whispering). " MAKE IT SEVENTY; I'M TRYING TO SELL HIM THE THING."

BUSINESS METHODS IN THE ARMY.

THE scheme whereby a number of Army officers attend courses of instruction in Political Economy and kindred subjects at the London School of Economics has been given sufficient prominence in the Press for all who have the welfare of the Service at heart to be familiar with its essentials. There is no doubt that these courses are having a marked effect upon military thought. Civilian taxpayers can no longer complain with justice that modern efficiency systems and business methods are not recognised by the administrative authorities. No longer is the question "What would Napoleon have done?" the "Open Sesame" to almost every military problem; a student of War nowadays is taught to ask himself, "What view did Malthus hold?" or "How would ADAM SMITH have expressed himself in this connection?' should he be in doubt as to the correct procedure on any momentous occasion.

This cannot fail to be for the best. In one battalion of my acquaintance the Senior Major and President of the Regimental Institutes has just under-understand the true significance of the

gone the course and I am told that his | Law of Diminishing Returns perhaps it new forms of contract with the regimental tailor, shoemaker and swillremover are regarded as models. Previously, with no knowledge of the Ricardian (or any other) theory of rent to assist him, these agreements were very blunt, sketchy affairs, and it is remarkable that any shoes or jackets ever got repaired and even more remarkable that, as far as one can tell, the swill always got removed. One realises now that the system might have broken down at any moment.

In another unit the Transport Officer, whose sole qualification for his appoint-

ment was a purely practical knowledge of horses, has recently left the school to return to duty. He did not pass with honours, certainly, but the insight that he now possesses into such matters as Transportation by Land, Sea, and Air, the history of canal development since 1853, and the inter-connection between freight charges and the periodicity of sun-spots cannot fail to have its effect upon the eighteen horses and mules committed to his care. Again, now that there is a leavening of officers who

is not going too far to hope that the number of Army returns may at last be diminished to vanishing point.

The whole character of military writing is changing, and I, for one, attribute this in no small measure to the beneficial effect of the study of business management, salesmanship and scientific methods generally. To illustrate this point I intend to quote from two sets of orders that lie on the table before me as I write. (a) is the work of a gentleman whose education has followed traditional channels; the other, (b) a more recent production, but one which deals with the same military situation, is from the pen of a graduate of the school who obtained a particularly gratifying report and was awarded ninety-five per cent. of marks for his "Business training" paper at the final examination.

1st Div. Operation Order No. 4. Copy No. 3. SECRET.

Ref. England, one inch, sheet 32.

3rd July, 1927.

(1) The enemy holds Odiham. Prisoners

state that his troops have had no rations for six days and that he has no artillery ammunition left.

- (2) The G.O.C. intends to capture Odiham to-morrow.
- (3) The attack will be carried out under the orders of the Col.-Comdt. 2nd Inf. Bde. The troops marginally named are placed at his disposal from 2200 hours to-day.

(4) Acknowledge.

(Distribution, etc.) 1230 hours.

A. F. Box, Lt.-Col., G.S.

I have not thought it worth while to copy the marginal note; it is merely a short list of units and discloses no literary skill whatever.

(b)

In reply please quote this number . . JSM/GS/4.

Headquarters, First Division,

Second Corps, Third Army,

3rd July, 1927.

DEAR SIR (or SIRS),—In reply to your favour of the twenty-ninth (29th) ult., and further to our letter of even number dated the first (1st) inst. we have much pleasure in informing you that certain persons with whom His Majesty's Government has severed diplomatic relations (hereinafter known as the enemy) are occupying, defending, or are otherwise in possession of the township of Odiham. For further information see announcements in the daily press and enclosed leaflet.

A careful analysis of probabilities taken over a long period by our analytical and statistical department tends to show that the transference of the said township into our possession from that of the enemy should be a perfectly feasible proposition.

We therefore have much pleasure in requesting that the Colonels-Commandant of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Infantry Brigades will each submit to the above address at their earliest convenience a detailed firm estimate for the execution of this operation. Complete specifications may be seen at this office between 10 and 11.30 a.m. daily, or, if his services would be acceptable, we shall have great pleasure in instructing our Major Tabb to wait upon you at your convenience. We should add that the General Officer Commanding does not bind himself to accept the lowest tender.

Awaiting the pleasure of receiving your formal and esteemed acknowledgment of our request, and assuring you of our closest co-operation and best intentions at all times,

We are,

Dear Sir (or Sirs),
FIRST DIVISION,
per pro John S. Mill,
Lt.-Col.

On the margin of Scamander,
Hymned by Homer long ago,
Where the scented oleander
And the tall hibiscus grow
I should like to build a shanty
And, remote from stir and strife,
Lead a placid dilettante
Sort of life.

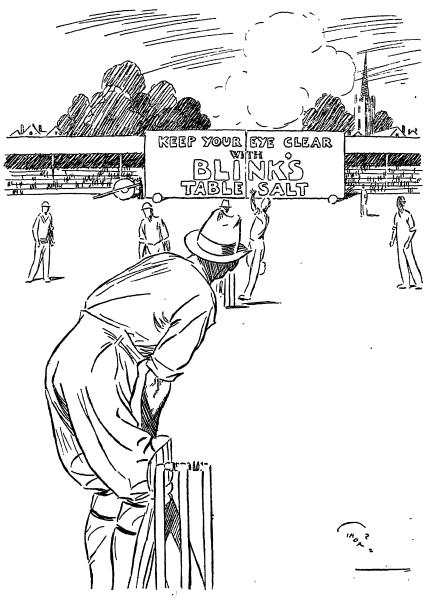
There are moments when, a-shiver
In this land of endless damp,
To the banks of Guadalquivir
I am minded to decamp,

Where I'd sun myself and angle, Or beneath the Evening Star Sally forth and sweetly twangle My guitar.

But a truce to dreams and visions
Which no sure fulfilment find;
Common-sense demands decisions
Of a less romantic kind,
For I'm contemplating marriage,
And the home our funds allow
Is an ancient third-class carriage
Close to Slough.

"Lost.—About 10 days ago black-faced gent's wrist watch."—Fiji Paper.

We are sorry for our coloured brother, and trust that he will soon be able again to take time by the forearm.



THE ADVERTISING EXPERT'S DREAM.

IDEAL AND REAL HOMES.

[A writer in *The Manchester Guardian*, discussing the housing problem, describes the success which has attended the conversion of disused railway-carriages by persons of modest incomes.]

1 Encl. E. and O.E.

OUR YACHT AGAIN.

V.—CREW APPLE INVENTS.

AFTER a week on the Broads I have come to the conclusion that there is too much work in this business of yachting. One ought, I feel, just to sit in the boat and let the elements do the rest; for that is what they are there for. But a multitude of things keeps cropping up which bear such a strong resemblance to hard work that all the fun is going out of the thing. So I have been bending the mighty Apple brain on to the evolution of a few labour-saving devices to simplify and brighten yachting in general.

Now first there is this question of going under low bridges. At present bridge is this: First we have to stop, | ple" Rubber Mast!

for which, since yachts have no brakes, we usually employ a man on the bank to throw us a roce. Next we let our mast down halfway, curse, pull it up again and free all the ropes which, by catching in various projections, have prevented us lowering it completely, and finally let it down with a run. When Percival at the tiller has recovered consciousness—for the end of the mast comes down to just about the height of a human head above the tiller-Crew Apple has to find and disentanglethe 'quant' pole,

which sometimes necessitates a partial lifting of the mast once more, and has laboriously to pole the boat towards the bridge.

This last operation is rendered more difficult by four factors:-

(a) Percival is steering, and does it by a system of trial and error.

(b) Percival has spent some time calculating tides and currents, with the apparent result that there is always a strong flow setting against us, for which his "Sorry, old man; I forgot about

summer-time," is hardly a sufficient excuse. (c) An inscrutable providence has or-

dained that just under the bridge the river is always a little deeper than the "quant" pcle is long.

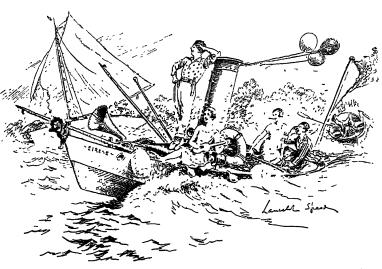
(d) We have probably forgotten to release the stern of the yacht from the bank where we tied up.

Otherwise, of course, we should manare either towed through by a motor- it is quite another thing to stay there. | novel. Many a time have Captain

boat, or else wait an hour till the tide turns and then go through broadside on. Some bridges we just fit, others we just don't, but anyway it is lucky the the bows and is now deposited on the Merry Widowhasnobowsprit. Whether she had one before we did our first him when he has dismounted, and if bridge I cannot remember.

And at the end of it all we have to (once to disentangle ropes as before and once to get Crew Apple's hat, which he always hangs on the end), and finally which has run right up to the block.

Now all this, you see, is Work. How much easier will the passage of a low bridge be when my invention is adopted our procedure on approaching a low and all yachts are fitted with the "Ap-



"THEY CHARGE DOWN THE CENTRE OF THE RIVER LIKE HYDROPLANES."

On arrival at a low bridge, the mast, catching on the arch will simply be regain its normal position on the far side all in a moment of time, leaving the Crew in undisturbed enjoyment of its pipe and the scenery. And think how comfortable too the rubber mast will keep the yacht when a stiff breeze is blowing. It will do all the bending to the blast itself, while the yacht will remain upright, thus obviating the present necessity for crawling half over the side of the boat in order to keep on board at all and later spending twenty minutes hauling in the various ropes that have slipped off the deck and are trailing for several yards behind in imminent danger of being stepped upon at any minute by following craft.

Next there is the perpetual difficulty of coming alongside and tying up, when circumstances demand a landing. It is, age everything with ease. As it is we of course, fairly easy to get to the quay;

Our impact is generally such that we bounce rapidly off again, usually minus Crew Apple, who has been standing in quay. If Apple has taken a rope with that rope is by luck tied to something on the yacht, and if there is enough of pull the mast up again, lower it twice it to enable Apple to pull the yacht into the land before the yacht pulls him into the water, well and good; but that is a lot to ask of one human being. secure it in a more or less perpendicular | Such a combination of favourable cirposition. Then Crew Apple climbs up | cumstances only occurs, as in astroit to pull down the end of the jib-sheet, nomical conjunctions, once in a period of years.

All this, however, will be at once simplified by the "Apple" Patent Duilius Grappling Ircn. The moment the bow touches the quay a heavy iron mcoring stake is released and descends

> into the earth, thus anchoring the yacht firmly to land. This fine invention is now almost in being, except for a few practical details, such as a better and quicker method of getting the stake out again when it is desired to depart than the engagement of two labourers with picks and shovels; but these are really minorpoints, unworthy of the inventor's personal working-out. Moreover, the invention can be fitted on the boat in any desired place for thoseless-skilled yachtsmen who favour side or stern landing.

Other inconveniences of present-day yachting can be dealt with by even bent down, pass easily underneath and more simple fitments. There is the "Apple" Gybe-Warning Bell, fixed on the angle of the mast and the boom to give notice of any sudden swinging over of the latter. On the signal, a penetrating buzz, everyone will duck and so will not only emerge scathless from the gybe but will actually be able to watch it happen, instead of, days afterwards, learning what has occurred from the lips of the night-nurse. Under ordinary circumstances it takes a really broadminded and thick-skulled man to appreciate the humour of a gybe, but the "Apple" Bell will give notice of the impending joke.

In such inventions as the Springroller Boom, for automatically winding up the sails like a blind directly the sheet is released, I fear I have been already forestalled, but the "Apple" Beer-Bottle-Opener-cum-Tiller is quite



Motor Accessories Salesman. "I admit, Sir, that these mascots look trivial and tawdry on the counter; but see one in its right setting, nobly mounted on the radiator-cap of some swift-flying car and silhouetted against the glowing evening sky, and only then will the dignity, the grandeur, the significance of these figures be brought home to you."

Percival and Crew Apple decided to take a Little Something in mid-river only to find that there is no "thing" to open the bottle with, and when you have paid a deposit on the bottles you can't go recklessly smashing them open. But if the "thing" forms part of the tiller it is impossible to mislay it. What I mean is, if you do, it follows that you have mislaid the tiller as well, and so you are bound to hit land pretty soon and can get another "thing" from one of the ports of call so liberally distributed along the Norfolk river banks.

And last but not least I have a most important and necessary innovation. There is a rule of the river which says, first, that motor-boats must get out of the way of all yachts, and, second, that yachts sailing before the wind must get out of the way of yachts tacking. The most feeble logician can see that motor-boats should get right out of the way of yachts tacking, even, if necessary, to the extent of going ashore to do so.

But there are motor-boats, highly expensive ones, on the Norfolk rivers. usually manned by young men with Lancashire accents, wearing magenta berets, coloured scarves, dirks and leather belts (this is quite true), who have not yet grasped either the principles of tacking or the laws governing speed and direction. With "oor Geordie gui-iding t' boat," with Klaxon horns sounding, with boat-hooks bristling at every angle and fenders hanging out at every pore, they charge down the centre of the river like hydroplanes and drive the tacking yachtsman with flapping sails on a marshy lee-shore, where they leave him with raucous laughter, cries of "'E's on t' mood an' all, ba goom!" and a few empty beerbottles in his dinghy. . . .

Well, I have an invention to deal with them; the "Apple" Combined-Bowsprit-and-Quick-Firing Gun is just the thing. . . . And they never would be missed.

A. A.

KING WILLOW SONGS.

IV .- THE TWELFTH MAN.

THE match begins at eleven o'clock;
At ten he feels no good;
Wouldn't he dearly love a knock?
You may be sure he would.

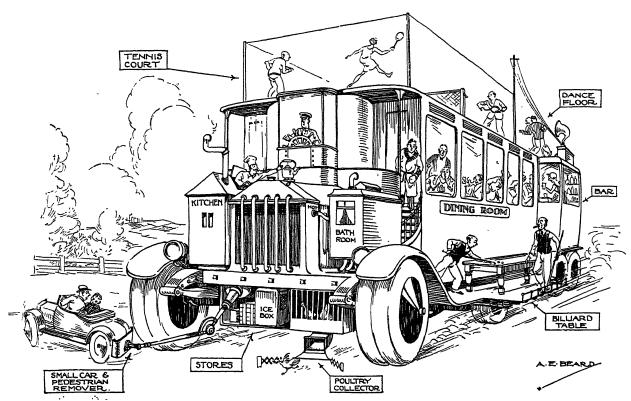
Let him not yet lament the day; Let him not look so sour; Fortwelfth men have been known to play. At the eleventh hour.

V.—THE LAST MAN.

APREY to the "needle," a figure of gloom.
He sits and he shivers with pads on
The strain of awaiting his moment of
doom

Whole æons of agony adds on; That walk to the wicket (the gallo he shuns,

He wishes he wasn't on view so.
He's the last man expected to not any runs
And often the last man to do so.



THE NEW OFFICIAL REGULATIONS RESTRICTING THE SIZE OF MOTOR-COACHES HAVE BEEN ISSUED AT A FORTUNATE MOMENT. WE UNDERSTAND THAT THE GOLIATH COACH COMPANY WERE ABOUT TO PLACE A HUNDRED OF THE ABOVE VEHICLES ON THE ROADS.

THE TERMITARY.

(A mild philosophical reflection induced by reading a translation of M. MAETERLINCK'S

"Life of the White Ant.")

If I had been one of the small white ants
Which are known as the termites, found
Far away and in tropical places
Without any eyes at all in their faces,
Wingless and sexless, and wearing no pants,
And labouring under the ground—

I should have built by labouring
A city as large as Rome,
And always exuded a kind of gum
(Which might at first have been rather rum
But no doubt I should soon have got used to the
thing)
To weld the walls of my home.

I should have followed a plan designed,
Chewing without repose
Indigestible pieces of wood
All for the sake of the communal good,
And filling the mouths of my warrior kind
With peptonised cellulose.

I should have worked and worked till I saw
The moment, mystical, vain,
Of the nuptial flight of my wingéd
peers,
And then, without any smiles or tears,
But silently, maybe, moving my jaw,
Returned to my toil again.

Worked! And observed my lovely queen, Too stout to walk on her legs, Sausage-shaped in her simple nest,
With her husband scarcely manifest,
Evolving, but oh! with an awful mien,
Eggs, and again more eggs;

Worked! And entered a planter's hut
Through a kind of tubular frame
And gnawed the wood from a table or chair
Till nothing but paint was standing there;
And watched the thing go suddenly phut!
When the planter homeward came.

I should have eaten everything up
And turned it all into glue;
The horrible world of women and men
Would never have struck my consciousness then,
And I should not have tried for the Tennis Cup
In the tournament down at Looe.

Without remembrance, without remorse,
Untroubled by fear or doubt,
I should have lived for communal love
In the way that I have described above
(Though, in order not to be hopelessly coarse,
I have left a few points out).

There are some who would fain be elephants,
Scorning the social good,
Or mount with eagles against the sky;
But I am a humdrum man, and I
Would have liked to be one of the small white ants
Which eat such a lot of wood.
Eyoe.



THE AFTER-CURE.

THE PRIME MINISTER (at Aix-les-Bains). "AFTER THE SPIRITUAL TONIC OF CANADA, I DON'T KNOW THAT I REALLY NEED ANY FURTHER TREATMENT. STILL, THIS PLACE IS ALWAYS HANDY FOR GENEVA."



Weary Veteran (returning from battlefield). "I may be cld-fashioned in my ideas, mate, but I don't 'old with these new-fangled cannons. Why, I can't 'ardly 'ear myself fighting."

THE PRISONER OF TUNISIA.

HE was an extraordinarily handsome man, deeply bronzed, tall, vigorous, with a fine black beard and snowy teeth. Not only was he distinctly ornamental, squatting in the middle of what we call our garden, wrapped in his brown burnous, but he made himself really useful without urging, which is unheard-of for an Arab. It is true that what we really wanted him to do was to hew wood and draw water, whereas he himself interpreted his duties as those of second nursemaid. Whenever Baby appeared the prisoner followed him adoringly. Their favourite game seemed to be for the prisoner to act as a grinning target while Baby threw stones at him. This pleased them both immensely.

You must understand that the prison system of South Tunisia is peculiar to itself. As a matter of fact it's an awfully good way of getting the work done. There are always things being constructed—a new tennis-court, an abattoir, a drive leading up to the General's house, and, as there are never enough workmen, the military Administration has had to think out some disciplinary measure that will provide people to do the work; so, whenever no one has orderly, having translated the question, committed any crimes in the ordinary replied:way, they sit down and put their heads

together and arrange, for instance, that anyone leaving his dog unattached within more than ten metres of his front-door will be liable to three weeks' imprisonment. They post this up outside the Bureau, and then a sergeant is sent out hastily to round-up those who haven't yet seen the notice. In this way lots of innocents are gathered into the net, and, as they have free board and lodging in prison and no to do, everybody is pleased all round.

When there are more prisoners than are really wanted for the public works, which does sometimes happen when the Administration has been unusually spry, each officer is allotted one to work in his garden. I had become quite fond of our latest one, he was so handsome and so obliging. True, he was always washing his garments with my soap, but, as I am very keen on encouraging cleanliness in the natives, I did not feel like taking him to task about it.

I had first of all been anxious as to what was his particular crime. couldn't believe he had stolen, quarrelled or got drunk; I felt sure, rather, that he was a victim of the Administration's wiliness. And Abdullah, the

guilty. He says he thinks it is because the Khelifa of his village has a grudge against him. He says the Khelifa said to him and two others that, if they did not give him twenty francs each, he would see that they went to prison for a month."

"Justice," I said to my husband when he came back, "is simply a farce in this country. This poor wretch has actually been blackmailed. Just because he remore than a reasonable amount of work fused to give the Khelifa twenty francs he was sent to prison for a month."

"He could not give him twenty francs," put in Abdullah, "because he is laying aside money to purchase himself a wife. And now her father has given her to another."

"That's all nonsense," said my husband; "he must be in prison for something—probably for brawling."
"I'm sure it wasn't for that," I said

indignantly; "he has the sweetest temper imaginable."

The next day I was told that the official reason for his being in prison was that he had acted as a receiver of stolen goods.

It may be that there is something lacking in my moral code, but I simply cannot see that that is a crime deserving heavy punishment. It may come about in such an innocent way, as it had with Mohammed, the prisoner. A man had "He says he knows not of what he is come to him and offered him three fat

sheep for fifty francs each. Very simply had he disbursed a hundred-and-fifty francs, taken the sheep to the market on the following day and sold them for two hundred francs each. As he himself said, how was he to know that the other man had stolen the sheep? Might not know that the question of the sheep a man have his own reasons for selling sheep at fifty francs each? Well might the sheep have been diseased, for instance. This seemed to me so logical, and anyway it is only what they call You can tell all that to the tribunal. "big business" in a slightly different Anyhow, the man from whom the sheep circle.

My sympathies strengthened towards Mohammed. He became quite one of the family. Every day he borrowed a handglass and a pair of scissors and sat | Mohammed mournfully. trimming his beard carefully in the courtyard. He always were a flower butcher? The fact is, you're a thorough la little sense out of all this. Then I

jauntily behind his ear. One day he retired to the orderly-room and, I believe, washed, because he reappeared looking much less deeply bronzed than before. But the fact of his imprisonment weighed on his mind, despite his seeming lightheartedness. Every day Abdullah translated his latest remarks on the subject.

"The prisoner beseeches Madame to plead with the Sidi Capitaine that justice may be done. All his family are men of great honour and never has one of them been in prison before. Besides, who will support his

eldest is but ten-while he is in taine, kicking him kindly but firmly prison?"

"But I thought he said he was trying to save money to buy himself a wife?"

"It may be that the prisoner said that the other day," said Abdullah dispassionately. "Now he says otherwise. Who am I that I should know thè truth?"

This somewhat shook my faith in Mohammed's integrity. And yet he was extremely sensitive on the subject of his honour. He could not bear the blot on his family scutcheon. Indeed the next day he came and prostrated himself abjectly in my husband's path and said:-

"O Sidi Capitaine, thou who art as my father, whose will is law to the humblest of thy children! When will

seeing and all-meating have done no man any wrong."

began the Sidi Capitaine, who had rather a soft spot for the eloquent one.

"May it please the Sidi Capitaine to was but a pretext. It was really a matter of the handmaid of the Cadi-

"You said before that it was a question of twenty francs for the Khelifa. were stolen in the first place has brought

a plaint against you."
"I thought they were cheap because they had diseased livers," said

"Is that why you sold them to the

seeing and all-hearing I swear that I in the brown burnous, now tenderly watering one of our rare blades of grass. "But he's still here."

"Yes. The evidence was too inconclusive in the sheep-selling case, so I worked things to get him released. Halfan-hour later he came back and pleaded guilty to stealing four barrels of flour from the Cadi's storehouse—we've been looking for that particular thief for some time, and I happen to know it was a negro. Still, as Mohammed seemed very much to want to be arrested again, I arrested him. You see, his honour was successfully vindicated on the original charge, so he didn't mind at all confessing to something every body knew he'd never done."

I sat for a moment trying to make

said sadly, "I did like Mohammed—he's got such a nice character —but I must say he is rather a liar. I never shallknow, for instance. whether he's saving up to buy a bride or whether he really has a wife and six children."

"I should think," said my husband, "he probably has a wife and six children. That's why he wants to enjoy the freedom of our

garden."



Self-appointed Guide (to American Visitors on the Tube). "WE ARE NOW PASSING UNDER THE MARBLE ARCH."

The Obvious Again.

"What we offer is the very cream of constant and reliable bloomers."

Dutch Bulb Catalogue.

From an article on

"Invaluable maiden-aunts, who would, not so long ago, have foreseen only a lifetime of 'being useful at home,' can now forge for themselves. If they wish they can escape association with any home at all.

Daily Paper. Except, of course, that provided for

female forgers at Holloway.

"PERFECT LITTLE ESTATE. 50 ACRES, £7,500. ONLY 5 NILES OF BATH." Advt. in Larly Paper.

matter up. It did seem cruel that It would be "a very imperfect ablutioner," in GILBERT's phrase, who would require a longer bath than that.

> "Bachelor (40), mentality flexible, desires gentleman as Companion, September; ram-bling holiday France and Italy; has car, but does not drive; project improve French, exercise, rest; no sightseeing."—Daily Paper.

In other words, it is only his mentality it please thee to examine the case of said my husband when he came home that is flexible, but he is not a rubber-

wife and his six children—of whom the going scoundrel," said the Sidi Capi-|" Careers for Women":out of the way.

But the same night no fewer than eleven men who said the sheep had been stolen from them, and wished Justice to render to them the balance of four-hundred-and-fifty francs, turned up at the Bureau, most of them being well known never to have possessed anything beyond a mongrel and a couple of hens. And then I pleaded earnestly with my husband to take the Mohammed's crops should go to ruin and his father disown him, not to speak of his chances of acquiring a bride being ruined (or, alternatively, his wife being left to starve) for what seemed a muddle unsolvable by anyone.

"Mohammed was released to-day," thy servant? Before Allah the all- to lunch. I gazed at the familiar figure neck.

SMOKE.

THAT morning I came down-stairs with a high resolve. "I am not going to smoke any more," I told Priscilla, and I held my breath.

She was not very interested.

"Really?" she said. "Why not?" "For three reasons: it is expensive, it is a filthy habit and it is injurious to my health. James I. condemned tobacco, and so do I."

"I quite agree with you and James I.," said Priscilla, and continued the perusal

of her correspondence.

I rapped my egg. "Priscilla," I exclaimed, "attend to me! I am going to give up smoking."

"Yes, dear, so you said."

"So I said, it is true," I replied, "but you do not realise what is before us."

"Us? You, you mean."
"Us. You have never smoked, I think?"

"Never," said Priscilla, returning to her letters.

"I have. I say, I have."

"Yes, dear, I know."

"And so I know," I went on impressively, "that they are no light words which I utter when I say, as I do say, 'I am not going to smoke any more.' Priscilla, attend to me. I am going to give up smoking!"

"It is splendid," said my wife.

. "That is true," I replied.

"It is a great triumph," she con-

tinued, gathering up her letters.

"No," I corrected her, "it is not yet a triumph. It will be a hard fight."

"But you will win. I am sure of it," she said. "You are so strong." so she buckled on my spurs.

I first visited my tobacconist. "Good

morning, Sir," he said cheerfully.
"Good morning," I replied. "When is my next batch of cigarettes due?"

"To-morrow, Sir," he thrust at me. "Then you will not send it," I countered, and held my breath.

He looked at me in sorrow. "Are they not good?" he asked. "Will you try one of these?" and he pushed an open box towards me.

"No!" My shout sent him reeling backwards. "No," I continued more gently, "I am sorry to give you pain, but I am not going to smoke any more,"

and I held my breath. "Very good, Sir," he said; "we will hold a consignment of your special cigarettes in readiness, and on receipt

of a postcard . . . " "There is no need," I interrupted opened it. The old man looked and coldly, "I have given up smoking," and frowned. "I think there is some mistake," he said acidly.



Small Girl. "Mother, what did policemen do when there weren't any motors?"

of the Non-Smoking Society?" I asked | trembling) I snatched the cigarettes

of an old man in spectacles.
"That is so, Sir," he said.
can we do for you?" "What

"I wish to be enrolled as a member," I replied. "A life-member," and I held my breath.

"Certainly," said the old man without astonishment, and he proceeded to take particulars of my age and parentage.

"How much is the subscription?"

"Five pounds, Sir, for life-membership, but perhaps you would prefer . . ."
"No!" I shouted. I was beginning

to feel irritable.

I took out my cigarette-case and

beginning to feel irritable.

I walked on. I entered a building "the money lies beneath." With tremunknown to me.

"Are these the offices bling fingers (I noticed that they were it up.

from the case and threw them before him. "Take them," I said.

"Sir," said the old man indignantly, "this is the Non-Smoking Society.

How can you . . ."
"TAKE THEM!" My shout again sent him reeling backwards. "And now," I continued more gently, "receive my life subscription, a five-pound note," and I handed it to him.

As I was leaving his office he called me back.

"What do you want now?" I growled. I was beginning to feel irritable.

"Your subscription, Sir, entitles you to our badge. Would you care to have it?" He showed me a tin brooch with large pink letters "N.S.S." on a gilt background.

"Yes," I said. He began to pack



Lady. "Tell me, doctor-I want my husband to take me to Cannes. What ailment do you recommend?"

"Stop!" I cried; "give it to me." Firmly I fixed the monstrosity in the lapel of my coat and walked into the street.

I bumped into Charlie Segar.

"Good heavens!" he said, "what have you got there? Flag day?"

"It is my new club," I replied—"the Non-Smoking Society. I have given up smoking," and I held my breath.

Charlie Segar laughed.

I said, "Don't laugh!" but he persisted and I hit him in the face. I was beginning to feel irritable.

I went into a sweet-shop.

"Give me," I said, "six chocolate cigarettes."

The woman behind the counter was talkative. I warned her with my eye, but she persisted. "For your little boy?" she inquired as I snatched the packet. I hit her in the face.

I returned home and called for Priscilla. I shouted "Priscilla!" and again "Priscilla!" but she did not answer, so I broke a vase which I have always disliked. I smashed it to atoms, and then I went to my own room, pulled down the blinds and drew the curtains.

I sat quietly in the dark puffing at my chocolate cigarette, and I said to myself, "It is purely a habit. You asked.

must always be sucking something, like a child. Very well, then, suck this." I sucked and it tasted of newspaper and extravagance?" Easter eggs.

I said to myself, "The only pleasure you derive from smoking is the sight of the smoke. Here in the dark you cannot see the smoke, but nevertheless it is there. You are smoking. Imagine that you are smoking." I sucked, but could not for a single instant conceive

that I was smoking.

I said to myself, "Why harp on the eternal subject of tobacco? You were put in this world for a purpose. You have work to do. Suck and meditate on your work." I sucked and became convinced that the only purpose for which I was put into the world was to smoke.

I said to myself, "Many great men never smoked. Julius Cæsar never smoked, nor did PLATO, nor the Venerable Bede." I said to myself, "Suck, for you are a great man." I sucked, but at that moment Priscilla entered and turned on the light.

"What are you doing in the dark?" she asked. "Ah," she continued, observing imperfectly my sweet, "smoking again! That is sensible."

"You think it sensible, Priscilla?" I

"I do most certainly."

"You do not consider it ridiculous

"Rubbish!" she replied. "If you did not spend your money on that you would spend it on something else.

"You do not object to it as a filthy habit?"

"No; I rather like the smell." "You do not believe it is injurious to my health?"

"I admire a man who can rise above such a paltry consideration," she said.

"You admire me for my courage in persisting to smoke in spite of all temptations to the contrary?"

"I do," she replied firmly. "You are so strong."

"I agree with you, Priscilla," I said, "and that is why I continue to smoke. But I do not care for this brand. Have you thrown my others away?"

"Not very far," said Priscilla, and handed me the box.

"But what in Heaven's name is that

horrible thing in your coat?" she asked.
"Oh, that!" I said. "That is the famous badge of the National Smokers' Society. It cost five pounds, but it was worth it. You see, there will be no further subscription. I am now a lifemember." And I lit my cigarette.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE FATHER" (COURT).

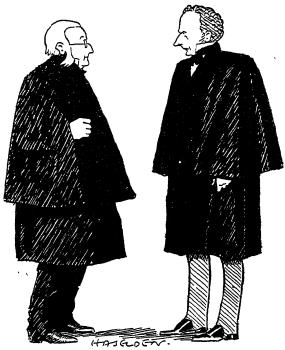
moving play, The Father, having been duly tried on the suburban dog, who, to the angry surprise of the pithecanthropoid type of theatrical manager, very distinctly wagged his tail, we now have the rather grim pleasure of seeing it at the Savoy, under the capable direction of Mr. Milton Rosmer. It is indeed refreshing to have something hard to bite on, to see a real conflict between passionate human beings, even if it must be admitted that the fanatical anti-feminist obsession of the author is always a little too disquieting. However, as the serried ranks of the arraigned sex apparently sat under it without turning a shingled hair-additional proof perhaps of the author's conviction of the devastating imperturbability of women one need not stay awake at nights on that account.

The Father ought to be an impossible play according to all the accepted rules. It is the pamphlet of an embittered, envenomed, morbid neurasthenic. It is,

bolised. It is the white-hot passion, the violent sincerity and the artistry, which never quite lose grasp of the three principal characters (the tortured Swedish captain, Adolph, the bland merciless Laura, the fanatically religious old nurse), that make us forget that outside the asylums there are happily no such people.

Adolph and Laura have been married some twenty years. Their daughter, Bertha, is perhaps fourteen. Laura is "religious"-a spiritualist-bringing up her daughter in the practices of that strange faith. Laura's mother, whom we do not see, is a member of some starkly evangelical sect, as is Adolph's old nurse. Adolph is a professed unbeliever, a soldier by profession (not very plausibly), a man of science by immortality he can conceive is the perpetuation of himself in his child. His morbidly exaggerated sense of paternity,

STRINDBERG'S terrible, intensely even in 1887 have been widely current with the help of the other women of



ALMOST LIGHT RELIEF IN THE GENERAL GLOOM. Pastor Mr. Douglas Ross.

Dr. Ostermark . . . Mr. Lawrence Hanray.

conceivably, a sort of perverted auto- | - makes him claim the right of en- | and, with just one word of half-regret biography, in which the unfortunate tirely controlling his child's education. which the author, mitigating the savagmatrimonial and other sexual experi- Mothers, women, have no rights. Laura ery of his portraiture, allows to Laura, ences of the unhappy author are sym- - the feline maternal type, who has the baleful tragedy ends. Not a cheer-



vocation and practice: the only AWFUL CONFIRMATION FROM SWEDEN OF MR. PUNCH'S SOMETIME FAMOUS "ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY."

Adolph Mr. Robert Loraine.

Laura Miss Dorothy Dix.

of the overwhelming importance of the grudgingly submitted to the ordained male in the process of generation—a process of nature but has never in any biological theory which could hardly significant sense been the lover—fights,

> the household, for her own way and the child's soul. And because, as STRINDBERG says by the mouth of Adolph, women have no pity and no conscience, no sense of truth and no respect for the sanctity of work—man's work, there is no other—they win. Laura, knowing that by law she can secure her husband's property if he be declared insane, works upon his already disordered nerves; interferes with his research by secretly countermanding his order for scientific books; with fiendish cruelty vaguely suggests a doubt of Bertha's paternity; prepares, by artful, and sometimes rather too artless, misrepresentations the doctor and the pastor (her brother) to accept the fact of Adolph's madness; goads him to an act of open violence, and finally prevails upon the old nurse to use her tenderness for him to trick him into the straitwaistcoat brought by the rather guileless physician, Dr. Ostermark, for his patient. Death robs the madhouse of its victim,

ing business, but enthralling; with a tonic and purgative quality.

Mr. ROBERT LORAINE, an actor who stands out in our day of careful realists as a romantic of intelligence and conviction, makes a living suffering human being of a character that might have been a mere morbid grotesque. The sense of strain, of unbearable grievance, of gradual disturbance of the man's reason through the racking doubt of his fatherhood was brilliantly indicated. A part worthy of a fine actor, finely played. Miss DOROTHY DIX, if she did not quite make Laura credible (I don't think this was her fault), came as near credibility as was possible by giving a memorable impression of a terrible calm cat-like cruelty. Less than a great but more than a merely sound performance, it showed this actress capable of better things than are gener-'ally provided for her.

heavily marked individuality of voice and manner to the needs of the part of the old nurse. "Witches, Witches!" Adolph calls the three women in his passion and despair. And Miss WRIGHT's Nurse might well pass for a modern Deauvillian, a still attractive but rather witch, or a witch of the eighties, let us say.

Mr. LAWRENCE HANRAY, as the Doctor, Mr. Douglas Ross, as the Pastor, and Miss Maisie Darrell (Bertha) were adequate, but over-partner, cleverly contrives to stumble in shadowed not merely by the other front of the Rolls-Royce of the elderly players but by the piece itself. Mr. OSMUND WILLSON played well the small looks an easy proposition and has is also pricked by some casual reference part of the orderly Nojd. Why, oh, why three million highly-convenient pounds. of her Harry to adventuresses. She part of the orderly Nojd. Why, oh, why did the producer allow those ingenious | Claire, banking on the efficiency of his | flies from the restraints of the system

but distracting and therefore entirely unforgivable clouds to race across the stormy sky throughout the Second Act? Cannobody be trusted not to be seduced by new boxes of stage tricks?

"BARBARA'S WEDDING" (Court).

Sir James Barrie had previously entertained and moved us (in a very different way) with one of his fantasies, Barbara's Wedding, in which the old Colonel persistently thinks of his grandson, who has been killed in the war, as about to marry his ward, Barbara, whereas she is marrying his former gardener, Dering, now a full-fledged gallant captain. Sir James always, to my intense annoyance, extorts from me the tribute of a tear. He has such an infernally adroit way of getting under your guard! However, to restore your self-

when the old man, tottering to his feet, says, "Why wasn't I given my marching orders?" Mr. Loraine made a charming thing (this gaffe excepted) of Sir James's charmingly conceived old gentleman. Miss MARY JERROLD Was once again before us in her destined rôle of "old dear," the Colonel's sweet and patient wife. I am not sure that the rest of the cast was quite up to the work. The little play is admirably constructed and holds you interested and in suspense, wondering what it is all about, for just the necessary time. How well this ingenious and sympathetic author knows his job!

"Fresh Fruit" (Court):-

Fresh Fruit, like The Father, concerns itself with the unscrupulousness of the female playing for her own hand fatuous Viscount, his sister, Lady sounds—was the most conspicuous. T.

HAIDÉE WRIGHT cleverly adapted her against the relatively defenceless male. MM. Regis Gignoux and Jacques THERY, and their adapter, Mr. John somewhat different angle.

Claire de Beauchamp, the complete over-apprehensive lady of forty (why do authors still persist in talking of forty-a golden age-as if it were the mid-winter of senile decay?), thinking it is time she acquired a more permanent English nobleman, Lord Steeple, who



THE YOUNG FRUIT SHOWS SIGNS OF BECOMING TOO FRESH.

Claire de Beauchamp. . MISS HELEN HAYE. Viscount Steeple . . . MR. MORTON SELTEN. . . . MISS MARIAN WILSON.

scratch or bruise; but the susceptible (Viscount Steeple) is always amusing; nobleman greedily swallows the bait, and, having with brutal English candour asked the lady's age, and received the highly satisfactory assurance that she is thirty, proposes and is duly accepted. Claire also confesses to a daughter of thirteen, still at her convent school.

"Nothing could be better," says the noble Viscount; "I have an educational system. We will put her through it." Agitation of the fond mother, heightened by the highly inconvenient arrival of her Geneviève, an experienced film-actress of twenty-two. But what is easier for a film actress who loves her mother and has one of those simplified modern figures than to shuffle off nine of her years, and be accepted for what her mother's

Baldock, his nephew, Harry, and his nephew's fiancée, Norah? When Genevieve falls in love with the unlikely LESLIE FRITH, view the matter from a | Harry you have an old situation which a Gallic sprightliness can carry off more easily without offence than our rather heavy English idiom and self-consciousness in queer and potentially unpleasant little affairs of this kind.

Geneviève is "fed to the back teeth" by the Steeple educational system, drinking Chartreuse (out of a Grand Marnier bottle) when no one but her mother is present, and in presence of the Steeples playing with her dolls. Her conscience

> and the temptation of intriguing for Harry; resumes her authentic age and character; is pursued. All is forgiven to everybody by everybody. Claire with Harold, Viscount Steeple, Harry with Geneviève are to live hap-

pily ever after.

Miss Helen Have played the alleged widow of the defunct gentleman in the Cavalry with grace and tact and enough conviction to make us suppose that, if tri-millionaire noblemen are to be picked up as easily as all that by ladies of highly questionable antecedents, then Claire, looking thus and behaving thus, might successfully gather them. I was not diverted as much as I hoped to be by Miss Marian Wilson's Geneviève. She could with advantage soften the vulgarities and modify the too high-pitched accents of the precocious child. But she gave a clever and spirited performance and kept

respect, you catch him out in a the play going when it looked treally blatant piece of sentimentality, as four-wheel brakes, escapes without like fainting. Mr. MORTON SELTEN it is pleasant to watch his easy expressive gestures and his technical Mr. J. LESLIE FRITH, the skill. adapter, played skilfully the difficult part of the colourless Harry. Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH'S flamboyant portrait of the egregious Eugène Fofatty, film-star and faithful rejected suitor of Geneviève, was excellent in the true spirit of the main design of the piece.

There were many amusing lines and many passages of really diverting fun, diluted by rather grievous longueurs. The adequate adaptation of French farces is a very difficult business indeed, and Mr. FRITH has not quite mastered it.

There were some strange vagaries of prenunciation, of which "Madamm"taradiddle makes her out to be, by the as an iamb with frankly British vowel-



A SEASIDE ROMANCE: THE CAVE-MAN.

SURF-RIDING.

"Are they building something down here?" I inquired.

"Building? Who? Where?" My companion looked puzzled.

I pointed to some more passers-by who were carrying boards.

"Those," said my new-found friend, lostily, "are surf-boards. They are going surf-riding."

"I see," I sa d.

I vaguely remembered having read something about surf-riding, thinking it was going to be some new aspect of Bolshevist Russia and finding that it was another way of getting into deep water.

"We'll go," said my friend. "I'll take you."

He took me.

"Come on. Get your towel and costume. My landlady has an extra board that she will lend you."

"That," said I palely as we hurried roomwards, "is, I suppose, the origin of the landladies' slogan, 'Board and | Lodging.'

My companion paused in his stride and stared at me, and I firmly believe,

turn my head, that the events which followed were his bitter revenge for that remark.

We returned in due course, each bearing a towel, a costume and a board, which to my excited imagination bore an ominous resemblance to a spare coffin-

As we passed the local chemist's shop my friend left me, and reappeared a few moments later carrying a small parcel. shingle rash.

I glanced at it inquiringly. "Sticking-plaster," he said. "You never know.

You don't, or at least I didn't, know quite a lot of things, which included:

(1) Why salt water is said to be a good emetic:

(2) How many swallows make a swimmer.

When we reached the sea my friend said that it was a beautiful day for it. Personally I thought it looked splendid and a cigarette enabled me to look once weather for a good sensational wreck or the sudden launching of the lifeboat.

As we slipped into our costumeshe much more quickly than I—he carefully explained the method of procedure. It goes something like this:—

looking backwards now that I can again the surf, swim out beyond the furthest with the loofah.

breakers and wait there. When you see a really big roller coming, fling yourself and your board on to it, and rush proudly shorewards on the roaring crest like a triumphant god.

That, or something very like it, was what my tutor intended me to gather. What I did gather was a black eye, a sprained wrist, a stiff neck, several gallons of salt water and an extensive

I made my way through the chill air into the chillier sea with the firm carriage that is generally attributed to condemned murderers on their way to the scaffold. I even got beyond the furthest breakers and had almost recovered my breath when-

"Look out," called my mentor, "here it comes!

It came—I saw—it conquered.

Artificial respiration, sticking-plaster, more upon the world, albeit with one

"Hard luck," said my friend. "You just missed it.

Missed it!

The next time I practise surf-riding Take your board, wade in through I shall lock myself in the bathroom

CANTATA.

[At a recent election in Constantinople electors were invited to vote by the sound of the drum and the voting was accompanied by music.]

VOTER.

I AM a British voter, and I come,
Drawn by the powerful summons of the drum,
To vote momentously. I was led on
Thus far, but the directing noise has gone
And left me wandering in the dark for lack
Of guidance as to whom I ought to back.

A TREBLE VOICE (from the organ-loft).

With gentle toots
And soft persuasive twiddles,
O helpful flutes,
O reinforcing fiddles,

Assist, and you, O brass (tho' not unduly), While Party choruses instruct him truly.

VOTER (with relief).

Music I hear, and clearing of the throat; Arise, you voices, and compel my vote.

Conservative Chorus.

Oh, would you see a weary land both prosperous and thrifty,

Run on the lines of compromise—a kind of fifty-fifty; Oh, would you gain the sort of peace that everybody likes,

Freedom from bloody warfare and, with any luck, from strikes—

A firm hand, a friendly hand, a blend of old and new, A straight man, an honest man to run this royal show? Then vote for Mr. Baldwin, he's the very man for you.

VOTER (with enthusiasm).
Where shall I find the Baldwin booth?

DISAFFECTED CONSERVATIVES.

BALDWIN must go.
BALDWIN's shilly-shallied from the start;
And, much as we respect him for his charm,
He's let us down and put us in the cart,
And his leading fills the Party with alarm;
We find he isn't stiff enough or strong enough,
And not at all particularly clever;
In point of fact we've stood our BALDWIN long
enough.

CHORUS.

BALDWIN for ever.

VOTER.

I was as one inspired. Yet now a kind Of indecision settles on my mind. But soft, another noise begins. Attend, My soul, to what these voices recommend.

LIBERAL CHORUS.

Who was the man you trusted When the sands ran low? Who was the man that busted A disturbing foe?

Who was the person that kept you free? Who is the man with the £.s.d.? Then chuck up your bonnets for bonny L. G.

VOTER (excitedly). Lend me a bonnet, someone!

DISAFFECTED LIBERALS.

L. G. must go.

The Liberal Party was always renowned
For principles pure and delectable;
Whatever our doings our morals were found
At least to be highly respectable;
We fear that—in politics only, of course—
We're not so elastic as he;
Which happens to leave us no other rescurce
But to collar the public by singing with force—

Chorus. Long live L. G.

VOTER.

How hapless is the voter's lot; what blows Fall on his crumpet whereso'er he goes! But stay—more music. This may bring us ease. Cheerly, my spirit. There is luck in threes.

LABOUR CHORUS.

We sang of high taxation in the bad old days;
To your lively perturbation in the mad old days;
We said we'd come down heavy with a thundering good levy,

And we spoke of confiscation in the sad old days.

But now we never mention it, its name is never heard; Our lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word; We merely whisper "surtax," which is much to be preferred,

A less alarming slogan, is it not?
By this we'll keep your prices down and make expenses small;

It's richer men than you we mean to pinch; and, after all, If you drop a bit as Pe'er you can make it up as Paul.

VOTER (revived).

Eureka, I have got it!

DISAFFECTED LABOUR.

Chuck the lot!

We are the Reds:
Everyone else is black.
Cut off their heads;
That is the Moscow tack.
Bring down Capital at one fell blow,
Barring of course for doles.
As for RAMSAY MACDONALD AND Co.,
THOMAS, RAMSAY MACDONALD AND Co.,
SNOWDEN, THOMAS, MACDONALD AND Co.,
Blast their souls!

VOTER. !!!!

A Bass Voice (from somewhere).

The man is dead. DUM-DUM.

"TIMID.—You had best leave the shares alone, if nervous, as fluctuations will give you a mal quatre d'heure."—Financial Paper.

Is this what the language-institutes call "Commercial French"?

"Lady (Widow), nearly Middle-Aged, cheerful Disposition (good middle-class), would like the Company of some one occasionally: Outings, etc.; Cheerful, Good Character essential (in Edinburgh)." Hoots, toots! And why not in Glasgow too? Scots Paper.

From a tourist advertisement:-

"November, 1927 to April, 1828: World Cruise."—Weekly Paper.
Personally conducted, we suppose, by Mr. Einstein.



Toc.H.

Better than any earthly club is
This war-time dream, come true, of "Tubby's,"
Within whose rounded form there lurks
A heart that's big with faith and works.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—L.



"HAVE YOU BEEN STEALING APPLES? How WAS IT I SAW YOU HIDING UP A TREE IN MY ORCHARD?" "THE LEAVES WASN'T THICK ENOUGH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE Journal of Katherine Mansfield (Constable) is a document of great pathos. A woman of marked gifts and still more marked generosity, encouraged to stake everything on the literary reactions of an unusually sensitized nature, its writer exposed herself for the greater part of her life to any and every sort of impression with prodigal receptivity. "She seemed to adjust herself to life as a flower adjusts itself to the earth and to the sun," says her husband, Mr. MIDDLETON MURRY, in his critical and biographical foreword to the present papers. Yet with the War and its losses (and every friend of KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S who took part in the struggle was killed), with her own continuous sufferings from straitened means and disease, the woman thus eulogized, it seems to me for her limitations, acquired a different outlook. Too late for her earthly happiness or the rejuvenation of her work, she perceived that the purely receptive attitude was insufficient for either. New words and phrases, "discipline," "control—of all kinds," recur in her diary. "Do you know what individuality is? . . . Consciousness of will. To be conscious that you have a will and can act" she quotes as a "glorious saying." She becomes a keen and unsparing critic of the egoism in herself and the "sediment" in her work. A kindly Italian doctor teaches her that suffering is "a repairing process"; and "if suffering is not a repairing process," she vows, "I will make it so." Finally she gives up writing altogether for a time and dies in retirement at Fontaine-

The minute notebook whose intimacies retrace this heroic ascent was written with a view to some form of publication. It is amplified here by jottings for stories and unposted letters. Letters actually posted will appear in two later volumes.

You'll find that Alice Colver has a moving tale to tell In Under the Rainbow Sky;

The telling goes attractively, while incident, pell-mell, Comes tripping off a pen that's never dry.

The scene is laid in Florida, 'neath skies disastrous blue, In a village where the truth is seldom told,

And Betty Ward's bewitching, and a moneyed maiden too, With a coiffure and a heart of purest gold.

Her motor knocks down Georgia, a child of low degree, Whom Betty adopts for sure;

It is thus she meets with Alan, who serves the grocery-For Alan is a shop-boy, proud but poor;

Bet's fiance is the villain (rich and knows his way about), Roger Duffield, that's his name; the story's gist Is of Roger's "down" on Alan, who gets into jail, comes out,

Marries Betty and becomes a novelist.

This innocuous recital should certainly content Readers whose hearts incline

To a cargo of propriety and sugared sentiment, As they shipped 'em on the "Old Three-Decker" Line; So I'd wish our little wayfarer, Miss Colver s pretty ship, Returns a-plenty, wherein, be it said,

I'd include the underwriters of its oh! so maiden trip-Messrs. Hodder (likewise Stoughton), Limited.

In Mediæval London (Benn) Major GORDON HOME, collaborating with Mr. EDWARD FOORD, carries on his story of our capital city one more stage, exploring the thousand years or so between 457 and 1485. His former work, Roman London, brought us down to the earlier date. The entry of King Henry VII. into the city after the battle of Bosworth Field provides a good line, from the English point of view, for the close of that period of European history which has come to be called the Middle Ages. Archæological remains of this period are surprisingly few, scarcely more numerous than those of Roman London itself. Fires and Viking raids, especially fires, have seen to that. But in the twelfth century begin the chronicles and records of the city, and these supply a plethora of material. Indeed, Major Gordon Home complains that a vast amount of compression was necessary to get into the slender compass of a volume of some 385 pages the essential facts of a thousand years. For London had its part in all the historical events of those days, and the history of the country must be glanced at now and then for the benefit of those who have not got all details at their fingers' ends. Consequently it is not surprising if here and there we get the facts dumped down before us without too much ornament. But we must be grateful for what we get. In effect, this is a handsome volume of "fine confused feeding," containing much curious and interesting information and a wealth of illustration. I like in particular two unbound and unsecured maps, one of which represents a bird's-eye view of London and its

HOGENBERG. This, in spite of its date, probably gives an excellent idea of what the Metropolis must have looked like towards the close of its mediæval period.

It must be difficult for the sentiment of an American home to survive its apparatus, but I note that the Transatlantic novelist is quite equal to investing the gas-cooker with the glamour of the log-fire. Indeed, Mrs. KATHLEEN Norris's latest romance deliberately pits the one against the other, and loads the scales so heavily against the logfire that the gas-cooker's victory is assured. To Barberry Bush (MURRAY), the gallant and charming daughter of a Californian professor, the domestic ideals respectively represented by carburetted hydrogen and home-chopped kindling are alternately presented. Unwedded, she teaches school and helps her sister to run a new house full of tenderlyenumerated gadgets. Marriage with Link Mackenzie, the richest youth in Cottonwood, looms on her horizon, and with it an assured social position and a larger house with still more exquisite conveniences. Barberry's girlishness, however, cools her suitor's ardour. Link falls a prey to the designing Marianne, and Barberry weds Barry du Spain, an embryo poet with a derelict ranch for his portion. My enjoyment of the young couple's efforts to cope with the hacienda, and of Mrs. Norms's enchanting picture Drake has been dubbed pirate. He was not that.



Oldest Inhabitant. "I HEAR THERE BE A FINE TATER CROP." Farmer. "Not so bad. But what be I going to do for little 'uns to feed my pigs on ? "

suburbs made about 1560 and published by Braun and the well-justified fear that Barry was not intended to make good, or his fire of bay-logs and Pacific driftwood to be found alight in the last chapter. A baby arrives, the poet waxes morose, and finally Link, quit of his Marianne, is allowed to play paladin to his rival's deserted wife. Mrs Norris is to be congratulated on having avoided the cus-. tomary Californian solution of her heroine's troubles; but I am not sure that her alternative method of restoring Barberry to the amenities of Cottonwood has very much more to recommend it.

Sir Francis Drake was a great fighter and a great Englishman; sagacious in council, instant and fiery in action, a chivalrous friend, a pitiless enemy and devout in his religion. He was the English protagonist in the long-drawn conflict with Spain, which, as both parties to it believed, was a holy war, and which was fought out irrespective of the diplomacy of statesmen or the etiquette of Royal Houses. Therefore Drake sacked and burned the towns of the King OF SPAIN, took his treasure (itself stolen) and sank his ships. Because Queen Elizabeth would not formally declare war upon King Philip, Drake saw no reason to desist from his proper occupation. It was a blind and desperate business, in which, according to the fashion of the time, getting wealth and serving the State were happily combined. Hence of its adobe kitchen and vine-hung patio, was dimmed by he really was may be read at large in Mr. E. F. Benson's

achievement, touching the other persons and events of that epoch only in so far as DRAKE was concerned with them. period and his accuracy may be trusted. But his shining genius of DRAKE. A like star scarce appears in two centuries, and did not in fact glitter again upon the sea till Nelson came. Mr. Benson's admirable monograph fulfils the need alike of the student of naval history and of all those who delight in great men and valiant deeds.

Mrs. E. Wynne-Tyson has been very clever in Quicksand

(Collins) in giving the impression that it is only a light-hearted, babbling picture of the occupations of a gay and selfish young brother and sister, out for a good time and laughing at all responsibility in the modern manner. From the first chapter you would never guess-at least I hope you would not, as I didn't—that, by the last, Pauline would be ready to find her happiness in "living for others—a child she had not wanted, and a husband she had never loved"-and Paul, not so far advanced in understanding of life as she is, beginning to suspect something more satisfying beyond the pursuit of pleasure. It is all remarkably well done, and I classed the novel as "froth," quite as Mrs. WYNNE-Tyson meant me to, until very nearly the end, when the depth and sincerity of her inspiration dawned on me, just as the real meaning of life was dawning on Paul and Pauline. The frivolous pages make most amusing reading, and the "conversion" chapters, to use an old-fashioned

word as a short cut, fit on to them periectly and, for the strained "as a synonym for "mercy," and occasional alarm-reader of a naturally serious "turn," put the whole book into a much higher category than that to which it seems at philosophical treatise than to a work of fiction. first to belong. Paul and Pauline, with their young conceit, and Lady Pethbridge, their delightful aunt, more fittingly known as Snigs, are people it is a pleasure to meet, and I congratulate their creator on her success in the rare achievement of making them grow, and grow naturally.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's Undelivered Letters (Hurst and BLACKETT) are supposed to have been written by a young American heiress to the English Peer to whom she is married. By nature impulsive and affectionate, she found all her approaches barred by her husband's impenetrable Perhaps Lord Charnwood, in his determination to leave reserve, and so whenever she felt she couldn't bear it any longer (which was about once a week) she sat down and wrote him a letter he was never to see, and felt, thank you, ever so much better for it. Not, of course, that any woman | novel, of which we get such a superabundance nowadays, ever wrote just like this, even to relieve an aching heart. I do not hesitate to recommend it.

spirited history, Sir Francis Drake (John Lane), related | Much that appears in these letters is not an expression of with all the skill of the practised novelist, who knows how the writer's feelings, but a recapitulation of things said to concentrate interest in the hero of the story and his and done by others. This was necessary, no doubt, to make the story complete, but the result is at times rather odd, as when the lady tells her husband all the arrange-Mr. Benson has studied in detail the chronicles of the ments he has just made for the village fête. An interesting book, nevertheless, with more plot than you would expect merit consists in his lively appreciation of the supreme and much lively comment on English society as seen by an American. Only once does Mr. Hamilton forget that it is a young and generous-minded woman who makes these comments. But I suspect that he did not really forget, but just borrowed the lady's pen for a moment to work off a private grudge of his own. Am I right, Mr. HAMILTON?

Clara Stapleton, the central character—one can hardly



Guide. "You should nurse your strength, Sir, for the DIFFICULTIES TO COME."

—of Miss Joan Young's novel, An Ale-House Guest (Long-MANS), is a poseuse of that rather subtle type which succeeds in concealing the real unworthiness of her motives not only from the rest of her world, but also (an infinitely more difficult matter) from herself. Thus she is able to persuade herself, entirely to her own satisfaction, that a kind of spiritual cowardice which leads her to shrink from facing the realities of the war is really the sign of some unusual fineness of nature; and, later, that her unworthy jealousy of her husband is only the natural and even commendable expression of a mother's feelings when she is ousted from her place in her child's affections. Miss Young displays an almost uncanny —if a trifle over-ruthless insight into the workings of Clara's trumpery little soul; and her cleverness is indeed quite sufficiently demonstrated in this and other respects, without the aid of such unnecessary tropes as the use of "the great un-

accord her the title of heroine

For more reasons than one Tracks in the Snow (Benn) refuses to be included in the ruck of detective fiction. Lord Charnwood is so much more interested in the psychology of criminals than in sensational crimes that readers who wish to be saturated with hair-raising incidents and hair-breadth escapes are advised to leave these snowtracks severely alone. Those of us, however, who care more for studying the character of criminals than for reading of their crimes can with safety follow them. no motive unexplained, may occasionally be a little tedious, but his story is carefully developed and ably written, and as a relief from the blood-and-thunder type of detective

CHARIVARIA.

Meteorologists have predicted a heat-wave late in September. In spite of that there is a possibility that we may have one.

A cricket expert, in reviewing the season, describes certain eminent players as antediluvian. He refers of course to those who flourished before the recent summer.

With reference to the Communist who was thrown into a river after trying to address a meeting in the Midlands, a Diehard friend considers this a violation of the Rivers Pollution Act.

It seems that the methods of Scotland Yard are ridiculed in France.

French sleuth of course always has so many clues in hand that his only difficulty is to find a crime.

A plea for the teaching of Welsh in all the South Wales schools has been made in the Press. We have nothing to say against the Welsh language except that it should only be used in self-defence.

A Scotsman has protested against the continual use by a daily paper of the name "Thanet," and insists that the word "Britain" should be used. * *

All we seem to need now in this correspondence on stag-hunting is a letter from a stag saying how much he enjoys it.

Three babies born recently have weighed 1lb. 15 ozs., 1lb. 8 ozs. and agricultural community. 1lb. 10 ozs. This seems to be Nature's effort to cope with these very small

Bookmakers were present at a Yorkshire angling contest when, of seven hundred and sixty competitors who fished for four-and-a-half hours in heavy rain, five hundred caught nothing. Greyhound-racing still has its rivals.

According to Mr. C. F. G. MASTER-MAN in a Sunday paper, the great from anæmia. public schools in the main can only turn out men to become sheep-farmers in New Zealand, or superintendents of have caused a sensation by entering

sistants in the great retail stores. They send comparatively few ex-Ministers to Fleet Street.

A young lady at Portland recently pulled a boy of eight out of the water with a fishing-rod. It's a wonder she didn't throw him back again because he wasn't big enough.

Union officers in the South Shields district who paid surprise visits to unemployed men between 10 and 11 A.M., found many of them in bed reading sporting papers. Well, what did they expect to find them reading? The Hibbert Journal?

A gas-inspector is publishing a GENERAL indicate that man reaches volume of poems. It is to be hoped years of discretion at the age of twenty-A that he has refrained from the obvi- six. The modern girl, on the other hand,

Motorist. "I'm frightfully sorry. Is he hurt?" Parent. "No, YOU JUST MISSED 'IM, BUT (bitterly) LOOK AT THE POOR CHILD'S BANANA!

"squirm."

A runaway cow jumped into the canal at Linslade, Bucks, and swam two hundred yards until lassoed and brought to land. American Wild West films exert a great influence over our

An American athlete claims that a dry-storage battery strapped round his waist increases his speed as a sprinter. Motorists fear that this may lead to the electric pedestrian.

A prominent London physician has told the representative of a daily paper that the telling of a good joke increases the blood-pressure. Our Assistant-Editor complains that he is suffering

Sir Victor Sassoon is reported to rubber estates in Malaya, or shop as-the Assembly at Simla while wearing

a grey tall-hat at a rakish angle. After going through his wardrobe it is said Mr. Winston Churchill is convinced he could arrange quite half a gross of similar sensations.

In view of Signor Mussolini's recent statement that he is human, we desire to point cut that no suggestion to the contrary has appeared in these columns.

"A number of interesting young men come of age next month," says a Sunday paper. So, we understand, do a number of uninteresting ones.

Figures issued by the REGISTRAR-

seems to reach full manhood at the age of about seventeen.

Mr. J. L. BAIRD, the inventor of television and phonovision, is reported as saying that some faces sound like a gargle. Still, it might be only ginger-beer.

An American transatlantic airman says that the best time to land in England is between 8 P.M. and midnight. But not if he wants to buy cigarettes.

Prince Riof Korea has been on a visit to Lon-

ous idea of rhyming "therm" with | don. If he had stayed a little longer he would have been in great demand for cross-word puzzles.

THE HOPTIMIST.

[Though the hops in Kent have suffered from mould, mildew and bad weather, bramlings and fuggles are forward and seem likely to yield fairly well -See The Times, August 27th.]

DEAR to some are the passionate flutings Of blackbird and thrush in the copse; And dear are to others the suitings

Displayed in the windows of sliops; Dear too to the ewe are her lamblings; And dear to composers their "ops' But dearer to me are my bramlings

And fuggles, the hope of my hops.

I envy not brokers or bankers. Or owners of multiple shops, Of lucrative liners or tankers,

Or makers of razors and strops. I don't make a song of my struggles

With weather tratchanges and chops; For, thanks to my bramlings and fuggles, I do not despair of my hops.

VOL. CLXXIII.

MR. HOPKINS RESIGNS.

[If there is any similarity between the following letters and those which have recently passed between Lord Cecil and the Prime Minister, the coincidence is, of course, entirely fortuitous.]

"Well, if you feel like that about it I don't quite see what more can be done."

"Nor I. I shall hate resigning."
"We'll hate losing you, old thing."

"The fact is, I and you and the rest of the Committee fundamentally disagree on policy. I consider that if a village cricket-club is to be run properly it should . . ."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't let's start on that argument again! The best thing will be for you to write me a letter. Then I'll reply, and we can publish the two letters in the local rag. How's that?"

"Splendid."

From "The Pegmanny and District Weekly Gazette."

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—I am sorry to say that I have arrived at the conclusion that I ought to resign from the Committee

of the Pegmanny Cricket Club.

Let me assure you that this conclusion is not due to any personal feeling. On the contrary, I owe you, as Chairman, and my colleagues much gratitude for your consideration. The fact that I have consistently been sent in to bat eleventh, and only bowled three overs during the whole season, has

nothing to do with my resignation.

My difficulty arises, I regret to say, from an entire disagreement with the Committee on general policy. I consider a reduction and limitation of expenditure is absolutely essential at this stage of the club's, and indeed the country's, existence. Yet what do we find? Not only has the cricket-field been surrounded by a new post-and-wire fence, but plans have been sanctioned for a brick pavilion instead of the perfectly adequate marquee tent; the fee per match for the umpire has been raised from half-a-crown to three-and-sixpence, and a flag-post has been erected, unnecessary and frankly provocative.

The result is obvious. Neighbouring clubs have immediately started on similar and even more ambitious schemes. A mad orgy of competitive expenditure has begun which will entail heaven knows what burdens on the community.

In these circumstances I see for myself but one course, and I tender my resignation, with infinite regret, but conscious that it is the one path which I, personally, am bound to follow. Yours sincerely, CECIL P. HOPKINS.

Dear Hopkins,—I deeply regret that you have resigned, but it is indeed a source of satisfaction to me that no personal reasons enter into your decision. As a matter of fact I distinctly remember your going in tenth on one occasion and making one not out, and had the summer been finer your legbreaks would no doubt have been called upon more frequently.

I must, however, disagree with you in your views on the general policy of the club. Let me just bring these facts to your notice. The wire fence is a purely defensive measure, for the cows from the neighbouring farmwere making bunkers on the wicket; and I do not consider three-and-sixpence too much for the umpire, considering that he has to buy his own beer.

As regards the pavilion, it will be within your recollection that this season we have lost four cricket-balls, a metal cigarette-case and thirteen bottles of ginger-beer through boys crawling under the flaps of the marquee. The flagpost is a gift from the Squire, and the flag itself is being made by the Vicarage Needlework Class.

I regret extremely that I must seek elsewhere for the help on the Committee for which I have hitherto turned to you. Yours sincerely, ARTHUR MOBBERLEY.

THE LOST GAME.

There was a little golfer who lost his little game (Scratch men, eighteen men, listen to my lay!), He searched for it in sorrow and he searched for it in shame A wretched rainy April and a weary windy May; But with June he fled to Scotland, where lost games often go—

Turnberry, Prestwick, the bonny coast of Ayr,
The west wind sighing and the sea sand flying
And the little man crying, "I want to find it so;

"Have you seen it, have you seen it?" but the lost game wasn't there.

Then across the Lowland counties came a whisper from afar,

"Better try the Lothians ere the whin-bloom fades,"
And he journeyed east to Gullane, to North Berwick and
Dunbar,

Longniddrie, Musselburgh, Mortonhall, the Braids; But it wasn't there either, so he sailed across to Fife, Elie and St. Andrews, the Eden, Old and New.

And the Grey City blessed him, the Bay wind caressed him.

But the old thing distressed him till he thought he'd take his life,

For his game remained in hiding and he knew not what to do.

So he carried on northwards till the Forth became the Tay— Monifieth, Carnoustie, all the way to Aberdeen,

To the birches of Balgownie and the bents of Cruden Bay, But that long-lost game of his was nowhere to be seen; Then a wind blew out of Dornoch, over Lossie, like a song,

Crying, "Come to me and seek it where a gallant golfer should,

Where the cold clouds scurry from Sutherland to Moray;

Come North, man, and hurry!" And he wandered long and long

Round the Firth from Banff to Caithness; but the game was gone for good.

So the little man he sat him down beside that silver sea (It may have been at Beauly or at Brora or at Tain), And he said, "It's vanished utterly—well, vanished let it be;

I've got my compensations and I haven't come in vain.
I've seen a mort of places that a wise man wouldn't pass,
I've got pictures by the dozen that the future cannot
steal—

The whin-blossom breaking, the brown sands baking And the blue tides making, from Tantallon and the Bass To the Souters and Dunrobin; and I'm up upon the deal.

"I've lost my game? Well, let it go; and write against the loss

As credit side the long east coast, its sunshine, sea and breeze,

Blue mornings up in Moray, grey afternoons in Ross;
And if you want the balance struck, my sentiments are
these—

Lose your game or find it, if you chase the little ball Right through Scotland for a June and a July,

Your home where'er you choose it, your time your own to use it.

Then, find your game or lose it, you'll have no complaint at all And a holiday behind you that should last you till you die'' . . .

So said the lucky little man, and so would say I. H. B.





Rustic (to operator of cinematograph camera, tackling some "local colour"). "Thankee, Zub; but Oi'm afraid Oi spoilt THAT PICTURE. OI WENT AN' MOVED A BIT."

THE VERY SILLY SEASON:

OR, LATEST EXTRACTS FROM THE CHANNEL.

(By our own Nonsensical Reporter, more or less permanently on the spot.)

MISS GOODE INTERVIEWED.

Miss Gladys Goode, of Ilford, Essex, the London girl-typist who was taken from the water in a state of wild hilarity last Wednesday, after nearly four hours' total immersion, graciously granted an interview to Mr. Punch's representative on the beach. After giggling (fit to die) she said :-

"Thank you, I feel no evil effects of my little swim. What led me to become a Channel swimmer? I think I was first attracted to the idea by being a simple London girl-typist. I noticed that the Channel was usually swam by simple London girl-typists. · Occasionally it was swam by healthy college girls, or by young milliners supporting a family of fifteen, or by bronze-limbed Continental Amazons, or by golden-haired Nereids from New York; but usually it was swam by simple London girl-typists. I could type over two hundred words a minute very simply, and my style was supposed to be rather berserk, so I thought I would swim the Channel.

London girl-typist but also a smiling you. I think that is all." frank-faced English girl, and it seemed a pity to waste it all by not swimming the Channel. When I told them at the office that I was positively going to dare the billows, they refused at first to believe me.

"'Go on,' they said. 'You can't swim.'

"'I know,' I said, 'but I'm going to learn.

"And I did. My brothers and sisters were very much excited.

"'My, Gladys, you are a one!' said my youngest brother, Hubert.

"I adopted the gudgeon stroke, and Swedish exercises in the lunch-hour, and play ping-pong regularly every night during the winter. My fiance is apprenticed to a billiard cue manufacturer, and I wear art silk next the skin. The Channel is wetter this year than ever before, but I think if it had not been so rough I should have succeeded in my attempt. The first thing I said when I was taken out of the water and got on to the tug was 'Ouf!'

"I am extremely delighted to have been the first frank-faced smiling English simple London girl-typist to be

"Another thing that suggested the three-and-a-half hours' immersion. Wait notion was that I was not only a simple | a moment. I forgot to smile. Thank

FORTHCOMING TEAM-RACES.

I am asked to state that the London Stock Exchange Channel Swim will take place to-morrow morning, weather and tide permitting. Several members have announced their intention of making the passage in top-hats and morning-coats, weather and wives permitting. The Baltic Exchange Swim is deferred till next week in order to permit of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's making their annual attempt on Friday afternoon.

Neither the Fishmongers Company trained principally on shrimps. I do nor the Cordwainers are entering a team this year.

> The Bank of England messengers are holding their annual Bullion Relay Race from Newhaven to Dieppe on Saturday afternoon.

EALING VETERAN TO COMPETE.

Mr. Alfred Golightly, the septuagenarian athlete of Ealing, who swims in goloshes, made a practice paddle yesterday at Angmering-on-Sea. Weather and tide permitting, he hopes to master the Channel this year.

"It has always been my ambition to taken out of the water after more than | master the Channel," he said; "but

hitherto it has invariably flouted my endeavours. If I can cause it to cease to flout my endeavours and admit itself mastered, I shall be a happy man. I train on cod-liver oil and bacon, with an occasional cold roast partridge and a bottle of Burgundy wine. Which side shall I start from? Cape Gris Nez or Dover, I do not care which. If I start from Cape Gris Nez I shall make my landing under the white cliffs of old Albion; but if I set out from Dover my objective will be the sunny shore of beautiful France."

AN ADVENTURE WITH JELLY-FISH.

Much excitement has been caused in the rank-and-file of swimming-men and swimming-women by the pronouncement of Dr. G. T. BIDDER, the eminent marine zoologist, who has stated to the British Association at Leeds that man owes his sense of rhythm, dancing and poetry to the fact that ten thousand million generations ago he was a jellyfish.

Several cross-Channel competitors have announced their intention of jodelling while they swim, and one of them has decided to play the ukelele.

In the meantime Karl Hochheimer, the German athlete, known as the Flounder of Hamburg, who wears a two-piece bathing-suit of pea-green and maroon, and was badly bitten yesterday, after four hours' immersion, by a cœlenterate, attributes the incident to jealousy.

"I adopted the beetle-stroke for four miles," he said, "after which I made use of the Locarno crawl. Some time later I was conscious of a sharp pain in the right instep and had to be taken on board a tug."

Interviewed on the telephone immediately afterwards, Dr. BIDDER replied, rather crossly, from Leeds:-

"The manubrium, in the case of the Aurelia aurita, is split up into four long pointed processes with fringed margins, and from the stomach and from its four saccular expansions there proceed eight unbranched canals, and eight which bifurcate several times, and are united by a marginal ring-canal.'

Probably it is better to leave it at that.

GUGNUNCS' IN PERIL.

From Littlehampton comes the exciting news that the two Leatherhead Gugnuncs, Mary and Elizabeth Partington, who set out unattended to wade to Boulogne, and were rescued in an exhausted condition, without their spades, after proceeding for seven yards, were brought back by Miss Florence Darling, a five-handicap golfing girl of Penge, and have promised to Swimmers' Association has once again care is exercised."



IN PICCADILLY NOW.

"You're right, Sir. I've never known business as quiet as it is nowadays."

be kind to winkles as long as they been called to the danger of cutting-in

The flock of boy scouts, on the other hand, who entered the water at Worthing just after tea-time were last seen heading strongly towards the coast of Normandy, making a whiffling noise, and it is not known when, if ever, they will return.

QUEER HAUL BY FISHERMEN.

Mistaken for a porpoise, Mr. Charles Pobble, a retired glazier of Islington, was recently captured in a net by fishermen off Deal. On explaining that he was tired of family life and was on his way to Deauville, where he proposed to spend the week-end, he was replaced with apologies and proceeded on his way.

SWIMMING TO THE PUBLIC DANGER.

The attention of the Cross-Channel

during the passage. Fast and energetic swimmers of forty or fifty plaice-power are perpetually submerging more moderate-paced swimmers with kicks in the stomach or face. Stationing himself in mid-Channel and treading water for an hour-and-a-half yesterday morning our representative watched the traffic go by, and counted no fewer than fourteen cases of reckless natation, which might easily have resulted in an accident insurance claim against us under the provisions stated on page 5. (Please fill in the coupon with care.)

"There is plenty of room in the Channel for all," said an experienced coastguard at Birling Gap, near Eastbourne, who had swum out to talk to our representative, and was treading water beside him, "if only sufficient

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

IV.—Don Juan.

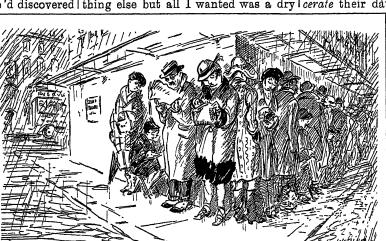
Well, my little Trix, I promised to tell you about my evening out with Mr. Rowland Mr. Haddock's friend, and by the way at a certain stage in the proceedings he said are you the kind of girl who tells other girls about the men you go out with and I said Certainly not, so if you should happen to meet him you must promise not to tell him I told you everything, won't you darling? Well, it was rather a fallacious evening. I wore my new pink and really I looked rather divine and naughty, well, I told you that Mr. Rowland thinks himself the last word in "devils" and from what I can make out he'd

some ecstatic little place in Soho or would I prefer to go to the Majestic. Well it's quite extraordinary darling the quantity of young men I go out with nowadays who've just discovered an ecstatic little place in Soho where there's no dancing and the wine's two and threepence the quart, well, I wasn't going to squander my new pink on some insanitary little Italian ham-shop because really darling all this foreigner business is too un-English, isn't it, and my dear a single

once, so I said I felt a sort of craving for the Majestic and off we went.

Well Mr. Rowland was Nature's manof-the-world with the taxi-driver and the hall-porter and the head-waiter and I expect in the Cloak-Room but my dear there was never a whisper of a cocktail and he said he thought perhaps the "dinner" would be better than à la carte which of course is madly more expensive and suddenly it flashed across me that the young man was seriously thinking of taking out your little Topsy on the cheap, so of course all the coffee and the tiniest little liqueur for womanhood in me revolted at once, fun. because there's no man living who ever got away with that my dear and if a comparative stranger wants to take me out he can take me out or do the other thing, not that it matters a fraction to me what I eat and drink, my dear I can't bear food, it's just the principle

carte would be better because I hadn't the shadow of an appetite and I couldn't conceivably do justice to a whole dinner and really all I wanted was a few stewed prunes and a glass of milk, well, then and I said I might manage two sips of a captivating soup at three and six and du Maurier which was seven shillings, after that the waiter began on the entrées and I could see my little he-



Country Cousin (writing home). "I AM LIVING IN ONE MAD WHIRL-THEATRES AND ALL THAT."

fly in the soup simply alienates me at | biscuit. Well meanwhile Mr. Rowland had ordered nothing but a plate of radishes for himself, and from what I could make out he'd lost his appetite too, but I said a grown man must have something solid to keep body and soul together and I told the waiter to give him a Whole Young Grouse (which was ten shillings) and then I said to keep him company I'd nibble at a Whole Young Grouse myself, and after that, I said, I should never eat again, unless infiniteesimal savoury, and possibly some

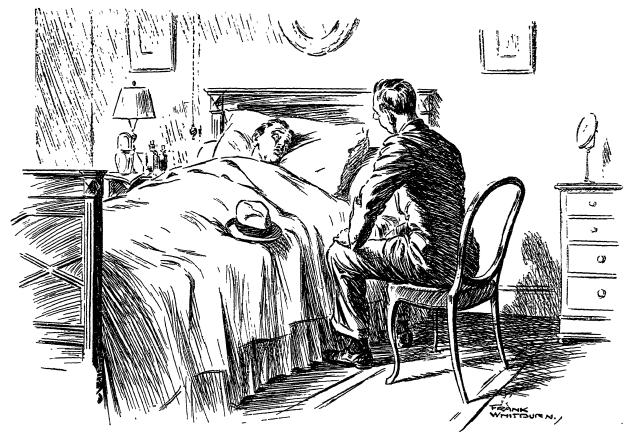
> Then Mr. Rowland turned over the Wine-List in the most lukewarm way till he came to the claret page, and then he said wasn't it simply tragic

ever paid for. Well, I said that à la marking-ink. Eo I said I wouldn't take still wine because of my inconsequent digestion but if I might have something with bubbles in it like ginger ale or plain soda-water, so he ordered the champagne, and after that my dear he of course the waiter began to suggest seemed to be plunged in a sort of leththe most complicated and corrupting argy, and really nobody would have dishes with expensive French names, guessed that he was taking out your irresistible Topsy for the first time.

Well I toyed with my celestral soup after that perhaps toy with a little Sole and he had his radishes, looking like the last act in a high-brow play, but with the champagne he seemed to cast care aside and after the grouse he man peeping at the prices over my positively expanded, like a flower my shoulder and simply deprecating the dear, and from what I could make out waiter with reproachful glances and he must be the most injurious and wild everything, but the waiter didn't seem | young man alive, well, if I told you the had too many late nights and spent too to get his meaning, however I said that number of homes he's shattered and of much money that week because the first after the sole I couldn't look at any-thing he said was that he'd discovered thing else but all I wanted was a dry cerate their daughters the moment he

crosses the horizon, well he didn't put it so bluntly but that was the impression my dear, and he said he'd take me to some abandoned party where everyone would be utterly unconventional and voluptious. Well, it was a galanight at the Majestic, I've never been there when it wasn't, so I suppose as soon as I arrive they say Let it be a galanight and get out the billoons, well anyhow they got out the balloons and the paper-streamers and everything and Mr. Rowland threw paper-

pellets at strange people like a complete devil, but as the meal wore on all the abandon seemed to be oozing cut of him and by the coffee stage it was an absolute myth that he was enthusiastic. Well we had one dance but my dear it was too utterly lethargic and refined so I said perhaps we'd better go on to the voluptious party. Well they brought the bill and he spent such ages adding it up that I thought that he must be the victim of coma or something, and then perhaps it was a Pêche Melba and some I had slight conscience trouble because I remembered I'd promised Mr. Haddock to be nice to his friend but when he asked me if I could lend him some money to help pay the bill my conscience recovered too marve'lously. Well after all I'd heard I was quite aprehensive about travelling in a taxi with this that nobody apreciated a good claret assiduous home-shatterer, my dear, so nowadays, and I said wasn't it, and he | I cowered into my corner and talkel murmured something about number 79 nineteen to the dozen about vitamins of the thing, so I made up my mind so I took a ladylike peep and 1 saw because I was determined to keep the that this was going to be the most that 79 was a four-shilling vintage and entire proceedings on a spiritual plane ruinous meal that Mr. Rowland had really my dear I'd just as soon drink you see, well he didn't utter my dear



Visitor. "I say, old chap, you'll be relieved to know that it wasn't mushrooms that made you ill at our place the other night—they were toadstools."

and I began to get nervous because I thought he must be planning something passionate and tiresome, so at last I took a side-long look and when I tell you that the home-shatterer was fast asleep, my dear, with his little mouth open and his little chubby hands clenched across his little tummy like Little Alfred after h's First Party, my dear it was too poignant, and really I began to feel like a wicked woman for keeping him up till a quarter-past ten, so I told the taxi-man to drive to the Cromwell Road where the rake resides in the most moribund hotel you ever saw, my dear the sort of place New Zealanders go to, and I woke him up and gave him to the porter and I do hope they tucked him up properly, and my dear if Mr. Rowland is a twentieth century "devil" may I never go out with a good young man! No more now, your pathetic Topsy. A. P. H.

At the British Association:—
"ORIGINS OF LIFE.
SPONGE AS ANCESTOR OF MAN."
Darly Paper.

The new theory gains strength from the appearance—particularly in Clubland about dinner-time—of so many reversions to type.

LOCAL ATMOSPHERE.

[ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON, the contributor of Social Causeries to *The Westminster Gazette*, has recently expressed the view that it is best to read a novel in its atmosphere—Italian tales in Italy, and so forth.]

WITH avid eyes I fix on
The weekly pearls, or tips,
Which ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON
Pours from her cultured lips;
But, with this fresh effusion
Though highbrows may agree,
Its logical conclusion
Doesn't go down with me.

My pleasure 'twould restrict if
I tackled, for a change,
A yarn of some vindictive
Ghost at a haunted grange.
Tales of escapes from capture
Upon the scaffold's brink
Would lose for me their rapture
Were they devoured in clink.

Though youthful yet and frisky, I'd peril not my scalp
To sense a hero's risky
Adventures on an Alp;
"The Digger" in his glory
I fear would fail to shine
Were I to start his story,
And end it, in a mine.

Tough though at times my heart is,
"I would prove too great a shock
To test a shipwrecked party's
Life on a lonely rock;
Nor would I give a stiver
Strange company to keep
With some fictitious diver
Beneath the vasty deep.

But—to curtail this patter—
My case is surely clear:
Why magnify the matter
Of local atmosphere?
To riot in romances
'Twere safer not to roam,
But let one's roving fancies
Feast on their air at home.

"The election, subject to confirmation, of the Venerable Ing-ong Ding, Archdeacon in Fukien, as Assistant Bishop in Fukien, is announced."—Daily Paper.

So far, we understand, no protest has been received from the Very Reverend Ding-Dong INGE.

"In the first round Kid Charlie entered the ring and greeted Mr. Yardlie with a smile, whose weight was 11st. 4lbs."—Indian Paper.

We have heard of a boxer heaving a heavy sigh, but what can be done with so helty a smile as this?

THE AUTHOR'S CALENDAR.

THERE is no branch of literature more generally acceptable to-day than the magazine short story, and commencing trouble by the employment of a basic or called her. . . skeleton formula which, modified at will according to the time of year, cannot fail to find favour with the Greater Public. The following samples of a dénouement or crisis, invariable in motive but variously embroidered to suit the different seasons, are culled from the advance proofs of a handbook about to published: The Art of the Short Story; or, What Shall I Do With My Son?

Spring.

The warm breezes whispered softly across the wave-tops as, flushed with sun and panic, Cecilia paddled desperately against the racing current. The gay linen of her boating-costume was stained with spray; behind her the foam-crowned whirlpool waited patiently the moment when, tried beyond endurance, heraching arms must relax their effort.

With the incredible rapidity of an evil dream she lived over again the long sunlit days of her youth in that little Cornish town; saw again the little fishing-boats rocking at anchor on a sea scarcely bluer than her own wondering eyes; then came London, the city of enchantment, and her meeting with Horatio. Horatio! At the thought of him her eyes misted over and the warm tears fell glittering from her incredible lashes. She heard his very voice that called her. . . .

"Cecilia!"

"Cecilia!" It was indeed he, indeed his strong arms about her shoulders as. leaning from his motor-boat, he caught her frail form and crushed it against his standing up in the stirrups, he caught reefer jacket.

"Horatio!" she murmured, and her voice was soft and tremulous like the Cornish sea—"Horatio! I knew you would save me! Horatio, my dolphin king!"

SUMMER.

The hot wind of the Midiblew strongly between the flaming pine-trees as, burning with fear and heat, Suzanne raced desperately through the blazing forest. The light georgette of her walking-dress was spotted by flying sparks; behind her the slowly advancing tongues of fire waited patiently the moment when. tried beyond endurance, her failing limbs must relax their effort.

With the incredible rapidity of an evil dream she lived over again the long sunlit days of her youth in that little Cornish town; saw once again the little fishing-boats rocking at anchor on a sea | fishing-boats rocking at anchor on a sea

eyes; then came London, the city of eyes; then came London, the city of enchantment, and her meeting with Ferdinand. Ferdinand! At the thought of him her eyes misted over and the scalding tears fell from her incredible authors may save themselves no little lashes. She heard his very voice that

"Suzanne!"

"Suzanne!" It was indeed he, indeed his strong arms about her shoulders as, leaning from his automobile, he caught her frail form and crushed it against his pilot-cloth coat.

"Ferdinand!" she murmured, and her voice was soft and tremulous like the Cornish sea-"Ferdinand! I knew you would save me! Ferdinand, my greyhound king!"

AUTUMN.

The soft wet gusts sang steadily between the leafless trees as, chilled with rain and dread, Clorinda clung desperately to the naked branch. The exquisite cut of her riding-habit was marred and sodden; beneath her a circle of lank-brushed foxes awaited patiently the moment when, tried beyond endurance, her bruised hands must relax their hold.

With the incredible rapidity of an evil dream she lived over again the long sunlit days of her youth in that little Cornish town; saw once again the little fishing-boats rocking at anchor on a sea scarcely bluer than her own wondering eyes; then came London, the city of enchantment, and her meeting with Hugo. Hugo! At the thought of him her eyes misted over and the cold tears fell from her incredible lashes. She heard his very voice that called her. . . .

"Clorinda!"

"Clorinda!" It was indeed he, indeed his strong arms about her shoulders as, her frail form and crushed it against his scarlet coat.

"Hugo!" she murmured, and her voice was soft and tremulous like the Cornish sea—"Hugo! I knew you would save me! Hugo, my centaur king!"

The icy wind whistled shrilly between the crags as, numb with cold and terror, Dianys clung desperately to the bare rock. The bright wools of her ski-ing costume were frayed and wet; beneath her the cloud-filled abyss awaited patiently the moment when, tried beyond endurance, her bleeding fingers must relax their

With the incredible rapidity of an evil dream she lived over again the long sunlit days of her youth in that little Cornish town; saw once again the little scarcely bluer than her own wondering scarcely bluer than her own wondering Moneyed Babies.

enchantment, and her meeting with Sebastian! At the thought of him her eyes misted over and the icy tears fell from her incredible lashes. She heard his very voice that called

"Dianvs!"

"Dianys!" It was indeed he, indeed his strong arms about her shoulders as, leaning from his aeroplane, he seized her frail form and crushed it against his leathern coat.

"Sebastian!" she murmured, and her voice was soft and tremulous like the Cornish sea—"Sebastian! I knew you would save me! Sebastian, my eagle king!"

THE BRICK OVEN.

WE've got an oven, An old brick oven With eaves hanging over A tiny door; Built in a wall where No one sees it. And no one uses it Any more.

Once on a time A housewife used it; She threw in bundles Of thorn and briar, And set them burning, And poked and stirred them, And made them into A glowing fire.

After the fuel Had ceased to crackle And only the ashes Were flaring red, She put in floury Loaves by the dozen; And that's how the housewife Baked her bread.

But now the oven Is cold and empty; Nobody now ever Looks to see If dough is rising Or crust is burning; We never have home-made Bread for tea.

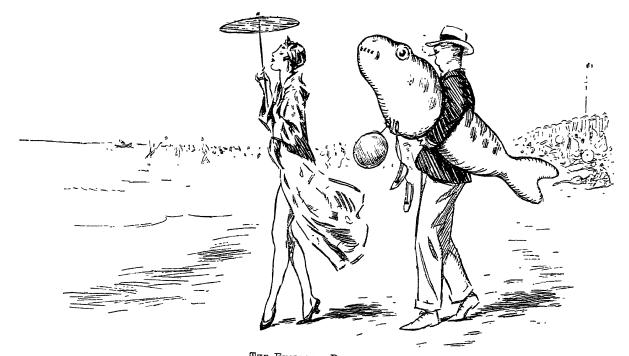
The Art of Sinking.

"It was Chopin who gave to the world the soul of the night. . . . He was a comet that passed across the face of the musical sky to blaze a way to glory. . . . His name is pronounced Show-pang."—Weekly Paper.

"Babies and Betting. BOY OF £17 FINED £25 AT BOOTLE." Liverpool Paper.

A new edition of the late "John Strange Winter's" popular story seems to be called for—*Bootle's*

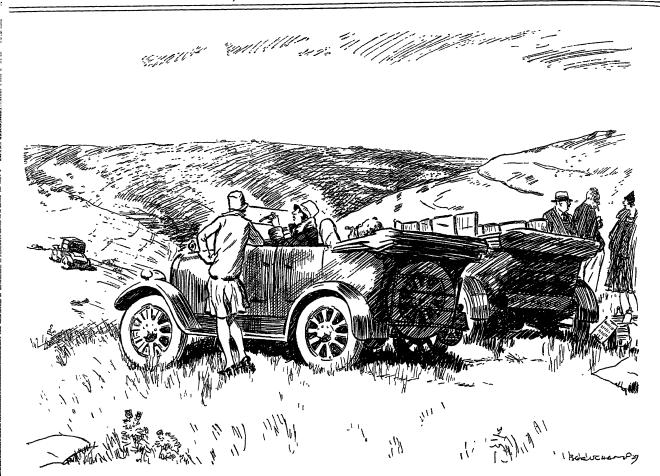
MANNERS AND MODES AT DEAUVILLE.



THE EXCLUSIVE BATHER.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE. COCKTAIL HOUR ON THE PLAGE.



OUR VANDALS ON THE DOWNS.

- "GLORIOUS VIEW, ISN'T IT?"
- "YES, BUT THE SURFACE IS REALLY DISGRACEFUL."

HINTS TO HOSTESSES.

I have lately returned from a visit to a large country house with a kind hostess, whose thought for her guest even went so far as to place in my bedroom a neat framed list which told me the hours of meals, the posts In and Out, the train service Away (perhaps a little tactlessly), the times of Church Services and other useful information.

Now this is a fine idea, but it is susceptible of further improvements. The information given might very well be expanded. There are a lot of other things I always want to know when I am in any house on a visit. So, speaking as a frequent guest, I herewith make a few suggestions for the expansion of this idea to all hostesses who desire their guests' comfort of mind as well as of body.

Taking Church Services, for example, I always require, besides the hour of commencement, the following information just to help me in arriving at my final decision :-

(1) Am I expected to go? That is,

or does he play golf?

(2) Is it expedient to go? That is, will the Vicar be lunching with us afterwards and ask me awkward questions? (3) What is the average length of

sermon for the neighbourhood?

Then there is Evening Dress. Many hosts are frightfully casual; and one should never take seriously remarks such as: "We're awfully plebeian; we never dress." It usually only means they don't wear tiaras. So on this list I wish to have clear:-

(1) Am I expected to put on white waistcoat, etc., or only a dinner-jacket? A mistake may spoil one's whole evening and cannot properly be rectified. I knew one man who made the attempt. He, coming down early in a white waistcoat, found his host in a dinnerjacket. Being very sensitive, he remarked hurriedly that he had forgotten a pocket-handkerchief, fled upstairs, changed his upper half and reappeared | flap, bear him tactful company. -just in time to meet two other unnoticed male guests both in tails. Poor the servants. man, he never smiled again.

(2) Am I expected to dress at all? or without tea?

is my host of a religious turn of mind | (I mean, of course, in evening dressfor I am not speaking of the Lido.) Sometimes one forgets to find out beforehand, and it is a difficult situation. Once, in a small house in the heart of the country, I gaily assumed the dickey and trotted early downstairs to discover my host in plus-fours with apparently no intention of altering the outer man till he saw me, when he rushed off and came back in a dinner-jacket, very late for the meal, and smelling strongly of camphor. He was quite short with me all the evening, and I felt both a fool and a brute.

> A polite and ingenious hostess, of course, can do a lot to help on occasions of doubt by wearing a special evening dress with extensible sleeves, which she will keep fastened round the wrists unless her guest comes down in evening dress, when she will let them snap up to the shoulder and thus, with the additional help of a removable back-

Then I like to know something about

(1) Am I called in the morning with

- (2) And am I given a second chance? That is, is hot water brought at the same time as tea, or does it have a later entry all to itself? In the latter case, you see, I need pay no attention to the first summons.
- (3) Are the servants good wakers? That is, do they gleam gently in and out again on tip-toe like part of one of my dreams; or do they rattle blinds and tea-cups and chatrespectfully about the weather till they are quite certain I am awake?

(4) Does the butler or valet (in a big house) come and lay my clothes out before I get up? I really must be told about this, because some of my underwear, while good for a year or so yet, does not appear to best advantage laid out ready for me all over the room.

Again, I generally prefer to be in-formed beforehand if my hostess is a Leaver-Alone or an Arranger. In one case you have to think up things you really want to do to fill up your time; in the other, you have to think up things to give you time to do the things you really want to do. And the two are quite different.

Finally, there is the question of the bathroom. I must have it down clearly in black and white:-

- (1) Who bathes in the morning, i.e., Wet and Dry Bobs?
- (2) Who bathes hot and who bathes cold?
 - (3) Whom do I follow on after?
- (4) Is there a sufficiency of hot water, or does the first-comer get it all?

(5) The way to the bathroom.

This last is most important. In one house, my particular bathroom was on a different floor, and I miscalculated the floors and arrived in the dining-room in a dressing-gown. My host tried to pass it off by saying laughingly that of course all authors breakfasted in dressinggowns; but I could see that the others, while perhaps swallowing that, could not bring themselves to believe that even authors took sponges and bathtowels to any meal.

On another occasion I had an extraordinary experience. The night before my host had airily said, "Oh, you'll easily find the bathroom," and had then disappeared. So next morning I set forth from my room, went down a passage, turned to the left and at last found a bathroom-door on my left. I had a jolly good bath; it was one of those bathrooms with two entrances opposite one another and I remembered, quite remarkably for me, to lock both.

When, however, I came to go out I found I was snookered by a cleaning housemaid just outside. So, being shy, I retreated again to wait till she had moved on. Unfortunately she had not | there were my sponge and towel on | the doctor away."



"Full of Pep" Hundred-per-cent. American (on non-Pussyfoot ship, seizing on first man he meets). "Oh, box, I feel good!" Sailor. "That's all right, Sir. We 'Aves a church service ter-morrer mornin."

up the bathroom, of which I had by time automatically to spring through the door opposite into an adjoining bedroom. Luckily it was empty, and, with my eyes anxiously fixed on the door, I waited for ten minutes and caught a bad cold. When the bathroom was clear, I crept out again and was already in the passages before I realised that I had left my sponge and towel in the strange bedroom, having put them down close by the door in order to open it more cautiously.

Being very late I did not go back, and so entered my own bedroom, sneez-

seen me and elected to enter and clean the floor in the far corner close by what I had casually supposed to be a door then unlocked the door. I just had into a cupboard. No wonder my host had said," You'll easily find the bathroom.'

Well, what I mean is, how much simpler everything would have been if only there had been a plan over the mantelpiece showing Route to Bathroom Clearly Marked in Red. A. A.

"Spirits Haul in a Yacht." Head ine in Daily Paper. "These are not natural events" (The Tempest, Act V., Scene 1).

"The Dessert Healer."-Cinema Programme. ing thoughtfully and anticipating a lot A film version, we suppose, of the of very awkward explanations. And famous slogan, "An apple a day keeps

A POLICE INTERVIEW.

My mastiff Boaz is rather an outsize even for one of his breed, but he is a kindly soul, much given to shaking hands and other gestures of friendliness. His appearance and manner, however, are a little alarming, especially when he butts people who won't shake hands at once, and for this reason he is not allowed to go out alone. This morning, however, the spring got into his veins and he went for an unauthorised walk, with the result that some person unknown was frightened and complained to the police. I don't know what happened, of course, but this afternoon a very young and fresh-coloured constable arrived to tell me all about it and, if necessary, tick me off.

"Allowing a dangerous dog to be at large," he said, tapping his notebook;

"the inspector has sent me—"
"Dangerous?" I interrupted in my most dignified manner. (I am always dignified with very young constables.) "Alleged dangerous," he corrected.

"That's better. Will you come into the dining-room?" (Said the spider to

the fly.)

He came into the dining-room, where I promptly made the sign of the Frothblowers; but, being a man of duty, he ignored the sign, for which I gave him a good mark.

"Now for details," I said amiably.

To my surprise I found he had no details; the inspector had merely instructed him to call and caution me, without giving him precise particulars. I became more dignified than ever.

"This," I said, "is a serious charge to make against an established householder—a householder who receives his demands for taxes regularly and files them without rancour, who knows personally two rate-collectors and has on more that one occasion taken tickets for the annual police concert."

"Y-yes," he answered uncertainly; "but about the dangerous—alleged dangerous dog?"

I was about to overwhelm him with a

further instalment of dignity when there able time and then exploded like a fog-apparent surprise, "not gone yet?" was a sudden scratching sound at the horn. door and through the very small aperture shuffled Carlotta, snub-nosed and people must want a job to complain a dog here thinks he's a bison.' inclined to snarl. Carlotta is my wife's about a dog like that."

My grey matter fairly bubble toy spaniel; I don't know her precise

could easily play the part of a guineapig. Boaz won't even recognise her.

I can place my hand on my heart at this point and declare that my next remark was made in the true spirit of therefore it seemed wiser to-



"BOAZ WON'T EVEN RECOGNISE HER."

jest and was devoid of guile. "Behold the dangerous monster!" I said, and descended to understand it. chuckled as I said it.

I stared at Carlotta for quite an appreci-like old friends. Delightful things, police

dimensions, but, properly made up, she | nothing of Bcaz. To explain now might make him feel foolish, which would be unkind; and anyhow I am only human myself (a quality I inherit from an exuberant grandfather). On the who's

"You are quite right," I said jovially. "and I wish the person complaining could have seen this harmless little creature half-an-hour ago. She was actually being chased out of the orchard by a chicken. Of course she barks a bīt, but--- "

"I know," he broke in sympathetically. "There's some folk almost afraid of their own shadders; it's a wonder they keep going at all without a nervous breakdown."

"Can you make your report now?" I asked.

"I can, Sir. 'Size of dog, twelve inches by five; afraid of chickens and don't like rabbits because they knock her about. Complaint childish, but owner prostrated with grief in consequence.'

He laughed so heartily at his own wit that, though I was now anxious to conclude the interview, I ventured once more to make the famous signal; and this time, his duty being done, he con-

"Good health, Sir!" he said. He To my astonishment there was no was a pleasant fellow, and we had quite answering chuckle from Robert. He a genial ten minutes, parting at last

> interviews, if-well, if they are handled properly. I sighed contentedly as the door closed Lehind him.

About eleven seconds had elapsed when I glanced idly and casually through the dining-

room window. There was Robert, backed against my front-gate in a state of semidefence. Butting him, with the view (as I knew) of shaking hands, was the mighty Boaz, who had broken barracks once more.

Immediate action was clearly called for. 1 hurried to the door, but strolled out in the manner of one about to take the air.

"Hullo!" I cried in

"I should like to be gone, but there's

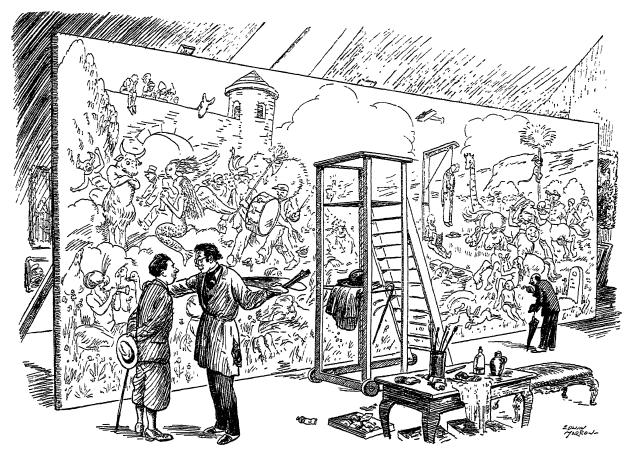
bout a dog like that."

My grey matter fairly bubbled with Heavens! I had forgotten he knew intensity of thought. "I've seen that



"THERE'S A DOG HERE THINKS HE'S A BISCN"

"Well, I'm blowed!" he cried. "Some



Allegorical Painter (aside to friend). "I SAY, I HOPE YOUR FRIEND ISN'T IN MY WAY OF BUSINESS. I DON'T WANT THE IDEA PINCHED BEFORE I'VE FINISHED IT.

dog about here before," I said calmly. "He's quite inoffensive. What he wants is to shake hands, I fancy.'

"Oh, if that's all," answered Robert, relieved, "very pleased to meet you." He held out his hand, and Boaz, now happy, placed a ponderous paw in it. "But people didn't ought to let a dog like this out in the streets alone," he added; "it ain't everyone as understands this handshaking business.'

"I quite agree," I said sincerely.
"No doubt he is out without permission. Good day."

The situation was saved. Boaz, having achieved his object, had strolled away. Robert, saluting me affably, prepared to move off. Then he paused; a thought seemed to strike him. "I suppose you don't know whose dog it is?" he asked.

"Yes," I said calmly, "he is mine." I have never seen a greater quantity of emotion displayed in a policeman's face in so short a space. Within four seconds he registered surprise, consternation, horror, indignation, pity (for the human race, of which I was a member), righteous wrath and, finally, hopelessness (probably at the thought that he had imbibed my beer). He would have

so poignant that I simply could not bear it. With a smothered farewell I turned and hurried into the house.

I don't know what is going to happen; I don't know what can happen; nay, further, I don't care what does happen. Of only one thing am I conscioussadly conscious, alas!—Robert is disappointed in me.

Nevertheless I can honestly place my hand on my heart and—— I said that before, though.

EVOLUTION.

["Darwin was right."—Sir ARTHUR KEITH] In science, as we all should know, The learned scholar seeks to show How life began, And on what plan The rolling worlds around took shape; How man descended from the ape, And how, across the mighty chasm To man from his far protoplasm, Fair Science sets advancing stages And marks his progress through the

Now let me say (as one who knows) Just how this protoplasm grows, And how from embryonic cells made a fortune on the movies. It was The germ—or what you call it—swells, Man grew to what he is to-day.

And gets a move on here and there, And mates or marries as it were, And throws out lots of other germs That writhe and wriggle round like worms.

Then by-and-by each shows a leg, At first just one, like Silas Wegg, And then lots more, Perhaps a score, Or five, or fifty, or just four. The quadruped you notice row-The cat, the camel and the cow.

And some could whistle and some could sing,

And some could only grunt; Some had a flapper like a wing, And some had tails in front.

And all went foraging round about (In search of food there is no doubt)

Until one enterprising beast Beheld a rich and succulent feast Depending from a neighbouring tree, And, reaching up, discovered he Could stand on two legs—two, no more,

As well as he had stood on four.

And this, believe me, is the way



The Golfers. "I SAY, YOUR CHILDREN MUSTN'T PLAY ON THE GREEN." The Mother. "Garn! Spoiling their innocent fun. Ain't there plenty of other greens for you to go and play on?"

THE FORCE OF GENIUS.

I am convinced that I was born to wield a pen, though I am not one of those who lisp in numbers for the numbers come. I belong to the "infinite capacity for taking pains" school of genius; no one in the literary world has taken more pains than 1. Every hint dropped by the successful author has received my attention, and I have by heart all the formulæ of all the Schools of Journalism. There was never a more sedulous ape; nor have phrases ever been more indefatigably polished than mine.

I spent years in study and experiment before I ventured to submit my work to editors; not until I was certain that I had produced a perfect article would I offer it for presentation to the public. Yet my manuscripts were returned. 1 am confident these editors were not men devoid of taste; it was simply that they could not see my point of view. used every means to convert them. sent a dozen manuscripts at a time, thinking that such corroborative evidence of my ability must prove conclusive. When that failed, I took my cue from the importunate widow and sent the same article to the same editor every day for a week. Finally, I began to wonder if my work might be at fault.

I made a supreme effort. I wrote an | We never go for a walk on wheels.

essay. I revised, re-wrote, polished it during a longer period than TOLLER spent on the revision of Masse-mensch. It contained nature pictures which combined the loveliest imagery of all the poets, and fine phrases of which the equivalent could be found only in PATER. It was a work of art which no editor could reject without condemning his judgment of literature. With a feeling of satisfaction at the great achievement and confidence in the fame that would accrue from it, I turned up the Writers' Handbook for a suitable periodical and posted the essay.

Rejected manuscripts have swift wings, and the passage of a week without news changed hope to certainty. On the ninth day after the dispatch of the manuscript it was returned by the postal authorities, and the envelope bore the legend, "Building demolished."

I had not anticipated that the effect of my magnum opus would be so overwhelming.

"For Sale.—Talking Parrot, talks, sings and cries all day; sold through sickness." Weekly Paper.

Anybody might be sick of a parrot that cried all day.

"But whether one goes a walk on wheels or on feet . . ."-Daily Paper.

EUCLID'S RESOLVE.

ONCE EUCLID went from angle Athrough angle B to Anglesey; Then drew a line to Chester, where he angled in the Dee.

He drew a line And threw a line. And on the line He put a fine Big wriggling worm, And watched it squirm

And dangle in the Dee. This dainty dish Soon brought a fish, Which EUCLID caught with glee.

"This is a salmon," EUCLID said, "a salmon from the sea, Or rather from the Dee.

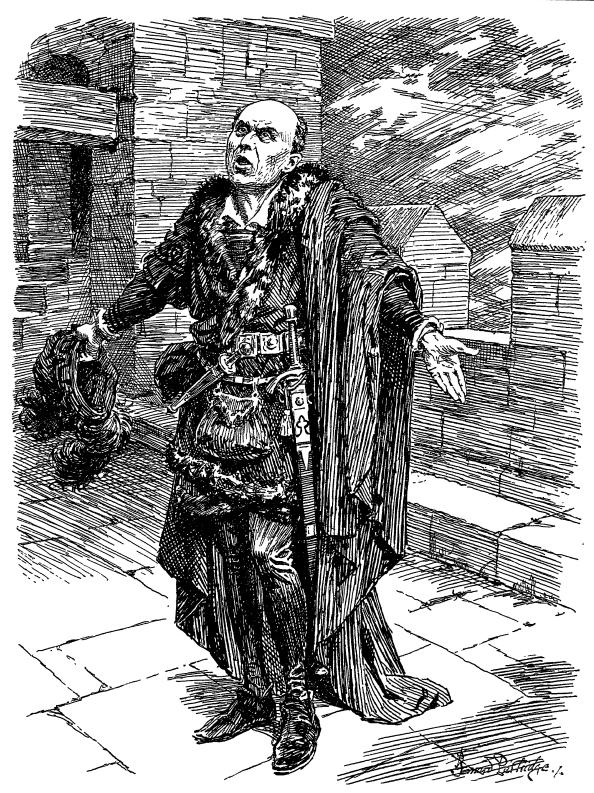
Fishing is easy," Euclid said, "easy as A B C.

Forgetful of the fact that he Was exercising cruelty On (a) a worm and (b) a fish, He thought himself a rare magish, And off he went to Llandudno, but landed no fish there.

"Fishing is difficult," said he, "Therefore not easy. Q.E.D.

I won't try angling anywhere, But always act upon the square."

Keats (adapted) on Community Singing. "Herd melodies are sweet."



THE FIGHTING PACIFIST.

LORD CECIL (in the character of "Hamlet"). "THE TIME IS OUT OF JOINT—O CURSED SPITE
THAT EVER I WAS BORN TO SET IT RIGHT!

[Pauses—then "gags"—NO MATTER; I WILL CARRY ON THE FIGHT!"

[Exit with a disarming smile.



LESS-KNOWN SIGHTS OF THE WORLD.

SENDING OFF A DEPRESSION FROM ICELAND.

THE CHICKEN-POX SWEEPSTAKE.

WHEN Harberson, who's a School Pre, went under with chicken-pox soon after the beginning of last term everyone more or less hooted with delight, chicken-pox being a rather inglorious sort of thing to get and savouring strongly of one's Prep. School; and then about a fortnight later, when six others from the same House got it, it became quite the fashion, when meeting School House persons, to ask how the little invalids were getting on and whether they had a good supply of toy trains and soldiers for when they reached the convalescent stage. But most of us at Thibault's began to take a rather different view when Tibbles himself pointed out at lunch one day that it was most improbable that the thing would stop short at the School House, and after that people started shouting "Unclean!" at the School House blokes and incensed them a good deal by telling them that they ought to be equipped with bells to give warning of their approach. Those of us who hadn't had chicken-pox in their youth were mostly pretty fed-up at the idea of getting it, except one or two people like Wright and Selton I., who pointed

out that the illness was known to be nothing worth speaking of after the first day or two, whereas with luck it meant missing about three weeks' work, which would be all to the good.

It was quite soon after the first batch of School House people went under that Ashby conceived the idea of the sweepstake. Everybody cottoned to are young enough to be quite fair outwhen Ashby has any hand in things, and after a good deal of discussion it was decided to have sixpenny tickets, the prize to go to whoever drew the first member of Thibault's to be certified with the right sort of spots. Wright and a few other plutocrats who meant to take whole batches of tickets wanted to increase the field by taking in the other Houses as well, but Ashby wouldn't allow it.

"Once you include the hoi polloi," he said, "it'll involve all sorts of inquiries to establish which horse was first past the doctor and the thing'll be bound to leak out and be squashed by the powers that be."

"Just look at what a lot of blanks there'll be," objected Wright. "Because anybody who has had it once is practically a non-runner."

stake," said Ashby. "Besides, if you want more runners we can include Tibbles himself and Mrs. Tibbles.

"People as aged as that aren't likely to get it," said Wright gloomily. "Why, even Mrs. Tibbles must be quite thirty.

"Well, then, we'll throw in the servants," said Ashby. "Some of them the scheme at once, as they mostly do | side chances. And what about the baby?"

"By Jove, yes, the baby!" said Wright, brightening up quite a lot.
"Do babies get it?" objected some-

"Do they?" exclaimed Ashby. "I should jolly well think they do! Personally I should call the baby a really hot chance.'

Well, eventually everything was agreed on and the draw took place next night in the Prep. Room. Sefton 1. drew Delauny, who was generally recognised to be favourite, never having had it before and having sat in class between two School House blokes just before they went under with it. Two other people, I forget who, snaffled the second and third favourites, and after that there was nothing much of note except that Wright drew himself, and Mason III. "There always are blanks in a sweep- the baby. I myself drew the Matron,

about the worst ticket of the lot, as Ashby said, nobody of the genus matron ever having been known to catch any-

thing whatsoever.

How eventually the thing leaked out and got round to Tibbles was never thoroughly established, but public opinion put the blame pretty equally on Wright and Mason III. Nobody had really thought much of Mason III.'s chance at first, until various people remembered that they 'd seen Harberson taking quite a lot of notice of the kid one afternoon on the field just before he was sent to the sanatorium. Thereafter Mason III. became optimistic beyond all reason. Sefton I. offered him four-and-sixpence for his chance, but

baby at any price, and after that there was no holding him at all. The silly little ass would keep on waylaying Mrs. Tibbles and asking her how the baby was, to such an extent that Mrs. Tibbles got frightfully bucked and asked him to tea, where he didn't see the baby after all, as it was being kept away from the boys for fear of infection, which rather dashed Mason III.'s hopes. However, they talked about the baby for a solid hour, and later on Mrs. Tibbles was heard to say that he was one of the most charming boys in the house, and reminded her of a MURILLO, which greatly incensed Mason III., when

Ashby explained it to him and showed | him a picture in the library of a lot of fat little beasts assing about round a fountain.

As for Wright, who, as I said, had drawn himself, the prospect of missing three weeks' work and winning nearly two pounds ten into the bargain excited him beyond measure, so that he kept taking the most ridiculously hopeful view of anything in the nature of a spot that came out on him and consulting the Matron about it until she got quite fed up with him. Then he went further and said openly that he didn't see any reason why he shouldn't help things along a bit. Ashby told him he was an unsporting brute, but Wright refused to admit that he was unsporting at all and said that being a runner as well as a backer he was per- on the amount of eggs used."—Weekly Paper.

win. After which he started hanging about the sanatorium and once managed to sneak in without being caught. The second time, however, he was nabbed by the sanatorium Matron ragging on the floor with the patients, and got reported to Tibbles.

Wright swore blind that Tibbles got nothing out of him and nobody really believes that Wright deliberately gave the show away, but the fact remains that next day at breakfast Tibbles suddenly asked Mason III. in a pleasant sort of way what was the betting on the baby getting chicken-pox. All of us looked more or less frightful asses, after which Tibbles said he regretted that the sweepstake, being unauthorised and contrary



Waiter. "PI-PLEASE, SIR, I'M IN RATHER A FIX. GENT OVER THERE HAS JUST ORDERED ROAST MUTTON.

Proprietor. "Well, there's plenty, isn't there?" Waiter. "YESSIR; BUT 'E'S ALREADY 'AD ONE PORTION A3 'VENISON.'"

> and void and the money be returned to the shareholders, minus ten per cent. to go to the School Mission. This, as Tibbles himself said, provided some nice exercise in arithmetic, but Ashby solved the problem after deducting ten per cent. for the Mission by paying the rest of us fivepence-halfpenny per ticket and leaving what was over to Wright and Mason III., which quite satisfied everybody except Wright and Mason III.

> Mirabile dictu, after all the trouble that had been gone to, nobody at Thibault's got chicken-pox at all, not even Wright, in spite of all his efforts, which tends to show, as Ashby said, that even a chicken-pox germ must have some self-respect.

"The secret of a good batter depends largely feetly entitled to do what he could to Duck's eggs are taboo, of course.

HEART-BEATS.

(From the works of Miss Flavia Flabbe.) ALL MEN ARE MY LOVERS.

ALL men are my lovers,

Though some of them may not know it. No friendly light may wake in their eyes if we pass in the street,

And yet I look upon them as my lovers. Surely I am justified in claiming all men as my lovers

Since I love all men,

The bad man no less than the good man, The old man perhaps a little less than the young man;

Not because they are wise or foolish, Not because they are rich or poor. But simply because they are men, Mason III. said he wouldn't sell the to public policy, must be declared null For the essential manliness of them,

The masculinity of mankind.

They may spurn me, they may even strike me, They may trample upon my finer feelings,

And yet I love them none the less.

Is there then so essential a difference between loving being loved?

Much has been written upon the relations of man and woman,

But much remains unsaid.

I have observed many men-

Men for whom life is a rose-strewn path;

Men who toil and sweat, Strong artisans who give off a rich odour of perspiration,

Whose fingers and faces are stained with tobacco-juice,

Who know nothing of poetry; The little black-coated clerk

Who struggles for existence in public conveyances

While his wife brings unwanted babies into the world;

The obese comic-singer, the peer, the bookmaker's tout

They are all made in the image of God, As I also am made in the image of God. I can imagine circumstances

In which I might be a good wife to any one of them;

Therefore, when I take my walks abroad, As I peer into the faces of the passers-by, I say without any qualification whatever:

All men are my lovers.

ME AND MY GARDEN.

Out in my garden wide my table's set with all that I can want. How

nice it looks! My typewriter; a bunch of mignonette; a volume slim-my dearest friends are books. The Greatest Poets through the Ages yet have penned their lines in such delightful nooks.

Verses are only prose turned into song! Some mortals have the pow'r to move to tears. Perhaps I've had this blessing all along; I've only found it out in recent years. Blesséd am I that I can reach the throng! My message falls upon receptive ears.

I sing the Joy of Life from morn to night—the little tender things I daily see. I jot my poor thoughts down in black and white that others too may share my bliss with me. I sing my gay song for mine own delight and am repaid without a sordid fee.

And as I write the flow'rs their incense bring; the insects hum approvingly, and then a little bird, folding his tiny wing, perches a moment on my jewelled pen and chirrups: "'Tis our one small gift to sing. Would that we had the pow'r of words like men!"

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF ABERDEEN.

THEY are funny creatures, Owners, and you have to be very sharp to know how to take Them. One day They want you with Them all the time, and you haven't a chance to go off on your own. There's a call or a whistle the moment you vanish, and, if you don't come back, there's the switch, or the cross voice that one hates even more. Another day you jump about and play up to Them as usual, and They merely snap at you. "Down! Down!" they say. "Basket!"

Now, how can a dog tell what to expect? I wonder if They ever realise at what a disadvantage we are, with our eyes down there, close to the ground, and no chance to see what Their expression is?

Legs tell a great deal, but not enough; and all we can see well is legs. Men's legs tell more than women's, because, whereas She always wears the same quality silk stockings, He has different trousers according to what He's going to do. If he is going to be in the country He has one kind; if He is going to London He has another.

That is the only way I can tell what His plans are, and you may believe that I am full of excitement every morning while He is dressing. I go into His room while He is in the bath and see ing. what has been put out for Him.

My position is rather different from like Them. Lots of dogs merely allow principles that entirely disregard the smaller excursions They are always



Rector. "Well, George, have you decided on your baby's name yet?" George. "YES, ZUR-REGINA."

Rector. "That's an uncommon name. What ever made you choose it?" George. "Well, Zur, it wur the second name of Queen Victoria."

themselves to be given food and shelter and think nothing of their people at all. They roam away when they want to, and come back when they want to, and nothing is said. Or they spend most of their time in the kitchen. Now I am so made that I don't like being alone at all; I hate it if She goes out of the room, partly because I like to have company, and a great deal because I want to know what They are up to. Just such a simple act as leaving the room might easily be the prelude to pack-

Also, I don't like the kitchen. There is no repose there; some one is always

comfort of a dog. The fire is too high from the ground, and there is no hearthrug. Furthermore I am not sure that I care to be so much in the atmosphere of food much of which I am to have no chance at.

People talk of the happiness of a dog's life, but they know nothing of what a wearing mixture it is of hopes and fears, uncertainties and doubts. And almost all the nervousness from which we suffer comes from what I hinted at just now: our ignorance of what They are

up to.
We can tell the big things that we so dread, such as Their going abroad, by that of lots of dogs I know, because in moving about and treading on you; the luggage. When we see that, we spite of Their blundering ways I really and kitchen-ranges are constructed on know that the game is up. But the



"MAN, YER CHAIR-R-GES FOR TEA ARE VERRA HIGH FOR A MODEST OOT-OF-THE-WAY ESTABLISHMENT LIKE THIS."

"YOU SEE, SIR, THIS IS A MUCH-VISITED SPOT ON ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS VIEW."

"AWEEL, AH'VE BEEN SITTIN' WITH MA BACK TO IT, SO AH'LL ASK YE FOR A DISCOUNT."

making, how can we tell what our fate is to be then?

A lot of luggage means travel out of England, where dogs mayn't go; but town trousers and only a handbag may mean merely the London house for a day or so. What we don't know is whether we are going too, or not; and it is that terrible insecurity which wears a dog out.

You see, sometimes They go together, and then I go too. But if He goes alone I am left with Her. Now I don't want you to think that I am not happy with Her, because I am; but even in London it is more fun to be with Him—or if not exactly more fun, I feel myself to be fulfilling more of my destiny, and we all like to do that.

Besides, when She and I are alone She thinks too much about me. She scolds me if I do so simple and necessary, and indeed right, a thing as to scratch. It is as natural for a dog to scratch as for a woman to look in the glass, but she won't admit that. Now He would never make that mistake. He knows.

Again, when we are alone She brushes and combs me—a detestable operation. Even worse, She gives me medicine.

There is another source of mental inquietude from which a dog can suffer torments. The car. They often go out in the car, and sometimes They take me and sometimes They leave me behind; but how am I to know what my fate is to be? I have no line on it at all, and from the moment the car arrives at the door until it drives off—with me either in or out—I am in tortures of suspense.

Of course, if there is the least opportunity, I jump in, because riding in a car is one of the greatest pleasures of my life, even though it be only with the chauffeur. I mean a good car. Once in, one's position is stronger; for though, if I were merely in the hall, They would say, "We don't want Roy to-day; shut him up;" if I am actually on the mat of the car They might relent. Besides, it tickles Them to see me so fond of motoring; and wise dogs tickle their people as much as possible. I spend hours when They think I am asleep, inventing new ways to make Them laugh. That was why I learned so quickly to beg; it wasn't for the tit-bits They gave me half so much as to keep Them in good humour. And for some reason or other the sight of a dog | be given instead.

begging always sends human being sinto ecstasies of appreciation. Our upright position flatters them, perhaps?

(To be continued.) E.V.L.

Stenography.

The great democracy of letters Is supposed to have no fetters, Yet its principal creators More and more become dictators.

"The situation in China is still causing a good deal of uneasiness, perplexing as the affair may be. With provinces as pawns and military autocrats constantly making move like knights at chess, a sort of blind man's buff is going on; in fact it is a veritable jigsaw."—Provincial Paper.

We don't profess to know this game, but are a little comforted by the reflection that nobody in China seems to be playing it.

"There will be a matinée performance of Charley's Aunt' at —— County Theatre to-day. Mr. Pinero's famous play will not be performed on Saturday aft rnoon."

Provincial Paper.

Perhaps Sir Brandon Thomas's famous play, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, will be given instead.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE ONE-EYED HERRING." (WYNDHAM'S).

SIR FRANK POPHAM YOUNG has chosen to provide his tale of murder and robbery and fraud with an obbligato of jokes; not at all bad jokes either. But he has thereby missed the fun, and missed giving us the fun, of a well-woven and unravelled crime story. I do not know whether he meant his faked family ghost (which wouldn't have deceived a film-ridden underhousemaid) and his three gaunt figures in the uniform of the Brothers of the Misericordia to be jokes or not. Anyway we all giggled intelligently when the skeleton with the clanking chains passed into the haunted west wing and the three lay monks proceeded to open the safe, hiding carefully, when a noisy footstep behind the arras startled them, in the only place in the room which would betray their presence. They would have looked such fools if the intruder had turned up the light and asked them what they were doing, that I must assume Sir Frank is here pulling the legs of his audience or of Mr. Edgar Wallace.

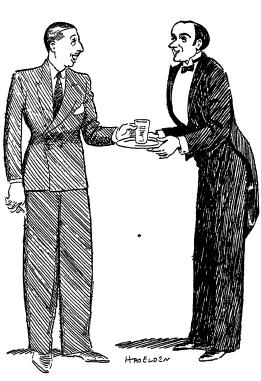
Joe Pazzi, American man of business, has taken the haunted Castle Swilly (somewhere in Scotland) as the headquarters of his trade in one-eyed herrings - which, being interpreted, is whisky. Two types of labels are used by the firm. On the tins that contain real herrings, the portrait of the fish has two eyes; on the tins that contain the whisky, but one. A simple device -so simple that I should judge it would take the Prohibition agents about two days to find it out, and

a week or so to trace.

The one-eyed herring, though given the title-rôle, is a quite secondary affair. Somewhere in or about Castle Swilly, either among the guests or among the servants, or lurking by the banks and braes, there is a master criminal who has killed one man in the rhododendron bushes the last time the same queer assortment of guests happened to be assembled in the castle. We are duly warned that he is very likely going to kill another. Why he is here on the scene of his earlier murder is not clear, as he has no connection whatever with the herring business. Possibly he proposes to shoot one by one the guileless American detectives disguised as footmen and what



"MY ONLY JOE AND DEARIE O!". Joe Pazzi . . . MR. CLIVE CURRIE. . MISS CONNIE EDISS.



"A LITTLE SWILL OF CASTLE SWILLY, IF I MAY MAKE SO BOLD, SIR." Hon. Francis Wriothesley. MR. ARCHIBALD BATTY. Holt. Mr. Henry Hewitt.

not who came over to investigate the original murder.

When finally, as the echoes of our laughter at the family ghost and the fancy-dress parade of the safe-openers are dying away, there comes gurgling down the stairs and crashing through the handrail of the banisters the destined victim.

As to the murderer you can take your choice from among the guests and servants, ruling out the dithering old Pazzi (Mr. CLIVE CURRIE); his delightful wife, played most amusingly by Miss Connie Ediss, whom everybody was pleased to welcome; their daughter, Yoda (Miss Phyllis Konstam), and (probably) the daughter's idiotic young airman lover (Mr. ARCHIBALD BATTY), whom you will rightly judge to be not so foolish as it suits him to appear. There is the swiveleyed groom (Mr. Frank Stanager), who mews and gibbers (no wonder the mare under his charge had colic), or the hairy McPherson (Mr. ERNEST Haines), who hides his face from you; the pretty French maid (Miss Antoinette Conland); the suave butler, Holt (Mr. HENRY HEWITT) —an excellent performance if a flattering self-playing part; the bullying Tom Bruggins, Pazzi's unscrupulous partner (Mr. Lionel GADSDEN); the abrupt Baron (Mr. A. W. TYRER); the sleek Count (Mr. FRANK FREEMAN); the unpleasant Lady Torpleton (Miss MADGE Snell), who was put in, with many other things, just to make it more difficult; Gregson, the footman (Mr. KENETH ALLEN), who was evidently up to something; or even the quiet Belton, of Scotland Yard (Mr. ARTHUR AUBREY). Our author, emitting pleasant jokes the while, gradually separates sheep from goats, and the master - criminal, fairly cornered, feigning death by prussic acid and missed at close range by the revolver of justice, gets off in the air-man's plane, in which only enough petrol has been left in the tank to take him a thousand yards into the air and crash him neatly in a neighbouring field. A nice calculation.

The author is an unscrupulous fellow. The exits and entrances, the eavesdroppings and ingenuous confidences of his puppets are made too unplausible to be entertaining to the more sophisticated students of detective fiction. But he provides a sufficiently entertaining evening to leave us with no grudge against him; on the contrary, with a (modified) sense of

secrets I have not been able to do justice to his many ingenious turns of the plot and diverting strokes of characterisation.

"UP WITH THE LARK" (ADELPHI).

Ignoring through force of grinding circumstance my friend Christopher's advice about approaching musical comedy in a state of semi-coma induced by rich food and heady wine, indeed arriving in a state rather of semi-starvation, I yet found Up with the Lark a highly diverting, intelligently-planned affair, with a coherent plot, a seasoning of sound tom-foolery, agreeable music and highly-competent dancing; with a positively dangerous array of

comely ladies of the Chorus.

This danger was heightened by the fact that the courteous management had provided Mr. Punch's representatives with the stage box. Modestly shrinking into its darkest corner W. K. H. and T. presumably gave the impression of a distinguished foreign prince anxious for his incognito (H.) and equerry (T.), so friendly were the glances thrown their way. After recovering from the first shock of embarrassment—a quite genuine embarrassment as the frank and agreeably modelled gymnast-danseuses advanced half-L. upstage—they dug themselves in, decided to chaperon each other carefully and finally recovered their nerve.

Up with the Lark comes to us from the French of Armont and Nancey. translated, with appropriate omissions and additions, by DougLAS FURBER and HARTLEY CARRICK. Music by PHILIP Braham (on the whole, with borrowed items). One doesn't intend to depreciate Mr. Braham's lively numbers by confessing that "I'm in Love Again," succinctly attributed to Cole-Porter in the programme, sung and danced by charming Miss Anita Elson of Paris and droll Mr. Allen Kearns of New York, was the hit of the evening—and a very shrewd hit too.

M. Galicot (Mr. Wenman), a gentleman of easy morals and a taste for psychical investigations, has a virtue-discouraging villa at Le Touquet. His ingenuous daughter, Regine (Miss BILLIE HILL), is affianced to the nymph-hunting Jack Murray (Mr. Austin Mel-FORD); his restive friend, Freddy van Bozer (of New York), is married, but not too persistently, to an extremely tolerant and wide-awake Elizabeth (Miss Diana Wilson). The little milliner Toto (Miss Anita Elson), of the Rue de Rivoli, has obviously a supple-

gratitude. I am moreover conscious bright lads, Jack and Freddy, have a that in my anxiety rot to betray his running alibi—they take, so they say, frequent flights in the Comte de St. Valerie's aeroplane, "The Lark," arranging their unlawful occasions to suit the advertised times of the gallant Count's exploits. The pleats and embroideries of this theme may be guessed by the knowledgeable.

Miss Anita Elson's roguish glances, graceful feather-weight dancing and agreeable voice won all hearts. Pretty dimpled Miss BILLIE HILL was a charming Regine. Mr. Allen Kearns,



BACK FROM THE LARK-IN PARIS. Jack Murray . . . Mr. Austin Melford. Freddy van Bozer . Mr. Allen Kearns.

new, I think, to our stage, is an admirable jester, with an irresistible delayed smile and, even in knockabout episodes, a most attractive restrained method. Mr. Henry Wenman used his incredibly mobile features to grotesque advantage; Mr. Leslie Sarony's bizarre dances were most cleverly designed and admirably executed; Mr. ROBERT MICHAELIS, an old campaigner on these fields, sang and played with a distinction rare in this business; Mr. Austin Melford was adroit and amusing; and Miss DIANA WILSON made a good thing of her somewhat unpromising part. In fact, it was a more than competent we'l-halanced-cast.

The dancing of the ladies of the Chorus was up to our excellent modern mentary source of income. The two standard, while the Plaza-Tiller Girls dry subject.

in particular, vigorous yet dainty Amazons, danced their dance of the White Birds with an almost Dionysian ecstasy. Let me commend this happy business to frivolous and over-serious alike-to the latter especially. It will do them good.

We much regret that in our last issue the production of STRINDBERG's The Father, and Sir James Barrie's Barbara's Wedding were inadvertently stated to have taken place at the Court instead of the Savoy Theatre.

ALPHONSE'S SPORTING DIALOGUES.

Mon cher Claude,-You shall not find to the lesson book the most necessary of all conversations required to England, so I have compile some specimen dialogues by which you can to become the conversation joiner when you arrive to this country:-

THE GOLFING.

A. Will you have a round of golf?

B. Yes, it is the Bogey of the middle

A. How does one distinguish the golfs-club from the cricket bat?

B. It has the more slender perpendicular. Its distance is not so far as the billiard cue and it has the flatiron knob.

A. How calls one the several billiards flatirons for golfing?

B. Driver, mashit, spoon, midiron, jiggar, noblic, putter.

A. That is comprehensive the whole bloming bagatrix? (vernacular).

B. Sometime the new invention like

the driving putty.

A. No doubt very useful for that purpose. Is this person with the loose covers masculine or feminine?

B. It is undoubtedly masculine with plush fours.

A. Why is he so oratorical? Shall I ever become so fluent?

B. I hope not; it is a present from Billingsgate.

A. What has caused him the rats? (idiotism: to not rejo.ce).

B. He has not achieve to get his ball holed in and be hole out the dormy five

up (jargon: he lose).

A. Poor fellow! I will do it for him. See! I have put his ball to hole in one. How grateful he will be. But he seems

not! B. Do some scoots. You have made high treason of golf. If you succeed not to outrun him you shall kiss yourself good-bye.

THE CRICKET.

A. Shall we discuss the cricket?

B. With pleasure. It is perhaps a



Distinguished Foreigner (who has kindly consented to start the races at boys' sports). "When I say 'T'ree' you march. Ready? -NO?—YES? ONE—TWO—T'REE—COMMENCE!"

- A. On the contrary, the cricket pitch is the wet nurse of sporting.
- B. How handsome is the willow bat, with a crack however.
 - A. No, that is the splice it.
- B. I am not instruct of splice. It has purpose?
- A. But yes, to inhale the shock of ball impact. I have inquire of clicketer who inform me if I have bat with splice somewhere else the good tip shall be to rub with paraffin and expose to fierce flame.
- B. The ball is very hard; the batting must be difficult?
- A. Of a certainty, especially when the ball break.
 - B. Is this the verb "to smither"?
- A. It is not. The break-ball is that which hit the ground and make a different appointment, to prevent requiring use of straight bat.
 - B. To not get it bent?
- A. You misapprehend. To hold him straight and lift him straight, so that the ball shall go straight in below and Is it a box the compass? he is bailed out.
- B. Why are the English so crankpot on this game?

A. I explain the language, not the people—they are very elate to make 100 runs, which they boast another bee in their bonnet (idiotism: achievement).

THE BOXFIGHT.

- A. Here we are at the ringside of the N.S.C.C.A.
 - B. 1 see only a square.
- A. That is the ring. Ah! Here are the seconds.
 - B. There are sixty seconds?
- A. Not quite. Here are the boxfighters for championship.
- B. They are whom?
 A. Biff Stake of Bermonsey and Michigan Dan.
 - B. The latter shall be American?
- A. Unless he lose. His proper name is Raczqwltz, of Poland.
- B. Why does the gentleman say the time is seconds out?
- A. To make the fighters begin. See! Now it is a round, they square up.
- B. Where is the round for squaring?
 - A. It is jargon without a compass.
- B. Why does this gentleman behind shout "Kiss him, Biff"?

- A. It is a hint to give the blow out and count ten before he can rise.
- B. Why does the gentleman say, "Show us some new holds, Dan'
- A. He mistakes for wrestling match. Ah! Biff is "down and doubt."
- B. Poor fellow. He has lost. He is ruined.
- A. On the contrary he is made. He gets 10,000£.
 - B. Then does the winner lose?
- A. By no means. He will get 20,000£.
 - B. Then no one can lose?
 - A. Yes, the promoter has lost 5,000£.
 - B. So this is boxing?
 - A. No, it is high finance.

These converses will be sufficient to give you the working smatter before you arrive.

> Cheerio's truly, ALPHONSE.

"Loud rumbling noises and the tinkling of glass fragments, as the premises began to sing, had previously warned the police who promptly closed Cornhill to traffic."—Indian Paper.

Why did the London papers omit this interesting detail?

AN EXCUSE FOR PLUS-FOURS.

You may perhaps hold that there never has been and never can be any legitimate excuse in any circumstances for the wearing of plus-fours. If so I am not prepared to

quarrel with you.

This plus-four business, indeed, is not what it used to be. Once the main criticism of plus-fours was simply that there was so much of them; it is now becoming increasingly clear that there are also too many of them. These garments are no longer the harmless, if fatuous, insignia of the golfer and the would-be golfer, but have become a quite considerable excrescence on the Sunday morning life of our farther-flung suburbs.

That being so, I cannot, as I have indicated, find it in my heart to quarrel outright with the uncompromising view that plus-fours are inexcusable. I do want, however, to record the somewhat unusual case of one Wilberforce, and to suggest in all charity that the circumstances there do at least represent some small measure of extenuation.

Wilberforce is in the Civil Service, and while I gather that plus-fours are not altogether unknown in Government departments as a form of Saturday morning licentiousness, never, it appears, until Wilberforce did it had anyone attended Wilberforce's office in plus-fours on a Monday, again on Tuesday, again on Wednesday, and so on for a whole week. The general opinion among his colleagues was that the thing argued either Wilberforce's complete abandonment of the ordinary social decencies or, alternatively, pecuniary disabilities. Was it possible, they asked themselves, that an unfortunate miscalculation of holiday expenditure had forced Wilberforce to make certain arrangements, his plus-four suit being (not unnaturally) the only one on which he couldn't raise anything, and therefore the one which had to be retained as a general utility affair?

Whatever the explanation, nothing could be done about the thing officially. It is true that the telephone-operators in one of the London exchanges were recently forbidden by the lady supervisor to wear sleeveless dresses on duty, but that is another story. Men have not the moral courage of the airier sex in these matters, and even the office Whitley Council, it appears, refused to take up the question

of Wilberforce's plus-fours.

So they just had to be endured. And if they lost Wilberforce a few old friends there seems to be no doubt that, on the other hand, they cut considerable quantities of ice with Miss Periwinkle, his shorthand typist, for whom apparently they represented, by some unexplained process of reasoning, a rough He-manhood.

And then one day, without any warning, Wilberforce turned up at the office clothed in his right trousers. And then, and not until then, he consented to explain things.

Wilberforce deposed that he had been wearing plus-fours during office hours on the express instructions of the Head

of the department.

The cuildren at his lodgings, he went on to explain, had scarlet fever or something, and after a few days' absence Wilberforce had received an official intimation that he could resume duty, "provided you do not attend for duty in the clothing you customarily wear, but attend in a suit normally worn only out-of-doors." He had carried out a careful kit-inspection of suits normally worn only out-of-doors, and this had revealed the fact that it would be necessary for him, in order to comply with the official instruction, to attend for duty in either (a) an old suit of plus-fours or (b) a bathing-suit. And having regard, inter alia, to the recently-expressed views of a Metropolitan magistrate on the subject of public sun-bathing, he had finally decided in favour of the plus-fours.

A LONG DAY AT LORD'S.

WHILE HEARNE was faultlessly batting
As though he never would cease,

Sometimes cutting a ball and sometimes patting The ball from crease to crease,

A gentleman sitting beside me (I don't know why)

Poured out, in a manner that somewhat tried me, His whole life's history.

I have listened to the unfolding of dramas, Page after page,

Recounted by ladies and gentlemen in pyjamas On the stage;

I have listened to the story of infelicitous marriages And family jars,

In club-rooms, and London and North-Eastern Railway carriages,
And bars,

But I never yet have heard a gentleman unrolling
The tale of his life's ambitions and life's rewards

While HEARNE (J. W.) was dealing very skilfully with the bowling

At Lord's.

Between the moment when the batsman had registered fifty

And the moment when he had registered seventy-five— Not lavish of strokes to the boundary, but thrifty, And sparing of the straight hard drive—.

All the wild passions of a youth hot-headed and hearty, In many a foreign land

Were vividly narrated to me by the party Sitting on my left hand.

Why he chose me as a confidant it is impossible to discover,
Nor what there was about the level and sunlit grass
That led him to recall himself as a youth and a lover,
And the gongs of sounding brass—

India, and Africa, and plantations, and coco-nuts and niggers,

And a great deal more of which no memory survives—
But I do know that before Hearne had reached the coveted
three figures

This man had lost three wives.

All the colour and wealth of the East, the strange mysterious splendour

He showed me, an absolute stranger, too frightened to screech,

Whilst Hearne was defying the bowling of Holmes, and of Geary and Shepherd and Fender, And Peach.

The telegraph mounted, the runs came exceedingly slowly, The sparrow picked crumbs on the sward,

Apes chattered in forests, fakirs were exceedingly holy.

Three hundred went up on the board.

I shall never know now why this gentleman told me his story (While Hearne was in),

Full of tempestuous striving, and changes of fortune, and fury,

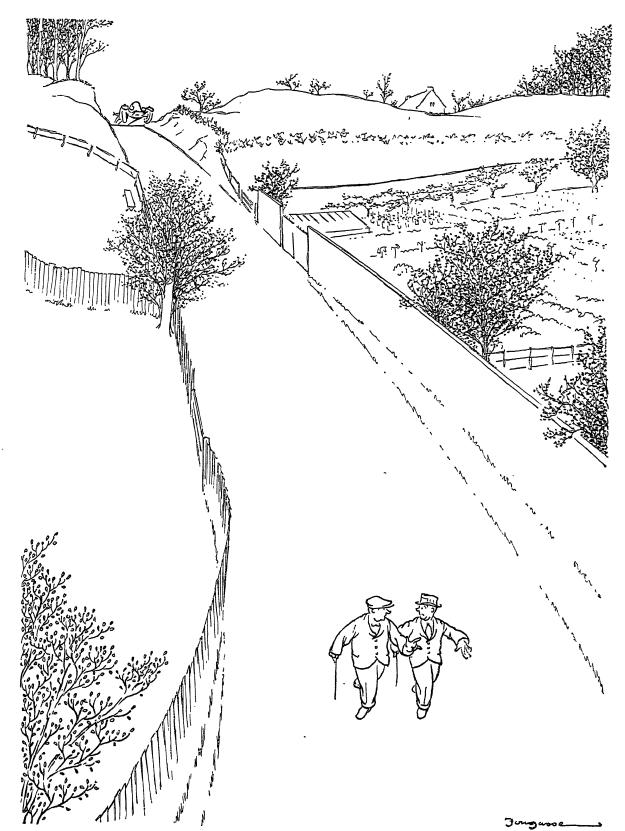
And mining for tin,

Under the afternoon sun, which made looking at cricket a pleasure,

Especially cricket like HEARNE's;

But on leaving I picked up his twopenny score-card, and that I shall treasure

Till cricket returns. Evor.

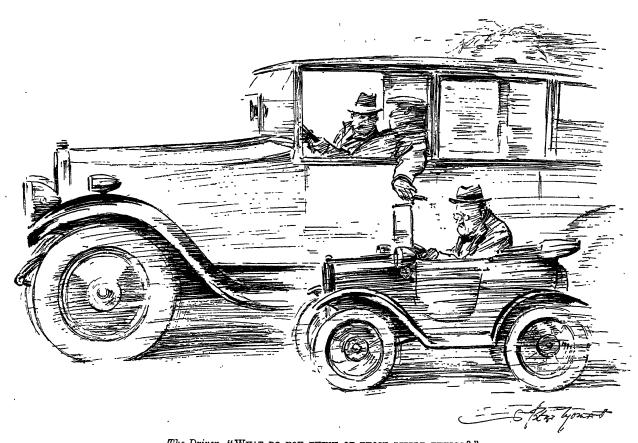


First Pedestrian. "I'M SURE WE'RE GOING TO BE RUN INTO BY A CAR IN A MINUTE."

Second Ditto. "GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT?"

First Ditto. "HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED THAT IN THE LETTERPRESS UNDER THIS DRAWING WE'RE REFERRED

TO AS 'PEDESTRIANS'?"



The Driver. "What do you think of those little things?" The Passenger. "MAKE TOPPING ASH-TRAYS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Perhaps the over-education of his audience is to be debited with the historical novelist's increasing reluctance to write in the first person singular. When Jack and Jill are as highly primed with historical lore as G. P. R. James, the honourable trade of tushery may well fall into disuse. Besides, I think our younger novelists prefer their own sense of bygone days, their own mode of expressing it, to the self-effacing triumphs of Wardour Street. Only an Irishman could have it both ways—write an autobiographical romance of antiquity and interlard it with modern comment—and this Mr. SHAW DESMOND has done, quite legitimately once you grant his premises, in Echo (Duckworth). These premises, a psychological convention whose secret I shall not divulge, have been granted before to short-story writers and poets if not to novelists; and in virtue of them Mr. DESMOND is fairly entitled to allow his gladiator hero to know as much about modern London as about ancient Rome, and to take as sardonic a pleasure in parallel aspects of both as the Dean of St. Paul's himself. Without prejudice to a gallop of episode which leads Little Red Shadow, the kidnapped Irish warrior, from the palæstra of Lupus to the Circus Maximus, from the circus to the palace of Nero, from the palace to the galleys, from the galleys to the arena again, and so to an end which, unlike the ends of most autobiographies, is never for a moment anticipated—in spite of all these adventures and their detailed and vivid circumstance, I found the Janus

attractions. Indeed, my only quarrel with a work of originality and vigour is the occasional effeminacy of its necessarily synthetic vocabulary.

It may fairly be claimed that it was when a detachment of Royal Highlanders first mounted guard, in December, 1917, over the "holy places" in Jerusalem, that the term of seven hundred years' "infidel" control there came to an end, and the purpose of the Crusaders was achieved. Incidentally a signal honour was well bestowed, since some of this renowned regiment's hardest fighting was against the Turkish enemy. Major-General A. G. WAUCHOPE, himself a great fighter of Turks, the editor and to a large extent the author of A History of the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders) in the Great War (MEDICI SOCIETY), realising that the story of all the exploits of the regiment's many battalions on countless fields and varied fronts could not possibly be compressed into one consecutive narrative, has been well advised to deal with the adventures of each unit separately. He thus deploys no fewer than fourteen individual histories, which between them constitute a formidable formation of three warlike volumes wherein the battalions of the regular army, Territorial forces and "new army" respectively come into action. Inevitably some considerable part of this miniature library is devoted to lists of names and other appendices, and inevitably also there is some degree of repetition in recounting the achievements of so many sections that have often nearly followed in one another's traces. There is repetition too, it need hardly be said, in their detailed and vivid circumstance, I found the Janus the unfailing valour and faithfulness to duty inspiring all attitude of the narrator the most pleasurable of the book's these records. Major-General Wauchope was himself

most closely associated with the Second Battalion, and the more personal parts of his story will undoubtedly be more attractive to the general reader than some of the other chapters can claim to be; yet, however bald, or even stilted and conventional, the recital may occasionally become, the feeling continually grows on one that, for the many thousands of readers connected by personal service or personal sacrifice with the great Scottish regiment, this is the one book of the War that is of most lasting moment.

Mystery fiction forms a field Wherein intensive exploration Is so persistent that the yield Seldom provides a new sensation; And thus my benedictions drop Upon S. S. Van Dine, whose questing Has brought to light a type of cop Most unmistakably arresting.

For Philo Vance, who joins the chase That dogs the paragon of cunning Whom The Canary Murder Case (Published by Ernest Benn) sets running,

Is art-collector, viveur, wit, Profound psychologist, logician, And merely for the love of it Helps the police-force in their mission.

I like the man. He does not weave A web that irks while it entices By keeping secrets up his sleeve For springing at dramatic crises, But treats you as a personal friend And tells you all he knows about it, And you may thus have guessed the end Before he gets there — though I doubt it.

You would expect a writer dividing all moneyed mankind into misers, spendthrifts and collectors to have a notable

tenderness for his last class, and it is a fact that not only the bibliophile but every discriminating collector finds his meed of praise in Mr. CYRIL DAVENPORT'S Byways Among English Books (METHUEN). After all, it is the collector—though he may be, and usually is, playing for his own hand -who rescues what the ignorance of the masses and the aloofness of departments would probably allow to perish; and when the collector is concerned not only for past but for present and future good work, he is, in default of a national art tradition, the only possible patron of artists and craftsmen. With books, of course, there never has been a national tradition, for books which owe their being to artists and craftsmen have always been comparatively rare. Rarity or beauty renders a book a collector's piece; and here is Mr. DAVENPORT to show not only what has been acquired under these heads by great enthusiasts, but what may yet be acquired by small ones. Himself as expert as he is keen, and equally versed in the processes of book-making and



Voice of Wife (from upstairs). "Stand no nonsense, Basil. Truss him up and phone for the police!"

book-stamps and book-plates—all swim into his ken. Every chapter has its bibliography and every other page its illustration. The most stimulating section of all for the modest connoisseur is that which deals with mid-Victorian woodcuts, enchanting examples of which may still be picked up on provincial book-stalls for very small sums indeed.

It is a little difficult to classify The Gates of Delight (MURRAY), which is written by a gentleman who calls himself George Woden, though on what grounds he assumed the name of the Scandinavian dispenser of victory I cannot say. He can write, and he has a good sense of character; with those two qualities a novelist can go some way. Also he apparently possesses recollections of a Scottish manse and seems to have some acquaintance at first hand with life in a manufacturing district in England. He begins his novel by bringing together David Redwold and Helen, the old minister's granddaughter, among the mists and watercollectors' lore, he distinguishes the genuine offspring of an | falls of Glen Tully; then the grandfather dies, and the pair historic workshop not only from the out-and-out forgery meet again at the house of David's aunt, Mary Yardley. but from more subtle products of ancient and modern I confess I cannot bring myself to care for David, or indeed collaboration. Bindings and binders, illustrations and for any other of Mr. Woden's male characters, with the illustrators, type and printers, miniature books, horn-books, I possible exception of the Scottish minister. It is clear from

to put it bluntly, is a coarse beast; the girl is flighty and frivolous. The quarrels, when they come, are described with a curious wealth of detail; the reconciliation remains a trifle unconvincing. It is rather as though the author, having determined to finish happily, had brought the two together again with the aid of hydraulic machinery, reluctant as they were. We gather that the house of David Redwold and Son is still a possibility, but the news leaves us a little cold. Something pleasant for Mary Yardley, who is really likeable, would have been more welcome.

It becomes modish for sportsmen artists to be able to write of their subject as delightfully as they can depict it, and now, after Mr. Aldin and Mr. Simpson, come, in collaboration, Messrs. LIONEL EDWARDS and H. F. WALLACE with Hunting and Stalking the Deer (LONGMANS)-Mr. EDWARDS doing the hound work (Devon and Somerset and

New Forest), while with Mr. Wallace we "tak' the hill." Both have cunning to convey the respective poetries of Cloutsham or Kintail in print and in paint, and this book of theirs is therefore one to possess, be you alumnus of either school of sport or even if, indifferent to crack of crop or rifle, you are merely a lover of lovely places and the deer. Wild deer hunting nevertheless has its unlovely side. A stag, unlike a fox, rarely beats hounds if once they get away with him; and the end is displeasing. Mr. ED-WARDS does not shirk this aspect and recommends the humane-

killer. But that would not, I think, obviate the preliminary manhandling-hateful to think of. Personally, and pace Mr. Edwards, I can never see the objection to a firearm of some sort. Mr. Wallace, freeman of many a famous forest and skilled in the deer, can describe a stalk for you till you feel the black peat water squelch in your boots and smell wet tweed. But mostly am I grateful to him for the informative space he devotes to that sadly neglected but "goode little beaste," the roe, for which I have much affection. Indeed and in paradox (what brutes we are!) was not a yellow roebuck, seventy yards off, flitting like a sunbeam through the silent firs, my earliest and most cherished fluke with a rifle? and has not Mr. Wallace reminded me of the time when, as he says, "Flavia reigned in Zenda and Peter Pan was unborn"?

Having read everything Miss PHYLLIS BOTTOME has written and put at least one of her novels among the books that are only lent reluctantly, I had not expected that she could surprise me as she has in The Belated Reckoning (COLLINS). It is a short book and a slight story as far as outward things are concerned; indeed it would be quite easy to make a synopsis of it that would sound not only dull but ludicrous. Ellen McDermott, aged forty-two, spinster, of Bournemouth, goes to Sicily with her brother In the arithmetical way, we should say, certainly.

the start that this particular pair whom he is apparently and his American wife, loses her religion and finds God, is bent on marrying will never hit it off together. The man, helped by the Fascisti to rescue an American girl from a scoundrelly husband, gets shot in the shoulder by the scoundrel or his friends, and, stranded in Naples with her purse stolen, finds a knight-errant, a husband and happiness. But how exquisitely it is told! How it ripples with fun! How the handful of people concerned stand out against the lovely Sicilian background! and we know their very hearts, not because we are told all about them, but because we are given the clue which makes them plain. And how delightfully elderly Ellen rebukes the wicked wastefulness of behaving as though the later half of three-score years and ten is inevitably devoid of all interest! It is the most excellent thing that Miss BOTTOME has done yet, and all the more moving because of the gracious lightness of touch with which she has written it. Nothing so wise and so funny has come my way for many a long day.

> I never read such books as Who Goes There? (HUTCHINson), which is an ac-



"Busy ain't the word, dear—what with followin' the form of the 'orses an' the dogs an' now the footballers as well."

work during the War, without a feeling of pride that the British Intelligence Service was so efficient, and a sense of admiring wonder that men could be found who were willing to undertake such peculiarly hazardous work. Mr. HENRY DE HALSALLE is becomingly reticent in relating his experiences during the War; many of the names are fictitious, some of the "geography" is purposely inaccurate. Anyone who reflects upon the state of Europe at the present moment will applaud this caution; but I confess myself human enough to

count of secret-service

have felt unduly curious about the identity of the "Professor" who waved so magic a wand in these pages. Perhaps the strongest and most thrilling incidents occur in the chapter "concerning the sum of two thousand pounds." but the whole book will keep its readers tense with amazement and expectation.

I have a slight grievance with Mr. Francis D. Grierson. All students of mystery novels know Professor Wells, and for some pages of The Smiling Death (BLES) they will have reason to believe that the famous amateur detective has been murdered. Let me hasten to assure the Professor's admirers that they need not be alarmed. He lives to hunt another day, and indeed the killing of him in his prime would have been a wanton waste of good material. Here he is matched against a criminal of remarkable cunning and resource, and I am glad to have attended the duel of wits between two such redoubtable antagonists.

"The present Marquess of Donegall, a young man of twenty-six, was born in the eighty-second year of his father, who was himself born a hundred and five years ago. This is probably a record in its way." Evening Paper.

CHARIVARIA.

WE see Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, described as the most complete extinct volcano in the British Isles. But what about Mr. A. J. Cook?

So many persons have tried to swim the Channel without success that it is feared we shall be obliged to have that tunnel after all.

The spell of fine weather experienced of late is due no doubt to the fact that the majority of weather experts are now away on their holidays.

The linking of the Empire by wireless is a big step towards the circumlocution of the globe.

Recently things have much im-boarding-houses. proved in the agricul-

tural world, and farmers are so busy just now that they have to put their grumbling out to be done by deputy.

With reference to the Bishop of Ripon's suggestion that scientists should take a ten-years' holiday, the scientists are of opinion that the Higher Clergy are too altruistic.

A critic attributes the dulness of Mr. H. G. Wells's later works to the effect of the Great War. We fear that the

possibility of this consequence was not fully weighed before hostilities were decided upon.

We read of a novelist whose hobby is forestry. Few literary people have extended their practical acquaintance with this subject beyond log-rolling.

Great difficulty has been experienced in finding a double of Mr. Winston CHURCHILL for film purposes. We fancy the difficulty of finding one for political purposes would be even greater.

A photographer says that most politicians are good sitters. Unfortunately they are seldom photographed in their characteristic attitude sitting on the

Lord Castlerosse mentions, in The Sunday Express, that when Lord CHESTERFIELD was Lord - Lieutenant of Ireland he would allow nobody without a title to enter the Viceregal | every port.

Lodge. Lord CHESTERFIELD seems to have had the mentality of an editor of a popular Sunday paper.

A famous Russian dancer has altered the spelling of her name because attempts to pronounce it produced the effect of a sneeze. It has been observed that the symptoms of Muscovitis resemble those of hay-fever.

The news that a Manchester tourist in North Wales has killed a viper which he found in his motor-car is a warning that many parts of North Wales are infested by Manchester tourists.

We don't see anything remarkable in the fact that a man has fasted for fifty days at Southend. Men have been accidents that may happen to an averknown to stay even longer in seaside age business man in the course of an

"What a splendid castle your little brother has made!" "BUT IT ISN'T FAIR. I STARTED FROM NOTHING, AND HE HAD UNCLE NED AS A FOUNDATION."

A photograph has been published of | die a natural death after all. DEMPSEY pulling a truck-load of his The real test of a trainers about. pugilist's strength comes when he tries to shift his manager.

It is predicted that a combination of television and telephony will come into general use, but we do not anticipate that it will be greatly employed by husbands who are detained late at the office.

During experiments carried out by Professor C. W. VALENTINE to test women's intuition one woman described an editor as "timid and showing exceptional kindness." A number of young authors are anxious to know where this particular editor is buried.

The Admiralty is drawing attention to the fact that many sailors want to become policemen. No doubt Jack wants to be in a strong position if ever he meets one of those wives he keeps in

An emotional actress appearing in London is described as having "smouldering eyes." The public may rest assured that the usual L.C.C. fire precautions are observed at the theatre.

Because a girl refused to marry him a man in Essex has stayed at home for fifty years; but we've known a man to do that just because the girl did marry

A Paris expert has announced that women will have to look pale in order to wear the new autumn frocks. Husbands when they receive the bill will merely turn pale.

The Daily Mail has enumerated two And yet some daring ordinary day.

fellows will be foolhardy enough to go on being business men.

At Battersea 2,029 rats were poisoned at a cost of 3s.6d. each last year. Battersea rats are pardonably proud of their digestions.

It is said that Lord Knutsford designs his own shirts. We understand he is particularly partial to checks.

It must be hard lines to put up with a popular newspaper for years and years and then to

"Very few children have any aptitude for the piano," says Sir RICHARD TERRY. His observation will be endorsed by thousands of next-door neighbours.

A London milkman fainted on his round the other morning. One theory is that he saw a cow.

A well-known actress has obtained much notoriety owing to the fact that she does not own a racing greyhound.

The opening weeks of the football season have shown that referees are plentiful and strong on the wing.

Currant Prejudice.

When in their triple hues my fruits rejoice,

I call to mind Bassanio's prudent choice; The rubies and the pearls I leave alone To choose the grim boot-buttons for my

THE NEW TERM.

[The following address will not be delivered by the Headmistress of any select finishing school in England at the beginning of the new

My dear pupils, it gives me much pleasure to see you once again in this Assembly Hall at the beginning of a term which I trust will be full of interest to you and replete with opportunities of advancement in those branches of education so essential to the upbringing

of an English girl.

I have made it a rule, as you are aware, to ask from each of you a letter during the summer vacation, so that I may know how you are spending your time, with whom you are associating and what influences are being brought to bear upon you. Those letters I have in this bundle in my hand, and I have few comments to make upon them. Let me remind Phyllis Mayne, however, that "accommodation" is spelt with two "m's," and when Barbara Dallys describes one of her new frocks as "p-u-rfectly fa-s-sinating" she is taking an unwarrantable liberty with written English. I am sorry, but Barbara must write out "perfectly fascinating" fifty times.

Yvonne Ducane tells me she has been to Knocke, in Belgium, for a month. I must protest. I shall next hear that one of you has been to Margate or Blackpool. Gladys Soames chose Deauville more wisely. She need not however have told me that evening-frocks are being worn an inch and a half longer there. I am aware of that. I am not altogether sure that I approve of her going to the Casino, but as she did go I am glad she won one hundred and eighty francs at roulette. She consistently backed the première douzaine. Unexciting but sound.

Enid Garratt has kept up her tennis form and won the Junior Open Singles at Palton-on-Sea. Good, Enid. You tell me the prize was a powder-puff in the form of a Russian Dancer. Let me see it and I will tell you if it is suitable

for your dressing-table.

Congratulations, Christine Graham, on your brother's engagement, especially as his fiancée is one of the Hailmans of Hopton Court. You will find them in Burke's Landed Gentry. I am sorry they were "sloppy" and that the billiard-room was practically outof-bounds for you every evening. But "sloppy" is a word you simply must not use. So much for the moment for the letters.

Now as to the new term. There is but little change in the curriculum, but we welcome a new addition to the staff, Miss Messenger, who will teach Calligraphy and the latest developments of

the Flat Charleston. Miss Robartes will continue to take French Conversation and the Informatory Double at Auction Bridge, which some of you have not thoroughly grasped yet; while Miss Gross will specialise this term in the covered tennis-court on the "Backhand Volley" and the "Position of the Feet in the Overhead Service." Ishallof course take the Deportment Classes

One or two new rules I have had to make, which you will see posted up. I summarise the principal:-

(1) Fashion papers are not to be bought. The necessary and best are in the school reading-room.

(2) Lip-sticks and smoking, with or without cigarette-holders, are absolutely forbidden.

(3) Face-powder will be provided and no other kinds are to be purchased. They are frequently adulterated and

chemically impure.

I am glad to welcome the new pupils, especially Marie Palien, niece of the Comte de Gissoure; Natalie Vane, daughter of the Rear-Admiral of that name, and Suzanne Cloute, whose father was very justifiably made a baronet recently. May they and all of you work hard and reap the advantages which it is the constant aim of myself and my staff to provide! Good-night.

QUANTITY FIRST.

[A fanciful address to his country by Signor MUSSOLINI, in view of the fact that he has not only imposed a tax upon bachelors, but a further scale of taxation upon childless marriages.]

Peninsula beata,

Where poets used to sing And artists drew their data For almost everything: Where Princes lived in clover And Pontiffs keep their Sec, But no one puts it over Nowadays quite like me. Convinced that population

Henceforth must be our dream, My watchword to the nation Of Italy is "Teem!" The Lombard, the Sicilian Must share in this attempt;

Our aim is sixty million, And no one is exempt.

The race that would inherit The earth's most lovely spots Must have, besides its merit, ${f A}$ multitude of tots; Where Mount Soracte blanches,

Where Naples fronts the brine, There shall be olive branches, With option of a fine.

Not now the art creator Nor wielder of the pen Wears garlands, but the paterfamilias of ten.

Let not the young men falter, But instantly provide, To face the nuptial altar, The necessary bride.

And lest their zeal relaxes For matrimonial bliss, I have arranged for taxes Arising out of this; My laws, the great remodellers, Have made it clear that Rome Demands perpetual toddlers To bless the obedient home.

By mountain and by river The lictors' train shall go To ask men, "How's the quiver, And does your nursery grow?" And, save they find a shedful, The Duce, looking down, Shall smile a smile more dreadful Than his own dreadful frown.

You needed Mussolini. My Italy, of old To make the small bambini Reduplicate when told; How many an extra artist By this ingenious boost, Good as the best, and smartest, Might then have been produced!

Mantegnas might have flourished, Not singly, but in sets. And Cimabues nourished Whole hosts of Giotto-lets: Too long our race has tarried To do what reason bids-Why, Vergil never married, And DANTE had no kids!

EVOE.

L'Entente Cordiale.

A French lady's reply to an Englishwoman's application for a post as nurse:-

"Mademoiselle,

If you wish to leave change place, will you come all round the year with me to here? where me I continually reside. Me I possess three children, age three weeks less than eleven, half past nine and half past six. summer she passes delightfully, but the winter he is indeed hasty; but she the governess can be preserved with many hot vestments, which keep in health and keep out cold Me I wage you with 500 by the month, if

this you suit write me the hour for come."

Reply received by an officer of the British contingent in Germany who had advertised for some shooting:-

"In answer to your advertisment in the Wiesbaden Times I wish to your notice to bring that I have an excellent schooting to you to offer both in the wood and in the field,

in the not far away from Wiesbaden.

The wild consists of much hairs, badgers, 3 dears, several verry higly grown fox and in the winter wild swine. In the field there are

to find partriges in companys.

If the much honored gentilman wishes the schooting to view, I have a stranger room in myschoothut. We then can the price overspeak ackording to the greatness of the school desired by you."



CAVE PANEM; OR, THE BATTLE OF THE BREADS.

John Bull (watching fight between the White Hope and Basher Brown). "UNTIL THIS SCIENTIFIC SCRAP IS OVER, I MUST EITHER STARVE OR EAT WHAT I LIKE."



MANNERS AND MODES AT DEAUVILLE: PARENTAL PRIDE.

THE HEDGEHOG.

dramatic in her manner as she held out | it so we'l because it cost me ten-andher hand to me.

"Do you know," she said, "I have found out at last all about Blanche.'

"Oh, well," I said resignedly, "so long as you haven't about me."

"One never has to find out all about a man," she declared almost with scorn. "One knows it already; it's the worst hog." possible.'

I considered this in silence. "And what," I then asked, "have you found out about Blanche more than usual? That is, if I'm not too old to be told."

"You knew Blanche had disappeared?'

"I understood," I said, "that she

had gone into the country for a restcure.

She laughed bitterly.

"Rest-cure indeed!" she cried. "Precious little rest-cure about it. What do you think she is really doing? Why do you suppose she has hidden herself in the depths of the country?'

"I knew a woman once," I said, "who made up her mind to spend a holiday listening-in because she never got a chance at home, as her husband was always either pulling the set to pieces of the sort. or else putting it together again. So

it was installed and made up her mind to listen right through the programme THERE was a certain touch of the from the very beginning. I remember six for a wreath for her funeral, which shows how careful people ought to

> "Well, there won't be any funeral for Blanche yet," she said, not without regret, I thought. "She has gone into the country in order to grow a hedge-

> "Are hedgehogs grown?" I asked, surprised. "I thought they were a kind of Topsy and growed themselves."

> "I don't mean hedgehogs," she explained crossly; "I mean a hedgehog."

> "I see," I said. "Do you grow it under glass or from a cutting? But why only a hedgehog? I always think a south border of hedgehogs in full bloom looks rather jolly.

"I don't believe," she declared, frowning, "that you know what a hedgehog

"Of course I do; anyone does," protested. "A hedgehog . . . Well, it's . . ." I waved my hand to try to make it clear. "You see, it's—it's a hedgehog, if you know what I mean," I told her.

"Itisnot," she said shortly. "Nothing

"Of course it isn't," I agreed, "or it she took a lonely country cottage where | wouldn't be called that, would it?"

"It is really a Hindenburg," she explained.

"Stupid of me," I admitted, "not to see that at once.

"Only we call it a hedgehog," she explained, "because even if Germany has joined the League of Nations we can't quite forget, and what it means is when you have your hair cut one inch long to stand up straight all over your head."

"And is that," I gasped, "what we are to expect next?"

She nodded inexorably.

"The latest thing in coiffures," she explained.

"I suppose," I asked earnestly, "we couldn't have another European war instead, could we?"

"Everyone is talking about it," she went on, "and I do think it is so mean of Blanche never to say a word to anyone, but just go off like that, all alone to hide. You see, one always has to hide while it 's coming."

"And afterwards even more so?" I suggested.

"And then," she continued indignantly, "as soon as people begin to get back to Town she will appear, and probably," she sighed enviously, "she will be the only woman in London with a real hedgehog for ever so long, because, you know, a hedgehog isn't grown in a day."

"And in our young innocence," I exclaimed with a hollow laugh, "we used to tell ourselves nothing, nothing could look worse than an Eton crop. Little we knew."

"It's very little men ever do know," she told me with some asperity, "and I think it's silly to talk like that about an Eton crop when it's just the smartest and most becoming style simply anyone can adopt and suits everyone. If you wear a cloche hat no one can see it when you're out, and, if you're not wearing a hat, a transformation always fits so beautifully when you're Eton-cropped. Even if you're resting in your own room you can wear one of those ducky little lace caps, and it hardly shows at all. Why, no one need ever know you've got one, not even your own self, except at the hairdresser's, and he won't tell."

"But then," I asked, "why have one

"I do wish," she protested, looking quite pained, "you wouldn't ask such perfectly ridiculous questions. Of course I don't pretend the hedgehog will be anything like so convenient, and I expect it will look simply hideous, but a woman's life is one long self-sacrifice, and if Blanche thinks she is going to be the only living creature—well, she's mistaken, that's all."

"Are you sure about Blanche?" I asked miserably.

"Ever so sure. Major Wilkins showed

me a photograph: she was in the car without a hat, and you could see it ever so plainly."

I drew a deep breath of relief.

"That wasn't the hedgehog," I explained. "It was just a transformation. She was only going to a fancy-dress ball as a door-mat, that's all."

In her turn she looked relieved.

"Oh, well," she said, "if it was only that . . . Do you know I think I'm rather glad, after all, I shan't have to grow a hedgehog." E. R. P.

From an article on Royalty and the fashions:--

"William the Third brought in a more sober note, but his consort, Anne, introduced new fashions for ladies."—Provincial Paper.

Besides having apparently anticipated the provisions of the Deceased Wife's Sister Act.

"'The Darwin theory is a matter of fact, said the Professor, who agreed largely with the assertions made by Sir Arthur Keith, the famous anthropologist, that the correct way to put it perhaps would be to say that a man has not sprung from a money or a monkey from a man, but that both are from a coon ancestor." Scots Paper.

We agree that many a man would be more likely to spring from a coon than from money.



THE RETURN.

The Woman. "John, the house has been broken into. The door is open!" The Optimist. "Well, that's lucky! I've just remembered that I left my LATCH-KEY BEHIND."

A SUMMER VILLANELLE.

WHEN I strolled with pretty Fay Underneath the hawthorn bough Swift she turned and ran away.

It was such a perfect day, I can visualise it now, When I strolled with pretty Fay.

She was gone, what could I say? Though there had not been a row, Swift she turned and ran away.

I had spoken but in play, Had not meant to vex, I vow, When I strolled with pretty Fay.

Inconsistency's a trait Feminine we all allow-Swift she turned and ran away.

As I would not give her hay, And she chanced to be a

When I strolled with pretty Fay Swift she turned and ran away.

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

V.—GOOD WORKS.

Well, Trix, my partridge, I 've just had the most drastic adventure, well when I tell you that Mr. Haddock used to do good works at some settlement or oasis or something in the East End and every now and then a sort of him or else it's a craving for goodness or something, so he goes down to some morbid club and plays Halma with the poor, which I think is so confiding of them because I'm sure he can't play Halma well one day he asked me if I'd care to go with him, but, my dear, the very thought of Halma merely decimates

help send some poor children off to the country, and that sounded more adequate because if you can't think of anything to say to children you can always tell them to stop doing what they 're doing, and anything that means sending children somewhere else must be doing a good action to somebody, because I do think that children are a bit superfluous, don't you darling, and besides I wanted to show Mr. Haddock that I have a good heart really though I will not

play Halma if it means a Revolution. Well my dear it's the most sensational movement called the Children's Holiday Fund or something, and they send simply tribes of these children to dear if you could have seen the prothe country for a fortnight, and my cession merely drivelling along like the dear, Mr. Haddock says some of them tail of a wet kite and your fastidious have never been out of the town though Topsy carrying a bottle of milk and as I said the ones I'm sorry for are the two waifs of the city in each hand, poor little devils who 've never been out of the country, because my darling Trix, life in the country! Well they were all waiting for us at some insanitary school, my dear seventy of them, not one of them more than a yard high, my dear like so many shrimps and simply encrusted with mothers and aunts and sisters. And they were all festooned with bundles of clothes and loaves of bread and bottles of milk and kittens and dolls and the no one would have thought she was going most explosive bags of gooseberries. And they all had the hugest labels on their tummies with their names and addresses and where they were going, my dear, like Ascot.

were seventy-four, because they had about the yard, and what with the mothers and the sisters, and at the last moment one of the creatures ran home for a bag of white mice or a cage of gooseberries or something, but at street Mr. Haddock in front and me behind and the seventy shrimps sort of wafting about between us, my dear I felt like Ulysses leading the three

the poor but I never can think of a families into slavery or something half of our herd, and of course the other thing to say, well then he said would I | though Heaven knows who would have | herd got out before we did and the

Short-sighted old Party (as, in answer to frantic signals, Hoggenheimer's limousine comes to a stop). "Well, there now! And here's me thinkin' YOU WAS THE PYCOMBE BUS!"

bought them, of course they would drop their inconsequent bundles and all those fallacious gooseberry bags simply detonated all over the road my and there was one mother kept goading me about Little Martha because I was to be sure and see that she never had mushrooms which her father died of and she was all her mother had and everything, my dear too poignant!

But at last we got to some squalid station on the Underground, and shook off the mothers which was a mercy, my dear they swamped their young with tears and Little Martha was like a sponge, to see real cows for the first time, and of course on the platform I had seventy separate heart-attacks because every

fourteen times and sometimes there and my dear I do think most of them were sixty-eight and sometimes there were half-witted, or perhaps less, because nothing one said to them conthe most fraudulent way of filtering veyed the flimsiest meaning, they just grinned like little angels and carried on like fiends.

Well, my dear, we had two changes to get to Paddington, wasn't it complex, and every train we got into was nostalgia for Whitechapel comes over last we marched off down the whiffiest like a mad-house, they shouted and sang and swarmed all over the oldest old men, gibbering like apes, I was never so embarrassed, and, what was so shattering, at one station Another score and ten into the wilderness or HERD of children got in, can you imagine something, and all the mothers prowl- it, the whole train crawling with orphans ing along beside us with suspicious of the storm, my dear simply obzing glances, I'm sure they thought Mr. children at every crack, and Mr. Hadme, and my dear you know I dote on | Haddock was going to sell their | dock in the next carriage with the other

> whole of my herd tried to get out with them, and my dear the difficulty of sorting them out because my dear simply all the children of the poor look exactly alike only some had blue labels and some pink, but the whole train was held up and some of the passengers were quite petulant and my dear I've never felt that I wanted to knock 150 children's heads together before.

But of course the absolute horror was still to come, well, we had to change at Oxford

Circus or some degrading place and the herd simply eddied up and down those unreasonable passages all joyous and singing my dear I could have cried, well Mr. Haddock had to stop to argue with a perfectly tuberculous ticket-inspector who insisted on counting the seventy tickets twice over my dear simply because two shrimps labelled Victoria had got mixed up with our herd, and while we were arguing suddenly the whole herd lost control and charged past the inspector in the complete Gadarene style, well, your poor Topsy chased after them, of course it was quite prohibitive to catch the front ones without trampling on the ones behind, and when I got round the corner there was Little Martha more than half-way up the Moving Staircase (!!) and the entire herd mounting heavenward behind her, all jambed together and yelling for joy, you never saw anything so disconcerting, well of course I knew that somediresses and where they were going, single one of the herd was bent on thing too calamitous would happen y dear, like Ascot.

Well Mr. Haddock counted them dropped her loaf of bread on the line way to get to the top myself was to run

up the down part of the staircase, which my dear isn't half so easy as it sounds and gives a girl the most self-conscious sensations, if you meet many City men coming down as I did, especially as I fell half-way and got the most heart-rending bruises on the shin, so the herd were at the top before me and my dear the front ones seemed to have no ideas about getting off the staircase, they merely lay down and caused an obstruction, and what with the others heaping up behind there was just a mangled mountain of child-flesh being washed up like shingle, my dear a complete shambles! Well I got down to it and extracted infant after infant, my dear like teeth, of course the whole place was carpeted with gooseberries not to mention milk-jugs and white mice and loaves of bread, but none of them seemed to be fatally injured, though my dear if ever children deserved total eradication those did, well a porter helped me and after a bit Mr. Haddock came up and by degrees we depoppulated the staircase, and my dear of course the very last waif, right at the bottom of the pile, was who do you think Little Martha, half suffocated my dear and bereft of bundles but indecently happy, and the first thing she said was

Masays I'm not to have no mushrooms! . Well they all seemed to think it was the hugest joke, quite forgetting the agony of mind of your tender-hearted Topsy, I do think children are the most inconsiderate things in the whole Animal Kingdom, don't you? Well that's the last time I do good works in the East End thank you, because what Little Martha's mother will say about Mr. Haddock and me when she hears the story from Little Martha I can't bear to imagine, but when we did get them into the right train at last I did think Well anyhow I've brought some sunshine into seventy lives or seventytwo if you count the two that we sent to Hertfordshire instead of to Sussex, and that's more than many a girl can say, and I fancy Mr. Haddock was quite impressed with a girl's savoir faire, so that's that, your loving phill-A. P. H. anthropist Topsy.

"WEALTH FROM SHARKS." Headline in Daily Paper.

We are glad to hear of this restitution, because they get a lot from the unsuspecting public.

"The C. A. T. S. have very kindly consented to broadcast part of their repertoire from Mr. 's experimental Radio Station at 2 A.M. on Sunday morning next."—Calcutta Paper. To reassure the neighbours it should be-explained that the C.A.T.S. in Theatrical Society.



Foreign Gentleman (to porter who is carrying his baggage). "I 'AYE NOZZIN TO

Porter. "THAT'S NOTHING TO DO WITH ME, SIR. YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL THE CUSTOMS OFFICER THAT."

Foreign Gentleman. "But you will use your kind influences for me wizz 'IM IF I VAS CAUGHT, EH?"

The Spider to the Fly.

From a money-lender's circular:-"I lend £20, £30, £50 to £5,000 on your written promise to mepay; transactions com-pleted same day; strictly private; if I cannot

fix you up, no one can." No doubt; but what borrowers need is question belong to the Calcutta Amateur | some certitude of ultimate disentanglement.

"WANTED.

Air Compressor for compressing air." Daily Paper. What an original idea! .

- passed his head across his face with a weary, despairing gesture." Fewilleton in Daily Paper.

If we had to do that we should be pretty desperate too.

MORE LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

(With acknowledgments to "The Morning Post.")

LITTLE DITHERING.

LITTLE DITHERING is, or ought to be, in Loamshire. I have not played over this fine inland sporting course for more years than I care to remember, but from what I can recollect of it it fully merits description in this series.

I remember, in '84 it was, walking with my friend Blank (the golf-architect) over a very rough Loamshire field. Suddenly Blank halted and exclaimed, "This is the fifth." Oddly enough I can, even at this distant date, recall my reply. Thinking he was referring to the day of the month I said, "No, no, the twenty-third." He smiled condescendingly and I realised that his giant intellect was already envisaging the construction of the Little Dithering golf-course. I was extremely interested to return some years later and see what Blank had done with that very rough field. I found that he had, with his customary genius, done nothing with it. He had simply left it as it was, to form part of one of the most testing holes within my experience. It is a sixbogey, but the average man (as I shall have occasion to observe later) will be well satisfied if he succeeds in obtaining a seven. Certainly an infinite capacity for taking pains is here eminently desirable, yet how much more frequently, alas, is the infinite capacity evidenced in the taking of strokes? I would not swear to a nine, but, if memory serves me, it was a case of haud multum abfuit quin. But I anticipate. Let us now dissect categorically.

The first hole at Little Dithering reminds me of "The Principal's Jowl" at Alpenstock, "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" at Portcullis, the eleventh at Terminal Bay, and another hole on some foreign course the name of which temporarily escapes me. It is a perfectly plain, sedate, straightforward, ordinary, matter-of-fact, conventional hole. Two shots and the regulation number of putts. (I remember foolishly to have infringed the regulation and my figure for the hole was an irksome eight.) The second and third and fourth holes require no particular comment; I cannot indeed recall any distinguishing feature about them except perhaps a superfluity of bunkers, surprisingly tenacious; but the fifth, of which I have made some mention above, is quite Sandy Bottom Prices. extraordinarily difficult. It is down a slope, up over a hill, down again the other side, then diagonally to the right across the rough field I have already alluded to, over a ravine and then sharp to the left on to a plateau green flanked | kissed."

by a coppice. It is a double-delayed dog-leg and necessitates careful playing. The average man will be well satisfied to spare his third in the hope of finding the green with his fifth.

The next hole of which I have any distinct recollection is the thirteenth. It runs parallel with the railway and has the reputation of being unlucky. Not so in my case. I hooked my drive into the cab of a passing engine, but, by a fortunate dispensation, the train was proceeding in the right direction, that is to say, alongside the thirteenth fairway. The driver of the engine (doubtless himself a golfer) considerately waited until he was abreast of the green before throwing my ball back on to the course, and as a result of his efforts it rolled up almost against the flag. The balldeflected by "outside agency"—thus came properly into play again, and I had the satisfaction of holing my putt for a two-and this at a hole considerably exceeding 500 yards!

The average man will not complain if he gets home with three wooden club shots.

The seventeenth is a short hole, with a bunker eating into the green (like a cow) on the left, and the last hole (the eighteenth) shall test your nerve. It is a drive-and-iron shotter, and I submit that it pays to place the tee-shot where the iron need not enter into either the soul or the soil. You shall find no lack of rough hereabouts. The scratch score is 95, and I am bound to say, having regard to the inherent difficulties of the course, I do not consider this an excessive allowance. Your Tiger may achieve par figures, but the average man will be well satisfied if he breaks a hundred. Which reminds me that on the last occasion I appeared here I broke a favourite niblick-at least I think it was a favourite niblick. I must plead lapse of time as an excuse for my incertitude; it is, as I have already stated, more years than I care to remember since I played over this fine inland sporting course.

> The Plumber of a Dream. "GAS, WATER AND BEER LAID ON BATHROOM-FITTINGS." Advt. in Dutch Guide-Book.

"Bathing Requirements for Children, Ladies and Gentlemen . . . at Rock Bottom Prices."-Advt. in Scots Paper.

A larger sale might be expected at

At a lawn-tennis tournament:-"C-, the boy with the sun-bitten hair." Provincial Paper. For girls, of course, the word is "sun-

THE AMERICAN MUSE.

LEMUEL BINGHAM.

(After Mr. E. Arlington Robinson.) Lemuel Bingham, Wall Street prince, Grew fat but wished that he were thinner:

Men stared, but ceased to wonder since The Sun detailed his daily dinner.

Lemuel loved asparagus, And quails and ortolans in season; The "Pond" was flown without a fuss For English ducks with Breton peas

The singing larks of summer skies Tickled his palate more than truffles, And ptarmigan of proper size Allured him with their paper ruffles.

Lemuel's cocktails were his pride, Especially since Prohibition; They titillated his inside And kicked his liver to its mission.

Lemuel's wines also were rare, The world's best vintages assorted; He would not tell a soul from where His priceless cognac was imported.

Lemuel had an onyx desk, A secretary sleek and furtive, A sanctum gilt with arabesque And lamps serene and unassertive.

There Lemuel worked with webs of guile, Was "bull" or "bear" each feverish

minute,

His dream an unexampled pile So vast that no one else could win it.

Men paragraphed his every deed, His feats in golf (he foozled wildly), His prowess with the Cuban weed, His forceful speech (they put it mildly).

Lemuel had a princess wife Whose sneering hauteur let him know

She came to him from Russian strife And flirted with a Polish poet.

Lemuel never felt at home Till he was fuddled after dinner; He'd snort and rub his shiny dome, And swear, and wish that he were thinner.

Sometimes within his opera-box, For which he paid a mint of dollars, He'd sit and think about his stocks, Or Tetrazzini's diamond collars.

But Lemuel, nigh to fifty grown, Had always secret grief attendant; He had his millions, but must own The pauper Polish bard ascendant.

So Lemuel brooded just when all His wits were needed for a gamble; Chicago Porks began to fall And finished in a panic scramble,



Aunt (to small Niece, paying her first visit to the family). "AND DO YOU LIKE MY LITTLE GIRL, BARBARA?" Barbara (tactfully). "Well, DO YOU?"

While Lemuel, with a big cigar Askew and chewing like a madman, Pursued through Brooklyn in his car His wife and Zaderewski (bad man),

And caught them just (it is the truth)
As from a cab they stepped to enter
A building sombre and uncouth

That housed the newest New Thought Centre,

Where Mrs. Jessie Bundle Brown, With choir whose voices rose like throst'es,

Was laying spells upon the town And gathering opulent apostles.

Too late to Wall Street back he raced, Blind witness of the might of sex: he Was hammered, broken and disgraced And died that night of apoplexy.

But New Thought kept his w fe serene, And, as long since he'd settled on her

A million bucks, she left the scene And kept her poet and her honour. W. K. S.

"'Ex AFRICAM."

According to the Romans, Africa could always be counted upon to produce something new."—Advt. in Weekly Paper.

Including grammar.

The Transatlantic telephone service:

"CRIMES OF ST. PAUL'S.

HEARD IN NEW YORK."

New Zealand Paper.

What is the DEAN doing about it?

"Monte Generoso (Lake Lugano).—Hotel
—. Rare views, butterflies, flowers, inclus.
from Frs. 10."—Advt. in Weekly Paper.
From this munificence, no doubt, the

mountain gets its name.

"Another whim of Lido visitors is to try to escape the public eye."—Evening Paper. .
With singularly little success, to judge by the illustrated papers.

SOME OF OUR TYRANTS.

WE were talking about almost the most difficult race of men, gardeners, and their influence. I don't mean the masterful Scotch ones, with handsome homes near the glass-houses, but the ordinary rural type, with small cottages, little intellect and less education, who in their own stealthy way gradually get the whole place under their huge and horny thumbs.

"Aren't they terrible?" said our hostess. "And perhaps most when they you."

resent your order and give the reason why it should not be carried out. Not a frivolous reason that you could scout, but something valid, something to do with the soil."

"And they're so difficult to sack," said one of the guests. "England, I am certain, is at this moment largely populated by employers of gardeners seeking for some sure subterfuge by which they can get rid of their gardeners.

"Yes," said our hostess; "they 're like the convolvulus that you have to point out to them growing up the lavender and strangling it. They twine themselves round How? Why? wouldn't let anyone else do it. My cook doesn't twine, my maids don't twine. may be afraid of the chauffeur, but he doesn't twine."

"Do you think they're worse than chauffeurs?" someone asked.

"Much," said the Vicar.
"And it's just because of their twininess. Chauffeurs are frightening and commanding creatures, but you can have a row with them. You can lose your temper and end it. The trouble with

gardeners is that, though they make you testy, you can't flare up. You resent but give way.'

"I wonder," the Colonel mused, "whether one has a better time with one's gardener if one knows anything about gardening or if one is ignorant. To know nothing is to be wholly in his hands, which is humiliating; but to know much and have him answer back and argue is to be continually irritated. Which is worse?'

"It is far worse," said the Vicar, "to be continually irritated. I make a compromise with my man; I never enters the rose-garden. The veg, as one winced and shuddered.

he calls them, the other flowers and the lawn he can do as he likes with, but it?' I asked my husband. 'And how the roses are mine." could it have got there?'

"Isn't that rather a grind?" the Colonel asked.

"Not more than I like," said the

"I understand," said the Colonel; "one must do something."

Our hostess hastened to make a diversion. "You're very strong-minded," she said to her vis-à-vis; "I'm sure you don't let your gardener influence

N) AT

Studious Boy." "I DON'T SUGGEST THAT YOU ARE INTEN-TIONALLY IMPOSING ON YOUR CUSTOMERS; BUT IF YOU WILL COM-PARE THOSE BIRDS WHICH YOU HAVE LABELLED 'WILD DUCK' WITH THIS CIGARETTE-CARD ILLUSTRATION, YOU MUST AGREE THAT THEY ARE NOTHING BUT 'COMMON SCOTERS.'"

"I always said he never should," she replied, "but what's the use? Let me tell you of my last Waterloo."

"Speaking as Napoleon, not as Wellington?" the Colonel inquired.

"Yes, as Napoleon. I can tell you very clearly, as it happened only yesterday. We came back from the seaside yesterday after six weeks' absence, and there, right in the middle of the border, among delicate pink and mauve sweet peas and other neutral-tinted flowers, was a huge flaming gladiolus. never saw such a red; it was like a Bolshevist flag, a challenge, an accusaenter the kitchen-garden, and he never tion even. It made one's eyes ache;

"'Did you ever see anything like

"An odd bulb, he thought, that had got mixed up with the tulips. 'Only an idiot like Wilkins,' he said, 'would have let it grow.'

"'Please dig it up,' I said.
"'Later on,' he replied, 'when I've gone through my letters.'

"That was last evening, and of course he forgot it. The result was that this morning, when I looked out of the window, there it was in all its glaring effrontery.

"So I sent for Wilkins to put it across him.

"'' That gladiolus,' I began.
"'Yes, Mum,' he said as quick as lightning—'isn't it a beauty? We weren't expecting anything like that, but I kept it as a surprise. It's the finest for miles. I hope you had a nice holiday.'

"So there you are. What can one do? Dash the satisfaction of the old fellow? Never. That hateful discord will continue to rasp our sensibilities for another fortnight, until it dies a natural death. Chauffeurs are tyrannical enough, but no chauffeur could force us to endure like that." E.V.L.

Another Anatomical Freak.

"Her black hair was drawn tight so that her huge forehead bulged, and hung twisted into meagre pigtails down her back."

Weekly Paper.

"A piquant, golden-haired creature with a tip-tilted nose and the sort of blue eyes that always get a seat in Tubes."

Story in Weekly Paper. You can see them so much better when strap-hanging.

From a discussion at the British Association:

"The hormone of one kind of animal can be replaced by that extracted from another. Insulin taken from a sheep is effective on a human being: pituitary extract from a bull acts efficiently on a tadpole."—Daily Paper. All the same the tadpole ought to be warned that no amount of pituitary extract will turn a frog into an ox.

"Lost.—At Repulse Bay on Sunday, Brown Attache Case containing one lady, and one child's bathing suit, two rubber caps and towel, probably put in wrong car by mistake." China Parer.

"The Lady in the Case"—it would seem to have the makings of a capital " shocker."

DEGREES.



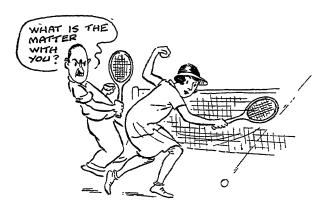
FOR A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.



FOR AN ACQUAINTANCE.



FOR A FRIEND.



FOR AN OLD FRIEND



FOR A VERY OLD FRIEND.



For an intimate friend.



FOR A RELATION.



1.

FOR THE WIFE.

ABOUT HOLLAND.

a conspicuous lack of alpenstocks and

are developed by the Dutch in the use of the bicycle. It is as common a thing for the affluent Dutchman to have his three or four bicycles as it is in this country for a rich man to have his three or four cars. While the traveller in Holland may run little risk from the deadly avalanche, it is not impossible that at any moment he

may be crushed to pulp in the streets | contract to appear on the music-hall | of Amsterdam beneath the relentless wheels of a hundred bicycles.

A good deal that could be written about the ancient Gothic churches of Holland, with their whitewashed walls, would be unfit for publication in this journal. Yet the Dutch are proud of glass. this whitewash, taking every precaution

even go to the length of displaying notices in the churches to the effect that smoking there is forbidden.

The Dutch are a polite people and a large proportion of them speak English. Let me refer to an incident which occurred not long ago in the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam. An English visitor stood before the greatest pictures in the gallery there and remarked in a loud voice, "I do not care so very much for REMBRANDT." Although some of those who heard him have even yet hardly recovered fully from the shock, the Englishman himself was allowed to go on his way unharmed.

In Holland cows are even more plentiful than windmills. In a desperate attempt to help in solving the problem of the over-production of dairy-produce the Dutch hotel proprietor

places cheese on the breakfast-table.

FACES.

Among the baggage of travellers on the boat-train to Holland one observes is a distinct accomplishment. To be able to screw up one's eyes, turn down ice-axes. This is not surprising, since one's nose and twist one's mouth, all with Holland is the one country in Europe suddenness and ingenuity, may be of in which it is possible, without serious the utmost value to one. In fact I once ing for my hostess to come downstairs 1 wastage, to make the cheeses spherical. had a friend who through proficiency always fall to the drawing-room mirror. The muscles employed in climbing in this attainment was offered a good The other day, however, I nearly got









I have one or two fine faces. I speak,

stage without even having first to undergo the qualifying formality of winning a prize-fight. Without doubt, then, this talent is a definite asset. In my own case it is a jealously-guarded asset, and I practise it when alone with a looking-



"THE EFFECT WAS INSTANTANEOUS."

the creator, but I doubt whether you It must not be supposed that the will ever find the equal of my "Bulldog canals of Holland are merely pictur- at Peauty-Show "even in a comic film. esque. They are useful also. Especially | Then too my "Gay Gargoyle" is much in the towns, it is their convenient situ- admired, but it is apt to scare nervous ation that permits the streets to be kept | children; and there is the one I invented free of unsightly litter and saves the in the War to quell mules; and there turn round for a paren municipalities the expense of dust-carts. is "Cat's-fright," and lots of others. face-making monster.

But really you ought to see them. I have spent years of patient endeavour. years of surreptitious practice in front of the darker advertisements in Tube lifts or in those emptyrailway-carriages which don't have a map in the centre panel. And when out calling and wait-

involved. I was in a sta-

tioner's and, as there was a crowd and I had to wait. I picked up a book and began to glance through it. By-and-by I became aware of a small girl of about four standing just in front of me. She was attached by the hand to a stout lady who had the assistant's ear and at the moment was not clear what

size envelopes she required. The stout lady's back was turned towards me, but the small girl had screwed round and was studying me with every appearance of interest.

I looked at her round the side of my book. Our eyes met. No one else was looking. Then I regret to say I yielded to temptation. I opened my mouth sudthat it shall remain unsullied. They of course, with the pardonable pride of denly and pulled the corners down; I

twisted the ends of my eyes upwards; I riffled my nose. In the words of the Navy I "shipped" a face.

The effect was instantaneous. The small girl's mouth fell open; her eyes grew round with surprise; she convulsively clutched her mother. As I let my features snap back and resumed my reading I heard an excited voice:-

"Mummie! Mummie!" it said urgently.

"Haven't you got manilla ones in this size?" continued Mummie, still having a set-to with the assistant. "Wait a bit, dear; Mummie's busy.

"Mummie! Mummie!" it repeated—the information was too unusual to wait-"Mummie, vat man made a face!"

"Hush, dear! . . . You see, it's the long ones I want . . .

"He made a face at me! Weally."

"Hush, dear! Of course he didn't. Don't be rude."

"He did! I seed him!"

"Be quiet, darling," reproved Mummie, but out of the tail of my eye I saw her turn round for a paiental survey of this

I kept my eyes on my book in polite | particularly those who sit opposite you man reading a heavy-looking tome. He was neatly dressed and even had fawn spats. Shall we say too that he was of a studious and intellectual cast of countenance? We shall. His brow at the moment was slightly furrowed with thought, but otherwise his face was normal. He was obviously not the type to make faces at strangers.

"Nonsense, dear!" said Mummie decidedly after scrutiny, and returned

to her envelopes.

The small girl, feeling no doubt that disadvantages as well as advantages. it was a cruel and disbelieving world, I left the shop hurriedly.

retired a pace and set a watch upon me.

After a while I peeped up again. This time I gave her, rather tentatively, the "Gay Gargoyle." She retreated a bit, and I had to change itintoadisarmingsmile. This was an immediate success. My audience shrieked with delight.

"Mummie! Mummie! Quick! He did it again! It was worser!"

Mummie wheeled round at once this time, but I was just too quick for her. The young man was still reading studiously. He even turned a page with deliberation and went on to the top of the next one. He was absorbed in intellectual pursuits.

"My darling, you mustn't say things like that," came the quick undertone. "Of course he didn't! Now keep

still, dear. . . . Well, I think I'll take this packet. How much is it?"

I looked up cautiously once more and made the first face again. The small girl, now vastly intrigued, responded with one something like it. A poor imitation, but the child was yet young; she would learn. I did another; she did it back. A bond was thus established, and we shook mutually with suppressed laughter. All in silence; we didn't want those grown-ups to see us. They don't really understand. I could see that the child agreed with me about this too. A disbelieving crowd, she intimated. Obviously she was feeling that after all the world must be a jolly place when you can make faces at strangers and they make them back, though I am afraid she will be disillusioned later. I have seen people, Einstein's Rima.

absorption. Mummie saw a tall young in Tubes, who I am certain would be unresponsive.

> It was at this point that I looked for the first time to my left. Here I observed a looking-glass. In the lookingglass I saw, regarding me from the opposite side of the shop with expressions of great amazement, the reflections of one haughty shop-assistant, two aristocratic young men and one elderly lady | Has lately given it Oxford hot with a VOLSTEAD face.

I put down my book. I perceived for the first time that looking-glasses had



"I DID ANOTHER; SHE DID IT BACK."

As I reached the other side of the street I glanced back. I saw the shopassistant come out. He cast a nervous look at me and moved in the direction of the policeman on point-duty. I left the neighbourhood at once, maintaining my severest and sanest expression.

Another Impending Apology.

"We have to thank the Reverend Prof. for a presentation copy of a poem in Maltese Non omnis moriar . . . l'-ghania tiòga. The facile and graceful pen of the learned professor is well known to all, while his publications of verses in the vernacular have earned for him an unenviable reputation."-Local Paper.

"If no one is the happier for Epstein's law of relativity, nobody is unhappier." . Morning Paper.

But a lot of people are miserable about

THE NEW OXFORD MANNER.

[Dr. Kilbuln Scott, of London, speaking before the Economic Section of the British Association at Leeds, on September 7th, urged that more encouragement should be given to creative men in industry. "Far too many men," he said, "are sending their sons to Oxford, and they are producing 'Haw-haws,' and we don't want 'Haw-haws.'"]

The learned Dr. Kilburn Scott On economic grounds, because She is productive of "Haw-haws," A sterile and a futile breed Of which the nation has no need.

We understand that similar groans Are raised by Dr. Finchlev Jones: That Oxford gets it in the neck From Dr. Harley Tooting Beck And other medicos of renown, Including Dr. Brondesbury Brown

O Oxford, once by "MATT." adored, Now by economists abhorred.

Becomforted; your new outlawing

Is for your "haw," not your "hee-hawing."

That crime you safely can retort

Upon the speakers who make sport

And cater for the special class

(Who · patronize British Ass.) Whom once in thou-

sands Samson slew And with their favourite weapon too.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"As the float gained speed two milk cans tipped their contents on to the ground. Paying no heed . . . the boy lashed up the horse and disappeared. He was tracked for a short distance by means of the trail of milk which, however, ceased to be laid when milk was exhausted."-Provincial Paper.

"IDEAL POULTRY and FRUIT proposition, as going concern. Twenty acres under water. Fine dwelling right on railway." South African Paper.

The wonder is that this going concern hasn't already gone.

"This is the big week of the gourmet, for the oyster, the partridge and the pheasant have arrived to share the responsibilities that the grouse has borne alone for nearly three weeks."—Sunday Paper, September 4th.

The pheasant, presumably, had escaped from cold storage nearly a month before his time.



Human Portrait Painter (to Animal Portrait Painter). "I RATHER ENVY YOU, OLD CHAP. YOU DON'T HAVE THE RELATIONS COMING ALONG AND TELLING YOU THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE MOUTH."

A DIFFERENT MAN.

"IT'll make you a different man," said the specialist, handing me some bad writing. "Take it at bed-time,

fasting."

I had gone to bed Smith; but when I awoke I knew somehow, perhaps subconsciously, that I was Jones. I let the subconscious Jones run me-he knew the Jonesian ropes.

As Jones I slid gingerly out of bed, struck a match to see what the beastly in the morning. time was, crept downstairs to make the fire and the early tea-for which I | I didn't approve of being Jones. . . . found Mrs. Jones quite awake and

and eating my own breakfast—Mrs. Jones having gone to sleep again—I went out to work.

lt was a long day. I never knew before that eight hours made so long a day. Each working hour seemed like

two or three ordinary ones.
I came home dead-beat. I neglected Jones's usual household duties that evening, in spite of Jones's subconscious protests and Mrs. Jones's comment that it only meant more work for me

I took another dose of the medicine.

I awoke in broad daylight, and someready when I took it up. After making one passed the early tea. I was Robin- remedied I may take some more.

son, the retired millionaire. This, I felt. was a bit of all right.

Sundry twinges inspired doubts, and. struggling up and looking in the glass, I was rather appalled at my presumable age. I had to wait in bed to be massaged, and anon who should appear but my specialist—the one who had made me a different man! To him, however, I was the same old Robinson. I made the usual complaints, prompted by the genuine Robinson, and the doctor said cheerfully that I'd soon be myself again, and I might go for a short, slowmotion drive that day, and he hoped to see me much better to-morrow.

There appeared to be no Mrs. Robinson, but there was rather a large and confusing household whose principal recreation appeared to be me. I found it tedious to be so much looked after. The motor-drive, keeping well within the steam-roller speed-limit, was perhaps even more tedious, with the chauffeur and footman in front, both silent as corpses. I imagine they would have liked each other to be different men.

After lunch—carefully selected and rationed by the doctor—I went to sleep. I knew I ought to be looking into accounts and things, but really I had no curiosity about Robinson's affairs. A clergyman called about subscriptions, but the interior Robinson said "No." To pay him out, I gave the clergyman a blank cheque, which I forced the reluctant Robinson to sign. Dinner, selected and rationed, followed. By that time I was so fed up with being Robinson that I took a double dose of the "different-man" stuff and let the household put me to bed. . . .

Next morning I woke up as a lawntennis champion, whose name I can't It was a critical day, and I knew it. My nerves were on edge; my hand trembled; I could not make a decent practice-stroke, not even to please the camera-man. I suppose I had taken too much of that stuff—or too little.

I faced my opponent feeling as if I couldn't raise a finger, much less a However, I prudently left racquet. things to the inner champion, who rose to the occasion. Somehow he got me going, and without really knowing what I was about I ran and leapt and served and smashed until my score was 6-0, 6-0, 6-0. I then shook somebody's hand and collapsed. . .

I poured the rest of that medicine down the sink. When I awoke I was my own man again, and feeling quite happy about it. The defect of that medicine is that you have no voice as to which or what sort of different man you will be. When that defect is



A CHANGE OF FRONT.

MR. HERBERT SMITH. "DOWN WI' FOREIGN MASCOT, I SAY, AN' 'OOP WI' BRITISH TYKE."



Ancient Smallholder (to Orpheus). "Excuse me, Sir, but would you mind doing this somewhere else? My vegetables ARE BEING COMPLETELY RUINED.

A FIRST-CLASS ISSUE.

One of the questions agitating the minds of our Town Council at the moment is whether fish shall be placed in the Ornamental Lake in the Municipal Park, and, if so, what sort. A meeting of the Livestock Committee of the Council was held the other day, at which a deputation representing all the interested parties attended to give their views on the matter. The following is a brief account of what took place:

The Mayor, in introducing the subject, said that the question arose as the result of representations received from the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fishes, Our Dumb Friends' League, the Deep-Sea Anglers' Society and the Local Temperance League, and it was quite obvious that in view of the strong and diverse local feeling the question was a first-class issue in the town. First he would ask the representative of the N.S.P.C.C. to state his views.

The Representative of the N.S.P.C.C. said that on behalf of the children of the Borough he felt it his duty to draw the attention of the Council to the people in their midst. The root trouble lake. At present it could truthfully distant from the sea, it was very desir-

was that, so long as there were only tiddlers and a strictly limited number of tadpoles in the lake, the children must be disappointed, exasperated and discouraged. Only that morning he had seen a little lad of tender years, after sitting disconsolately beside the lake for several minutes, suddenly rise and hurl his jam-pot, hazel-stick and line into an adjacent bush with an exclamation of extreme annoyance and disgust. being questioned the little fellow had said pathetically, "Well, it's no bloomin' good fishin' here any more, guv'nor. There's only tiddlers, and they knows me by sight and won't bite.

Nobody would deny that such an outburst, justified as it undoubtedly was by the facts, was greatly to be deplored and called for urgent remedial action on the part of the Council. his opinion the only way to remove this source of discontent from the local tions which professed to have the betterjuvenile mind was to stock the lake ment of mankind at heart not only to with a variety of larger fish. Such a step would be a great encouragement to the children and would tend to make them healthier and more contented impossible for them to continue their with their lot.

The Representative of the R.S.P.C.F. regretted that he was not in agreement serious effect the absence of fish in with the previous speaker. In the the lake was having on the health, the opinion of his Society it was high time morals and the characters of the young that something was done about the their town being nearly thirty miles

be said, in the words of the poet, "A tiddler's life is not a happy one." a time when there was a general demand in industrial quarters for a short working day it was iniquitous that the claims of the tiddlers in the lake should be so wantonly disregarded.

Consider the tiddlers' day. From dawn to sunset he was on the go, twisting, dodging and plunging in frantic unceasing efforts to evade the traps set for him by those very children on whose behalf the last speaker had invoked their sympathy. If that was not cruelty he did not know what was. On behalf of all tiddlers and tadpoles he begged the Council to place a high fence round the lake so that these poor defenceless denizens of the shallows might live their lives in peace, free from the perils which at present beset them. He called on the Churches and all other instituplead the cause of the tiddlers, but to contribute to the uplift of the juvenile population of the town by making it pernicious pursuits in the lake.

The Representative of the Deep-Sea Anglers' Society said that his Society were interested in the subject, not from a humanitarian standpoint, but because,

able in their opinion that something should be done locally to provide deep-sea fishing facilities. His Society deplored the proposal that such an expanse of water as the lake in question should be reserved for fresh-water fish, and strongly urged that it should be converted into a brine lake and stocked with such varieties of fish as whiting, plaice and soles. Such a transformation would be greatly appreciated by all members of his Society, the majority of whom, he would remind the Council, were ratepayers and had a stronger claim to consideration than the children of the borough.

The President of the local Temperance League said that the large body of opinion which he represented was strongly against any proposal to convert the lake into a brine lake.

was a well-known fact that salt water promoted thirst, whereas fresh water quenched it. In his opinion it would be putting temptation in the way, not only of anglers, but of their wives and children who partook of the fish which would be taken from the lake, if it were stocked in the manner suggested by the previous speaker.

The Secretary of the local Fishmongers' Guild, who was next heard, said that the question was one of vital importance to his fraternity. It was perhaps not generally realised that any in-

gling would place an additional strain on local fishmongers. In his experience the majority of fresh-water anglers resorted to a fishmonger at the end of a day's angling, and to meet this demand for what he might term " readymade" catches fishmongers kept a supply of fresh-water fish in tanks. The space available for such purposes was already taxed to the utmost, and it was only with difficulty the existing demands could be met. On the other hand, they were unanimously opposed to any proposal to provide sea-angling facilities in the town. Half the fishmongers in the place would have to shut up shop if this were done, because it was a foregone conclusion that, despite the fact that the water was briny, the restricted area at their disposal and the absence of waves would make salt-fish feel "all at sea," as it were, and cause them to be caught very easily.

The Mayor, in thanking those present for favouring the Council with their views, said that obviously the question was a very vexed and controversial one. He was as much a humanitarian as anyone, and he was quite sure nobody could accuse him of not having the welfare of tiddlers and children at heart; also he was all in favour of temperance, at least in moderation. But he felt they ought not to lose sight of the commercial aspect of the question. Further, the provision of angling facilities of any kind meant that one section of the community would be getting something for nothing at the expense of the rates. Speaking as a self-made man-(Cheers)—he was all against anybody getting anything for nothing; he never had (More cheers). In his opinion the



Enthusiast (to novice). "Have you ever noticed, George, the peculiar way they change colour?"

crease of facilities for fresh-water an- drained and converted into a sand-pit for the children.

The deputation then withdrew.

"Kirkwood might have beaten Boomer if he had not joked jerkily at four short putts.' Australian Paper.

We cannot sufficiently impress upon our golf humourists the importance of not joking jerkily.

From Smith Minor's "General Knowledge" paper:-

"(1) George Washington is said never to have told a lie, but he was also President of the United States.

(2) The Invisible Armada sailed up the Channel."

As regards (1) we regret that from the use of the word "but" our young friend's sense of humour appears to be taking a cynical turn; but as regards (2) we congratulate him on having disexample of naval camouflage.

JULIA'S ENGAGEMENT.

"Now then," I said, consolidating the position I had gained within reach of the bacon at the breakfast-table, "the day is fine; holidays are short; time must not be wasted. What are you all going to do to-day?"

Julia entered the room abruptly at

this point.

"I'm engaged," she said.
"So am I," I replied. "I've decided to devote this morning to working up my croquet; this afternoon-

"What's your engagement, Julia?"

interrupted Šylvia.

"Marriage," said Julia calmly.

I was the first to recover my breath. Sylvia and I, let me explain, are joint guardians of Julia, and as such assume It best solution would be to have the lake a certain degree of responsibility for her

well-being.

"Do you mean you're engaged to be married, Julia?" I said sternly.

"You couldn't have put it more clearly,' said Julia.

I looked round the table and caught Charles's eye. Charles is my brother. I've often thought it curious how often intellect in members of the same family—you know what I mean. For a moment a horrible suspicion crossed my mind.

"Not to Charles?" I asked breathlessly.

Julia laughed and Charles seemed quite annoyed. I breathed again.

"Julia, who is he?" said Sylvia. "I

insist on knowing.'

"Then behave nicely and I'll tell you," said Julia. "It's really quite romantic. You all know that I've been going up to college every day for the last three years by the 8.52 from Esher to Waterloo, don't you?"
"I didn't," said Charles; "I thought
it was the 8.42."

"It's the guard!" I said. "I knew it. Look here, Julia-

"Shut up," said Julia, "or I'll elope and tell you nothing about it. Well, every morning, when we were about half-a-mile outside Waterloo Station, another train—it came from Hampton Court—passed us. Sometimes we were at a standstill and it flashed by. Sometimes we moved along side by side and it gradually overtook us.'

Julia paused. The atmosphere was covered the first and most successful tense; even Charles paused in his consumption of the toast. I had just enough



Husband. "I see that these scientists are saying that our ancestors were jellyfish." Wife. "PERHAPS, DEAR, BUT NOT ON MY SIDE OF THE FAMILY."

presence of mind to seize the last piece, and it was the first time in my recollection that Charles, when he had been with us, had failed to obtain it.

"He was in the Hampton Court train," went on Julia with evident enjoyment in telling the story, "and I was in my train. And every day we saw each other for anything from three seconds to a couple of minutes. We simply couldn't help it, you see," she added in a tone of a pologetic explanation.

"Julia," said Sylvia, "you could have sat on the other side of the

"I had always sat on that side," said Julia, "and he had always sat on the side nearest my train. Why should we have changed our positions?"

"Julia," I said, "I have always warned you about making casual acquaintances in trains. You should have glanced modestly away and-

"Nobody's ever warned me against making casual acquaintances in other trains," said Julia; "and we couldn't possibly do more than look at each other. Besides I'd like to know how often you've seen a girl in a passing train and wished that you could improve the acquaintance."

I was about to deal forcibly and conclusively with this monstrous charge when I caught Sylvia's eye and decided to ignore it. Charles sniggered idiotically. Charles's sense of humour is at times of a very cheap variety.

"And then I suppose one day he im-

pudently smiled at you?" said Sylvia.
"He didn't," said Julia. "At least not until he was forced to."

"And how was that, may I ask?" I

"Well," said Julia, "one morning when they were overtaking us very slowly he flung an empty eigarettepacket out of the window and it struck the window-pane, the one against train. Quite two years," he added with which I was sitting, by mistake.

"By what?" said Charles with a

broad grin.

"Mistake," said Julia. "He hadn't seen me that morning until it happened. He told me so himself long afterwards."

"He ought to know," said Charles. "Of course he knows," said Julia "When I heard it I naturally looked

up and I saw bim, and he smiled at me

and I naturally smiled back."
"Naturally," said Charles.
"Andnow," I said with some warmth, "you intend to marry a man who has our train broke down in the fog one

made your acquaintance by flinging empty cigarette-packets at you in a passing train?"

"That's right," said Julia. "Except that he didn't fling them with that object; and anyhow he waited until we'd known each other by sight for over a year."

"H'm," I replied in a tone of wither-

ing contempt.

"Young men should wait at least two years," said Charles, " before they attempt to improve the acquaintance of girls whom they have known by sight for a year by flinging empty cigarettepackets at them by mistake in a passing emphasis.

"And the next day I suppose he proposed to you as the train went by?" said

"He did nothing of the sort," said Julia. "After that we naturally smiled at each other every morning.'

"Nature herself," murmured Charles. "But he made no attempt to speak to me until nearly a year had elapsed."

"Until in fact he was forced to do so, I suppose?" I sneered.

"Practically," said Julia. "You see



WE'RE AFTER PARTRIDGES, NOT First Sportsman. "I WISH YOU'D KEEP THAT INFERNAL BEAST OF YOURS IN HAND. ELECTRIC HARES."

morning and his train pulled up alongside and we were all transferred into it.

"And you stepped straight into the nearest carriage and found him inside it?" suggested Sylvia.

"Yes," said Julia. "Extraordinary, wasn't it?"

"Very curious," said Charles.

"Then he apologised to me for the cigarette-packet incident, and I thought it was very clever of him to remember | We will fish to-day on an inland bay, it after nearly a year."

"It was, by Ğeorge," said Charles. "He must be a smart chap.

"He is," said Julia. "He's frightfully intelligent. He earns-

"I think the whole thing is scandal-

ous," interrupted Sylvia.

"Outrageous," I said with deep feeling. "Do you realise what you may have let yourself in for, Julia? Good heavens! he's probably a boy just starting in the City without a penny to his name. For a young girl—what is his name, anyway?"

Julia laughed. "I haven't quite decided yet," she said. "You see, it's an idea for an opening for a novel I'm writing. How do you like it?"

Charles's laugh was evidently intended to deceive us into thinking he'd seen through it all along. Personally I think there are times when dignity is better preserved by a strong silence. Besides I remembered suddenly that I hadn't yet looked at the morning's news.

LAND VALUES.

HARK to the seagulls' talk to-day :-"Leave the sand and the surf," they

"The landsmen's corn is in stack by

After the reaper comes the plough. Let us leave the creeks where our golden beaks do all show double;

on up-turned stubble."

Uncle Gull with the coal-black wing Used to speak of a curious thing. "Men," he said, "are featherless

folk"

(We always listened when Uncle spoke

But they don't forget, come fine, come wet, to take the trouble,

Which perhaps they take for the seagulls' sake, to plough the stubble."

And the youngest gull says, "Uncle knew.

I myself have observed it too; Don't blame farmers in front of me, I believe in letting them be.

For once in a way let us leave the spray, the surf's salt bubble,

To take our meal, at the ploughman's heel, on upturned stubble.'

"Pair 15cwt. Gold Earrings . . . 10 (New Zealand Sale Catalogue. . 10 0" Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

From a City article:-

"As regards Gramophones, the company is stated to be doing record business.' Sunday Paper.

"The Government have placed the mater in the hands of the County medical authority.' Bırmingham Paper.

What's the matter with the mater? She's all right.

> "DUFFER IN HOSPITAL, RANGOON. Wanted Two Nursing Sisters." Indian Paper.

An obstreperous fellow apparently, this duffer. The sisters had better "wrap him up in his tarpaulin jacket and say a poor duffer lies low."

"For a moment Jill could hardly believe her ears. He had been dining, dinging with some man fried—yarning and telling good stories, probably—while she had been through hours of misory and suppasse." of misery and suspense.

Story in Canadian Paper. We think Jill was quite right not to believe her ears. That "man fried" story "winna ding" at all.

"Lounge Suit, shop soiled, beautifully upholstered in silk Damask. Comprising 5-tt. drop end Settee and 2 large Easy Chairs, with loose feather down cushions."

Advt. in Seaside Paper. In spite of being shop-soiled this lounge suit would be just the thing for the Parade, if one wasn't afraid of being sat The gold alone must be worth the money. I on by some rude young visitor.

AT THE PLAY.

"SEVENTH HEAVEN" (STRAND).

WHAT a charming experience it is to discover that one has not finally joined the ranks of superior persons! Here was a frankly transpontine drama of the most incredible (out of Broadway by the Elephant), a thing to weep tears of laughter at—if it had been a tithe less competently done. But because there is no convention however arbitrary or absurd that cannot be given life if the artist knows his job, Ševenth Heaven -a rich, fruity, unaccustomed potpourri-can, I am sure, entertain even Ibsenist, Strindbergian, Tchehovist and Shavian.

It is quite possible that Mr. AUSTIN STRONG did it for a bet. "The old melodrama dead? Not a bit of it. No room for the well-born long-lost daughter, the rose blooming on the dung-hill, or fortune and the fine gentleman surrendered for love in a garret with the noble hooligan? Nonsense. I'll go to it and put it over. Yes, Sir!" It is of course conceivable, though unlikely, that Mr. STRONG believed in it allconceivable because success in this kind doesn't readily come by taking thought and writing down to the unsophisticated. However, let us leave the riddle and get to the jolly, robustious, tearladen, humour-enriched business of this happy tour-de-force.

Paris. The Paris, it at first seemed, of the Revolution, save for a partly disembowelled taxi-cab and a high police officer (Brissac) in the striped trousers of a day just previous to the Great beating a chalk-faced red-haired sis-

dog-whip; a tiny furtive rat of a man slinking up from the sewer; a jovial cabman (Boul), receiver of stolen jewels and stolen liquor; a comely giant (Chico), woman-shy, roughkindly, a very remarkable fellow in his own estimation (and ours), a professed and passionate atheist to boot, swaggering up from the same sewer—a man, too, with a philosophy ("new thought"—and one of the possible guesses about this play might be that it is a pamphlet financed by the assiduous practitioners of that fashionable American creed); a plump Monsignore, full of the wisdom and tolerance of his particular brand of cloth; a rich fanatical Calvinist who recognises in

the absinthe-tinted whip-carrier and the blanched Diane his long-lost nieces, and rejects them because they have "not been good" (a fundamentalist from Dayton, Ohio, perchance, this new kind of villain uncle); stained-glass



SEWER AND SEWER-MAN. . . . Mr. Godfrey Tearle.

windows and the soft strains of the organ; excursions and alarms of coldhearted French policemen assiduously collecting thieves-a Paris in fact of War; an absinthe-ridden hag (Nana) | Les Misérables brought up to date. Chico, the sewer-rat, promoted from ter (Diane) to the receiver's with a the sewer to the hose, and so now able Diane, prevented from throwing her-

HADES IN THE SEVENTH HEAVEN. Diane Miss Helen Menken. Nana Mass Dorothy Holmes-Gore.

to fraternise with his hitherto intolerably aloof boss, Gobin, protects Diane from the police by declaring her to be his wife ("Why do I do it? I always do what I don't want") and takes her (in Boul's consumptive taxi till it faints by the way) to his seventh-floor room-Seventh Heaven for Diane. To the amazement and horror of old Boul, Chico has no more sense than to leave Diane alone in heaven and sleep elsewhere—possibly in the sewer. But all is going to be well. They are going to be married at eleven, says the surprising Chico three days later, Chico newdressed in sumptuous velveteens and with a wedding-dress for Diane, bought with but the part of a month's wages advanced by a truly munificent and tender-hearted municipality. But, alas, at eleven precisely the Forty-second Regiment of Infantry, on whose roll are Chico and Boul and Gobin, must mobilize. Chico, abruptly converted into the tenderest of lovers, and Diane, made brave by Chico's formula, "You are what you think you are," invent a form of marriage (and perfectly valid at that, as any theologian could have informed you, Mr. STRONG, if you had cared to ask), and Chico, Gobin and Boul march off to the wars; Diane to munitions.

The four dark years pass. Brissac, brilliantly-uniformed embusqué, has evidently been wooing without avail the faithful Diane. Aunt Valentine, repenting of her husband's Calvinism, has made another offer of comfortable fortune, but in vain. There is rumour of an armistice, and with the assured news of it comes the report of poor Chico's death, on which

> self out of the window of the Seventh Heaven by Brissac and Boul, frantically abjures her faith in the Bon Dieu; and faithful Chico, alive and magnificently strong, but, alas! blinded, breaks into the room, dragging behind him a protesting hospital orderly.

> Well, I admit that it doesn't look as if it would quite do. But in fact it does. Mr. Strong is extraordinarily adroit. Characterisation is slogged in with a hasty brush and over-vivid colour, but it is there. He gives us no fatuously-impossible villains, no too-assertive "comic," no tooshocking coincidence. There is humour (as, for instance, in Papa Boul's admirable epic of the taxicab Heloïse

that Papa Joffre sent to help in the breaking of Von Kluck). We have the old formula of melodrama quickened into new life by the elimination of just so much absurdity as will serve to commend it to the taste of the general-and even, as I have hinted, the particular. Let it not be thought that it was only pit and gallery that swelled the enthusiastic applause. By no means.

Mr. Godfrey Tearle's Chico was as good as it could well be-without a false note, played with humour and with tenderness. Miss Helen Menken (Diane) was something of a puzzle. She seemed a little over-sophisticated for so simple a heroine, but she has a really forceful personality and gets her effects. Gallery and pit (to use a convenient but in fact absurd generalisa-tion) had no doubts at all about her. Stalls were divided, I should say, with a substantial majority in her favour. There could be no doubt of the excellence of Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore's Nana-a soundly sinister and wholehearted business. Mr. FRED GROVES' portrait of the kindly rascally old cabdriver had a rich humour that delighted us all. And there was Mr. ROTHBURY Evans's competent human Père Chevillon. The rest of the company gave deed little trace of the handicap which by those of us who are also impenitent what not-visions which must be seen the morning's fire (perhaps just a little worked up by the Press agent?) must have imposed on the last-minute rehearsals and adjustments. But men and women of the theatre are at their best when meeting an emergency. Emphatic verdict: a jolly good show. T.

"THE BELOVED VAGABOND" (Duke of York's).

It was a grave pity that there was such over-zealous heralding (inspired by the Empire Marketing Board?) of revived British Light Opera, freed from the negroid decadences of syncopation and cacophony. Did not an M.P., deserting the platforms of her widowed constituency, bravely take her place on the familiar boards, scene of her former triumphs, to help forward the imperial cause? A pity, because there was nothing to help -music of the Aspidistra school, of an intolerable banality, proving little but that we had lost little when the jazz sprang up and choked it. Unless indeed we have been so debauched by the plantations via Broadway that we are no longer capable of appreciating dull honest merit. Let us hope so.

Berzelius Nibbidard Paragot, Mr. W.J. LOCKE's romantic Vagabond, contrives



BACK AGAIN. Blanquette M.P. . . . MISS MABEL RUSSELL



WHO SAID AUGUSTUS JOHN? Paragot . . . MR. FREDERICK RANALOW.

Gaston de Nérac, Polydore Pradel, romantics. But the stage betrays him -the whimsical humour, the light touch of fantasy evaporate—and the technique of the musical play does the poor fellow to death. Surely we were not mistaken when we seemed to detect in Mr. Frederick Ranalow's eye, as he stood with grave patience taking his vociferous calls, a mournful embarrassment, an artist's mute apology to the judicious.

The plain fact is that it is exceedingly difficult (even for a librettist of "ADRIAN Ross's "experience and dexterity) to take a set of characters and a situation competently planned for one medium and transport them into another.

To turn to pleasanter matters. Frederick Ranalow made a fine figure of a vagabond, sang with his accustomed skill (and with adroitly assumed conviction), acted with spirit and played his violin with accuracy. Miss LILIAN Davies was perhaps not quite happy with her music. She has many notes, but they do not appear to be threaded on a single string. As for her acting it was impossible that she could have made anything (except by providing a charming comeliness) of the poor heroine, Joanna, in that studio of Asticot's, with those so terrifically Latin students from the Quarter, and sound help, and the producer's work in the twenty-eight times reprinted that drawing-room of her mother's, was admirably done. There was in novel to come alive for and be approved with the bishops, ffolliott ffrenches and

> to be properly disbelieved. Miss MABEL RUSSELL had the most enthusiastically friendly welcome, and made a charmingly maternal little figure of Blanquette, a little too polite perhaps and a little less than appropriately pathetic.

You may blame our discretion, ye persons of foreign birth that may have strayed into the Duke of York's, you may not doubt our loyalty and our patriotism. This was an occasion. We rose to it. Tne applause thundered. The floral tributes were forthcoming. The programme even was printed in red (of a pallid non-Communist tint) . . . I have never been so passionately bored.

"Court officials then spoke to — wife, a pretty girl dressed in blank." Sunday Paper.

Quite a logical development of modern feminine fashions.

"The American twins, Phyllis and Berenice Zitenfeld, who attempted to swim is the Channel from Cape Gris Nez on Friday night, gave up after four hours."—Daily Paper.

Is this a new development of the instalment system, and will they attempt the other seven-eighths later?



LIFE'S LITTLE WORRIES: THE BEDROOM BAT.

HEART-BEATS.

(From the works of Miss Flavia Flabbe.)

DELIRIUM.

BLACK was the gloom that obsessed me As I tossed on that bed of pain. Most terrible anguish depressed me; Should I ever be happy again? "She will die," said the voice of the doctor, Though I was not intended to hear; And I felt, as the nurse smoothed my pillow,

The gentle impact of a tear.

Then there came to me, swift unfolding, pictures of all that had been-

Pictures that seared my vision yet left my soul unclean. It seemed again that I stood with you alone on a windswept hill, And the gentle breezes cooled my brow-but that was

before I was ill.

Then someone told me you did not love me. At first I cried "No, ah, no!

But the mocking voice of the whispering trees echoed, "I told you so.

And I screamed in my awful fever, though none could supply my need

Till the nurses who stood around my bed thought I was one indeed.

But I was not fated to pass so easily into the peace of night,

For the doctors plied me with noisome drugs; and I knew in the end they were right.

Then nightmare dreams with redoubled force returned to my fevered brain.

And they tied me down with leather straps lest I struck at my nurse again.

For once more I stood on eternity's edge and gazed into space with you,

And I knew—ah, God! though I strove in vain to forget what you meant to do.

Minutes passed—or was it years?—and at length I was back once more

In the church's porch, while you plighted troth to another for evermore.

Then the dark black cloud of forgetfulness descended on me awhile,

And I woke again to the scent of soup and the sight of the Sister's smile.

> The long years stretch before me, And they say I am quite all right; But the Fires of Hell that tore me Turned my once gold hair to white. (To be continued.)

"Some of us were brought up in homes in which meal times came round like . . . sunrise and sunset. . . Later came the greater shock of discovering that there were . . people who had dinner when it was ready."—Daily Paper.

That's what we do.

TRAINING FOR WAR.

THE INTRODUCTION OF PIECEWORK.

I HAVE long held the view that military officers are grossly overpaid for the negligible amount of work they are called upon to do. The recent decision, to the effect that in future pay will only be drawn in return for the satisfactory completion of certain specific authorised duties, has created such an outburst of consternation that my contention is fully borne out. As soon as the new regulations begin to take eûêc't we shall have the pleasure of witnessing the novel spectacle of army officers actually looking for work to do in order that they may earn sufficient during the day to meet their incidental charges and mess-bills.

The schedule of services for which payment may be claimed is being published in an official handbook in two volumes, one of text and one of amendments, and the care with which it has been compiled reflects the greatest credit upon those responsible for the work. That it was a very difficult and exacting task is made clear by the fact that among the most highly-remunerated items in the whole schedule are those described as "Manuals, official, preparation of, reading proofs of, correcting and amending of." There is an apparent inconsistency in this connection, for while "preparation of" is paid for merely in inverse proportion to the bulk of subject-matter produced—a most praiseworthy system — the remuneration for the item "amending of" is graded according to the amount of dislocation, inconvenience, confusion and despondency that the amendment is calculated to produce. An explanatory note endeavours to make this clear by means of a few simple examples. Thus, for "devising, drafting, preparing, approving, seeing through the press and issuing such an amendment as

"Manual of Military Precedure, vol. II., para. 143, page 61, line 10, as amended by Army Order 162 of receive nothing for giving them. 1894, for '†' read '*'"

the remuneration is only £5 (five pounds) for each word or part of a word, as is also the case with

"Administrative Tactical Problems for Beginners, chapter 3, line 346, after 'rations' insert 'if any,'"

because it is unlikely that the troops will be seriously affected thereby. But the following masterpiece-

"In all official publications where the phrase 'will be promoted' occurs delete and substitute ' will not be pro-

is priced at £10 per ditto or part of R.S.P.C.A. will have to intervene.

ditto, and in my opinion is well worth the money.

All the ordinary duties and routine services to which army officers are accustomed are included in the schedule, and against each is the value officially accorded in respect of its satisfactory discharge. I was very much surprised to see that several duties which I have always looked upon as being of extreme importance are included among the cheaper lines, while in other cases the service is treated with excessive generosity. For example, the first duty that I was taught on joining my regiment was to make out a leave-application | Nobodies camp in Mumpers' Dell. correctly. But on reference to the schedule I find that "completing A.F.B. 989 in every particular, in black or blue-black ink, with all initials, surname in BLOCK capitals, full-stops after abbreviations (if any), all writing bold and legible, ambiguous expressions such as 'dusk' and 'dawn' avoided, complete with north-point and magnetic variation but free from blood, blots, creases, erasures or any other disfigurations whatsoever" is only considered to be worth one penny per folio of forty words. One copy of the blank form is obtainable free on demand, but all materials, calendars, directories or dichave to be provided by the applicant at no cost to the public.

I feel compelled to express my resentment at one of the footnotes that deal with the subject of reconnaissance. I once did extremely well in an examination by remembering that "time spent | But hearts are open in Mumpers' Dell. in reconnaissance is seldom wasted.' Now, however, I find that "time spent in reconnaissance is so often wasted

that it will not be paid for."

Again, I am astounded to learn that memoranda, minutes, hasteners, reminders and rejoinders are only to be paid for if addressed to officers of interior rank. It seems very unfair that somebody should be paid for demanding my reasons in writing, while I am to

From a law-report :---

"Mr. -—: The suggestion that the Central Criminal Court was a continuous court—like Tennyson's book going on for ever-was absurd.

Mr. Justice ——: There are more things than Tennyscn's book which go on for ever (laughter).

Mr. —, having quoted further legal decisions, closed his argument."—Irish Paper. Not being able, apparently, to "brook" the judge's innuendo.

"Cob For Sale, 13; inches; also Light Lorry."—Adut. in Provincial Paper. It must be a very light one, or the

NOBS AND NOBODIES.

When pavements swelter and horses

And collars crumple and men blas. pheme,

When the coolest coster cries for air And the baldest bigwig turns a hair. The lure of the road comes over all And Nobs and Nobodies heed the call.

Nobs go riding as proud as Zeus In their limousines so spick and spruce; Nobodies in their humble shays Turn aside from the hot highways; Nobs descend at the Grand Hotel;

At the Grand Hotel a stately suite Awaits the guest and a lot to eat; Gates fly open and doors unfold Before the man with the key of gold; But not the door of the cloistered cell That hides each heart in the Grand Hotel.

No good-morrows and no salutes Save from manager, porter, boots; Every visage displays the sign: "Mind your business and I'll mind mine;"

Icy voices and looks repel Overtures at the Grand Hotel.

tionaries required in its compilation In Mumpers' Dell you will sleep on straw

> (Easily pinched despite the law), Cook your victuals and brew your

brews, Fetch your water and clean your shoes; The company's not exactly swell,

You'll find a foe or you'll find a pal In Romany chi and Romany chal; You'll have to fight or you'll have to pack

If you foul the Flaming Tinman's track, And, shower or shine, the tall girl, Belle, Will be at your side in Mumpers' Dell.

Count your money and make your choice-

Nobody's nag or Nob's Rolls-Royce; Nob's full meals amid empty stares, Nobody's loaf which Somebody shares; Loveless ease at the Grand Hotel, Blows and kisses in Mumpers' Dell.

> "SUN FOR SALE." Headline in Daily Paper.

What else could be expected after it went into liquidation?

> "DEVELOPMENT OF NIGERIA. INCOME-TAX INTRODUCED." Headlines in Daily Paper.

There's no accounting for tastes, but we should have thought "bedevilment" a more suitable word than "development."



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

LI.-MR. W. R. MORRIS.

INTO Oxford, the old, he has put a new Ford
For Democracy's heirs and their lasses;
In "the home of lost causes" he's won his reward
By production in mass for the masses;

And the tale of his merits we mustn't confine

To the feats he performs on the Isis;

There's St. Thomas-on-Thames (at the back) for a sign

Of his chivalry proved at a crisis.



Reformer. "I'd 'ang every capitalist on lamp-posts." Tired Gent. "'ERE-YOU LEAVE THE LAMP-POSTS ALONE, MATE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SHARING to the full Mr. E. I. Robson's preference for the "Sootomtom"-Havre route to Paris, I have often wished I could take my time over the glimpses of the Seine encountered between the French port and the capital. Now I have finished his account of the whole stream, from the bore at its mouth to the Haussmann grotto at its source, my reiterated sacrifices to the powers of steam and speed appear to me nothing short of reprehensible. The railway, which is apt to desert the best reaches of the river, is in any case very little use to A Wayfarer on the Seine (METHUEN) motoring is always the worst possible fashion of seeing the country, yachting and sculling are not within every man's competency; and though the Seine is the most navigable of rivers, pleasure-craft have, quite rightly, to yield precedence at the locks to barges. Cycling and walking remain; both good, but the latter best. It is the pedestrian who discovers the small inns, the hospitable farms and cottages whose homely entertainment is the essence of the lure of France; and in his sensitive appreciation of these ports and happy havens Mr. Robson shows himself the ideal guide. He makes, you can see, so natural and disarming an entry into the lives of simple people that the simple people go on with their business instead of stiffening into spectatorhood. But he can be admirably the Baedeker when he likes, gives you an excellent chapter on Norman origins before

of Flamboyant Gothic at Rouen, and goes out of his way, on the far side of Paris, to rope in mediæval Provins before passing on to Troyes. The lithographs of his illustrator, Mr. J. R. E. Howard, are a charming reinforcement of his sympathetic text.

It is no dispraise of Mr. R. H. MOTTRAM to say that his sympathies are more powerfully stirred by the living than by the dead; and the statement I think needs no qualification if you count as living those who but for the Great War would still be our contemporaries. His new novel, Our Mr. Dormer (CHATTO AND WINDUS), is intermittently vivid with inchoate and drowsy intervals, like the landscape of a strange bedroom to a man lying awake by firelight. Most of us, I suspect, are conscious of the nineteenth century in much the same manner—as a comfortable if slightly stuffy dream, to which the present age offers a bleak awakening. The comfort rather than the stuffiness is Mr. MOTTRAM'S cue. He takes the cashier of a Quaker banking firm in an East Anglian town of 1813, presents his contented subordination, honourable to himself and cherished by his employers, as the key to our national greatness, gives a charming picture of hisplain but good surroundings and transforms him, like the "Industrious 'Prentice," into a partner. By 1837 his son is master at the Bank House, by 1860 his grandson rules the roast. It is this last Dormer, pioneer of an opportunist age, who evades a crash by calling in the aged widow of the head of the old firm to redress the balance describing Caudebec and Jumièges, defies Ruskin in defence of the new. The most eloquent of Mr. Mottram's chapters,

however, is that which, summarising the achievements of the Dormers and proclaiming the English credit system this country's unique contribution to civilisation, joins issue with the present. In this most of all I recognise the epic quality of The Spanish Farm.

None among the "English Men of Letters,

Lately issued by MacMILLAN, betters J. B. PRIESTLEY'S luminous, judicial Study of the India House official, PEACOCK, whose methodical addiction To his work exerted no restriction On his genius for satiric fiction— PEACOCK, who revealed his wayward self in

Stories, viz., Maid Marian and Elphin; Novels which, of his express intention, Fluttered all the dovecotes of convention; Songs and ballads, never trite or trivial, Full of gusto, gloriously convivial, And a sheaf of lyrics, "few but roses," Where his love and sorrow he discloses.

Truly Peacock was a curious creature! "Rubicund and yet severe" of feature; Friendly to the tribe of antiquarians, Yet consorting with utilitarians; Pioneer of steam communications. While he execrated innovations; Scholarship and learning highly prizing, Yet all universities despising; Ruthless as a malleus stultorum, Though he seldom sins against decorum; Full of inconsistencies endearing Him to those who suffered from his jeering;

Mocking everything, yet we discover That he reverenced youth and loved a

To an audience fit, though few, appealing In his lifetime, now we find him stealing Into wider notice, wider favour, Thanks to the "undated" timeless flavour

Of his style, and lastly, but not leastly, To the piety of Mr. PRIESTLEY.

I suspect Mr. NORMAN VENNER of an innocent but intentional pun in calling his new book The Gay Tradition (Heinemann), (Viscounts Crisp) for getting into scrapes that gave him his title, his story has a gaiety which might easily be described as traditional—traditionally English in its amiable inconsequence. The scrape into which Barney Gay, heir-apparent to the title, got himself was quite an amusing one, though it annoyed his father, who wanted him to marry well and objected to his taste for electrical experiments as unbecoming his high estate. An outrageously pre-War father was Viscount Crisp. Barney had no use for girls, as poor Ravena Steyning knew to her cost; but when Sheila Ramsay, having made his acquaintance by throwing fir-cones on his head, took refuge in his laboratory from the unwelcome attentions of her guardian (who, though she did not know it, was also a burglar), he could not help being interested. How Sheila, nearly discovered by Bluebeard, the guardian, fled from Platting along. It is to be feared, however, that the result in most



J H . DOWD-27

Mother. "Now, Boeby, Be a good boy when you get to Mrs. Brown's." Bobby. "YES, MUMMY; AND DON'T-WHAT?"

Towers to Professor Stark's and became lady's-maid to the for, though it was the hereditary aptitude of the Gays professor's wife; how Barney followed her in the guise of a very incompetent under-gardener; how they both returned to the Towers and Sheiba was concealed in the dairy, only to be carried off (together with Lady Crisp's emeralds) by Bluebeard; how her long-lost uncle turned up conveniently from America and Bluebeard was discomfited-all this, and the incidental complications and blissful denouement, make sufficient entertainment for a railway journey or the after-dinner armchair.

> The perusal of Aloysius Horn: The Ivory Coast in the Earlies (JONATHAN CAPE) will probably have the effect of sending quite a number of authors suffering from a temporary lack of new ideas out post-haste on to their doorsteps, there to engage in conversation with the next purveyor of aspidistras or suchlike trifles who may happen

cases will be disappointment, for, excellent company and good literary copy as such worthies not infrequently are, it is seldom that they have such a mine of reminiscence at their disposal as the peripatetic vendor of toasting-forks and gridirons who chanced upon Mrs. ETHELREDA LEWIS (herself a novelist of distinction) at work one morning on her stoep in Johannesburg. The book, which is the outcome of this mutually fortunate encounter, gives a fresh and lively picture of the mysterious and alluring Africa of half a century ago, when school atlases still showed in the middle of the continent that glorious blank wherein the wildest of Allan Quatermain's adventures seemed not only possible but probable; Africa, in Aloysius Horn's own vivid, if a trifle over-literary, phraseology, "as Nature meant her to be, the bound to confess that the principal episode in the book-

imagination" in this connection. However, Mr. John Galsworthy, as well as Mrs. Lewis, vouches for the authenticity of Aloysius Horn, if not of all his yarns; and there is no denying that the purchase of the gridiron was an excellent investment.

I take it many of us like reading stories of the habits and adventures of curio-dealers, especially when we think the writer has some special knowledge of his subject. Miss Timmins and Lord Scredington (Jenkins) has a plain and uncompromising name, but should interest many

Whatever difficulties the "way of an eagle" may have had for King Solomon it is familiar to Mr. Seton Gordon as a sparrow's progress upon the housetop. Look at his book, Days with the Golden Eagle (WILLIAMS AND NORGATE), and you'll see. Now, so much has been written about the eagle since the wisest of kings gave him up as a bad job that I approached the subject again with, I fear, an insufferable superiority towards it. But I defy you to read Mr. Seton Gordon without falling under his spell of the high places with the lovely names—names that abide like music, Beinn A'an, Garbh Choire, Sgoran Dubh and a hundred more "dark glories' whither the eagle lifts her kill—also the "bit braxy," which, alas for royal tastes! I'm sure she prefers. And so I have read delightedly this record of the raising of Cain and Abel, home of the black man and quiet elephant . . . a land of two little eaglets, one of whom tried to out the other and rivers without names and countries without maps." I feel whose eyrie Mr. and Mrs. Gordon "watched" from the egg to the taking of the air three months later. But, pleasing that of the White Goddess-imposed rather too great a as these nursery days are, I best like the eagle stories strain on my powers of belief, especially since Mr. Horn gathered from foresters (names and beats given); to himself owns to having made use of "a bit of seasonable these the book owes its originality. There are also chapters

on the traditions and status of the eagle which are well worth while (but ST. Jonn's classic, therein referred to, was published in 1845 not 1893), as indeed is the whole work, which is finely illustrated with photographs by the author and drawings in colour and line by Mr. J. C. HARRISON. I note that that very experienced hill-man, the Duke of Portland, in his introduction repeatedly refers to fawns when speaking of reddeer; I was brought up in the belief that reddeer had calves, fallow and roe only fawns.



"Now I want you to break up all this glass and set it in cement ON THE WALL."

"'Ere—that ain't my job. I 'm a bricklayer, not a blinkin' jeweller!"

besides those who know something about spirit-gongs and lapis lazuli cloak-hooks and Japanese swords and the like. It is quite a good specimen of Mr. Edgar Jerson's work, as light and bright as it can well be made, with not enough "uplift" in it to disturb a house-fly. In fact, we have here an excellent specimen of purely artificial comedy, from which, however, the assiduous self-instructor may if he pleases learn something of these strange things in which the souls of curio-dealers rejoice. Possibly, too, something of modern young peers. Anyway Miss Timmins is a very charming and competent young lady, with bigger and brighter eyes than any frequenter of auction-rooms has a right to possess, and Lord Scredington is not without his good points when it comes to dealing with burglars and Moldo-Wallachian diplomats who are trying to get hold of expensive treasures. "Did she get him?" as the housemaid used to inquire in Sir James Barrie's immortal work. Well, without giving away secrets I may confess that I found the conclusion tolerably satisfactory, although Lord Scredington was perhaps hardly the perfect gentleman in the means he employed to attain his ends. However, readers are not so particular as they used to be, and Mr. places where the ice looks a trifle thin.

Peer with a microscope into the structure of Dear Fools (HUTCHINSON), and you may discover flaws; accept it, as I imagine Mr. Andrew Soutar intends you to do, light-heartedly, and you will find excitement and a wondrous love-story. A young Englishman of long lineage and great wealth (a rare combination in these days) fell in love at first sight with a girl who was inextricably mixed up with Russia. Anyone familiar with post-war sensational fiction knows that, however disappointing Russia may have been in other respects, she has, at any rate, provided our novelists with enormous quantities of material. Mr. Soutar has drawn freely from this supply, and the result is a story which is guaranteed to while away a wet day without putting an excessive strain on the intellect.

Two new books, both published by HARRAP, excite peculiar satisfaction in Mr. Punch's benevolent bosom, but do not call for extended notice. Most of the Simple Stories by Mr. Archibald Marshall, with pictures by George MORROW, and of the parodies and imitations of contemporary writers which Mr. WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR has collected under the engaging title of Parrot Pie, originally appeared in these pages. It is enough to say that we can JEPSON has to perfection the art of skating lightly over guarantee no less pleasure to re-readers than to readers of these diverting excursions in prose and verse.

CHARIVARIA.

Massachusetts has decided that Mr. COOLIDGE shall again stand for the Presidency, whether he chooses to or not. This of course is the decision of the men who put the "chus" in Massachusetts.

If the behaviour of electric hares on several tracks has been erratic lately, we wonder what they will be like in March.

According to an Ottawa message a

after Mr. STANLEY BALD-WIN. It is said that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is convinced that the word "mountain" is a misprint for "molehill."

With reference to Lord Lonsdale's suggestion that race-meetings should begin at a later hour, our view is that horses like the one we backed last week ought to be allowed to start the night before.

A London cinema now allows dogs to be admitted free of charge. In consequence of this it is rumoured that several Scotsmen are learning to bark.

The Deudraeth Council, Merioneth, has adopted a half-yearly rate of six shillings and fourpence. What a thing to adopt!

Mr. WALTER SICKERT, A.R.A., describes the

kilt, which he admits wearing sometimes, as the noblest dress in history. | Nuts," won't do. There is some talk of making him an honorary Scotsman, under the name of MacSickert.

A Birmingham carpenter is trying to live to be a thousand years old. He is reported to be making good progress, but for a civic celebration of his success.

Adam Street, Strand, was flooded the other night by a man who tried to get a drink from a fire-hydrant and turned the tap too far. The locality is noted for its brew of Adam's ale.

trousers by Japanese youths is discouraged by the Tokio police. It is feared that the Far East is in danger of becoming suburban.

A West-Country correspondent writes to The Daily News to say he has primroses growing in his garden. It should be pointed out that newspapers do not insure against that sort of thing.

With reference to experiments which are expected to prove that apes can enunciate human speech, it is stated that parrot-like repetition will not be of women knitting during concert permountain in Canada is to be named accepted as evidence of intelligence. formances. Nothing is more distract-

expenses of "also rans" is no doubt contemplated in the same sporting spirit.

The announcement, on the authority of a famous astronomer, that another total eclipse of the sun will be visible in Great Britain on June 30th, 1954, or forty-five years sooner than the rival scientists predicted, points to a reconsideration of arrangements in view of the widespread disappointment this summer. -

A famous conductor has complained

ing to a sensitive musician than the dropping of stitches.

The reported discovery of a poisonous snake in a truck-load of bricks seems to justify the extreme cautiousness of our bricklayers.

A correspondent of The Times disapproves of golf for boys because it does not evoke the qualities of unselfishness, courage and endurance. Yet where are these qualities more evident than in a caddy?

It is stated that Ealing people cannot afford a Sunday joint now-adays because they are paying so much in instalments on their houses and motor-cars. This would account for the hungry look of the suburban motorist.

Among the principal forms of gambling men-

tioned in the report of the sub-committee of the Social and Industrial Commission of the National Assembly of the Church of England is marbles. It is a great pity that people can't be content to play this grand game for its own sake.

Mr. John Galsworthy has protested against the theory that men who love dogs are cruel to women. He might also protest against the theory that lady dog-fanciers beat their husbands.

Attention is drawn to the lack of new faces among prominent Trade Unionists. the Cesarevitch to raise funds for the Prominent Trade Unionists have evimunicipal elections. The possibility dently realised the necessity of saving



The Goose (to Mr. Neville Chamberlain). "Looks as if I'll be up to SCRATCH BY MICHAELMAS DAY."

["The Ministry of Health expects that by the end of the present month the number of houses built since the Armistice will have passed the million mark. The Times.]

Mere slogans, such as "Eat more

"Flat Burglar Caught" says a heading. Apparently he attempted to wriggle through a small window and found he wasn't so flat as he thought he was.

Three natives of Central Africa who as yet no arrangements have been made are deaf, dumb and partially blind are now on a visit to this country. Their object, we understand, is to obtain licences for motor-driving.

Newport (Monmouthshire) Socialist Party is promoting a sweepstake on The wearing of plus-fours and Oxford | that the money may be needed for the | their old faces.

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HOLIDAY OCCUPATIONS.

"The essential secret of a well-spent holiday," said Thomas, "is the stern elimination from the mind of one's usual occupation. Let us work hard, if we will, at anything and everything, but eloquence. let us swear to give our ordinary daily toil the entire go-by."

"Hear, hear," we vociferated in

supreme earnest.

"Then down tools," said Thomas.

The Author clapped the cap on to his fountain-pen and shot it head down into his pocket.

The Artist broke the point of his pencil and put it behind his ear.

Our dear "Solicitor-General" rather reluctantly unearthed from his pocketbook a little list of legal problems he had meant to solve quietly during the next fortnight.

And Thomas tore up the Stock Ex-

change column of The Times.

Marion, who embroiders for her daily

bread, broke a needle.

Lucinda, who is wife-housekeeper to the Author, tucked a large MS. cookerybook she is concocting behind six fat volumes of Temple Bar in our inn's sitting-room book-case.

And Olivia, whose voice and musical compositions provide her with a baby flat and baby Austin, threw a box of throat-lozenges out of the window on

to the shingle below.

Only Mrs. "Solicitor-General" demurred.

Mightn't she go on knitting? It wasn't work, even if it was her "usual occupation." It was leisure. It was forgotten her "usual occupation." a hobby.

But her pleadings were pooh-poohed. She might have any other hobby she liked; she might sit up all night playing patience, for instance; but she must stand by her fellows. Her knitting must go.

Sadly she acquiesced and, fondly consigning Robert's new sweater to the capacious knitting-bag, she took up a Daily Express of last week.

And thus the Holiday Occupation pact was formed.

Then it began to rain.

It rained.

It rained.

It kept on raining.

The party did its best. Thomas proposed ardently to Marion and Olivia in turns, and in turns they kindly but firmly refused him.

The dear "Solicitor-General" invented several "new" card games, which everyone recognised.

The Author tried to collect star-fish. The Artist made things out of match-

Lucinda wrote an Ode to Rain.

Mrs. "Solicitor-General" discovered cross-word puzzles. She became dead to any world that did not consist of so many letters beginning with this or containing that.

Thomas cursed the weather with

Towards the end of the week there was a mysterious disintegration of the party. People were constantly going up into their rooms for a "few moments, and returned after an hour or so rubbing their hands brightly and registering "Ready for Anything."

The distaste for the sitting-room became almost an obsession. Only Mrs. "Solicitor - General" sat there permanently, "doing cross-words."

had found a book of them.

And still it rained.

Then the dear "Solicitor-General" boldly broke the pact and announced his intention of "looking through" a

Followed a general confession.

Surreptitiously every one had been working, and working hard, between rain-soaked walks, at "usual occupations."

The Author was well away in his new novel.

The Artist was finishing that "Interior of an Inn."

Marion had started a table runner. Olivia had composed a lament. Lucinda's MS. Cookery-Book was completed.

Thomas had been "wallowing" in the Stock Exchange columns.

Mrs. "Solicitor-General" alone had

And it kept on raining.

Thomas solemnly exonerated the delinquents.

"Rotten idea of mine," he owned. "On a holiday every one should do just exactly what he wants to do. know now what we do want to do. Henceforth to the end of our holiday we dedicate our days to our 'usual occupations.'"

And the sun at last came out. Only Mrs. "Solicitor-General" went on solving cross-word puzzles.

"The Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, who have recently celebrated their golden wedding, snappel at their residence, Cromar House, Tarland, Aberdeenshire." Scots Paper, September 7th.

"The Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair snapped in their charming Italian garden at their home, House of Cromar, Tarland, Aberdeenshire. They will celebrate their golden wedding in November."

Same Paper, same day.

While heartily congratulating Lord and Lady ABERDEEN on the happy event we doubt if they ought to make a habit of it.

FOOTBALL AND FINANCE.

THE clouds that lowered have lifted, The gloom that glowered has fled, Our sense of shame has shifted,

We feel quite bucked instead; To-day, before a splendid gate (£900 11s. 8d.),

We did what we have never done, Beat Aston Spurs by three to one, The club we always dread.

By losses all last season Distracted and distressed, We told ourselves, with reason,

Our team must be suppressed. We sacked the lot and, full of zeal. Embarked upon a desperate deal, Searching the country far and wide For men to build another side-

The dearest and the best.

Expenditure was lavish, Of course it had to be; We purchased Jock MacTavish From somewhere near Dundee; That was a profitable bid, Although we paid four thousand quid. The neighbourhood of Inverness Ceded McSlumph for rather less;

He cost just over three.

From Notts we captured Blunden; Morgan we got from Wales; Two backs we bought in London, Handing out cash in bales; And up and down and back and forth, To west and east and south and north, Heedless of cost we scoured the land, Cheque-book and fountain-pen in hand,

For eligible males. Prodigious sums of money

Perforce we had to splash; Some idiots thought it funny, Some weaklings deemed it rash. To such in triumph we can say, "Look at this glorious win to-day"-A sequel that should make us thrill With local pride and, better still,

A swift return for cash.

More Musical Erudition.

"Bach was one of the most human of all the His name is pronounced composers . . . Bark."-Weekly Paper.

That sounds more canine than human.

"Oxford Circus (near).-Wanted maid, sleep in, age 30, for cooking and cleaning a maisonette."—Local Paper.

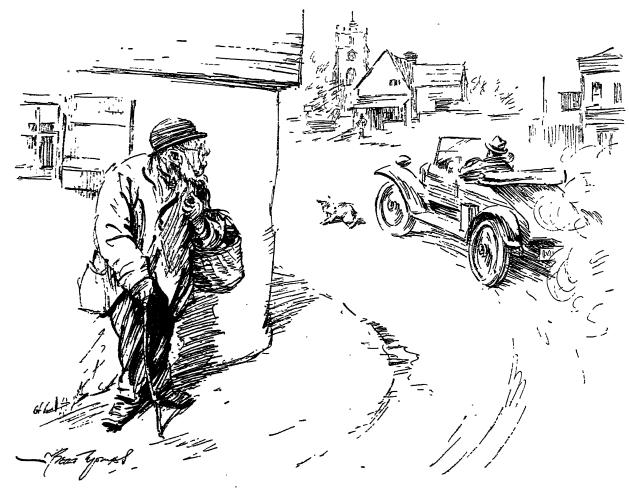
Personally we always have our maisonettes cleaned before they are cooked.

From a football report:—

"The Albion back slipped down and crowned a sixty years' sprint with a try under the bar."—Provincial Paper.

We fear that the Albion back must have been severely hurt if he could not recover in all that time.





"Lawks a massy! An' tew think when the first motey came through 'ere OI lost a day's work a-watchin' it."

MOUNT STANLEY BALDWIN.

Canada has named an eleven thousand foot peak in the Rockies after the PREMIER.] SHE praises STANLEY to the sky, Our Lady of the Wheat;

Her Rockies do him honour high, Eleven thousand feet!

Mount Stanley Baldwin, monument Of firm and lasting fame, Appropriate to represent Long view and lofty aim.

Yet, if the topic will permit Such quite respectful joking, A fine volcano were more fit, Since STANLEY's always smoking. W. K. H.

Remarkable Agricultural News.

"Excessive rains soaked the wool of a flock of sheep near Sedalia, O., and when the animals burrowed into haystacks timothy seed fell on their backs, germinated and sprouted." American Paper.

From a police-court report:— -, who described himself as an actor's mate . . ."-Local Paper. Sometimes referred to as "the author."

"CHANG."

I HAVE just seen a tensely dramatic film, in which a great number of the star performers received no salary at all, being dead. But I should like to know a little about the operators.

I am fairly blase about cinema performances, but a mild inquisitiveness that I used to feel as to where the man with the camera was sitting or lying or squatting was stirred in me again by Chang. It is being shown at the Plaza, in Piccadilly Circus.

I came to the conclusion that if I had been asked to shoot the pictures for this film I should have been delighted to do so, if they had given me a toughened-glass cage on the top of a military tank. I should have needed the glass in order to get a good view, and I should have wanted it tough to keep out the tigers, bears, leopards, monkeys and snakes. Especially the monkeys. The very few human beings who took part in the drama of Chang

I am differently constituted. I do not like monkeys. In fact, I think I am descended from the angels. I wrote to Sir Oliver Lodge asking him to bring this matter before the British Association at Leeds, but so far I have received no reply. The monkey seems to spendits whole life in pursuing unworthy aims, and then eating them. This makes me feel rather sick. But let us return to Chang.

I say that if I had been the film operator I should have wanted not only a thick glass cage, but also a tank. should have needed that when the elephants came, and I should have needed one that went quick. As for the mere human actors I should not have worried about them. They were only Siamese, anyhow. If the Siamese film actor is willing to spend his life dodging carnivorous and other fauna in the interests of art, I would say, "Let him. This tank is going right home now and cannot wait for passengers once the tigers are shot. You fellows can go by underkept monkeys in their home (what ground or along the tops of the trees or there was of it) as household pets. But any way you like. To-morrow, if you

turn up, we shall take over again that little piece where the leopard was jumping at you and you did not register fear quite in the way that a cinema optience requires. But I am not taking any stock in elephants. Me for my bungalow and a good long drink with ice."

That is the way that I should have filmed Chang, not being an habitué of jungles, as apparently the movie-men are. Let me put in tabular form a few of the principal scenes:-

A tiger attacks a buffalo at a waterpool.

A leopard is trapped in a goat-pen and shot from above.

A large snake is pulled from under a log and beaten to death.

A tiger is met in mid-jungle and shot at close range.

The happy hunters are startled by the tiger's mate.

One of them shins up a small tree and the tiger rages underneath.

This tiger is also shot at close range.

A leopard is trapped in a pit. Another leopard is trapped by means of a tar-baby, on which it springs.

After that there are the elephants. Allowing what you will for the fact that human beings are not shown in every picture where a wild animal is dashing through the jungle or leaping to kill, yet often enough they do appear. And whether they appear or not the camera man (in a tank if it was me) had to be there all this time. He had to be the man who put the "o" in carnivore, and pachyderm was his middle name.

The angry elephants came in a herd. The Siamese cultivator had trapped and taken a baby elephant, the most recalcitrant baby elephant I have ever seen, and tied it to the wooden stilts on which he balanced his home. It was the place where he had tethered his buffalo before it was eaten by the tiger. The family managed to escape just before the mother elephant appeared, and when she appeared she pulled the home down and trampled it to bits. After that the whole herd arrived, and in a very painstaking manner, showing organisation and system, demolished the neighbouring village. The inhabitants, and I do not blame them, left quickly, without taking any luggage except a few pigs. The camera-man, with incredible hardihood, remained.

He remained also when a stockade was built and a great elephant-drive, assisted by bonfires and men disguised as bushes, began. He remained while the elephants were driven through the jungle and across a wide river by men



Departing Guest. "HAVE YOU A MONEY-BOX, BOBBIE?" Bobbie. "No; BUT I HAVE A NOTE-CASE."

nered at last in the stockade. In fact into the spirit of the thing better than he saw the whole thing through. But most of the other vocalists. nobody else did. The Siamese cultivators, the villagers, had vamcosed during the elephants' stampede. The leopards and tigers, having registered their simple emotions, had retired for stage.

But where does the stout photographer take his photographs when elephants are being rounded up and tigers are being shot at close range? That is what I want to know. In a tree with the monkeys? In a trap with the leopards? Under a log with the snakes? I give it up.

But I must say I liked Chang. The

accompanying noises were kindly supplied by the Zoo from phonograph records, and in my opinion, though I disguised as swimming bushes, and cor- | may be wrong, the leopards had entered |

It is a pity, by the way, that animals do not really seem to appreciate pictures. Otherwise it would be nice to make up a small party from Regent's Park to see Chang some afternoon. ever and compulsorily from the cinema These pictures of the dear old home And retired without taking would cheer their monotonous lives.

What Noah Missed.

At a poultry sale:-"3 Purebred Antediluvian Roosters." New Zealand Parer.

How to make a Girl of the Moment. Take a diet of lipstick and cocktail; A coat of white bunny and mock tail; A silhouette slim

(Hardly more than a rim) And only ten inches of freck-tail.

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY. VI.—HYMEN.

TRIX, dear, I've just been through the most agonising of all human proceedings, an English wedding, my dear I shall simply never give my girlish heart away because rather than cause ling. Well it was poor Ann Atbury that made the trouble and my dear if people must be married why must they

on a hot day, a complete slug of a train and two Satanical changes you know my dear all that climbing over bridges for Platform Four and the carriage full of farmers' wives and baskets of eggs and everything degrading, well, when we got to Stokeunder-the-Wallop or somewhere I was simply withered with stuffiness and as for hilarity, not that hilarity would have been the right note from what I make out, my dear we were twenty minutes too early and I hovered about the grave-yard with Aunt Elizabeth feeling too funereal and mothy for words, and presently the whole County crawled into the grave-yard all draped in black and their faces like Sheffield on a wet Sunday morning, my dear they couldn't have worn more black if they 'd come to see Ann Atbury cremated or electrocuted or turned into a nun, it wasn't only the men, they're a onefrock-sex anyway poordears, but you would think that two hundred County beauties could have bought a dahlia between them or clubbed together and got something bacchanal in pale grey, but my dear you never saw such masses of jet, and really my dear

and a sweet-pea buttonhole, and really no one would have said that we'd all come there to celebrate the gladdest moment in two people's lives and wellborn I may be but I do think top-hats morbid don't you.

Mr. Haddock said, my dear of course Mr. Haddock was foully dressed because he said all his wedding-garments had been corrupted by moth and he had on his only suit as usual, but to show goodwill he wore a butterfly-collar and the most ridiculous bow-tie, my dear, and he kept his overcoat on so as to make people think he was wearing a tail-coat underneath, but of course the

whole show was given away by his hat, my dear the most amorphous, jelliest, dismallest blanc-mange you ever saw! not getting married after three o'clock, because as he said well half-past-two a whole day's suffering for five hundred | Moment, and how can you expect a | wedding-guests well really I'd sooner Britisher to be merry immediately after remain the world's virgin for life, dar- lunch especially if he hasn't had any, be married in the bowels of the country ligion or something and he said No marquee is man's mouldrest creation



THINGS WE RARELY SEE NOWADAYS. POPULAR JOCKEY STOPPING TO PAT A GREYHOUND IN THE STREET.

the one spot of brightness was a darling it's merely because of the Noncon-trouble of marrying me, well he annoys old Colonel with a lavender waistcoat formists because they used to have to me when he talks like that, and my dear have registrars when the Nonconformists make out the Nonconformists had to be treated like so many wild beasts, and then a man brought in a Bill, and and something about clandestine marriages, well, I didn't understand a word | cally wrong with weddings doesn't it? of it but from what Mr. Haddock said good enough for a Christian girl in this country, don't you darling.

church, and what I thought was so perfectly fallacious in spite of all the black beads and satin and general dinginess simply none of the County Well he said that all this gloom was because of this putrefying law about registered religion, but they all chatted and giggled and peered, my dear too secular, like a Flower-Show or somein the afternoon is Life's Barrenest | thing, well I wouldn't object to a bit of a religious kick in the service provided there was some sort of worldly hilarity at the reception, but my dear as most of us hadn't because of the it was just the other way, the moment tuberculous train-service, and I said we gathered in Ann Atbury's mother's Well isn't it something to do with re- | mouldy marquee (and I do think a

> don't you) well a complete blight enwrapped the wedding-guests and we all stood on one leg and did our best to look County and we all said didn't the bride look sweetly pretty though I thought she looked like the Queen of the Fairies at the Surbiton pantomime, and while Mr. Haddock was being matey with the bride no less than five of Nature's heavy-weights loaded me with cucumber sandwiches which always give me a bad night and my dear I do think champagne is life's dreariest liquid at halfpast three in the afternoon don't you, and as for wedding champagne where do they find it?

> Well at last Mr. Haddock came back thank Heaven and rather than look at the guests any longer we went and looked at the presents, my dear the fishknives, there can't be so much fish in all the world, and fourteen photos of TALLULAH BANKHEAD, well, Mr. Haddock said wasn't it time I was getting married and he knew a nice man he'd like to meet me, and I said how celestial but I'm feeling like Nature's spinster thankyou, and I can get all the fish-knives I want without putting your friends to the

I was so tired I was ready to yelp like a were married because from what I can | pedigree dog, and my dear you know how I venerate Ann Atbury, and her young man's perfectly congenial but all I wanted was for the bride and bridein the country look a bit too feudal and the Home Secretary and everything, groom to leave the premises, which shows there must be something raddi-

> Well after about two days they did there's no more religion in it than go, well it seemed like that, and there there is in lighting-up time, and the Jews can be married at midnight if they like and I do think that what's good enough for the Jews ought to be more than I do, but I do think when a girl's best friends are seeing her off into the New Life which stretches Well there, it is, we went into the before her and everything they might

think of something more affectionate to do than throw cereals down a girl's back don't you, but there it is, that's weddings and I suppose it's a kind of unconscious revenge for all the sufferings of the wedding-guests, well there we were, you see, suspended in mid-air, so to speak, at Stoke-under-the-Wallop at half-past-five in the afternoon, all the girls half-dead with ices and standing on one leg and all the men half-alive with champagne and no train till 6.15 and two Satanical changes at that, my dear too pulverising.

Well you know that morbid postwedding sensation, when everybody thinks they must do something and nobody wants to do anything but go to bed or a lunatic asylum, so about sixteen of us went with the best man to Reggie's and worked like slaves to be gay, my dear too ghastly, everybody tried to be funny and nearly everybody was simply septic, and we all talked at once and the waiters merely ignored the whole party, my dear I was famished, and Mr. Haddock went on and on about the Marriage Act of eighteen-something and how all this misery was simply because you have to be married at the idiot hour of half-past two instead of reasonably in the evening, and really I do think there must be something in it and if only there was a soul in Parliament with the guts of a gold-fish they might perhaps do something about it, but there isn't, so no more now, your devastated Topsy. A. P. H.

Erudition in the Irish Free State.

"W. B. Yeats's version of 'Œdipus The King,' by George Bernard Shaw, will be produced at the Abbey Theatre."—Dublin Paper. We knew that Mr. Shaw had travestied Shakespeare, but were not aware that he had stolen Sophocles' thunder.

"'Why did you vote that Aristotle should be put to death?' was asked of an Athenian. Because,' was the reply, 'I was tired of hearing him called the Just.' But Aristotle was not put to death."—Cork Paper.

And we are glad to see that Cork has refused to ostracise Mr. Cosgrave.

"It may be that New Zealand is destined to play an important part in the protection and advancement of the Polynesian peoples of the SoSutShS SPSaciSfiScSSSSSSH the South Pacific."—New Zealand Paper.

This seems to be the right spirit, but with a little too much soda.

"At 8 p.m. the Mayor will preside over the gathering in St. —'s Parish Hall when Mr. — will deliver his popular lecture. Admission £6 5/ to £6 7/6; sows in pig, £4 17/6."

New Zealand Paper.

They will have to draw heavily on those silk purses which they are said to carry about with them.



Hairdresser (whose suggestions for shampoo, electric treatment, face-massage, elc., have been turned down one after another). "What about a little eyebbow-plucking, Sir?"

"NICKY."

A HOSPITAL DOG.

SMALL dogs were not permitted Even in private wards, the edict said; Yet every afternoon a shadow flitted

Down the long corridors, a little head Pushed at the door, an eager face came through,

Eyes, ears and tail all shouted "How are you?

Your own dog can't come in, but won't
I do?"—

And there was Nicky sitting on the bed.

Charity's self was Sister,

Nurses were kind as angels scarce could be;

Yet when the world became one flaming blister

Of pain and life seemed at its perigee,

One sighed for little footsteps pattering near.

For that forbidden figure to appear,

For the brave words that one could almost hear—

"Hi, tails up, cully, tails up! Look at me!"

Ab, Nicky, small magician,

Master of arts unpractised in our schools,

Little yourrace heeds veto or permission So long as you can help us feckless fools

Of men. Nay, were we in that nether Pit

(Forbid to doggies, or 'twould not be It)

You or your like would struggle through to sit

Beside us there—and devil take the rules! H. B.

THE S.P.P.P.C.G.R.L.

My sympathy has been aroused by their sufferings and my heart bleeds. I am only too anxious to help them. In fact, I really must do something about it. I feel in me that strong urge to expression which is such a powerful force in each one of us, from film-actress to bargee—particularly the latter. And so I am going to found a society.

Full particulars will shortly be published. In the meanwhile here is a brief rėsumė of the aims and objects of the S.P.P.P.C.G.R.L.—Society for the Provision of Pottering Places for Country Gentlemen Resident in London-as

I intend briefly to call it.

Membership will be limited to elderly gentlemen whose sole happiness once consisted in pottering about their homes in the country, but who now have been forced through various reasons, such as their wives' servant problems or the persuasive influence of their daughters, to take up their residence in the metropolis. London for these wretches of luxuries. That is not pottering; I defy course means the complete absence of all the concomitants of really good In London they find no pottering. fences to paint, pumps or mowingmachines to repair, no outhouses or sheds to fill up with tools, no walls to build up or pull down; indeed they can hardly do the most elementary potter without coming up against their neighbours, or the L.C.C., or the police, or the Corporation dustman. In short hangers, curtain-rings, screws, insides they have either been forced to give up their pottering habits altogether and live dull unambitious lives, putatively enlivened by garbled versions of their daughters' last-night theatre and their wives' shopping triumphs, or else they have simply pined away and died.
The S.P.P.P.C.G.R.L., however, will

change all this for them, and the daily visit to the society's club premises in the heart of the West End will send them home, late for dinner as usual, but with happy expressions and true

pottering step.

On entering the club premises the hall-portress—for it must be a woman will address each member by name in a commanding voice, saying, "Now remember lunch is in half-an-hour and you must be ready for it!" This of course is a mere façon de parler; any member can stay in the club as long as he likes or lunch when he likes. Indeed one of the chief joys of pottering is to have unlimited time at your command; but I have not forgotten that another is the feeling that after all you have only a very short while and have indeed been told so by your wife.

From the hall the member will pass

Pottering clothes, by the society's rules, have to be of a certain age—for original members ten years, all other members seven. No new clothes are allowed, but for the benefit of members who do not anticipate being able to conform to this rule in the current year the society will, on receipt of a small fee, undertake to induce, within a fortnight, suitable age into any clothes handed to them for the purpose. This will be effected by the temporary use of their garmentwrecking plant. Frock-coats, eveningdress and so on will not of course be undertaken; one could never potter society's prestige and result in expulsion from the club.

After the changing-room the whole of the club premises, both outdoors and indoors, are open to the member. "Indoors" does not mean armchairs, smokanyone to potter, even passably, in a club armehair. No, indcors comprises simply a fine range of sheds smelling strongly of sacking, rotten apples and turpentine. Some sheds will contain tools of every kind, mostly broken or in pieces and specially disarranged by the servants before the club opens in the morning. Others will be full of small tin boxes of nails, pieces of wire, pictureof cheap clocks, mouse-traps, old springs and tap-washers, in fact everything that can be classed under the heading of "to be kept in case it comes in useful." Gifts from members will, I hope, help to maintain a novel and varied supply; and the committee is empowered to keep in touch with local dustmen. It will be a rule, by the way, in these sheds that nothing is to be used for the purpose for which it was originally intended.

Other sheds will be full of brushes, paint in jam-jars and oil in tobaccotins, and these sheds may of course themselves be painted, restored or repaired, any colour, any shape and any way by any members, as may also the various lengths of fencing in the club's outdoor grounds.

Besides fencing, the outdoor grounds, by far the largest part of the premises, will be furnished with a well and derelict pumping machinery due for repair, saw not too circular, lengths of wood, but not in our golf club." posts, tree-stumps, rocks for making a rockery, incinerators, water-pipes, hoses and taps and a fine system of rain-water people who consent to be 'picked up.'" drainage just under ground level. There

has a locker for his pottering clothes. ment of all this. Members may do anything they like, and are encouraged to make suggestions, criticise the efforts of others and give free advice.

Several club servants will also be at the disposal of members for any outdoor work. These club servants will all be very old whisker-fringed countrymen, who will be trained to touch their hats when told to do something, say "Yazzurrr" and go and do something different. At intervals bells will be an agreement with the local laundry for rung and female voices will name various members and tell them that tea will be ready in five minutes, or that Mrs. Boreleigh has called and is in the drawing-room, or ask if they are aware properly in tails however ancient, and of the time. No notice is to be taken any attempt to do so would lower the of this; it is of course simply all part of the club procedure, and is to ensure that every potterer really enjoys him-Indeed one of the rules of the society is that there are to be no clocks.

I anticipate an instant response from all exiled potterers living in London. ing-rooms, card-rooms and suchlike club | In fact anyone who likes may send me his guinea now. A full receipt, dated and stamped and with the club arms at the top, will not be given.

THE COLONEL.

"I had quite a pleasant round," declared Patricia, helping herself to a Patricia's rounds are not always pleasant. She is at that stage of the game when possible opponents fade away as soon as she appears on the links.

"Alone?" I suggested unkindly. Patricia did not reply, but waved a piece of scone to indicate that the matter would receive attention as soon as speech

was possible.

"One can hardly expect plus-four players to potter round with a beginner," I continued while she munched, "especially as so many of them are business-men who really need a keen round to restore their energies."

"I suppose that's why they address the ball as if it were a meeting of shareholders," she hinted maliciously. "But why do you assume I couldn't pick up

a partner?"

"Pick up?" I echoed.

"I suppose I shall learn the game years before I master the language."

"Not the language. Better leave that alone. Just a few technical terms. But I must protest against your phrase 'picking up a partner.' It may be done a dynamo out of order and a circular-in remote Hammersmith dance-halls,

"Jealous of the gentlemen, dear?"
"Not at all. I am not interested in

"I'm sure there's no need for this into the changing - room, where each | will be no fixed rules for the employ- | jealousy. He was quite a nice old



"WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, MUMMY?"

"TO SEE IF MY SKIRT IS TOO SHORT."

"Well, Mummy, you certainly look younger below than up above."

gentleman. Not a cross word the whole

"I suppose you were out of hearing," I suggested. "Down in the coverts or over the railway embankment."

"I don't think we left the fairway," she said thoughtfully. "At least it was in sight most of the time. Of course, if I got hopelessly bunkered, I just picked the ball up and walked on until I found a drink. Quite a nice man." a level spot."

"Picked the ball up!" I gasped.

"That isn't done."

"Oh, wasn't it?" she retorted.

"But what did your opponent say?" "Not a word. Why should he?"

asked Patricia. "Then he's laying a formal com-

plaint before the committee." "I'm sure he wouldn't do such a thing. He was such a perfect dear. He didn't swear. He didn't puff smoke in my face, and he didn't slope off for

"Not a man," I exclaimed, "but a monument. But," I added, looking at the diminishing pile of scones, "he name of the kind old gentleman I went doesn't appear to have given you tea."

"No," admitted Patricia, "but in every other respect he was perfect. He didn't tell me my stance was all wrong, and that I threw my head back and took my eye off the ball, and all the other stupid things one mustn't do."

"Perhaps he, too," I suggested, was a beginner?"

"Can you go round in 75?" she demanded.

"Why, that's Bogey!" I exclaimed. "Of course," she said, "that's the

PERFECT SILENCE.

Evangeline does not realise that perfect peace is essential to an author. One cannot write brightly under a crosstire of questions.

As soon as I had seized my pad and settled down grimly to a thousand words

of humour, Evangeline began.

"I won't disturb you a minute, dear, but do I fold the pattern over from A to C and cut out the gaudets A B C?"

When the question had been settled I sat down resolutely and squared my shoulders ready to begin.

"I didn't know you wanted the table," |

said Evangeline; "I was go-

ing to cut out."
"It doesn't matter," I answered with resignation; "any old place will do. Is the coal-hole unoccupied?"

"Peter's there at the mo-It's the only place where he keeps quiet. But don't be so absurd. You can sit here. I'll leave the cuttingout and wind some wool instead."

"Idon't know that I'm keen on winding wool at present,'

"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said; "I wouldn't disturb you for worlds. Don't watch me. Just sit down and write

something funny.'

But I had to watch Evangeline. She wound the wool round the arms of my chair and the legs of the table until the room looked like a heavilywired sector of the Western Front. It would have given the ideal atmosphere for a war story, but I was not writing one of those. In fact I was not writing anything. I can never capture an elusive idea

unless I walk about a bit. When I got up absent-mindedly the complicated spinning-jenny Evangeline had

constructed collapsed.

"Now you will have to help me,"

she insisted.

When we had quite finished I rang for wet towels and vinegar and started again. The children mistook the bell and came in for tea an hour too soon.

We have brought up our children on the most approved principles, making it a rule to encourage intelligent questions, and to answer each one of them truthfully. Evangeline saw no difficulty at all in that. When a really difficult question cropped up which could not be answered truthfully she passed it on to me. She said it came so much easier to an author.

questions our children ask, and their cunning supplementaries leave Commander Kenworthy at the post.

"Hush, darlings," said Evangeline;

Daddy's writing.

"Will it come out in pwint?" asked Babs.

"What is he writing?" demanded

Peggy.
" Cheerful nonsense," I replied gloomily.
"Oh!" said Peter with a sniff of

superiority.

"Hush, darlings," repeated Evan-

"Look, Nannie, autumn must have come—here's a leaf."

any cheques."

"Take that child away," I commanded. "I will not be sniffed at by my own children. Or stay. I'll have a room of my very own."

"There isn't a spare room," declared Evangeline; "and surely you can scribble a few lines anywhere. Do I turn the not to ask questions. house upside down when I write?"

"You only write to the butcher to complain about the joint. I am writing for publication, perhaps even for posterity."

"Glad to hear it," commented Evangeline. "Your posterity's in need of some new knickers and boots-aren't you, Peter?"

"Instead of reminding me of household bills you might give me the oppor- Matrons and sprinters too.

You have no idea what intelligent | tunity of earning the money to pay them. An hour's peace.'

"But think of the bright things you pick up from us," suggested Evangeline. "You would miss those if we sat like dumb animals."

"Your father," I reminded her, "has a private office. He is guarded by a commissionaire, an office-boy, several clerks and a typist. No one is admitted to the presence until he has stated his name, address, age, complexion and business in writing. A caller of overwhelming personality might possibly reach the door without an appointment, geline; "Daddy can't be funny if you but even then he would be foiled, for a

printed notice is pinned up, 'Out. Back again at 3.30.'"

"But you see," explained Evangeline, "father's a business man.'

"I do not understand," I retorted, "why a man of business must have dictaphones, telephones, typists and stenographers to produce those little masterpieces beginning, 'Dear Sir, - Reference your favour of even date,' while a real literary man has to scribble his stuff in these appalling conditions."

But Peggy has solved my difficulty. She too has become a writer. Last week the Home Page Editor of The Daily Gnat awarded her half-a-crown for a true animal story. The incident, as she admitted under pressure, was only true in parts, so she will have to be an author and write fiction. She is now engaged on a novel which Evangeline hopes to publish simultaneously in London and New York.

In her new rôle Peggy has It the need of silence. When felt the need of silence.

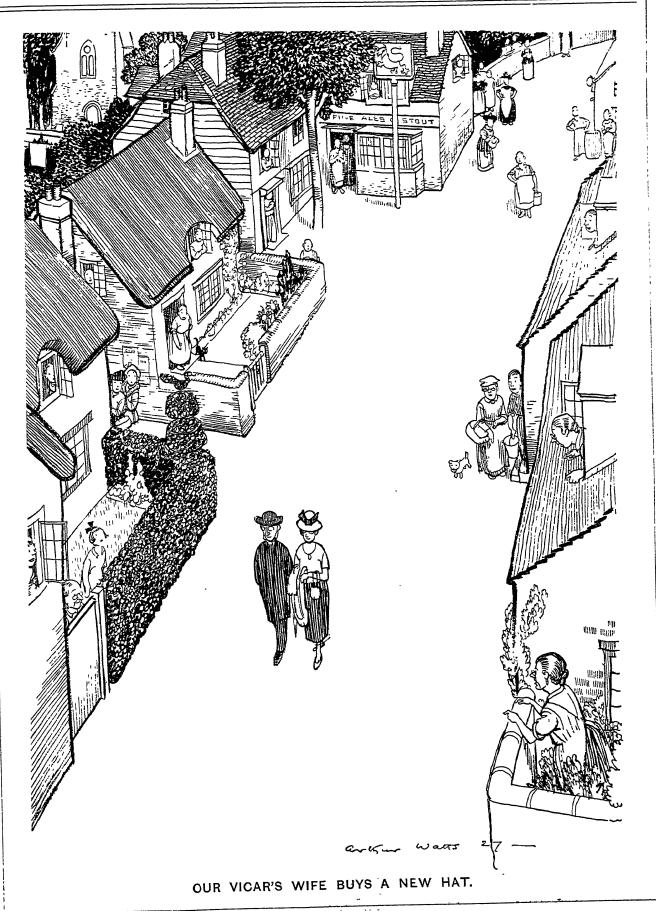
chatter, and the nasty editor won't send | she demanded a private room, Evangeline said, "Certainly, darling," and cleared the attic for her, furnishing it with a table and two small chairs. And on her door, inscribed in big capitals, is the permanent legend, "Gone away. Back on Thursday week.

Peggy lets me sit with her if I promise

Marriage not à la Mode.

From a wedding hymn-paper:— "Finish then Thy new creation, Pure and sportless let us be."

From an athletic sports' report:-"Seventy-five, flat, married ladies— . Mrs. — ; 2. Mrs. — ; 3. Mrs. -; 3. Mrs. Canadian Paper.



ANOTHER FAR EASTERN PROBLEM.

No doubt, had we but known it, fear, rage, indignation and remorse were chasing themselves across the criminal's features as he stood in the dock. There was no telling, for he was Chinese; he seemed to like being in the dock. On the other hand, two compatriots of his who were in court seemed to like not being in the dock just as much. Such is the devilish subtlety of the Orient.

"What is the prisoner charged with?" asked the magistrate.

It appeared that the Chinaman was charged with playing fan-tan in the company of other Celestials behind a hearding near the docks, where the eye of the law had lighted upon him.

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" asked the magistrate.

"The prisoner does not speak English, your worship," explained the clerk.

"Oh, he doesn't? Is there an interpreter in court?"

One of the other Chinamen, it seemed, was the interpreter.

"Does the prisoner plead guilty or not guilty?" repeated the magistrate, addressing himself to him.

The interpreter smiled in a startling fashion, but remained silent. "Ask 'im whether 'e did it or whether 'e didn't," prompted the sergeant.

The interpreter then turned to the second Celestial at his side, and began to speak in accents reminiscent agreeably, as if he did not mind one oner and a number of other Chinese of a gushing brook. "Wait a moment," said the magistrate. "What has this man got to do with it?"

"E's an interpreter too, your wor- committed the offence or not." ship," explained the sergeant. "It The interpreter recommenced his of them?"

seems the prisoner comes from the south of China, and the only man we could get that understands 'is talk doesn't speak English either. But 'e speaks a language that the interpreter can speak, and e speaks English."

A pleasant air of informality now settled over the court. "Let us understand this correctly," said the magistrate. "Which speaks English to which?"

"I speak Englis," said the first Chinee.

"I keep laundly in England twenty | snake-like hissings, which continued for | astrously interfered with, it seemed. A

"And you can understand this man?" continued the magistrate, pointing to the second Chinee.

"Yes. He speak Chinese flom Pekin. I flom Pekin."

"And he speaks the prisoner's language? Is that it?"



"'NEVER TOOK MY EYES OFF 'IM ALL THE TIME 'E WAS RUNNING.'

way or the other.

"Very well," observed the magistrate. "Let us go on. Ask him whether he

"He not undelstand so velly well," explained the laundry-keeper, and tried again. At length the second Celestial appeared to comprehend, and began "All light," said the laundry-keeper to transmit the message in his turn to the prisoner in a sort of verbal

Morse code, like halliards tapping against a flagstaff. We watched the reply start upon its westward way. It seemed even longer than the question.

"He say he don't want to go to plison," remarked the interpreter brightly.

The police eyed one another in triumph. This was a veritable Death's Head Moth of a prisoner, a unique capture.

"Never mind about that," said the magistrate impatiently. "Was he gambling or was he not?"

The interpreters busied themselves with this point as before, with restful chirrupings. "He say now he velly good man," answered the laundrykeeper.

The magistrate gave a sigh. "All this is highly irregular," he remarked. "But I think under the circumstances"—he exchanged glances with the clerk—" we might enter a plea of Not guilty on that answer. Now then."

P.C. 43196 now deposed, all in one long breath, that when on duty in the dock road at 1.30 P.M. yesterday his attention was attracted by cries from behind a hoarding, he investigated and discovered the pris-

playing for money, they ran away, he gave chase and caught prisoner at the dock gates.

"You're sure the prisoner was one queried the magistrate.

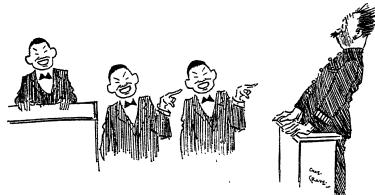
"Personally, if the prisoner and these two interpreters were put in a row, I couldn't tell one from the other."

"Positive, your worship. Never took my eyes off 'im all the time 'e was running."

The magistrate turned to the interpreter. "You hear what the officer says. Translate it to the prisoner, and find out whether he wants to ask any questions."

This time broadcast-

long and intricate discussion went on between the three Orientals. "This is intolerable," remarked his worship. "We shall be here all day."



"'HE SAY P'LICEMAN VELLY BAD MAN.'"

a long time. "It seems to be a long job," remarked the magistrate at length.
"'Is worship says to 'urry up, John," remarked the sergeant.



The Lady of the Bath-chair, "It's coming on to rain, Theobald. Make a dash for that shelter."

"He say pliceman velly bad man," translated the interpreter.

The magistrate looked annoyed. "We must get to the bottom of this somehow," he observed. "Ask him where he maintains he was when the alleged offence was committed. Do you understand? If he was not playing fan-tan, what was he doing, and where? Make sure that he understands."

The three went at it harder than ever. One recalled the celebrated case of the commanding officer in the Boer War who passed along the prostrate line a request for news, and received the stupefying reply that the right flank was going to a dance and wanted three-and-fourpence. We waited anxiously for light.

The laundryman faced the court once more. "He say he velly solly he done it," he observed.

it," he observed.

The magistrate blew out his cheeks. I regret to say that the court was no longer maintaining its traditional dignity. "I pity Sir Austen Chamberlain," he remarked, with feeling. "Bound over."

* * * * * * *
Authors of the Oriental school of romantic fiction are fond of saying that

despite the puny efforts of Europeans to understand it, the inscrutable soul of China remains a mystery. I should think myself that there is a good deal in this theory.

MIDGE MIXTURE.

My old hat's lining wafts afar
The redolence of Stockholm tar,
And on its magic scent returns
A dream of hills by Arrochar,
Scored white with brawling burns.

This headgear stirs to life again Myriads of midges in the glen, Who feast upon me while I try, Cursing and rubbing now and then, To change a salmon fly.

I rose him—rose him in mid-stream, I saw him swiftly turn and gleam, None could mistake that flash of white.

I'll have him yet—so runs my dream-Gad! how these midges bite.

What torment lurks in every speck! I murmur as I bathe my neck And deluge my distracted brows With some specific that shall check Their zest for the carouse. There, that shall sate the maddening crew.

I hook my fish—I'm bound to do— And land him in my London flat, Wondering if ever conjurer drew Such marvels from a hat.

Another Impending Apology.

"Personally Conducted Parties round the world (also to South Africa) leave London in the Autumn."—Irish Paper.

Since when did the Sub-Continent get off the map?

"Police-Sergt. —— stated that after ——'s arrest he found that the man's wife was in a state of starvation. He gave her some money out of her own pocket."—Daily Paper.

"Splendid force, the police," as CHARLES HAWTREY used to say in A Message from Mars; but this case of vicarious generosity is unique in our experience.

From an article entitled "The Essence of Good Driving":—

"I have realised more and more during the 1927 summer that what one must aim at more than anything else is disturbing the equanimity of other road users, foot or wheeled."

Sunday Parer.

Our expert drivers are seldom quite so candid about their week-end recreations awheel.



MANNERS AND MODES.

Possible development of the "lop-sided" fashions now coming into voque.

THE PASSING OF THE STRANGE GUEST.

AT the Gargoyle Hotel Aberglidden A Guest went suddenly Mad The Gargoyle Hotel Aberglidden Is famed for its Scenic Environs And famed for its Perfect Cuisine It is centrally heated throughout Yet No. 140

Having given a tip to the Porter And given a tip to the Boots And given a tip to the Chambermaid And given a tip to his Waiter And a tip to the Principal Waiter And the Waiter who brought him his

Wine Such Wine!

And a tip to the Man at the Garage And a tip to one or two Pages

And a tip to Heaven knows whom Being poised, as it were, at the Portal About to depart

Went suddenly back to the Office

And asked them kindly to Oblige him With Change for a Ten-Pound Note Which he took in Small Pieces of Silver And then

None daring to thwart or gainsay him So Dark was his Mood

Ranged through the Hotel like a Viking And tipped, not regarding their Stations, All Persons who stcod in his way. The two Millionaires from Chicago And the Wives of the two Million-

He tipped,

And a Prosperous Party from Bootle From Bootle in Lancs

And a Lady of Seventy Summers Whose Father had been a K.C.

And also the Chef

Who had come up to talk to a Waiter And a Colonel grown fiery with Golfing And a golden-haired Damsel or twain The Old, the Infirm and the Youthful Both Young Men and Maidens Tipped he them,

Till they called in the end the Proprietor Who came looking Tactfully stern

But No. 140

Not staying his hand

Put a Two-shilling Piece in the Waist-

The beautiful bow-fronted Waistcoat With vest-slip complete

That the goodly Proprietor wore; And THEN

Having noticed at last near the Entrance A huge Stuffed Bear

From an article on the cricket averages :-

"Hobbs missed the 3,000 by 51 runs last year, but in 1925 he scored 3,024 in 48 minutes. Evening Paper.

In face of this Hammond's thousand runs in May this year must pale its ineffectual fireworks.

Which was Standing Erect on its Hind Legs

And holding a Tray

He gave what was left of his Largesse To that .

So passed but not all unforgotten From the Gargoyle Hotel Aberglidden Having solved the Gratuity Problem The Curious Guest.

"Westward Ho!

Kipling Tors is to be the name by which the Pleasure Walks-opened at Western Hill are in future to be known. The Poet Laureate often roamed the cliff walks when a student at the United Services College. It is therefore most appropriate to have the name of Rudyard Kipling associated with these delightful walks. Local Paper.

Our hearty congratulations to R. K., but what has happened to Dr. ROBERT BRIDGES?



SPOKESMAN OF DEPUTATION FROM THE SMALLER ANIMALS. "WE ARE RELYING ON YOU, MR. LION, TO PROTECT US AGAINST ONE ANOTHER; SO I WILL ASK YOU TO BE SO GOOD

BRITISH LION. "I WILL GLADLY DO ALL I CAN TO HELP YOU TO KEEP THE PEACE; BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT I AM FIRST AND FOREMOST A FAMILY MAN."



A POPULAR PLAYWRIGHT BEING PRESENTED BY A FEW OF HIS ADMIRERS WITH A CASKET CONTAINING BUTTONS COLLECTED IN THE AUDITORIUM AFTER THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF HIS FARCICAL COMEDY.

MISLEADING CASES.

XXII.—Poodle Racing; or, The Big HUMBUG.

Rex v. Smith.

JUDGMENT was delivered to-day by the Court of Criminal Appeal in an interesting case concerning the legality of betting upon speed-tests for poodles, terriers and other dogs.

Mr. Justice Wool, presiding, said: "This is an appeal from a decision of my learned brother Frog at the Winchester Assizes, where the appellant was convicted of keeping an establishment deemed to be a common gaminghouse' under the Betting Act, 1853.

"The facts are unusual. The appellant, Smith, is a man in poor circumstances, a labourer out of employment and residing in the village of Parva Minor. Adjacent to the one-roomed cottage which he rents is a small plot of land surrounded by a fence. It was proved at the trial that on this land the appellant organised a series of dog-races, to which, for a small charge, the public were admitted. The inhabitants of the village were invited to bring their dogs and enter them for the races; and a wide variety of animals took part in money out of it. them. Parva Minor is in a district

remote from towns and poorly provided with entertainment. Smith's dog-races became very popular, and large numbers of labourers travelled from the surrounding villages to enjoy the new diversion. The novelty and excitement of the contests, the grace and speed of the animals, and the friendly emulation of the various owners no doubt contributed to Mr. Smith's success; but he does not contend that these were the only or even the chief attractions. The visitors made bets with each other and with bookmakers upon the results of the races. Some of them before this date may from time to time have staked small sums upon distant horse-races which they did not see, but it was proved in evidence that for nearly all this was the first occasion on which they were able to bet upon trials of speed and endurance in the animal kingdom which they were present in person to witness—a circumstance, I gather, which adds to the pleasures of this form of speculation.

"Representations were therefore made to the authorities that Mr. Smith was introducing numerous innocent villagers for the first time to the pernicious enticements of gambling, and was making

"The appellant admitted in cross-

examination that in the absence of facilities for betting he would expect the public to visit the races in much smaller numbers, if they came at all; that he had always had in mind the possibility that these races might be found to be convenient subjects for wagering; that he had in fact made special arrangements to secure the attendance of professional bookmakers, and that he was receiving considerable profits from the charges which he made for admission.

"The operative section of the Act says that-

"'No house office room or other place shall be opened kept or used for the purpose of the owner occupier or keeper thereof or any other person using the same . . . betting with persons resorting thereto.

"Mr. Smith was found guilty of opening and keeping such a 'place,' and he has now appealed.

"The appeal is based on various grounds, but these grounds, with one exception, I propose to ignore; for that one plea is of so ignoble and reckless a character that it vitiates all other conceivable defences and by itself puts the appellant out of court.

(who has argued the case with his customary ability, thoroughness and lack of consideration for a judicial tri-bunal exceptionally susceptible to the assaults of tedium), has urged that has energetically combated the evils what he has been condemned for doing of public drinking, but has watched, on a small scale in one village is being it appears, without concern a wide arrangements with the police. Such done with impunity on a large scale in many big towns. He says that wealthy corporations are conducting dog-races all over the country, and are enticing the improvident poor to dissipate their savings upon estimates or forecasts of own humble experiments with mongrel before, is entirely irrelevant to these the relative celerity of different grey- terriers and poodle-dogs.

hounds, which forecasts, though guaranteed by money payments, are based to a negligible degree upon reason or experience. He says that these contests are attended by Ministers of the Crown and other notable persons, and that the multitude are assisted to approach the bookmakers by special reinforcements of police. He says that he is entitled to the same immunity for similar conduct as is enjoyed by these wealthy corporations, and that, if not, then in these islands there is one law for the rich and

another for the poor.

"This is perhaps the most impudent and ill-founded plea which has ever been advanced in an English court of justice. Of course there is one law for the rich and another for the poor (or, more accurately perhaps, two others for the poor), for the very good reason that the poor stand in greater need of restrictive legislation; and our gaming code in particular has always rested on that admirable principle. Over-logical busy-bodies have frequently asked why cashbetting in a public place, which requires the possession and payment of cash, should by the law be considered more demoralising and guilty than credit-betting over

the telephone, in which a man may go to any extent beyond his means and may never have to put down any money at all. The answer is simple—credit-betting is conducted by the well-to-do, who can afford it, and cash-betting by the poor, who ought to be working and are not entitled to such luxuries. In the same way, if a syndicate of rich men set up a betting establishment, this involves a large capital expense, and any legal interference would cause great inconvenience and financial loss; but if a poor man does the same thing his activities can be concluded with the minimum of bother.

"In any case, as Lord Mildew decided in Rastus v. the Eureka Gramo-

He, by his counsel, Sir Ethelred Rutt | 'Two blacks do not make a white.' The appellant betrayed a special animus against the Home Secretary, Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON - HICES, who, as political guardian of the public morals, betting; and the appellant says that but for the official leniency shown to

"SCIENCE THE HANDMAID OF COMMERCE."

"But the hypocrisy of the Home SECRETARY (if any) has nothing to do with this case. No doubt that Minister has the best of reasons for what he does or does not do. For example, the appellant, if he had not been lost to all sense of decency, might have reflected that the Home Secretary is a member of a political party; that, although in the opinion of many experienced observers the habit of gambling and the habit of alcohol are equally dangerous and undesirable, the citizens who gamble or bet are very much more numerous than the citizens who have the other habit; that very little effective obstruction has ever been offered to phone Company, [1900] 2 A. C. 671, betting, and that therefore any sub- N.S.P.C.C., please note.

stantial interference with betting might be politically unfortunate for the Government responsible for it, though no great harm is done by the occasional prosecution of a small street book-maker or other obscure persons who have incautiously neglected to make the proper extension of the facilities for public an obscure person is the appellant, and he may rest assured that his conviction will give a welcome fillip to the forces the larger greyhound enterprises he of morality, but will not lose many would not have ventured upon his votes. All this, however, as I said proceedings. The defendant has been

found guilty of breaking the law. and in my judgment rightly so. The appeal must be dismissed." Lugg J. and Adder J. con-

A. P. H. curred.

THE PRACTICAL TROUBADOUR.

[Going without sleep is recommended as superior to dieting for reducing weight.]

Dear, you passed my offer by, Took, in fact, a scornful view Of my eagerness to try Serenading you, Though I said I'd reinforce Skill which otherwise might jar By a Correspondence Course In the light guitar.

Modern custom, O my Sweet, Ordered you to look askance At your Harold's obsolete Notions of romance; But I think you'll change your

And a kindlier ear you'll lend When my melodies you find Serve some useful end.

Sleeplessness is said to be Helpful when one's heart is set Keenly on acquiring the Modish silhouette, And you'll thank me if I stand Nightly, urged by love alone, Underneath your casement and Work a saxophone.

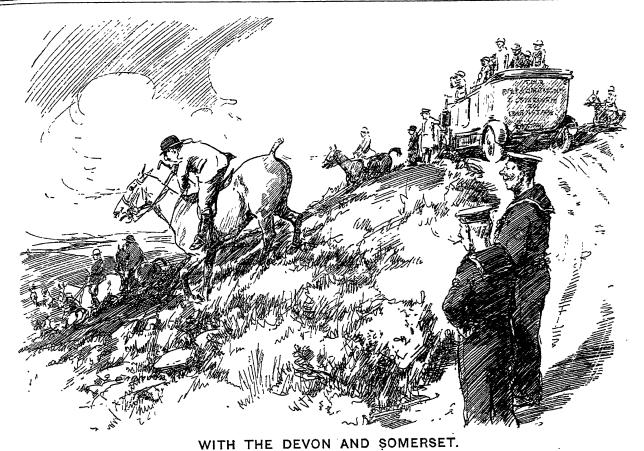
Commercial Candour.

From a Swiss hotel-keeper's letter:-"Our terms are Fres. 11 . . . by this time of the year and includs breakfast, lunch, diner lightning and attendance."

"Wanted now, in officer's small country-house, Married Couple; family 5; staff 3; £70 joint."—Daily Paper.

We advise the advertiser to change his butcher.

Notice in a shop-window :---"Your CARPET IS YOUR CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND. HAVE THEM BEATEN AND SHAMPOOD BY OUR PATENT PROCESS."



"DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THAT KIND O' NAVIGATION, BUT IT LOOKS TO ME AS 'OW THE CAPTING MIGHT BE LEAVIN' THE

THE NEW LOTOS-EATERS.

SHIP BEFORE LONG.

I.—WE FALL AMONG THIEVES, WITH EXCELLENT RESULTS.

Esmeralda chose Tunisia because it was-part of it, anyhow-the country of the lotos-eaters, and constitutional laziness painted exquisite pictures for her of life in such a land. She had, anyway, made a rule of never doing any work except in the morning, and here it would be always afternoon.

Gay brown faces; smell of jessamine and sticky cakes; gliding women in black face-veils; French officers in skyblue burnouses; Arab exquisites in silk gandourahs; modern Tunisian minxes wearing their black silk Ku Klux Klan uniforms; soldiers of the Bey glittering with silver braid; pock-marked creatures which you unwrap a perfumed handful the fourth class. of orange-flower or tuberose; beggars whining, whining—whining beggars, beggars, beggars—— (You do rather get the STEIN habit when you have been listening long enough to the monotonous two-note whine of an Arab beggar in the souks.)

On every side croaking hypnotism. persuasive voices hailed us. Smiles, sickly, enticing, toothless, but universally sycophantic, gleamed upon every countenance. Impassive Arabs and smooth-tongued Jews beckoned us from the doors of their little cave-like shops, and one cunning devil, knowing no English, merely came and thrust himself dramatically in Esmeralda's path with a garment he had snatched up from the back of the shop—a gandourah of cerulean blue that matched her eyes. We hastily walked on, pretending to be blind deaf-mutes.

As is well known, some are born bargainers, others acquire the art, and yet others have it thrust upon them. Then there is a fourth class—that of the Perfect Mug, who can be (and is) with white flowers stuck behind their cheated by any child. It would be idle ears; mysterious palm-leaf packets from to deny that Esmeralda and I belong to

There is only one thing to be said. We do get the things we want, whereas lots of the expert bargainers only get what they are offered cheap. Every night in our hotel—which is not a smart one, but rather a hotel for the poor but not too proud tourist—it is the custom We fell into a state of agreeable casually to display to one's acquaint- dering rug-sellers, whose arms were

ances the extraordinary bargains one has acquired during the day. The irritating part is that some people have got extraordinary bargains, particularly two dear old maiden ladies, the sort of people whose families have dealt for generations at the Stores, and who yet seem quite outrageously at home in the souks; and also a shrewd Canadian, who can't speak a word of either French or Arabic, but gets all he wants by making firm masterly gestures and simply saying, "Combyang? Troshair!" until the wearied vendor gives in. The annoying part of it is that he is neither married, nor engaged, nor in love, nor flirtable with, so he means to give his marvellous collection of bracelets and necklaces and silks to female cousinseven, perhaps, aunts. It seems a crime against Nature.

A few days ago we were mad enough to think that we had scored off the Canadian. Just for once in our lives we had got some bargains. Wandering round the souks at an early hour one morning we had come across a little market-square where there were no shops but a frantically excited native crowd was seething round a few wan-



The Genius. "Well, I thought he was a great artist, but people seem to like his work."

loaded with carpets and gandourahs, and who held bracelets and ornaments of all sorts in their hands. In a few moments, to our great surprise, we found ourselves the possessors—comparatively easily—of a marvellous green embroidered gandourah, a pair of chased silver bracelets, and a coloured rug. We showed them with simple pride that night to the Canadian.

"These are the goods," said he. "You're getting the hang of it. Say, I'd like to have got hold of this stuff myself."

We told him the price and left him thunderstruck. Then, swollen with triumph, we lightly let fall further details. We knew the souks through and through, we mentioned modestly; we had picked up these things in a little square off the Place Halfaouine.
"Ah," said the Canadian," it wouldn't

be yesterday morning at nine o'clock, would it?"

We said it would be. An expression

thieves' market and been picking up stand feminine mentality.

stolen goods. They want to sell 'em at any price and sell 'em quick. See?"

We saw. Somehow, I had known all along that it was too good to be true. We thought out various ways of restoring the things to their owners, but none was feasible. The Canadian said nothing could be done about it.

"Then I shall have to keep that green gandourah," said Esmeralda sadly.

"You sure will," said the Canadian, "unless you give it away."

"Two wrongs don't make a right," said Esmeralda obscurely. "And besides, there might be people who wouldn't like to take it, if they knew. No, I shall have to keep it, and the bracelets too, but I shall never feel happy wearing either."
She went off, and the Canadian said

he'd always understood women had these delicate feelings, though if he'd had the luck to step into the thing as innocently as we had it wouldn't have kept him awake at night. After this of triumph, which he vainly strove to tribute he seemed a little surprised at blend with commiseration, stole over dinner to see Esmeralda blithely and proudly wearing the bracelets. But a "I kinda felt it," said he. "You two man who buys up treasures of all sorts -you'll excuse me—haven't got bar- in order to give them to aunts in gaining faces. You've been to the Arkansas can't be expected to under-

GARDEN PESTS.

THE HEN.

Lions loosened from their dens Could not do such harm as hens In a garden-bed; Bears uncaged would surely act With a little kindlier tact, Even if unfed.

Hungry hippopotami Set the herbage all awry With their heavy heels; But an active hen, you'll find, Leaves these quadrupeds behind When she takes her meals.

Peccaries can make a mess. Gnus that run amok no less, But the hen can do More destruction in a day Than would mark the trampled way Of the angry gnu.

Clumsy cow and heavy horse Might be made to feel remorse, But the hen will boast She can lay a garden waste; So she's better to my taste Either boiled or roast.

W. M. L.

AT THE PLAY.

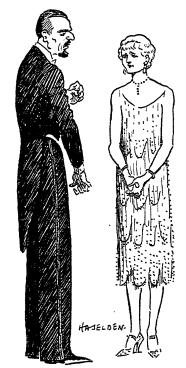
"THE GOLDEN CALF" (GLOBE).

Captain Harwood has been amusing himself—not at our expense; on the contrary. I find him extremely diverting in this business of the well-made comedy of artifice and seasoning wit. What matter if we don't believe a word of it? An artist may surely choose what convention he pleases, and so long as he plays his chosen game in the spirit of the best rules of it and contrives to entertain us, need we offer him blame for not doing what he has not attempted?

We who lead dull penurious lives like to see immensely wealthy, swarthy, sleek alien financiers making and breaking the poor smart native puppets who are eating out of their hands and trying to bite them when they dare; to see these sinister potentates sending inconvenient rivals-sound outdoor fighting Englishmen for whom an ungrateful country has no work, sportsmen who with nothing but themselves to offer (having foolishly neglected to take the butler's tip for Doneaster), never tell their love but let concealment like the worm i' the bud incarnadine their jocund cheeks -sending these, as David aforetime sent URIAH the Hittite, to forlorn jobs on Mexican desert railways; to see them, these sleek lecherous villains, putting the husbands of the ladies they desire into soft things in the City in expectation of pounds of flesh to be claimed later; to see the husbands, worn-out with expensive revelry and serried masses of unpaid bills, forg ng signatures and shooting themselves; to know that the desert has blossomed with oil and that Uriah returns to a David who, monkeying with the railway shares, has overreached himself and sold short to an extent that no bulling, bearing and what not can alter; to watch these protagonists of good and evil with their best poker faces doing deals on a scale that makes our hungry mouths water; to see solid manly British virtue triumphant, alien craft and lust finally thwarted yet not soon enough to be deprived of the pound of flesh that was in the bond; and wellintentioned British womanly frailty nobly forgiven.

It is not of course at all possible to accept Mr. Harwood's root assumption that his heroine, Barbara (Miss Margaret Bannerman), should have failed to detect the nature of the emotion his hero, Brian Monro, was registering when he left so suddenly for Mexico and she so promptly threw herself into the arms of the casual unsatisfactory Alan. But, hang it all, you can't conjure without some fundamental deception. Perhaps too our Brian, when he redeemed half the sould be sufficiently all the sould be sufficiently a

carefully place upon the floor the envelope in which it had been enclosed and so suggest to the stymied financier the



THE HAWK AND A VERY SELF-POSSESSED DOVE.

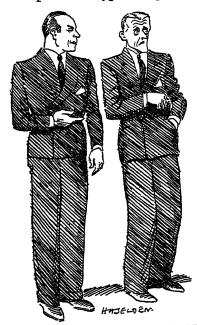
Feuben Manassa . Mr. Raymond Massey.

Barbara Cardale . Miss Margaret

Bannerman.

trick by which he was enabled to exact his reward.

This particular type of ingeniously



CALF-HUNTING: A SEVERE FROST SETS IN.

haps too our Brian, when he redeemed Brian Monro . . Mr. Nicholas Hannen, the bond from Manassa, did a little too Alan Trent . . . Mr. IVAN SAMSON.

knit play, picturing life as we sometimes in our hours of ease like to think it might be (provided we are not asked to live it), has not been fashionable of late years. It is a pity, for it is theatrically effective; it is eupeptic, and we don't all of us always want our heartstrings to be plucked or our higher wits sharpened. Mr. Harwood has cleverly contrived his ending to avoid the crudely sentimental—and he can now go back to his desk and dip his dest pen in his other ink-bottle.

Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN, who has personality without mannerisms, an enviable gift, had to make no serious call upon the nicer subtleties of his method. He was all that his part required, a gallant figure of modern cocktail romance. Miss MARGARET BAN-NERMAN has done nothing so good since her triumph in Our Betters. There is much more variety in her technique and much more feeling. Barbara is not too easy a part to play, because we of the audience are uncomfortably conscious that she has only herself to blame for her disasters. Mr. RAYMOND Massey's flattering part of Manassa was played with accustomed skill, was studied with care and made sufficiently credible. It is a pleasant sight to see thwarted Levantine golden-calf herds grinding their teeth and clawing at the startled air. Mr. Ivan Samson did extremely well with the by-no-means-easy Alan Trent, the unfortunate husband of the unsatisfactory Barbara. He made you realise from the very first that there was something wrong with him. Minor portraits by Miss MABEL TERRY LEWIS as Barbara's intriguing mother; by Miss BETTY SCHUSTER as Barbara's sister, Iris, looking much too pretty to cause her mother all that anxiety as to her chances in the marriage market; by Mr. ALGER-NON WEST as the civil-service gourmand, Arbuthnot; by Mr. RUPERT LISTER as the distressed financier, Leggett, and by Miss Ara Gerald as the widowed Lena Synott, were effectively done: as were two admirable thumbnails of American girls by Miss Hannah Kellogg and Miss Esther Sutherland.

"THE SILVER CORD" (ST. MARTIN'S).

It is impossible, when seeing Mr. SIDNEY HOWARD'S well-constructed, dramatically impressive and, often, wittily-written play, to keep the mind from running off at a tangent to The Father of August Strindberg. The theme in both is the sinister soft unscrupulousness of the woman bent on getting her own way with the pliant male. Strindberg's Laura breaks the will, by breaking the mind, of her long-tortured husband. Mr. Howard's Mrs.

Phelps, on a less heroic stage, having serious doubts, and it is a tribute to the adroit in keeping our sympathy for husband, sets herself to apron-string her boys with her inexorable self-regarding maternal tenderness. She consistently diverts the interest of her two sons, David and Robert, away from any girls to whom they happen to be attracted. Successfully, till David, making the Grand Tour in the modern American manner, marries a promising biologist and brings her home with pride—and | tone down certain crudenesses, stressed

aimless and witless younger son she is also kind. Then from the retort of her dull brain and twisted heart she distils the subtle poison and pours it softly in the ears of her sons, overwhelming them with tendercess, reminding them of her past unhappinesses, her constant sacrifices, her (alleged) failing health, and throwing doubt on the devotion of the sanely ambitious Christina with her biology, and the spirited Hester with her frank indocile assertiveness.

So far so good; and the play is "well made"; it holds the interest, it has genuine observation, it rises to eloquence, it invites one to anger and sympathy to the point of partisanship; in a word, it moves.

And yet, has not the author allowed himself a technique of characterisation too like caricature to consort with his serious and seriously-developed theme? Mrs. Phelps is presented to us as little better than a half-wit in her lack of understanding of things that any modern woman of position in an Eastern American city could not fail to understand or at least make a fair show of

pretending to understand. Yet she can | business; much, very properly, to cause | plause when it was over, enjoyed every marshal her arguments as forcibly and an appreciative smile. The guffaw of moment of the entertainment. The crude, now subtle, and these changes piece, and the absent-minded need no are not assumed for tactical purposes encouragement. Miss Clare Eames but are mere contradictions. Again, the two boys are whittled down to petent unusual technique which was a almost impossible that the alert, vital, brains, this Christina, and hidden fires. made any serious contact with David; through that most difficult thing, a or that the finely-tempered Hester, even scene of violent hysterical emotion, with the help of the life-force in its most beguiling mood, could have risen to intelligent and skilful performance. Mr.

married and buried an unsatisfactory author's skill that he can make us forget them for a time.

> He owes a great debt to his team of players. Miss Lilian Braithwaite, looking younger and handsomer than ever, played the mother with real sincerity and perception, working up to the climax of her all but triumph and partial defeat with great dexterity. I would diffidently suggest that she should

HAJELDEM.

THE SILVER CORD-SNAPPING POINT. Christina . . MISS CLARE EAMES.
. . MR. BRIAN AHERNE.
. MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.

(Christina) has an exceedingly comwithout making it intelerable—a very doubts born of reflection, but they are and Mr. Brian Aherne was exceedingly a most happy evening.

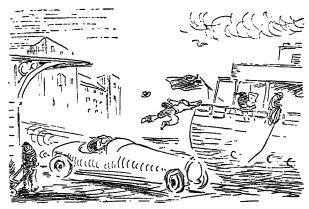
David, a more substantial ghost than Robert, but still a ghost. To have lived with Mrs. Phelps for all those years and not found her out is simply impossible for any being endowed with five (or is it seven?) normal senses.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

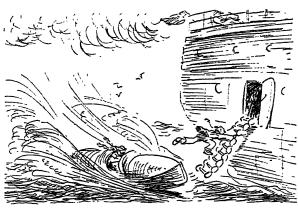
In the early summer gloomy rumours were afloat about Queen's Hall and the some anxiety. Will mother approve no doubt for the sake of winning the discontinuance of the Promenades and and like? Apparently she does both, easy laugh. In fact there should be of symphony concerts owing to the To the resolute intelligent fiancée of her nothing or little to laugh at in this nefarious competition of Broadcasting.

One of Mr. Punch's (no longer) young men, who watched over the cradleof Sir HENRY WOOD's great enterprise, was prepared to shed a sympathetic tear over its hearse. But there has been no need for elegies or regrets. The situation has been saved. and the rescue has come from the headquarters of the alleged enemy. The "Proms" are not moribund; they have taken on a new and vigorous lease cf life, and the Season, now drawing to its close, has drawn larger and more enthusiastic audiences than ever before. Everything is the same, except for one new feature-the appearance of the microphone, which has proved not the villain but the good genius of the plot. Personally I found that the experience, after a recent abstention from concert-going and a good deal of listeningin, enhanced the pleasure of hearing the real thing instead of an approximation. The band was as good as ever; Sir Henry Wood, with a pink flower in his buttonhole, was himself in the pink, and the audience, to judge from their immovable attention while the music was going on

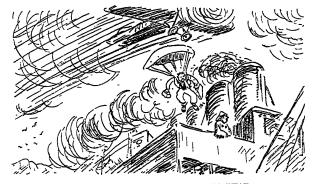
in as eloquent an idiom as the intellect- the absent-minded did much in the night I was there the programme was ual Christina. She is now appallingly earlier scenes to spoil the mood of the a happy blend of new and old, including WEBER'S Euryanthe overture, still freshly romantic in spite of the ninetyfour years that have passed since it was such characterless shadows that it is real pleasure to witness. She had interesting and workmanlike orchestral questioning Christina could have ever Miss Marjorie Mars (Hester) carried Inson; Tchaikovsky's Capriccio Italien; operatic airs by Gounon and Verdi, and, best of all, Dohnanyi's enchanting and witty variations for orchestra and such height of devotion towards the Denys Blakelock's Robert was as good a brilliant soloist, rewarded for her poor wraith that is Robert. These are as the author's script allowed it to be, exertions by eight recalls. Altogether



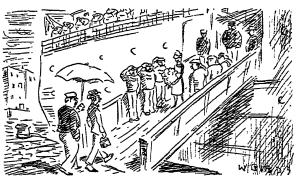
NOWADAYS SO MANY PEOPLE ARE CATCHING THE LINERS AT THE LAST MOMENT WITH THE HELP OF A FAST MOTOR-



OR A MOTOR-BOAT-



OR AN AEROPLANE AND PARACHUTE THAT



THE QUIET PASSENGER WHO WALKS ABOARD IN AMPLE TIME IS COMING INTO HIS OWN.

GARDENING NOTES.

THE TOOL-SHED.

Gardening experts in the weekly newspaper notes all seem to omit mention of a most important perennial which requires attention at this time of the year, namely, the tool-shed. Every horticulturist knows that the common or garden tool-shed begins to droop from about the second week in September to the end of November, and therefore requires support for the winter. Beansticks and bast are not suitable for this; the amateur gardener will be better advised to prop a declining shed with a wireless-pole and a length of stout clothes-line.

Some varieties of shed may be taken up and transplanted to a more convenient spot, but it will generally be found that the woody roots of the shed are moth-eaten, and it may then be easiest to burn the whole thing. The fungus growths thriving in the darker and damper parts of the shed should be placed in the incinerator in case they are thought to be mushrooms to go with the breakfast

bacon.

Rickets is the disease most to be dreaded in tool-sheds. This constitutional defect can sometimes be relieved by tight-lacing with spare aerial wire, and the structure can often be supported by the external application of a wheelbarrow against its lee side.

The English climate is of course the most deadly enemy The atmosphere permeates almost of the shed species. everywhere—quite easily where there are inch or half-inch cracks in the woodwork, and even locking the door is of little use.

a more delicate operation than at first sight appears, explicit instructions are appended:-

Materials.—Quart of petrol (to get tar off hands and face after work). Old suit, to be thrown out of bathroom window after work and burned. Sou'-wester hat, to keep tar out of hair. Gum-boots. Two ladders. One assistant. Large brush. One gallon tar.

Procedure.—See that insurance policy includes outbuildings, as anything may happen during tarring. Well prop the sides of shed to ensure that it will bear worker's weight. Remove all sharp and hard objects from interior of shed in case of a fall through the roof. Place two ladders on opposite sides of shed as alternate descents. Forbid assistant to mount either.

Heat the Tar.—This can be done on the incinerator. If the liquid catches fire send the assistant for more and begin again. Let assistant remove tar-can from heat before the tar ignites, and hand to worker. Climb on to roof with it. Tip tar over roof, rapidly receive brush from assistant and brush liquid over roof-surface before it flows over the sides or on to the assistant. If leaning or kneeling on the roof, reserve a dry spot for the supporting hand or knee. Disperse pools of tar which may collect. Ignore advice from assistant; keep the eye on the main job.

This coating of tar will last for months, and will be fairly dry in a day or two, though the liquid may drip from the eaves for a month or more. (In spite of an apparent hard and glistening surface, it will be wise not to place a coat or hat on it, as they become difficult to remove on a warm day.) The appearance of the shed will be improved fifty per cent., and the tar trickling into the joints will add more or less to the strength of it. The cost of the tar (excluding The best treatment for the roof is tarring, and, as this is clothes, petrol; etc.) should be about eighteenpence.

THE MONKEYS' DAY-SONG.

[At the recent meeting of the British Association it was stated that monkeys sing a chant to the dawn.]

Dawn steals on the community in the tree-tops. The Chief Monkey speaks.

Waken, my people.

Chorus.

Can the night have gone Already? Nonsense! Call us later on.

Chief.

Waken, you tick-heaps! Silence. Not a yawn.

Chorus.

The Old Man's in a temper.

Chief.

See, the dawn. [The community bestirs itself.

First to our toilet. Let no monkey fail To search his person with exploring nail, And for the places that he cannot reach Let one oblige the other, each on each.

The sun rises.

Have you all finished?

Chorus.

Yep.

Chief.

Then let us raise

Our daily carol to the morning's praise. No shirkers; everyone must play his part. Jim-Jam, our fullest throat of song, shall start.

Jim-Jam.

Dark is the heart of the forest at night, and darker the heart of the monkey

When hunger starts on a midnight crawl and cottons to us as food;

Panthers are beggars for shinning up trees and make us exceedingly funky;

Snakes can slide to the branch's end and are often remarkably rude.

But dawn is the time when the leopard returns to his family circle and snoozes,

The serpent retires for his long-drawn nap and the soul of the ape grows gay,

For he knows that he's lord of the forest ways and can do | So give three howls with all your sowls to him that provides what he jolly well chooses;

Wherefore, O Sun, we praise thee, and hail the return of the day.

Chorus.

Then down with the serpent and leopard and up with the climbing day.

Chief.

Not in your best voice, Jim-Jam, but 'twill do; Mr. and Mrs. Gargoyle, Canto 2.

The Gargoyles.

Praise to the sun and more than praise To whose maturing heat We owe not only pleasant days But juicy things to eat; For tender shoot and mellow root And many other things to boot Are warmed by him to modify and vary an

Unbroken regimen of fruit Which but for these would have to suit That lesson to the jungle brute, A gentle vegetarian.

Then freely let the monkey seek His forage far and wide, And tightly cram in either cheek What won't be got inside, And innocently thus pursue His non-carnivorous habit, pp. With possibly a bird or two If he's the luck to nab it.

Feathers and all, a bird or two, Given the skill to grab it. [The gathering shows signs of starting for it.

Chief.

Hi, you! I haven't done. Let every monkey Restrain his greed and lend an ear to Unky.

When the sun is beating down in all his vigour He descends in fiery malice on the nut Of our poor and distant relative, the nigger, Who skedaddles for protection to his hut.

He has laboured at his crops of maize and millet, He has bent his back to make them green and sweet, But he jibs at the objectionable billet Of a brittle-headed sentry in the heat.

Now the monkey, while in every way a model In his comeliness and elegance of form, Has been gifted, tho' he's baldish, with a noddle That is never more than comfortably warm.

So we watch this little weakness of our neighbours Till the happy hour inevitably comes When, descending on the produce of his labours, We quadrumanously fill our little tums.

In the freedom from the risk of being eaten, In the hunting for a dinner from the trees, There's a joy that you'd imagine can't be beaten; But I sing a greater privilege than these.

They are commonplace and nothing more than middling When considered with this admirable plan That the blessed sun bestows on us for diddling Our laborious, absurd relation, Man.

Ha! Ha!

this boon;

And I may as well say we shall start to-day at the excellent hour of noon. DUM-DUM.

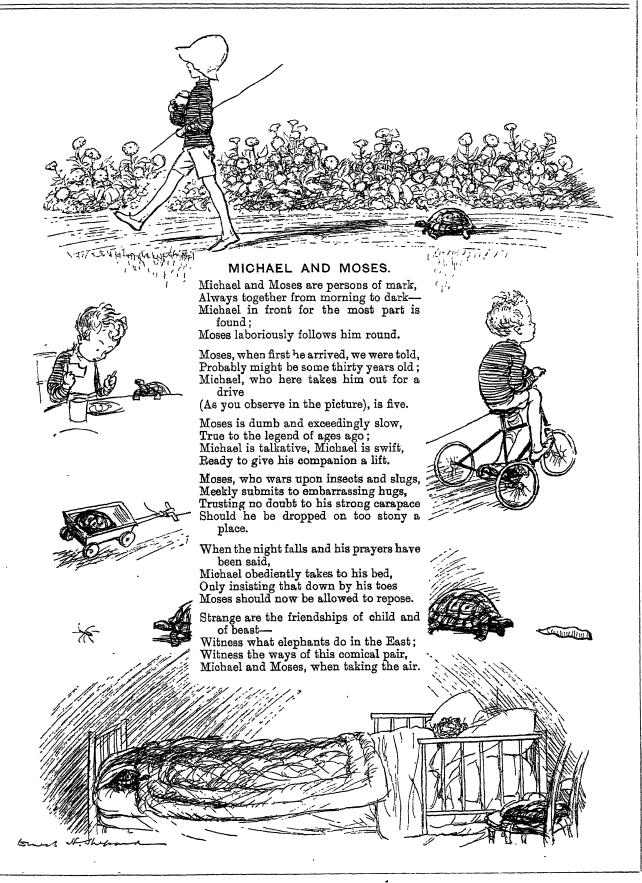
Commercial Candour.

Notice on the door of the bedroom in a Hungarian hotel: "Regarding the reputation of this hotel—the greatest silence is requested."

Increased Church Attendance.

"Dog Attends Divine Service."—Provincial Paper. "Peacocks in Cathedral."—Sunday Paper.
"Black Cat in Church."—Daily Paper. "Cow Goes to Chapel."—Another Daily Paper.

"England's oldest donkey 'boy,' Thos. —, aged 70, who has been on New Brighton beach for 72 years, won second prize with his donkey in a parade there on Saturday."—Provincial Paper. Ought he not to have been disqualified for a false start?





OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE novel, I confess, is not a form which appears to me capable of the highest reaches of human expression, but every now and again an oracle makes use of the inauspicious tripod and a revelation comparable to that of the diviner arts is surprisingly vouchsafed. For all the epic grandeur of its depths and heights, for all its religious blend of austerity and homeliness, Mr. C. E. Montague's Right Off the Map (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is, as a novel, engrossingly good. In qualities common to all great works of art it is one of the finest novels I have met. It opens, unprepossessingly, by describing with excessive tartness the Republic of Ria, a small pre-War England in a post-War world. An auriferous desert on the undefined frontier of Ria's neighbour, Porto, belongs to a Rian syndicate, and the syndicate, with a view to fomenting war, has bought up all the Rian papers except The Voice. Burnage, editor of The Voice, gets wind that the deal is through and, in a panic effort to keep his job and cut a figure with his wife, comes out with a call to arms. His old fag, Willan, professional soldier and amateur of lost causes, is already training the contemptible little Rian army. For him war comes five years too soon, but his belief in its justice is part of his belief in Burnage. Under the highest civil and ecclesiastical patronage (the bishop is

Their creator leaves it at that. The verdict of the supreme wisdom is not anticipated.

It is part of the tragedy of even decent revolutions that they sever you from the glories of your past as effectively as from its degradations, and the fact that Soviet Russia has seen fit to boycott the works of Tolstor makes less claim on our surprise than on our commiseration. Only the public libraries of the two capitals are allowed to possess books of such "harmful bourgeois tendencies," and it is improbable that any further manuscripts will be published without drastic censorship. It is therefore fortunate that The Private Diary of Leo Tolstoy, 1853-1857 (Heine-MANN), has been issued, in Russian and French, in France, and that Mr. and Mrs. AYLMER MAUDE have secured the text of the Russian version and the notes of the French as the basis of their English edition. Their own share of the enterprise-translation, notes and Mr. MAUDE's prefaceis a most creditable one. The diary itself I find a little disappointing. Where it is kept as a spiritual weatherchart to record the rise and fall of the writer's progress in self-mastery, it has of course the significance of a millionaire's first ledger. But the entries are monotonous in themselves, and the process that changes the gambling, dissolute, frequently tipsy young officer into the social reformer is particularly worth watching) the campaign is launched, and, mainly through the eyes of Willan and a fellow-paladin, Merrick, we see it ended. Theirs is the supreme picturesque, usually descriptions of women, show the deliberately reduced to very bald terms. The diary is indevotion, the supreme charity. To them "everyone (even influence of Rousseau and Hans Andersen. On its historic a pacifist) was right, it seemed, only in different ways." side, Tolstor's efforts for the education of soldiers and the

liberation of serfs project him into the present as surely as his accounts of Swiss travel and the Crimean War establish him in the past.

The Sower of the Wind, a book (From BUTTERWORTH) by RICHARD DEHAN.

For whose Dop Doctor critics shook, Years since, the heavens with their pæan,

Proves that a first success conveys No certain clue to what may follow, For that rang true in every phrase While this, in parts at least, rings hollow.

It tells us of relentless fate, Of pearls, and love and an endeavour To found an anti-Christian state Out in the land of Never-Never;

Keen vision guides the palette-knife Wherewith its local colour's laid on, And yet it's less a slice of life Than of the stuff that dreams are

made on. For, though it deals with blood and flesh Of modern breeding and condition, It half conceals them in a mesh

Of literary composition; And all the people in it act

As if their words, their tears, their laughter

Had been selected, dried and packed Before they'd taken place, not after.

At the mature age of seventy-five or so Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS is still fortunately with us; still apparently as irrepressible as ever. In Fifty Years of Spoof (John Lane), dedicated suitably to his fellow-members of the Eccentric Club, he tells an infinity of amusing yarns and brings back to us who have attained a robust middle age a number of pleasant memories of the past. The younger generation, who knew not our

actor with so agile a brain, so remarkable a genius for the of favourites of our youth that lie scattered among his pages. invention of rapid "patter" on the spur of the moment. He was the champion "gagger" of his time; and sometimes, it must be admitted, his unexpected remarks were apt to incapacitate his colleagues. Indeed how could we expect Miss Loraine or Miss Phyllis Broughton to carry on their proper business when, as he confesses here, he was seizing every opportunity to whisper "quaint little stories, quips and cranks" into their ears when they happened to be on the stage with him? Nor was he above using his gift of rapid speech to mystify or confuse some high priest or priestess of the legitimate drama who had treated him, as he considered, with insufficient respect. The two stories of charity performances given here—one of Trial by Jury and the other of Money—are excellent examples. In fact the whole book is full of good stories, most of them really funny. But one can hardly expect to find the real ARTHUR ROBERTS between the covers of a book: it is champagne,



Rural Postman. "Hoy! I'VE GOT A LETTER VOR 'EE, MAISTER!" Steeplejack. "RIGHT-0! BRING IT UP."

Oil! (WERNER LAURIE) is Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR'S first full-length novel for eight years, but no one can accuse him of idleness. It is a whale of a book. "A quarter of a million words," say the publishers (in extenuation of the special price of half-a-guinea), and to me it has seemed even more than that. The story in it could have been told, and has indeed often been told, for three-and sixpence. It is the old, old theme of the merchant-prince, in this case an oil magnate, and his idealist son who turns Socialist and incites his father's workpeople to rebel. Why then the halfguinea and the quarter of a million words? Well, Mr. Sinclair is a Socialist first and a novelist afterwards and the story is only the sugar coating for the pill. "Capitalism Exposed" might well have been the sub-title of this book. The oil industry rules America. It buys Congressmen, Senators, and even Presidents as though they were so many but champagne that has been decanted and lost some of its pounds of butter. But not of course over the counter. Mr. sparkle. Perhaps after all we elderly gentlemen owe our chief Sinchair explains the method of purchase, and it is so Government forged letters attributed to the Soviet leaders my quiet enjoyment of his story. and used them to carry an election." It may be that his charges against his own country are as wild and as reckless as that. Mr. Sinclair is, I suspect, too much concerned about giving the right Socialist twist to things to worry "palatial" steamer manned by "several hundred wagefrom May to November. Mr. Sinclair's recreations, I white female pirate who is the central figure of several of

notice in Who's Who, are "Tennis and Socialist propaganda.' It is time he had some tennis.

I suppose that the climate of Java would naturally incline its inhabitants, native or European, to a sensuous rather than an ascetic way of life and thought. Mrs. VENNETTE HERRON was therefore as much within her rights in stressing this as she was in mentioning tea plantations and "batiked" fabrics and other items of local colour rather frequently when she set about creating a Javanese atmosphere in Peacocks (MURRAY). This would scarcely strike one much in a single story, but the seven brought together here tend to emphasise the points in which they are alike, as is the way of collections of stories all dealing with one place or people. The name-story of the "very sick patient" in the Ziekenhuis and the Mother Superior and the little nun who both tried to help her is quite an achievement, and so are "Life" with its squalid tragedy, and "When the Little God Laughed," not the best piece of work in the book—"Peacocks" is that but the best story. The other

of a Javanese marionette-maker—their strange settings and Mrs. Herron's vivid presentation of her characters and their emotions, make them memorable. She has written some fascinating stories and given her readers an opportunity to enjoy armchair travel well off the beaten track, with "love interest" thrown in.

By paying as much attention to atmosphere as to action, Mr. ARTHUR J. REES gains marks of distinction for Greymarsh (JARROLDS). Deliberately he surrounds the house in which he places his principal scenes with a cloud of suspense and apprehension. He gets the effect he wants, but by overcrowding his stage and allowing several people to indulge in superfluous conversation he lays himself open to the charge of loitering on his way to it. When, however, I think of the terrific pace set by the majority of sensational novelists, a pace which often leaves me panting | We fancy we have seen some of those oil-paintings.

technical that few Englishmen will understand it. But he and palpitating, I am not at all sure that a little loitering assures us that the charge is true. I was inclined to believe can be considered an offence. Anyhow, the contrast offered it until I read, in a casual sentence, that "in Br.tain the by the leisurely methods of Mr. Rees contributed much to

There are several competitors just at present for the title of literary Queen of the Cannibal Islands, and amongst these Miss Beatrice Grimshaw is well in the running for first about facts. His oil magnate sails for England in the place. To be perfectly frank, I find myself unable to share middle of a severe winter, embarking at Montreal on a in her whole hearted enthusiasm for her subjects, the "goodnatured kindly" people with the nicely-sharpened teeth. slaves." The emphasis, you observe, is on the wage slaves | They seem, as delineated in her new book of short stories, Eyes and not on Montreal which is, in actual fact, a port only in the Corner (Leonard Parsons), rather a nastylot; and the

the tales is, if anything, a shade worse. And surely a close time is about due for the South Sea version of the eternal triangle motive. Miss GRIM-SHAW's atmosphere and her local colour are, however, beyond cavil, and in the story called "The Cocoanut Pearl" she gives a sample of what she can do at her best.

No more accurate title than The Good-Natured Lady (Hop-DER AND STOUGHTON) could be imagined. Catherine Merivale was a woman so infinitely kind that she was almost bound to be imposed upon. The imposition in this case took the form and substance of a small boy whose parents had bequeathed him temporarily to her. I do not think that the youthful James is an entirely successful creation, but he kept things moving, and most assuredly prevented Catherine from lacking either physical or mental exercise. Suspicion of murder enters into this tale; mysteries find a place; but love is the foundation on which it is built. And "J. E. BUCKROSE," as her many admirers of her innumerable novels have sound



"My dear Mrs. Winterwarner, I never could stand cruelty, an' believe me or believe me not, but no 'usband o' mine 'll ever go stag-'unting."

four are slighter, but—particularly in "Gamelan," the history | reason to know, can always be trusted to tell a love-story with sympathy and without sentimentality.

> It would be superfluous, and perhaps egotistical, if Mr. Punch were to praise work that has already received his imprimatur. But for the information of his readers he feels bound to record the receipt from Messrs. METHUEN of three slender volumes, whose contents are largely drawn from his columns. These are Elegies and Eulogies, by C. L. Graves, who disarms the critics and sets an example to other poets by appending an "Index of Worst Lines"; Away to the Maypole, by PATRICK R. CHALMERS; and Percival and I, by Anthony Armstrong ("A. A."). He has also received Plain Jane, by A. P. Herbert ("A. P. H."), with decorations by Anna K. Zinkeisen (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.).

"Oil Paintings by reputed Artists."—Provincial Pager.

CHARIVARIA.

Just when everybody is thinking about world peace comes the mournful news that things are once again normal in Mexico.

President HINDENBURG has denied that Germany was responsible for the Great War, but it is noteworthy that he made no attempt to apportion the Peace-guilt.

We gather from the Press reports that the only person who wins at greyhound racing is the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Part of Piccadilly, from the Circus to Sackville Street, was reopened to traffic

the LORD MAYOR was unable to be present to inaugurate the first traffic block.

With reference to the complaint of a London magistrate that bus conductors are discourteous in not stopping, we can only say that we have found them more considerate than band conductors in this respect. * *

A company has been formed to carry on greyhound racing with electric hares in New Zealand. Our fear is that, as with other importations into that

country, electric hares may flourish so | ings. much as to become a pest.

In an interview with a newspaperman a Shepperton boatman said he had never known such a miserable season. There is some talk of his being elected an Honorary Farmer.

We gather from an article on men's fashions that the new winter overcoats will differ little from those that have been worn for the last few months.

Women are said to be buying umbrellas in sets. It is a good plan nowadays to have one for each day of the

Hampton (Middlesex) Council have ordered tenants of their houses to get rid of lodgers. It is feared in vaudeville circles that this is the beginning of a campaign to eliminate old-established music-hall jokes.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR declares that, speakers.

Already Signor Mussolini's insistence on larger families is having effect. A peasant's wife near Naples has given birth to quadruplets.

A news item mentions the case of a New York man who started life as an errand-boy and has now been made an editor. This just shows the danger of starting life as an errand-boy.

being a non-smoker himself, he would regard smoking in the House of Commons, if it should ever be allowed, as a desecration. We can only point to the more tolerant attitude of many non-

A duck at Melton Mowbray has laid they are going to find any girls effeminlast week. Owing to other engagements an egg for fifty-nine consecutive morn-late enough to be principal boys in this

First Passer-by (as Colonel Fitzbang comments on the fact of his having got into bunker). "Walt a bit, Alf-let's 'Ear 'IM GET OUT."

neighbourhood are frankly relieved that the season is over.

"A whole day lived fully and lyrically is a tremendous experience," says the editor of a Sunday paper, "if one makes the most of every minute-overcoming every temptation, resisting every form of indolence, routing every unworthy thought and putting into every act the utmost energy and enthusiasm." So that's how we get our Sunday papers.

We hear of secret experiments with a 'hush-hush" aeroplane which is driven by engines of unprecedented dark-horsepower.

A gossip-writer mentions that Mr. ALFRED Noves does not look like a poet. On the other hand some alleged poets don't write like Noves.

The fact that the burglars who entered a mechanical breakdown.

Messrs. Pontings used a ladder only strengthens the belief that the "cat variety are on their annual holiday.

Mr. HAROLD Cox complains that some engine-drivers are constantly whistling. Still it is a sign that they are happy.

Many lady-novelists, we read, are excellent cooks. We have always been ready to believe that they had talents of some kind.

An American visitor has taken several suits of heavy armour with him back to the States. Presumably for Chicago wear.

One thing that is worrying us is how year's pantomimes.

> We sympathise with the author of a new play who is experiencing considerable difficulty in getting it banned. * *

Ben Lemond has twice been ascended by motor-cyclists, and there is growing uneasiness among pedestrians who have fled to the hills.

A correspondent writes from Ross-on-Wye to The Daily Mail to say that he has two hens which crow like cockerels. The only

Superstitious cricketers in the remedy we can suggest is that he changes his newspaper.

THE TORTOISE RETORTS.

(See "Michael and Moses" in last week's issue.)

I NOTE, dear Punch, with pained sur-

You say we war on slugs and flies, And, having libelled us with pen, With pencil rub it in again.

Omniscient Sage, for once you're wrong. Land tortoises do not belong To any flesh-consuming orders: We are in fact herbaceous boarders.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

Mr. Punch desires to express to his readers his great regret for any inconvenience caused to them by the late delivery of last week's copies owing to

UNLIKELY LETTERS.

THE following letters are not perhaps the kind of letters one usually writes, but should circumstances arise (and they might) wherein the writing of such letters might be necessary or advisable it is hoped that these few specimens will prove helpful as models for the various styles.

All these letters have been drawn up with an eye to politeness, which as we know costs nothing—unless you count postage, in this case $1\frac{1}{2}d$ —and they can, of course, be varied to suit a parti-

cular occasion.

To Albert Deane, butler at Sir Quarter and Lady Day's country house, thanking him for his co-operation and services over the week-end.

My DEAR DEANE,-I greatly enjoyed my stay with you, Sir Quarter and the others. What a time we had with that expanding suit-case, hadn't we? At first it seemed as if we shouldn't be able to get everything in, and then by degrees we did and at last we managed to shut it. But I never thought we should. What a struggle it was! Pouf, it makes me hot to think of it even now. Thank goodness it was one of the expanding kind.

Well, I got homequite safely—caught my train all right and had no difficulty over getting a cab at the other end. don't think I have anything to add except that I shall remember you most gratefully and cordially until we meet again; and, as the song says, "perhaps you'll think of me." Will you? I must close now and write to Sir

Quarter.

Au revoir, my dear Deane, Yours sincerely,

To Conductor Z55, c/o London General Omnibus Company: a tribute to politeness and efficiency.

DEAR CONDUCTOR Z55,-I was so much delighted with my ride on your 'bus yesterday—everything so clean and well done, and such nice passengers that I feel I must just drop you a line of appreciation. What an interesting route yours is. Something fresh in every mile of it, but I suppose you are too busy to take much notice of the scenery. They do seem to work you hard; in and out, up and down and all the rest of it. What a lot of traffic there was yesterday, wasn't there? I never saw so many Baby Sevens.

I shall certainly board your 'bus again, if I am fortunate enough to see it passing, and you are welcome to use this letter as an unsolicited testimonial,

should you care to do so.

the driver, who, together with yourself, me that are fat."

contributed towards making my journey so entirely enjoyable.

Very truly yours,

To the Supervisor of your local telephone exchange: an expression of satisfaction.

DEAR SUPER,—I have had nothing but right numbers to-day and I am so happy I must write and tell you at once. Thank you so much, dear Super. I know what girls are, and if you weren't there to look after them I'm sure I don't know what would happen. expect we should never get any numbers Do you know I have heard angry subscribers complaining that the telephone service is a swindle? I think that's most unfair, and if anybody says anything like that to me I shall certainly assure him or her that my exchange is no robbery.

By the way the Telephone Directory tells me that every subscriber is "cordially invited to visit his exchange for the purpose of making closer acquaintance with the practical working of the

system."

Will 11 A.M. to-morrow be convenient to you for me to call? I shall at any rate have the pleasure of making your closer acquaintance, and I should like to see the girls too.

Till to-morrow morning, then. Perhaps

you will give me a ring.

Yours ever,

To P.C. 49, of the Metropolitan Police Force, who furnished directions for finding Tangleton Square.

Dear Constable, -- Very many thanks for your information yesterday regarding the situation of Tangleton Square. I went on just as you told me—first to the right, second to the left, first to the left again and then straight on-and found the square without any trouble. Quite a short walk, as you said. I don't know why, but I always seem to get muddled in London and lose my head and the way. But thanks to you everything ended satisfactorily this time, and I shan't hesitate to advise my friends to come and consult you if they find themselves in similar difficulties. With best wishes for a successful beat,

Yours faithfully.

How to Popularize the League of Nations.

"Geneva, Monday The Third Committee of Assembly on Disarmament has accepted the Polish project for outlawing work."—Midland Paper.

"Heavy Women's Vote in Irish General Election."

Headline in Daily Paper.

Julius Cæsar (adapted by Mr. Cos-Please convey my kindest regards to GRAVE). "Let me have women about

BRAMBLES.

When Summer slackens to her close, With flitting leaf and falling rose, Pomona reigns in Flora's room And flowers slump that fruits may

While eves are chill and mists are hoar, The gardener counts his ripening store. And dimly hopes his garnered gains May square his hideous cares and pains.

To grow a decent grape requires A vinery with flues and fires. And scientific spurs and rods. And half-inch bones and turfy sods. And when you've thinned them to a turn,

The wretched things will shank or burn. A Cannon Hall is rich and rare, But wants an awful lot of care.

You need, to ripen figs at all, The tropics of a southern wall, You feed, instead of tuif and bones, The roots with bricks and pavingstones.

And tie, to stop the blackbirds' guzzlin', The figs in little bags of muslin. A Bourjassotte's a scrumptious thing,* But wants a lot of humouring.

The peach demands from men of wealth A crystal palace for its health, With little nets and beds of hay To catch it when it quits the spray. The plum, if you would fill your pottles, Must be hung round with serried bottles

Primed with the juice of malt and hops To lure the predatory wopse.

Pish for such aliens, pish and fie! Come out, where 'neath the Autumn sky,

By heath and holt and hollow lane, The wild pours out her wealth amain. Put on your seediest hats and boots, Your jumble-saleablest of suits, And go for profitable rambles With crooks and baskets midst the brambles.

Come where, in mellow-slanting suns, The blackberries in tons and tons Load down their sprays, immune from

The gardener's weary science knows. And if the blackbirds pinch a few There's lashings left for me and you. Gather and sample till the stain On lips and fingers brings again, All in a soft Saint Michael's spring, Far days when we went blackberrying.

"'You are a clever man,' she said, 'you understand women. Can't you do anything for her?' He shrugged her shoulders."

Story in Daily Paper.

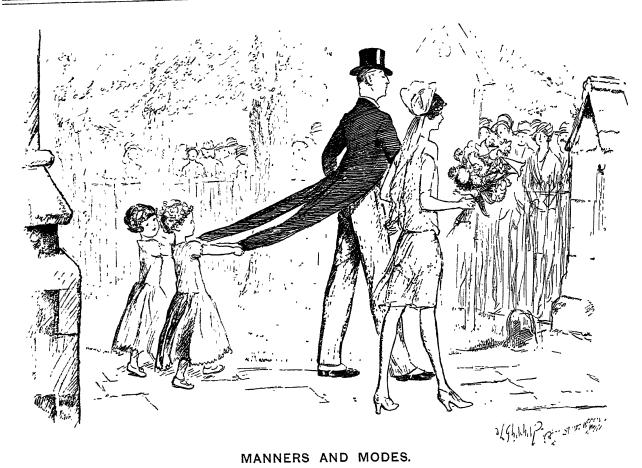
He must indeed have been a clever



A MESSAGE TO MARS.

COUNTRY RESIDENT. "WE'RE ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE YOU, BUT DON'T DIG YOURSELF IN."

[Recent purchases by the War Office of land in the neighbourhood of some of the Surrey commons have caused alarm among both residents and visitors, and though the War Office has disclaimed the intention of erecting any new permanent camp or of disturbing any existing public rights, its assurances have not entirely satisfied those who recall what has happened at Lulworth Cove and other beauty spots.]



SINCE BRIDAL GOWNS ARE NOW AS A RULE INCONVENIENTLY ABBREVIATED, THE BRIDESMAIDS SHOULD TRANSFER THEIR ATTENTIONS TO THE GROOM.

FISHING ON THE WISP.

Ambrose said he would show me how to take trout out of the Wisp with a Devon minnow. He said that flies were no use in September. He said that in September the trout on the Wisp only sucked midges.

"Very likely," I said. "I sucked one

myself just now."

He took me down to a deep dark hole on the miry bank. The Wisp-I may have said so before—is rather an overgrown stream. There are three good open pools on the part that Ambrose fishes, but one is used by a herd of bullocks to stand in, and another by a flock of geese to swim in, and the third is where they dip the sheep. The rest of the river is used by kingfishers, water wagtails, otters and men. Stoats steal woodpecker laughs overhead.

In a kind of bower of alders Ambrose slung his minnow across very skilfully under some leaves, and drew it quietly through the stream.

"Like that," he said.

I endeavoured to do the same. The top of my rod hit a bough.

"The water," I said, "is too close to the trees."

"You ought to have had a shorter rod," explained Ambrose. "I will take you to another place.'

We went to another clearing in the jungle, and I tried again.

"My minnow is much noisier than yours," I said. It had fallen on the water with a loud splash.

"Yes," said Ambrose, "you ought to have got a quieter minnow than that. I will now go and try a few places on the other bank, and then come back and see how you are getting on."

The Devon minnow, for the sake of those who do not know it, is a small metal fish with three hooks for each fin and six hooks for a tail. Attached by a swivel it spins. One can have quite a lot of excitement in casting the through the undergrowth and the green | Devon minnow, without doing any fishing at all. I had it.

After a while Ambrose returned. He

"Have you caught anything?" I said.
"One or two," he told me, and opened

his creel. "How about you?"

"I've not done so badly," I said. "Do you know that poem of Long-FELLOW'S?"

"Which one?"

"The one that begins-

'I shot an arrow into the air, It fell to earth I knew not where '-

and then goes on-

- Long, long afterward, in an oak I found the arrow, still unbroke. . . "
- "What about it?" inquired Am-
- "Well, I shot a minnow into the air," I said, "and it fell to earth, I knew not where, and long, long afterwards in an oak I found the minnow still unbroke.'

"Did you get it again?" he asked with interest.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Ambrose," I told him. "You are the kind of fellow who would have interrupted Homer about the middle of the Third Book and asked whether Odysseus got ant from my arbour with a cloud of back to Penelope all right. I saw the minnow as I back to Penelope all right. you, hanging in the branch of an oak half-way across the stream. The question was how to recover it. First of



Lady (to tramp who has solicited a pair of boots). "WHAT SIZE DO YOU TAKE?" Tramp. "Dunno, Mum. I AIN'T NEVER 'AD BOOTS THAT WAY. I CAN EITHER GET ME FEET INTO 'EM-OR I CAN'T."

all I thought that if I drew out most of the line from my reel and made a noose in it, I could trap the twig, draw it tight, pull on it till it broke, and haul it in to me. Rather like the Rodeo at Wembley, you know. I got round it about the fiftieth cast, but then I realised that the line would probably break more easily than the twig, so I gave that up, left the rod on the bank, and crawled out upon the bough. Unhappily I found that I could not quite reach the minnow. All seemed lost, until I had another brain-wave. calculated that if the twig could be drawn towards me by some means or other while I was crouching on the end of the bough, I should be able to get it. The idea, therefore, was to find some method of pulling on my rod while I remained in the tree. I discovered a method. I improvised a rope.'

"What of?" asked Ambrose.

"My rod-case," I said, "the string of the sandwich paper, my braces and my tie. I had to take off my coat and waistcoat, of course, and lay them on the bank. When I had knotted my in a dense growth of leaves, peering at rope I made one end fast to my reel, passed the other end round a tree-trunk, took it in my teeth and crawled out to it, but it did have greyish side-along the bough again. Thus I obtained whiskers of an old-fashioned sort, a a pull on the twig in which the minnow sugar-loaf hat and the most curious had been caught, and drew it towards quizzical expression about the eyes and

the twig, the cast broke and the minnow fell off the twig into the stream."

"Bad luck," said Ambrose. "What

did you do then?'

"I took off my shoes and stockings," I said.

"Not your plus-fours?" asked Am-

"No," I said, "I simply unbuckled those and pulled them above the knees. Then I waded out into the stream, and hey presto! in little more than a couple of dozen scoops I recovered the minnow with my landing-net. Then after about a quarter-of-an-hour's quiet work I got the hooks of the minnow out of the landing-net, dressed in a leisurely manner, and all was as before. I did not cast in that pool again, having a notion that it might be a little dismost surprising part of my adventure."

"No?" inquired Ambrose.

"I had just finished dressing when I saw on the opposite side of the stream a most extraordinary sight. Framed me, I suddenly perceived a face. Apparently it had no body or neck attached

me. Unhappily, just as I was snapping mouth. How long it had been there watching me I could not say. Probably during the whole time that I had been fishing. As soon as it saw me it disappeared. It never spoke. There was not a sound nor a murmur. Do you suppose it was a sort of hallucination of mine?"

"Oh, no, not at all," said Ambrose. That must have been Mr. Evans.'

"And who," I asked, "is he?"

"Just a farmer," replied Ambrose. "He has been interested in fishing for some years now. He doesn't fish himself, but he walks along the bank and watches one.

"Why does he do that?" I said.

"In the summer of '24," said Ambrose, "a good-sized salmon came up the Wisp and got into one of the backwaters when the river was low. Mr. Evans caught turbed. But I have not told you the it and he has always been rather proud of the feat.

"What did he catch it with?" I in-

quired. "He speared it," said Ambrose, "with

one of the tines of his hayfork."
"The barbarous brute!" I cried with an involuntary tremor of indignation.

"Stand still a moment," said Ambrose. "Your Devon minnow has got caught in the seat of your bags behind.'

He released me and we went on.

EVOE.

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY. VII.—LITERATURE.

Well Trix, dear, what do you think. I've become a professional girl, well really, my dear, Mum's got so tiresome about this boring marriage business and even Dad's beginning to wear a martyrish look, and really I believe if I'm not blighted in matrimony in another fortnight they'll lock the front door on me one night, and anyhow as Mr. Haddock said in these days economic thingummy is the sole criterion or something for a girl of spirit, don't you agree, so I made up my mind to be Nature's economic girl and earn some degrading lucresomehow, well, I thought it wouldn't be too prohibitive because most celestial thing happened, Parker, The Secretary of State for Indias Mr. Haddock said England may be you know, my flat-footed maid, well, two daughters, both girls. "How was at Wadham.

democracy and everything but thank Heaven we're all snobs still and if Lady Topsy Trout can't find a niche in the façade of industry who can darling?

Well Mr. Haddock thought I might perhaps carve a bit of a niche in the writing profession because from what I can make out nearly all the writing is done by Society nowadays, it seems you start with advertising a face-cream and by degrees you become a gossip-writer, like Little Lord Fatface (my dear they say his ads. for "Reduce-It-In-The-Home" were too exquis-

ite) well my dear I m in luck because it seems there's the most venomous facecream war going on between "Queen Cream " and "Skindew," you see Skindew have just made a capacious splash with that Stage Star series and Queen Cream were just preparing to retalliate with a Mayfair Flowers series when Mr. Haddock happened to mention me, and lo and behold your Topsy's the very first of the Mayfair Flowers, with a column and a half about How I Keep My Beauty, my dear you can say what you like but it is rather a thrill this writing and I can't tell you what they're paying me, and masses of Queen Cream for life for nothing, of course I'd never heard of the stuff before, I always use Skindew, but the most efficient Queen Cream young woman came to see me with a sniff and my dear a skin like a sponge, the most fallacious ad. for a cream you can

the most litterary bits she'd written and simply all I had to do was to sign it, I must say Beauty and Queen Cream seem to be a whole-time job from what I seem to have written, my dear it's cream before meals and cream after meals and cream between meals and really the actual meals seem to be the only parts of the day I don't spend creaming, well it all came out in The Glass and next morning the telephone never stopped ringing, because my dear simply everyone read my article and they adored the photograph all except that inconsequent Mr. Haddock who said it looked like The Vamp Reformed, so I shan't give him one.

Helpful Gentleman. "DID YOU SEE THE CAR THAT HIT YOU? WHAT WAS IIS NUMBER?

Super-Enthusiast. "DID I? I SHOULD SAY SO! IT WAS A 1927 STRAIGHT-EIGHT, OVERHEAD CAMSHAFI, SUPER-CHARGED FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE, FLYING SNORTER, WITH A SPECIAL RACING BODY BY BULLINGER'S. I DIDN'T NOTICE THE NUMBER."

my dear I asked her what she thought of the picture and she said it was sweetly pretty but she was a wee bit difficile, I thought, and the same night she gave notice, my dear I couldn't imagine why and you'll never guess, but Mum talked to her and it seems she didn't approve of me writing about Queen Cream when I've used nothing but Skindew since I left the Kindergarten, because she said it was deceiving the public, my dear wasn't it perfectly sweet, the ideas they have! well of course Mum talked her over but I still feel the old thing does a girl's hair more in sorrow than in anger, however, much more important, the next day my dear an editor or something rang up from The Sunday Star, well my dear I went to see him in the most insanitary office, but it seems he was thrilled about my article and he was too congenial, and they want me to

well my dear you must say it's rather gratifying when you reallise I've only just begun, mustn't you darling, they want me to do it as near as possible in the same style as Little Lord Fatface, which is a tiny bit degrading perhaps because really my dear all he does is to write down the names of all the people he met yesterday and fill in from Who's Who and my dear if I can't write as well as he does I shall just give up writing, anyhow I've just been practising, what d' you think of this:-

AN EX-OXONIAN.

I met Lord Birkenhead in the Park yesterday. He was smoking a cigar. His daughter Pamela was with him. The Secretary of State for India has "F. E."

STICK-NAMES.

Mention of "F. E." reminds me that Lord Danver is known to his intimate friends as "Bubbles." The nickname was a childish corruption of his first name, which is Charles. These nursery soubriquets often stick to a man through life.

WAR-HERO.

"Bubbles" owns four thousand acres and is a good shot. He belongs to the Marlborough Club. When I saw him at Hurlingham yesterday he had just had a spill. He was smiling at his mishap. His brother is the Admiral,

who fought at Jutland.

PROVING THE RULE.

There are not many cases of twins marrying brothers. Lord Mouldsworth's daughters are no exception to the rule for their fiancés are not related. Both girls are fond of sport. Helena plays golf. They are beautiful.

A WITTY FATHER.

One day this week Lord Mouldsworth was dining with his family at a famous restaurant. He seemed to be enjoying his oysters. I asked him if he had found any pearls. "Two," he replied, and smilingly indicated his winsome daughters. He is a yachtsman. The Countess keeps white mice.

Not so bad, d'you think, darling, as a matter of fact Mr. Haddock helped imagine and it's just as well they don't try and do the Maylair Maiden's page it seriously and he does make the most photograph her, well she read out all when Hermione Tarver goes to India, naughty suggestions, but I do think



Flapper (to celebrated Bass). "I just adored your singing in the oratorio—especially when it came to the twiddly bits."

that's just the kind of simple sedative stuff that all those unfortunate creatures in Whitechapel are starving for on a Sunday morning don't you, well anyhow I'm fairly launched on the litterary career and I do think it does everybody good if a girl mixes with the life of the people a bit and strikes out her own economic what-not don't you, so if Mr. Haddock won't help me I shall go straight to that divine Queen Cream woman with the sniff, farewell Trix, your only Topsy.

A. P. H.

ABOUT A SEAGULL.

THERE lived the daughter of a king (How long ago no man can say),
A laughing, dancing, wayward thing,
A little sylph in silver-grey,
Who through a land of sea-girt
heights

Ran a long round of careless fun, Summer and winter, days and nights, With earth and air and sea at one.

Lone shepherds waiting for the dawn Would watch her figure grey and cool

Slip lightly o'er some forest lawn Or linger by some moorland pool; And woodmen, carting elm and ash
Down the long trails at dusk of day,
Would see her silvery dresses flash
Over the hills and far away.

But most of all she loved to sit
Where some high foreshore made a lee
And watch the lights and shadows flit
Across the facets of the sea,
And hear the surf and breakers sing
Old stories to the rocks and caves,
Then race across the beach and fling
Her body to the dancing waves.

She died, men say, a maid and young;
And oh! but she was loath to go
From her loved places, and she clung
To the dear scenes she'd cherished so;
She prayed, "Dear gods of sea and hill,
Please do not send me quite away;
Change me to anything you will,
But only, only let me stay."

The kindly gods looked down and smiled And, smiling, granted her request— "Oh, little maiden free and wild, You shall be that which suits you best."

That night (men thought) the princess died, But from her casement, like a ghost,

A silvern seagull starry-eyed
Went winging gladly down the coast—

A seagull that could fitly bear
Her tireless spirit swift and strong,
At one with earth and sea and air
To range the hills and dales along,
Or keep as its appointed place
The sea that sleeps, the sea that stirs,
A body full of all the grace
And all the gladness that were hers.

So when I see, on flashing wing
Sailing serene, a gull go by,
Silver-and-grey, a sylph-like thing,
Queenly of carriage, royal of eye,
Of wave and weather unafraid
And free to fare where choice may
call—

I'm glad about the princess maid Who didn't have to die at all.

H. B.

Sentimental Terms Cash.

"Births, Marriages, and Deaths.
Short and plain announcements are inserted gratuitously for subscribers, but in the case of any addition, such as 'beloved,' 'deeply regretted,' etc., a charge is made of 1/6, which should be prepaid."—Local Paper.

"'Michael Strogoff' is a faithful adaptation of Dumas' gripping story."—Monthly Review. And of course we all know the famous film of the Three Musketeers by JULES VERNE.

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY.

MR. J. L. BAIRD, the inventor of television, has described how the scene to be transmitted is first turned into a sound which is then broadcast and in some ways . . . finally turned back into an image at the receiver. At one point in his demonstration he played a phonographic record on which the television sound of a face had been recorded. Every face, Mr. BAIRD said, has its own particular sound.

This invention opens up a new field for speculation. Already I seem to see the police of the future searching for a "mystery man with a face like a brassband and cornet-sounding eyes." Nor approve of Cousin Dick; he lives by do I find any difficulty in imagining himself in London . . . Yes, that's the B.B.C., in their S.O.S. hour, broadcasting the soniferous lineaments of a runaway child: "Last seen in vicinity of Clapham; has a face like the treble score of Boloski's 'Fugue-A Sharp Minor'; dressed in clothes that sound like the rasp of a coarse file, small birth-mark like a hand-saw at work." And of course several bachelor householders will write at once to say that they are certain the missing child is next door, as they were kept awake by its face all last night.

I can also easily imagine a Sunday evening in 1950 in the suburbs of London (near present-day Guildford). There will be none of the usual indecision as to whether to have a little music-"my daughter plays so nicely now"-or whether to show the visitor the family photograph-album backed by remarks like: "Yes, that's Harry at Brighton in July, 1920—or was it August now?" The two alternatives will, by 1950, simply be combined, since the family portraits can be played over to the visitor on the gramophone. In which case the new style of accompanying conversation will go like this:

"Now, Mrs. Smith, this record is grandmother, taken a year or so ago. . . . There! . . . Yes, that gentle burbling sound is Grannie—a good likeness, isn't it?..

"This one is Uncle James, taken in British Guiana with the first crocodile he ever shot; all his native bearers are standing behind him. Listen! . . . Quite a bravura, isn't it, with a coloratura background! That noise like a rusty hinge with a bereaved saxophone obbligato is Uncle James, and the ticktock sound is the crocodile. . . . Here's another one of him taken soon after he got out; you can hear the difference at once. That harsh, dry rattling is his beard; he's toned it down several octaves now! Silent beards are so much more becoming, don't you think?...

"Oh, here's Baby at three months . Isn't he the funniest little stark whimper! And that adorable undercurrent of gurgling swallows? . . . Yes, we think he takes after his father

"This is Joe, up at the 'Varsity . . . That resonant blast in the fourth bar is

his College tie . . .

"And this is Uncle Peter, the M.P., you know . . . Just listen to the booming . . . What? Looks a bit mad, did you say? Of course not!...Oh! I hear what you mean. No, that's only a crack in the record where Tommie dropped it . .

"Ōh, here's Cousin Dick! We don't him, that clicking sound . . . Tommie, give me a new needle after Cousin

Dick! . . .

"Here's Jack! Such a lively fellow! Quite a tune to it! See how spiritoso and veloce his notes are!

"And Grandpa! That droning note and Cecily, as sweet as a modest

triolet . .

"Now what's this one? I don't remember it . . . Oh, yes, I believe it's our Nellie and her husband in their new little home in London . . . No, it isn't after all! Oh, how killing, my dear! It's a real music record that's got in by mistake—Stridinsky's 'Symphony in A Flat.'" A. A.

PLANS.

"Where are you going this lovely day?

Oh! won't you say? and oh! won't you say

How are you going to spend to-day? And the tossing Wind replied— "I might go here and I might go there; I might go suddenly anywhere-

Over the downs or across the tide To ruffle a mermaid's hair."

"What are you going to do to-day? Oh! won't you say? and oh! won't you

How are you going to spend to-day?" And the winding River laughed,

"I might do this and I might do that, I might play games with a water-rat, Or stir the rushes or launch a craft,

Or dream where the meads are flat."

"What are you going to do to-day?" I heard them say, and I heard them say,

"How are you going to spend to-day?" "I'll never be sure—who can? I might go up to the hills, or down To dabble in rills where the pools are

How can I possibly make a plan When I've run away from Town?"

WHAT'S-HIS-NAME.

I READ in the paper the other day that Mr. ISIDORE DE LARA, after the production of his new opera at Aix-les-Bains, received the plaudits of the audience as he stood in the middle of the stage "surrounded by his interpreters." The suggestion to anyone unfamiliar with the vocabulary of musical criticism is that Mr. DE LARA, being unacquainted with any foreign tongue, has to travel with a body-guard of linguists. The sentence reminded me of my friend Bertie, because if any one needs an interpreter it is he, not because he speaks in a foreign tongue but because he has carried vagueness to its highest power. Of hasty speech and careless mind he merely touches the buttons of conversation and leaves you to do the rest. If his wife is present it is all right. "Poor Bertie, he means this or he means that." she says; but if you are alone with him you have to keep your brain at its most alert.

Dining with him the other evening I heard all about their recent visit to London; at least he was under the impression that he was telling me all about it.

"The first evening," he said, "we went to the What's-his-name to see What's-his-name in What's-his-name.'

"Yes," I said, fumbling for a clue.
"Was he good?"
"He?" he replied. "Who do you mean by he'? I mean What's-hername. You know, the best comedienne of the lot. Not so young as she used to be, but still miles the best.'

"Oh, The Spot on the Sun," I said.

"Of course, and the next evening we went to What's-his-name at What'shis-name. Very good and all that, but a little too much music for me. And I missed the What's-his-name dance."

"The Totem?" I hazarded.

"Yes," he said, "of course. And the next evening," he continued, " we went to see What's-his-name at the What'shis-name. I always like What 's-hisname. He's so easy. Have you seen it? There's one place where he's on the stage for ten minutes without speaking. That's where he finds What'sher-name dead.'

"Where did you stay?" I asked. "Where I always do—at the What's-

his-name," he replied.

"And what did you do in the daytime?"

"Well, my two nephews, What's-hisname's boys, were on their way back to school, so I showed them a sight or I showed them What's-hername's Needle and the Horse Guards What's-his-names in their boxes and the What's-his-name in Whitehall, with



First Lady . "'OW ARE YER DOIN' NOW, MRS. BUDD?" Second ditto. "ME 'USBAND'S OUT O' WORK, I GOT TWO CHILDREN DOWN WI' THE MEASLES, AND NOW A SUMMONS FER ME CHIMNEY ON FIRE."

First ditto. "Well, Mrs. Budd, I don't know 'ow you do to do as you do do."

all the flowers round it and the tomb of the unknown What's-his-name in the Abbey. I wanted to go to the Zoo to see the What's-his-name, but there wasn't time.'

"The aquarium?" I hazarded.

"No, certainly not."

"The new reptile house?"

"No, of course not. The What'shis-name. You know—at the tea-table. The chimpanzee.'

From the Zoo he passed to more general matters and became rather

"I can't think what the What's-hisname is up to," he said, "in allowing this What's-his-name racing. Surely there's betting enough and wasting time enough without this new excite-What's-his-name ought to ment. take things more seriously instead of boasting that he never worries. But we're an astonishingly slovenly nation. Don't you agree?"

I said that we were truly an odd lot.

winter's coming when swimming the Corn fields, of course.

What 's-his-name is over and flying the What 's-his-name too."

E.V.L. And I agreed again.

"ANY WOMAN WITH IMAGINATION CAN COOK." Headline in Evening Paper.

Not true, unfortunately. We have come across lots of cooks who imagined they could cook, but couldn't.

"Why not be a Chiropodist? The training "One thing," he said, in conclusion, is short... and there are wide fields to conquer."—Women's Paper.

UNDERSTANDING WOMEN.

"WGMEN," she said to me with a sigh-"women are terribly misunderstood."

"But think," I urged, "how much more terrible it would be if they weren't."

a woman understood-

"A contradiction in terms," I murmured, "if not in skirts."

"Because," she told me confidentially, "no sensible woman ever contradicts; she knows that if she does she only makes the silly man more obstinate."

"It is, I suppose," I mused, "simpler for you to yield first, because then he yields last."

"And who yields last," she agreed, "yields most."

"Or in other words," I suggested, "who yields first laughs last.'

"One doesn't laugh, she protested, "that would be crude. Wiser is it to remain a little sad, a little hurt, and so have one's own way and a grievance as well."

"No wonder," I cried, " you say that a woman understood-

"A woman understood," she interrupted, "would be less understood than ever; the difficulty is whole there."

"Then apparently," I said with a certain gloom, "it is impossible to understand her, since it seems the more the less.'

"Exactly," she agreed; "but also, you must remember, the less the more.

"Just like," I mused, "her own frocks."

"Because," she explained, "the more you understand a woman the more there remains to understand, while the less you understand her the simpler she becomes. For we are really extraordinarily simple."

"Just like money."

"Money?" she repeated, puzzled.
"In itself so simple," I explained, "and yet how remote, how strange, how aloof, how hard to acquire, how difficult to keep, how coy with one, how lavish with another!

"I don't think," she said coldly, "any

to money. Besides, money isn't simple, it's dreadfully complicated. Why," she said indignantly, "if you're keeping accounts and you only miss one thing out and put another down twice to figure and call itmake up, it probably comes out wrong just the same."

"But also," I reminded her, "if you "No," she insisted stoutly, "because forget one woman and count another twice, it all comes out wrong just the same.

"So I should hope!" she exclaimed. "For that matter you can be stupid about anything."

"Even about women?"

"Especially women."

"Merely," I said, "the various aspects of her perpetual disguise."

"The truth is, my good man," she declared, "you simply make an ideal

" Mystery." " Woman."

"The same thing," I said with de-

"All you do," she cried, "is to shut your eyes tight and pretend you can't see."
"We don't shut them," I sighed, "it

is merely that they are dazzled and so we cannot see.'

"Then hadn't you better," she suggested, "get smoked glasses?"

"Some do," I said. "They call it marriage.

"And then they see?" "As through a smoked

glass, darkly." "Well then," she snapped, "take them off again."

"Some do," I said. "That's called divorce.

" And then they see?"

"Oh, yes-all wrong." "That proves," she pointed out, "that it's the seeing that is difficult, not us. We in ourselves are plain and simple and obvious to a fault. It would be better if we were more complicated."

"It may be," I agreed thoughtfully, "that the addition of even one more element, as sometimes in chemistry, might resolve the whole problem. It would then cease to interest.

"Hum," she said.
"Ha," she mused.

"Because they are so difficult to | "Perhaps you think you know," she added. "what that one element might

"If I did," I assured her, "I should What is the mystery about her? Regard | commit suicide upon the spot for fear of telling."

"And in that," she cried enthusiastically, "you would be wonderfully right.

"Tell me one thing," I begged as she was passing on, "do women understand each other?"

"Of course we do," she cried. "It is what makes us seem a little cynical at times."

"And do you also," I persisted, "understand yourselves?"

"Good heavens, no," she gasped. "Never." E. Ř. P.



A VOICE FROM BEYOND THE PALE.

"May the heroic spirit of Tannenberg penetrate and unite our divided nation. Then it will again work wonders.... Then Germany will rise again.—WILHELM I.R."—From the Ex-Kaiser's message to President von Hindenburg.

understand?"

"Because they are so easy to understand. Take any woman you know. her as an ordinary human being."

"Heaven forbid."

" Why?"

"She would never speak to me again."

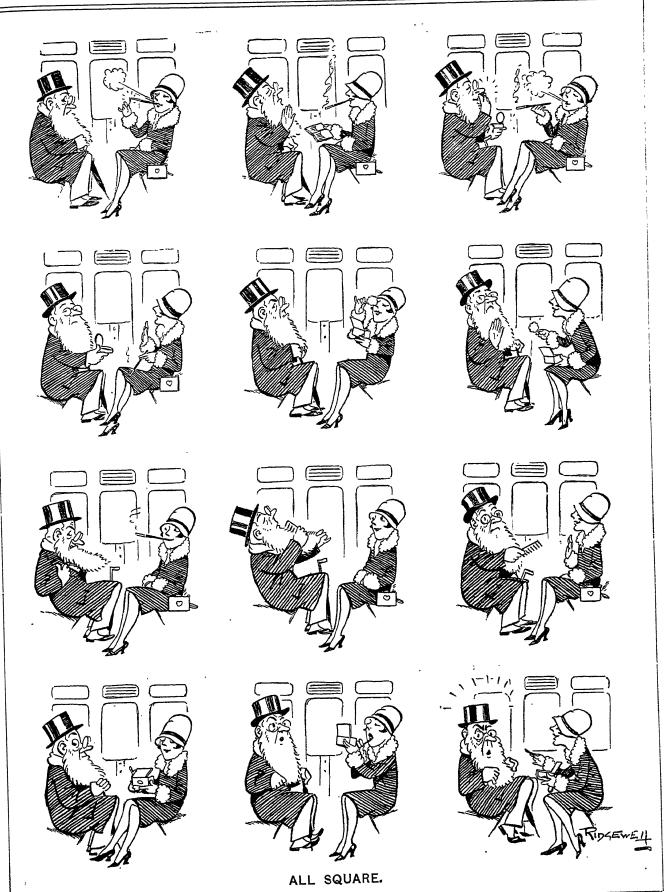
"Serve you right," she snapped. "But nothing mysterious about that. Well then, regardher as a fellow-citizen."

"Heaven forbid."

"Why?"

"It would be such a waste of opportunitv."

"Well then, regard her simply as nice-minded man would compare women | woman—wife, mother, sister, daughter." |



SIMPLE PEOPLE.

THE PLUMBER.

Once there was a plumber called Herbert Philbottle, and one day when he had been reading in his newspaper he said to his wife I do think it's unfair the way they will keep on making jokes about plumbers, plumbers are as good as anybody else and much better.

And his wife said I wish I had mar-

ried a policeman.

And Herbert Philbottle said why? And she said because all the news- how would you like that?

papers say they are so wonderful, they have only got to hold out their hands and the traffic stops, and they help little children go across the

And Herbert Philbottle said well plumbers could help little children go across the streets if they wanted to, but policemen couldn't stop leaks if they tried.

So she said well stopping leaks isn't everything, but I wish you would stop a few more leaks and then we should have some more money

Well just then there was a knock at the door and a servant came in and said to Herbert Philbottle will you please come and stop a leak at once because my master says it can't go on like this any longer or the whole house will be flooded.

And he said who is your master?

And she said he is Mr. Worzle, who writes about politics and all those things for the newspapers.

And Herbert Philbottle said oh well then I will ask him to write something about plumbers in his newspaper,

so that people won't make fun of them here.

So he went to Mr. Worzle's house at once and he talked to the servant on the way, and she said she liked plumbers herself and wished she could marry one.

Well they got to Mr. Worzle's house, and he came to the door himself in his dressing-gown, and he said it is better row because I have stopped the leak with an old sock that I didn't want because I have just bought myself six new pairs, but that won't last long and I am glad you have come so quickly.

now you see how unfair it is to keep on leak because he is just the man saying things against plumbers, and to make people stop making fun of

you can do a lot of good if you put something in your newspaper about it.

And Mr. Worzle said well perhaps I will if you mend the leak quickly, it is in the bathroom, I will take you up and

show it to you.

So they went upstairs and as they were going up Herbert Philbottle told Mr. Worzle all about plumbers, and how nobody could stop leaks like they could, and he said if people go on

"I HAVE STOPPED THE LEAK WITH AN OLD SOCK."

And Mr. Worzle said I shouldn't like | I shall get up a strike of plumbers and any more, it is a good thing you came it at all, well here is the leak and you see it is already soaking through the sock, so please be quick and mend it.

And Herbert Philbottle looked at the leak and he said well it will last a little longer if you wrap another sock round it, I must just go back and fetch a tool I have left behind, and while I am away I hope you will write something about plumbers for your newspaper, because it wants doing at once or I'm sure there will be a strike of plumbers.

So he went back home to fetch the tool he had left behind, and he said to And Herbert Philbottle said there his wife I am glad about Mr. Worzle's

plumbers and I shouldn't have known him if he hadn't sent for me. And he said leaks do get plumbers into interesting society, I once stopped a leak for a Member of Parliament, and it makes me all the more angry when newspapers make fun of plumbers, now where is that tool I left behind, I can't find it any-

And his wife said perhaps you left it at the house where you stopped a leak making jokes about them they will yesterday, and he said oh yes that 's it, leave off stopping leaks altogether, and well I think now I am here I will wait for dinner, and I can go and fetch it

afterwards.

And she said dinner won't be ready for nearly an hour, and then you will want to smoke and have your afternoon nap, what about Mr. Worzle's leak?

And he said oh that will be all right, he has plenty of old socks to stop it with because he has just bought himself six new pairs, I wish I could afford to buy myself six pairs of socks at onetime, but plumbers never get paid enough and I shall ask Mr. Worzle to put that in his newspaper.

Well Herbert Philbottle had his dinner, and while he was smoking his pipe afterwards Mr. Worzle's servant knocked at the door and she said why didn't you come back, master is very angry, and he has gone out and bought a new tap so that the leak doesn't want stopping any more and you needn't come at all now.

And Herbert Philbottle said well now I do call that unfair, how does Mr. Worz'e think plumbers are to live if they are treated like that, I am disappointed in him, he is as bad as all the rest,

then he will see.

So he went to another plumber who was a friend of his and he said what about having a strike of plumbers, will you belong to it if I get one up?

And his friend whose name was William Flick said well I think I won't if you don't mind because if we had a strike we might have to work harder after it was over and I shouldn't care about that.

So Herbert Philbottle said well perhaps you are right, and I don't really much mind people making fun of plumbers now I come to think of it because it is really the plumbers who make fun of the people. And William Flick said yes that's what I think, shall we go out and have a glass of beer each? I have got a leak to stop but it can wait till to-morrow.

So they did that, and afterwards Herbert Philbottle said well I have had a very nice day, and if everybody was as useful as plumbers things would be better than they are.

A. M.

THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

What though we leave no name behind To grace a tale or point a moral; To mere oblivion resigned,

We don't presume to pick a quarrel, Because Melpomene's declined

To wreath our locks with Delphic laurel.

We envy not the great, who sit
Immortal in their bay-bedecked row;
We know they 're absolutely "it,"
Pure silver to our base electro.
No room for us who do our bit
By strumming leviore plectro.

Beakers of purest Hippocrene
Are not for throats like ours to
swallow,

And seldom face to face we've seen The full-blown glory of Apollo; Yet in its wake—far off—it's been Considerable fun to follow.

For, though the pasture's not the best On which our flocks (the smaller fry) browse.

And but a passing interest

The flutings of our humble tribe
rouse,

We've had the run of rhyme and jest Forbidden to severer high-brows.

And if to us has been denied

The mount your true-born poet uses,

If Pegasus we mayn't bestride (Our hands and seat the brute refuses),

It's no bad sport to get a ride On the winged donkey of the Muses.

"There is a tang of frost in the air which, like the salt in coffee, brings out the subtle flavour of the autumn sunshine."

The next time we go out we must see what effect a spot of salted coffee will have on the weather.

"Haddon Hall, Derbyshire, after having been closed to the public for two years, was thrown open for one day to-day. Everything was as antique as centuries ago."

Was as antique as centuries ago."

If not more so.

Daily Paper.

"One may sometimes hear people affectedly dropping the final 'g,' and talking of cursin and swearin, eatin and drinkin, marryin and givin in marriage, huntin, shootin, fishin, livin, dyin, and goin to heav'n."

Good heavings! Weekly Paper.



FUTURE JOYS.

Daughter of old-fashioned Man. "Do you realise, Daddy, that we are the only people in this road who haven't an airplane?"

"THE WHETHER.

The whether continues to be dry and sultry, except for occasional specks of cloud hovering over the sky. It threatens to rain but it does not. Cultivators are eagerly looking forward for the clouds to break and let in shower. Delay of another week may create panic into the hearts of the expectant husbandmen. I canot help noting the strange coincidence that as I am writing this report a fair shower of rain has begun in the midst of the brilliant sumshine."—Indian Local Paper.

India has the advantage over England; there is nothing ambiguous about our "whether," and our "sumshine" is conspicuous by its absence.

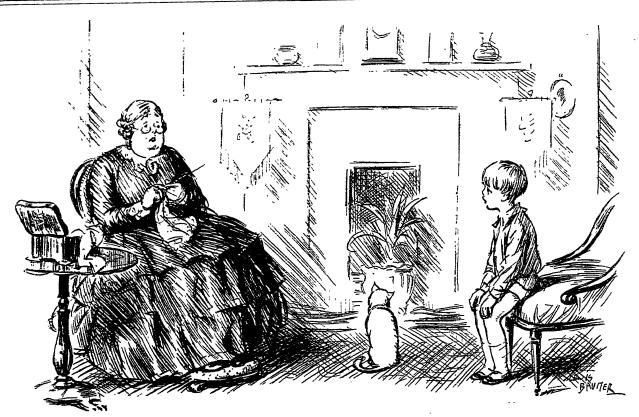
From a "woman's page":-

"By using your brains and some flavouring you can make the most ordinary dish into something quite relishing."—Evening Paper. The drawback is that such a lot of men do not relish women's brains.

"Leave the shadows for the sunshine of Weston-super-Mare."—Advt. in Daily Paper.

"Holiday Resort Weather. Weston-super-Mare . . . Sunshine. Nil." Same Paper, same day.

A painful example of that most pathetic of tragedies, a promising hypothesis killed by a fact.



Small Boy (on a risit to the housekeeper's room). "If it isn't a rude question, Mrs. Briggs, when people like you die, do they fade like a flower or burst like a balloon?"

SCARLET AND BLUE.

In days now gone when all the world was greener
The British Girl, a mild and artless thing,
Pined for a swashing and a gay demeanour
In a young man affected by the Spring;
For simple worth she had but little use;
It was a uniform that cooked her goose.

So, seeing that this queer idea persisted
In her young mind, the youth, though rather sick,
Would moon away and get himself enlisted,
Merely to see if that would do the trick;
And there they togged him out, all fresh and bright,
In scarlet or in blue, a goodly sight.

Then, as he issued forth, supreme and warlike,
The maiden stricken by that old-time spell
Would lift admiring hands and say, "That's more like,"
And cart him round and do him very well;
And the young soldier in his golden prime,
All things considered, had a first-class time.

I need not tell you how the world was altered,
Or how the scarlet vanished and the blue,
Or how since then our rulers' minds have faltered
At the bold step of starting them anew;
Indeed, to take the present kit all round,
It struck the eye as tolerably sound.

But now one hears a nobler soul has risen
At whose command our warriors will assume
That splendour, from the fore-top to the mizzen,
Which in those old days gave him such a boom.
One wonders what he'll think of it, and still
More what the present-day Young Person will.

He may be tired of garments drab and snuffy And welcome something lamentably hot And round the neck abominably stuffy, Or with his modern fancies he may not; So much depends on what th' effect will be

On the New Girl—and she's a mystery.

Civilian Harry—and his motor-bike.

This hale young voter, full of brand-new notions, So agile and so uppish, may (or mayn't) Have put aside those intricate emotions That made her elder sisters feel quite faint; It would be hard if she should look, but like

Well, I for one will pin my faith on Thomas,
Our Thomas with the roving eye (and glad),
And, as of course it's taking money from us,
May he derive some profit from this fad;
Then, if it really interests his charmer,
In time, no doubt, they'll put him into armour.

Dum-Dum.

"THE BUSY MAN'S SUMMARY.

Of the four women and two men who left the shores of France from Cap Gris Nez to attempt the Channel not one survived the crossing."—Bristol Paper.

On this occasion, we are glad to say, the "busy man" appears to have sacrificed accuracy to despatch.

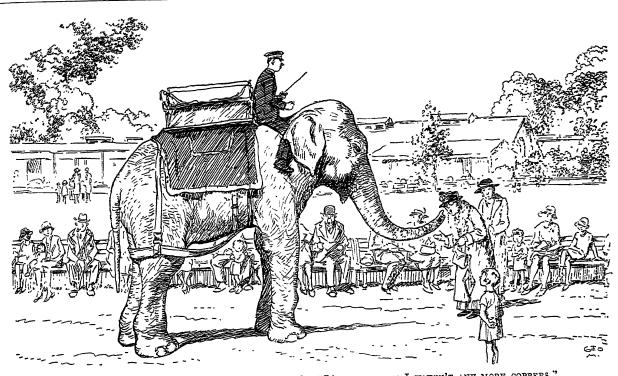
"There are clubs and clubs, but probably only on the London-Brighton section of the Southern Railway is a genuine travelling club conducted. Upon three trains travel a host of business men, who make Brighton or Hove their home. Soon after eight every morning they set out for London, and before seven in the evening they are back again in Suffolk."—Local Paper.

The Southern Railway seems to have excelled itself, with some assistance from the London and North Eastern.



"STILL UNSETTLED."

ERIN. "'TIS A QUARE ONNATURAL CONTHRIVANCE! WHEN BOTH OF THIM ARE OUT TOGETHER, WHAT'LL HAPPEN NEXT?"



Kind Old Lady (speaking into the elephant's trunk). "I'M SORRY, BUT I HAVEN'T ANY MORE COPPERS."

THE GREAT BATTLE AT BLOWHARD'S.

EVERYBODY at the club thought it would be pleasant to get up a little excitement over the game in the autumn billiard tournament between John Doe and Richard Roe, especially as it was in the nature of an attempted comeback by John Doe, who was decisively beaten last year by the same adversary on a mis-cue.

Our plan to stimulate enthusiasm was to place a number of preliminary notices on the club notice-board, stating what the combatants felt about each other, what they thought their chances were, and giving_detailed specifications of their form. Following the usual practice in sporting encounters, we re-christened them, for the purpose of the match, Steam-Hammer Dick and Pile-Driving Doe, a poignant charm being lent to the titles by the fact that Piccadilly is still up, and the sounds of bombardment can be plainly heard through the windows of the club billiard-room.

Our first notices ran simply:-JOHN DOE CONFIDENT OF SUCCESS. SAYS HE WILL SURE WIPE THE FLOOR WITH RICHARD ROE.

And underneath it-

RICHARD ROE HAS NO DOUBT OF VICTORY. JCHN DOE MAY ORDER CREMATION CASKET To-MORROW.

But we did not stop there.

RICHARD ROE ACCUSES JOHN DOE OF

helped to work up the excitement but even left it pleasingly vague as to whose family had been actually bereaved. And next day there was the riposte-

RICHARD ROE IS STATED BY HIS ADVERSARY to be a Stealer of Billiard-Chalk.

After that we published a tabular statement of current form. It ran thus:-

	RICHARD ROE.	JOHN DOE.
Pulse-Beat	. C. of E. 14st. 9ibs. 641 inches.	Mahomedan. Isst. 141bs. 65 inches. Foundation. Gardenia. Gin and It. 1ft. 6 ins. Green!! 10. 75. Practically nil. Plain.
Ball Preferred	. ~P	

A representative of Blowhard's then called on the wife of Richard Roe.

- "Have you a hunch," he asked her, that Steam-Hammer Dick will win?
- "Steam-Hammer who?" she said. "Richard, your husband," he explained.
 "Oh, I see," she said. "Win what?"
- "The great billiard match he is playing with John Doe," he said.

"Who is John Doe?" she inquired. He left the woman.

We did better, however, with the wife of the club billiard-marker. It appeared that she kept lop-eared rabbits, and in a dream she had seen one of these creatures, which had the face of Richard Roe, bite was our next effort, which not only another, which had the face of John electricity in him than John Doe," he

Doe, on the neck and take its lettuce away. The club billiard-marker permitted us to put her photograph on the club notice-board, and underneath it we wrote:-

HAS HUNCH THAT RICHARD ROE WILL WIN, and, though a few protests were made to the House Committee, it was permitted to remain.

The counterblast came a few hours later, when a bulletin was issued stating:-

OLDEST MEMBER SEES ASTRAL BODY AFTER LUNCH WHICH DECLARES THAT JOHN DOE WILL WIN.

We then spread a report that Richard Roe was not a good sportsman, as he had been seen reading a high-browed novel in the club library, while John Doe frequently went to dog races. Richard Roe however made a personal explanation that he was only reading this book because he had heard there was a split infinitive in it, and was instantly restored to popular favour.

Reporters were next sent up to interview Jack Hobbs, Sir William Joynson HICKS, the Secretary to the Electricity Board, Melbourne Inman, Miss Betty NUTHALL, the Dean of DURHAM and Sir OLIVER LODGE. All of them expressed a profound belief that either Richard Roe or John Doe was almost certain to succeed. The Secretary to the Electricity

Board was particularly convincing.
"I think Richard Roe has more

remember the atomic energy of John Dce. I expect the struggle will be very keen."

By this time the betting was furious. When we had induced Richard Roe to issue a statement that he intended to hypnotise John Doe's ball with the power of the human eye, and had lured face he handed his cue to the marker. John Dee to a palmist, who saw him in "It was a fair game. I fought well a crystal in the guise of TAMBURLAINE the Great, it was possible to get almost any odds on either combatant. The club dreamed of nothing but the forthand bark before dozing off again. It my life to chess."

was understood that a great private wager was at stake, and that the losing competitor would be so impoverished that he might have to give

up cigars.

The billiard-room was packed when the fateful evening arrived. Richard Roe had eaten the ordinary club - dinner, but John Dce consumed a specially-prepared menu, composed as follows :--

Mock Turtle Soup.

Salmi of Grouse.

Cold Roast Beef and Pickles.

Pêche Melba.

Angels on Horseback.

This was washed down as far as possible by a vintage claret and crème de menthe, while Richard Roe had confined himself to lager beer.

Fourteen judges had been appointed to give a ruling on doubtful cannons, and the Chairman of the Library Committee consented to act as referee in case of an equality of votes. The proposal that the two rivals should kiss before starting was unanimously overruled, and they contented themselves with shaking hands

And then, after all, the expected comeback failed to occur. It was a close call, however. Until the last two points the Steam Hammer and the Pile Driver were neck-and-neck. So tense was the atmosphere that one could have heard a whisky-and-soda drop on the floor. Once one actually did.

Breaks ruled low, a five to Richard Roe being the principal run. Then at deeply pained at this statement, partilong last John Doe, inconveniently cularly at the words "super-human placed for the red, made a valiant at- patience."

said, "but as a set-off to this you must | tempt to enter the right-hand top pocket off his adversary's ball, a fine shot requiring unerring nerve combined with infinite precision and skill. Slowly and painfully he hoisted the lower part of his waistcoat on to the cushion and bent to the attack. Unhappily he missed the object ball and ran a coup. With a white

"It was a fair game. I fought well. I fought well, but I was beaten by the better cueist," he said.

"John Doe is the finest ball-banger I ever met," said Richard Roe. "I am coming fray. Members asleep in the satisfied with my victory. I propose smoking-room would wake up suddenly | to retire from the cloth now and devote

eaal

TWO OPINIONS.

Both fighters were chaired to the card-room, and the cheering lasted till 1 а.м.

Things seem very quiet at the club since that momentous night. There is nothing to do but look at the tape. . . . EvoE.

"Lost, by Errand Boy, about St. Peter's Square, 1 Small 3-Jaw Chuck."

Provincial Paper. He must have been playing at DEMPSEY and Tunney.

"... For courtesy, kindness and superhuman patience I have never met any class of men comparable to bus conductors.

Correspondent in Evening Paper. We understand that the taxi-drivers are

AS PARENTS GO.

RONALD thinks his parents odd Because they do not like to stamp Their feet, unshod, Upon a bit of soil that's damp.

At meals he thinks it very queer That they should never want to sing Or even cheer

At anything the cook may bring.

He thinks they miss a lot of fun Because they do not want to make The treacle run

In spirals to a little lake.

And when he talks they pat his hand, But yet he's almost sure that they

> Can't understand A lot of things he wants to say.

Perhaps the queerest thing of all Is that they don't appreciate The morning call He pays them with un-

failing state. It makes him think, to hear them groan And mutter, "Goodness!

half-past five!" That he alone Knows what it is to be alive.

In fact he's always finding out New oddities, as when they prod

His ribs, no doubt Because they 're meaning to be odd.

Yet on the whole, though once or twice

He's found their wits a little slow, He thinks them nice, Indeed quite nice as parents go.

Breaking Up the Happy Home!

"TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, one of the finest stocks of CHINA, etc., that has ever come under the hammer in this district." Auctioneer's Handbill.

"The bride also wore and carried a bouquet of Gloire-de-Dijon beige Court shoes and stockings to match."-Surrey Paper.

A wise precaution; much better than having the shoes thrown after her.

"FOR PEOPLE OF ENGLISH TONGUE: A peruvian young man who know much of english language whishes to change spanish conversation by english one. He has spare all day long and night."—South American Paper. Then he will have plenty of time to "survey mankind from China to Peru."



The Cne. "Why not greyhound racing?" The Other. "THAT'S AN IDEA."

MARS' MOLARS.

BEFORE proceeding by troopship to the Far East, Private Bull, 1st Bn. the Blankshire Regiment, is issued with "dentures, artificial, soldiers', sets, one" at the public expense. The passage is rough and Private Bull is a bad sailor. On the evening of "zero-plus-one day" Private Bull, having had no dinner, rises from the scuppers and reaches the ship's side just in time. His dentures, not being designed to resist stresses of this nature, go overboard.

In addition to various personal inconveniences, Private Bull's military reputation is adversely affected. Being unable to answer his name intelligibly he is reported absent from tattoo roll-call. On the first parade next day he makes a great attempt to shout "Here, Sergeant," but only succeeds in producing a noise for which he is charged with "making an improper reply to a N.C.O." Finally, when asked by the Company Sergeant-Major whether he has got an adjective tongue in his head (or words to that effect), he opens his mouth wide and puts out his tongue to demonstrate the fact that he has no teeth to speak of and not enough to speak with. The

motive underlying this action is misunderstood and he remains in close arrest for gross insolence to a Warrant Officer until his Company Commander is well enough to investigate the case. The journey is now over and the affair has reached the correspondence stage.

1. (Extract.)

th Infantry Brigade.

. . . and in the circumstances I recommend that Pte. Bull be provided with a new set of dentures free.

A. SMITH, Lt.-Col., Cmdg. 1st Blankshire Regt. 10th May.

Blanks.

Please say whether Pte. Bull

(a) was (b) was not

on duty at the time of the occurrence.

C. Brown, Capt., Staff Captain, -th Inf. Bde.

17th May.

Pte. Bull was nor on duty at the time. Could the replacement of his dentures be expedited, please? 18th May.

(Signed, etc.)

Please report whether Pte. Bull has been awarded any punishment for losing by neglect a set of dentures provided by the public, for the safe custody of which he was therefore responsible. 25th May.

No punishment has been awarded as no offence against the Army Act has been disclosed. Dentures would appear to be neither arms, equipment, accoutrements, clothing nor regimental necessaries.

26th May.

It is not understood why Pte. Bull did not remove his dentures before proceeding to the ship's side. If he had done so the present question would not have arisen.

2nd June.

I would respectfully submit that the whole occurrence, being due to natural causes, was outside Pte. Bull's control. I am satisfied that he did not lose his dentures by negligence and would again request that a new set be provided early. Pte. Bull's mouth is Army size 3. 3rd June.



Skipper. "Here, which of you've been teaching my parrot this dreadful language?" Deck Hand. "Must 'a' bin Cook, Sir—'e talks in 'is sleep."

8

Please report exact map co-ordinates of the site of the occurrence, together with certified true extract from the ship's log as to the state of the weather at the time.

10th June.

9.

I have telegraphed for the required information. Meanwhile if no set size three is available perhaps an adjustable denture could by issued on temporary loan as Pte. Bull has had no solid food since April 10th (inclusive).

11th June.

10.

A Dental Officer's certificate as to the necessity for issuing a new set of dentures should accompany your request. Dentures, adjustable, are not articles of store.

18th June.

11.

Herewith copy of Dental Officer's report:—

In addition, I have personally inspected lations, was not taken in the first in-Pte. Bull's mouth and I consider that stance.

the following replacements are urgently required:—

2 molars, tricuspid (rear rank);

2 incisors (to be opposite numbers if possible);

Spare parts, maxillary and mandibular 1 set.

20th June.

12

Is it to be inferred from your minute 5 above that you consider that the set of dentures lost was Pte. Bull's absolute property?

3rd July.

It is. 4th July.

14.

13.

The situation is therefore the same as if Pte. Bull had deliberately damaged or lost his own natural teeth. A soldier's duty requires him to keep himself physically fit. A Court of Inquiry should therefore be assembled forthwith to investigate and report upon the circumstances attending Pte. Bull's Self-inflicted Injury, and the proceedings forwarded to this Office.

Also please report why this action, which is in accordance with the regulations, was not taken in the first instance

Free-State Metaphor.

"President Cosgrave has given a commendable lead. Let us hope that the clive branch floated from Kilkenny will meet with a milder fate than that which is said to have befallen the feline dwellers in that historic city."

Irish Paper.

Alas, no! Mr. DE VALERA took the olivebranch for a thistle and ate it.

"Undoubtedly she was a highbrow, but such a pretty little highbrow, and she concealed her blue stockings beneath the daintiest of skirts."

Story in Daily Paper.

Not many girls can do that nowadays.

"A Sheffield angler, while fishing in Sheffield Dam Flask Stream on Saturday caught a trout measuring 20 inches long and weighing 3\frac{1}{4}\text{lb."}—Provincial Paper.

This stream must have been christened by some less successful angler who had forgotten his refreshment.

"You must see this magnific Ski-and Climbing Film which has been taken with danger of

Ski runs of never seen effect. Prosecution with skis over. Glaciers and snow fields. Tumbles in ice Crevices with the skis. Climbing down from icy walls as high as a house by means of ropes."—Swiss Cinema Leaflet.

What we want to know is how the eye of the camera captured the "never seen effect."

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

I WENT tramping in Gloucestershire, Over the roads of Gloucestershire. (The will may be eager but limbs may

Even on roads in Gloucestershire.)

I sat by a rabbit who munched by a

His little ears twitched at me over a clump;

The sign-post pointed to Solomon's Tump,

Solomon's Tump in Gloucestershire.

Now who can be living at Solomon's Tump,

Solomon's Tump in Gloucestershire? Is there a parson? Is there a squire? Is there a weathercock top of a spire? Is there a farm with ducks by the mire? Is that what I'd find at Solomon's

Solomon's Tump in Gloucestershire?

I climbed up stiffly on top of the stump, I peered through a glass at Solomon's Tump.

(The will may be eager but limbs may tire

Even on roads in Gloucestershire.)

"I can't see a parson, I can't see a

I can just hear the quacking of ducks by the mire;

I can see the weathercock spin on the spire,

He's as bright as the brass that gleams by the fire,

He's the merriest cock in the whole of the shire "-

That's my tale of Solomon's Tump,

Solomon's Tump in Gloucestershire.

Commercial Candour.

"THE FASTEST COOKING KNOWN. With a quart bottle of -- under your arm you are as near Paradise as any mortal can wish for."

Provincial Paper.

From a football club report:— "Dr. -- for another season has given invaluable aid to injured players, for which the club tenders him most grateful thanks. May we see him oftener on the ground."

This might have been more fortunately expressed.

"The -- family is well known in by reason of its five generations' association with the commercial life of the city, the bugle beads, pearls and diamanté over a pink head of an old established firm of printers and publishers."—Provincial Paper.

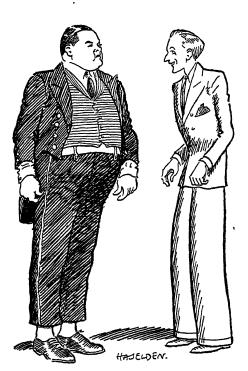
Evidently the head was not only bald but bejewelled.

AT THE PLAY.

"OH, KAY!" (HIS MAJESTY'S). MISS GERTIE LAWRENCE had a great personal triumph in this boot-



THE DISAPPEARING DUKE.



BOOTLEGGERS IN MUFTI.

"Shorty" McGee Mr. John Kirby. Jimmy Winter MR. HAROLD FRENCH.

legging and hi-jacking comic romance, and need not take too seriously the disgruntled "voice" from the pit. Its owner had probably sat for thirty-six hours in the queue and was on the verge of nervous breakdown. "Oh, Kay!" is probably the least little bit too American for our tastes, and such interest as we have in the Volstead Act has been already sufficiently exploited. But it will serve.

The income-tax collectors having left the Duke of Datchet (Mr. CLAUDE HULBERT) nothing but his yacht and his motor-launch, he is making an honest penny by running rum on the Long Island coast, with the help of his adorable sister, Kay (Miss Gertie Law-RENCE), and a genial retainer or friend (we couldn't quite make out which), "Shorty" McGee (Mr. John Kirby), using the deserted house of Jimmy Winter (Mr. HAROLD FRENCH) as his headquarters. The presence of two-andthirty charming housemaids or helps warns us that Jimmy is coming into residence. He is bringing his bride; but there is some technical flaw in the marriage, so that he can finally pair off with the mermaid (Kay), who had once saved him from drowning. The bogus revenue officer and authentic hi-jacker, Jansen (Mr. Percy Parsons), drifts in and out, uttering threats from the corner of a twisted mouth, and is duly foiled by The Duke of Datchet . Mr. CLAUDE HULBERT. | the resourceful Shorty. And so forth.

One perhaps expected a fuller supply of bright nonsense from Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, who has assisted Mr. Guy Bolton with the book. There are a few things, like "What is a Poltergeist?" "Oh, practically any geist that polters," that have the expected flavour; but one was rather shocked to find SAKI's admirable, "She was a good cook as cooks go and as cooks go she went," shamelessly interpolated and, because it isn't in the mood of the piece, standing out forlorn and unap-

preciated.

Miss Gertie Lawrence's attractive personality dominates the show. What a versatile comédienne—mimic; droll; romantic; graceful dancer! Mr. John Kirby made an admirable partner and foil. His quiet method pleases the perceptive, and he (literally) throws his weight about with excellent comic effect. Mr. CLAUDE HULBERT has little scope, but offers us a pleasant-enough idiot-duke with some effective and diverting gymnastics thrown in. Mr. HAROLD FRENCH'S Jimmy was adroit enough, but wasn't he too conscientiously nasal

in his singing? Nobedy else but Mr. Percy Parsons (Jansen) troubled to pretend we were on Long Island rather than the Isle of Wight. The Dodge Sisters, as theindistinguishable Ruxton twins, played with spirit, danced with graceful ease and postured in their fan dance with an incredible snakelike suppleness. The charming bevy of pretty and lively ladies of the Chorus held up the high standards of the new dance comedy. Mr. George Gershwin's music was tuneful without haunting the memory, and had besides the negative virtues, not to be despised, of avoiding ultra-syncopation and that exasperating trick of "plugging" which has lately seemed indispensable.

I suppose one must confess that there was a slight air of disappointment abroad—but none, I am sure, with Miss Gertie Lawrence. Since sprightly American entrepreneurs organised floral tributes as part of the publicity business a few years ago, we are less im-

pressed than we were wont to be by the banks of flowers from behind which our modern stars peep shyly for their final rounds of applause. But there was certainly no lack of enthusiasm in the welcome to a returned favourite. T.

In Ireland To-day.

"Girls who fifty years ago would probably have been domestic servants are now undergraduates."

Weekly Paper.

It's never too late to mend.

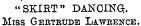
"Permanent Boy, about 16, Wanted, with some knowledge of gardening." Local Paper.

This might provide a suitable opening for *Peter Pan*.

"When she first came here she kept a little pony and trap and she used to say that motors had driven her off the road. She was never tired of running down motorcars."

Evening Paper.
A convinced homeopathist.







THE TWIN PRESENTMENT OF TWO SISTERS.
MISS BETH OR MISS BETTY DODGE; AND MISS BETTY OR MISS BETH DODGE.

"Apparently there had been on the glove a tab with a name or laundry mark, but this seems to have been bitten out."—Daily Paper. Our laundry has teeth like that.

"FLANNELS FOR THE MOORS."

Headline in Daily Paper.

After Hamlet in plus-fours, Othello in flannels.

VARIATIONS ON AN OLD THEME.

"EDWARD THE CONFESSOR Slept under the dresser; When that began to pall He slept in the hall."

ETHELRED THE UNREADY He slept in a beddie, But kept his Lord-in-Waiting Under a grating.

HENRY THE FOWLER Snoozed in a growler, And grew very waxy When they thought of a taxi.

CATHERINE THE GREAT Slept in a soup-plate, And three maids of Russia Would dry her and brush her.

CHARLES THE PRETENDER Loved to sleep on a fender, But first drank some Mocha Stirred round with the poker.

MARY THE BLOODY Always slept in the study, And kept an old witch in A bed in the kitchen.

WILLIAM OF RUFUS
He slept on some loofahs,
In boiling hot water
Beside his smalldaughter.

VICTORIA THE GOOD Slept under a hood, When raindrops came through She slept in a pew.

Meg of Anjou
Was too good to be
true,
She slept in her crown
On a pink eiderdown.

Stunting the Stunt.

"25s. A WEEK FOR LIFE.

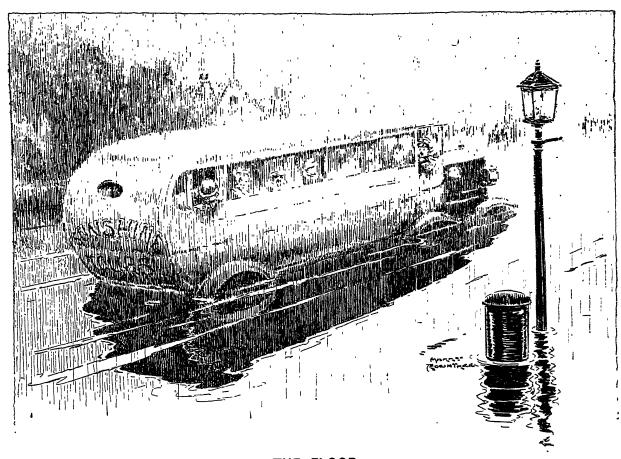
A novel picture puzzle competition is another attractive feature, with £5 a week for life as the first prize."—Sunday Paper.

"SUN-RAYED PIT BOYS' GROWTH.

Following a fortnight's holiday in Switzerland, five pit boys, aged 14 to 17, from Sherwood Colliery, Notts, have gained in one case 17½ lb. in weight, and in the others from 2lb. to 8lb. Their chest measurements,

height, and leg expansion also increased considerably."—Liverpool Paper.

We hope nobody has been pulling their less.



THE FLOOD.

She. "Driver, when are we going to move out of this?" He. "Dunno, lady; the dove ain't come back yet."

HEART-BEATS.

(From the works of Miss Flavia Flabbe.)

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Two years ago? It seems like yesterday.
I had been married three full years then.
Three years? Ah, me, it seemed like ten.
I was young. You were young. It was May.

"Just a day in the country," you said with your casual laugh.

I stood by and watched you buying the tickets. How my cheek burns!

You did not hear my whispered "Why returns?"

It never occurred to you that I might not want my return

Merrily I scampered o'er the fields. You watched with a

Yes, I could rollick though I was a wife.

I don't believe you ever knew the Joy of Life. It was a relief to you when it was time to go back to town.

"Would you like the window up or down?" you said in the train.

And all I wanted was balen for my aching heart.

There were other people in the carriage, but they would have got out once you made a start.

Instead you only said, "It looks as if it's going to rain."

"We must meet again," you said. It seemed you would never stop.

"Good-bye," you said, "good-bye." You did not see me choke.

And you went back to your West-End Club to laugh and smoke;

And I went back to Streatham to cook my husband's chop.

RED HAIR.

My hair is a flaming fire;

My eyes are two deep green pools;

Would that I could scorch you with the flame of my hair And

drown

you in the

twin

pools which

are

my eyes!

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK OF ABERDEEN.

ANOTHER thing that worries dogs is not knowing what kind of people are coming to stay. You see the maids preparing the rooms, but you don't know anything. Oh, dear! oh, dear! this not knowing—it is terribly wearing, and you are up against it all the time!

Some visitors, you see, dislike dogs, and then one has a perfectly rotten time, being kept away altogether or

practically confined to basket.

Some visitors bring dogs with them, and that perhaps is even worse, because visitors' dogs don't have to behave. They may beg at meals and sit under the table and bag the hearthrug after-

Nothing is more calculated to do harm to a dog's nature than, in forced exile in his beastly basket, to contemplate a visiting dog stretched out bang in front of the fire. If I growl at this or at the preferential treatment he receives in other ways, and in particular with regard to food, They reprove me and say I ought to remember that I am one of his hosts.

But that kind of bluff is no use with I have no nice feelings of that

sort.

I am the type of dog that should be the only dog in a house, and They ought to know it. If there are dogs that like to share their people's attentions with other dogs, let them; but don't ask such nonsense of me.

Reverting to the question of guests, sometimes of course one recognises names that one has heard before and knows whom to expect. But even then one can be bitterly deceived.

The other morning, for instance, I was outside one of the spare rooms as the maids were preparing it, and caught

the name of Horace.

"That's all right," I thought, because Horace isn't so bad. He's Her brother, and he lets me sit on his lap if I want to, and at meals he gives me little bits, as quite a lot of Their other guests aren't allowed to. I fancy that he's something rather special and They want to keep in with him. Rich,

probably.

On this particular morning I did my best to get into the car without being seen, to go to the station, but the stupid officious chauffeur spotted me and hauled me out. I was glad afterwards, because it wasn't the real Horace at all but a boy also named Horace, and his sister whom They called Birdie; and. if I had been in the car with them, they

I dislike children intensely.

don't understand what dogs want; they pat them all the time and talk a kind of imbecile talk to them; andwhich is unpardonable—they make no difference between one breed and another. Fancy throwing a stick into the pond for me to bring out, as though I were one of those servile spaniels! This boy did that for a whole hour after lunch. And he called me "Doggie" too.

As for his sister, the Birdie creature, she was intolerable in her wish to hug me as though I were a doll. Really!

Fortunately they didn't stay long. If they had done I could not have failed to administer a careful bite and settle it; but that might have settled me too, for I shall never forget the anxious hours I spent after nipping the Curate's ankle. No self-respecting dog could have done less, for he gave me a most painful kick for no reason at all, except that he dislikes dogs and (I was younger then) I had torn one of his gloves to pieces.

Naturally I responded.

Nothing but the security of my hold on the affections of the family saved me. The Curate insisted on my being sent away; "despatched" was the unpleasantly ambiguous word he employed; and only the special pleading of my mistress obtained a reprieve. Anxious times, I can assure you.

But the anxiety that follows a real bout of naughtiness (as they call it) is comparatively nothing: it is part of the game. The real gnawing anxiety is that which we feel when They both go away and we know nothing. It all, as I have said before, comes back to this, that we know nothing. We may be told, but we can't understand. And there we sit listening for Their footsteps, hour after hour, sometimes thinking we hear them and leaping up, and then finding it was another false alarm, and sinking into hopelessness again.

"Look at that little Aberdeen," a passer-by may say; "I'll bet he's up to some mischief or other." Deluded creature! Mischief! Our dejected minds are filled by one question: "When will They come back again?" and by one dread: "Is it possible that They may have gone for ever?" No wonder when They are with us we keep so close to Their heels that our tenacity has actually prompted the verb "to dog."

(The End.) E. V. L.

Our Helpful Press.

"World May Starve to Death When there is not enough food to go round '
Headlines in Sunday Paper.

"Blyth (Northumberland) Corporation have would have pawed me about all the refused to grant 'bus drivers' licences to two way back. They | The spoil-sports!

BALLADS FOR BROADBROWS.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

I Do not lie awake till morn, As these professors do, And wonder whether Man was born At Eden or the Zoo. Did Man begin like you and me, Or climbing round the family tree?

A Gugnunc, or a Chimpanzee? Well, I confess I 'm neutral. I don't seem to care What my ancestors were-

It don't seem to matter to me.

Perhaps they had tails, And perhaps they were snails, Or something washed up by the sea; Perhaps the professors are right when

they claim That Man is a monkey grown more or less tame,

But whatever they settle my rent is the

So it don't seem to matter to me.

The learned men grow more and more Excitable and wan Enquiring what the world is for And how it all goes on. Is Life a little, or a lot? Is Space a substance, or a spot? Am I an accident, or what? Well, I confess I'm neutral.

I don't seem to care What my origins were-Well, it don't seem to matter to me. The reason we're here Isn't perfectly clear,

But we're here for some time, I can see. And Science in many things may be behind-

The improvement of beer is the one in my mind;

But—did the poor monkey descend from Mankind?

Well, it don't seem to matter to me.

I get no kick, I know not why, When men explain to me There may be worlds beyond the sky Which I shall never see. Six hundred million miles away There may, or not, be life, they say; It may be gravel soil, or clay; And I confess I'm neutral.

Are there people in Mars? Have they oysters and bars? Well, it don't seem to matter to me. . For better for worse I've took THIS Universe, And the others can frizzle, for me. I eat a good dinner, I earn a good pay, I've a bob on a greyhound, I've chickens that lay,

And I'm taking my Jane to the pictures to-day,

So it don't seem to matter to me.

A. P. H.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

LII.-SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO.

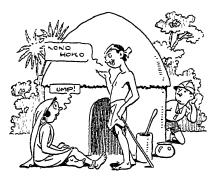
ONE wing at birth was given him for a start, The other he designed—a work of Art; By both exalted into regions where Only the best of dramatists may fare, Toward the Olympian firmament he sped And struck it with sublime, if hairless, head.



HE SEARCHED THROUGH ALL THE DICTIONARIES—



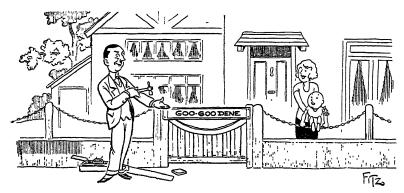
SPENT HOURS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM LOOKING FOR IT-



EVEN TRAVELLED TO FOREIGN



ONLY ON ARRIVING HOME HE FOUND IT-



AN UNUSED NAME FOR HIS NEW SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

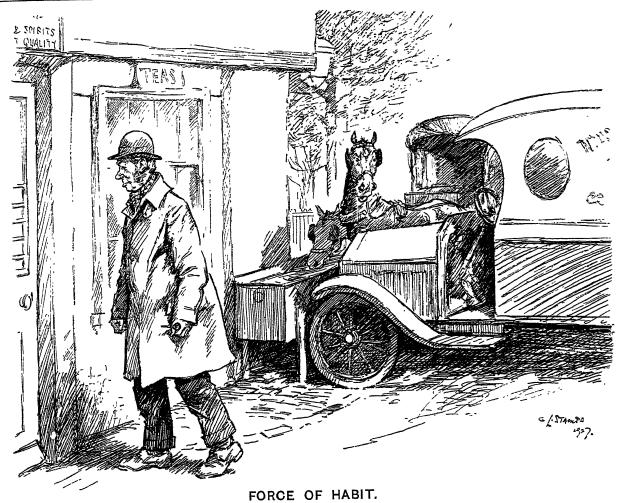
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

LEISURE, to the Victorians, meant time for the jobs you wanted to do; and few Victorians wanted to do more things with more intensity than the first women students of the older universities. One of these, leaving Oxford in 1888 with a brilliant First in Modern History, was sent to stay with diplomatic relations at Bucharest "to get rid of her Oxfordy manner." So far from acquiring the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, she lavished unasked-for opinions, even snubs, on distinguished foreign statesmen; and thus laid the humble and probably not over-popular foundations of a career of unique political influence. The Letters of Gertrude Bell (Benn) portray at great length and with no literary airs one of the completest Englishwomen of her times. In her early thirties their writer was equally prepared to climb the face of the Finsteraarhorn or take a mothers' meeting, in her late fifties she was sitting at the right hand of King FAISAL, as the most influential woman in Arabia. Her own account of her ten years' work as Oriental Secretary to Sir Percy Cox and Sir Henry Dobbs is amplified and explained in articles by both Commissioners. Miss Bell herself was convinced that "no country in the world can work a mandate"; but she was wholly in favour of the sovereignty of King Faisat and the British alliance. "I'm happy in helping to forward what I profoundly believe to be the best thing for this country and the wish of the best of its people." She died in the middle of a Bagdad summer, toiling as Hon. Director of Archæology over the organisation of the Iraq museum. Her stepmother, Lady Bell, to whom many of the letters are addressed, has edited what is almost wholly a family correspondence.

I understand there is no copyright in titles, yet the

transference of the name of one work to the title-page of another will always be fraught with danger for the newcomer. Most people can recall instances—Ben Jonson's and Stevenson's Underwoods, for example—where the cuckoo successfully ousted the original bird. But I do not think The Bride's Prelude (COLLINS) is likely to be one of them, and the glamorous name of Rosserri's old poem sits oddly enough on the wholesome vivacity of Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK's new novel. The wholesomeness of the novel is however worth stressing, because Mrs. Sidgwick deals up to a point with exactly the same morbid theme as ROSSETTI. Her narrative is never enervating; and this I attribute to its writer's straightforward attitude and the particular circumstances of her heroine. Cressida Gilfoy, only child of a widowed father, finds herself, on the eve of marriage, without any fixed views on conduct. Her father and aunt have the sagacity and worth of two well-bred old dogs, and about as much initiative. Her own set, picked up at school and round the county, is the pink of youthful raffishness. Apart from either stands Tim Hendra, her sailor fiancé. But Hendra is absent until the day before the wedding, and meanwhile here is Colin St. Just fishing in any waters that offer scope for his sensuality and ambition. Cressida yields to the one and is betrayed by the other. As St. Just refuses to marry her, she carries out her original contract. The thrills of her story are provided by a second pair of evildoers whose deliberate villainy is screened by Cressida's lapse; but its poignancy I attribute to the soul-searchings of the girl herself and the delicatelystudied history of her relations with her father.

Young Phillip Legrand and Henry his cousin, Are bank-clerks in Chetwynd's, E.C.; Henry's a wrong 'un who gambles and "does in" A lot of the bank's £ s. d.



THE MOTOR-VAN MAN WHO USED TO DRIVE A HORSE.

Henry's been ordered, on business, to sail To New York; and to give him a chance To sail somewhere else-where a warrant would fail, Phillip hides himself somewhere in France.

Thus Phillip, of course, falls under suspicion; The bank, for the sake of its name, Does not prosecute; Henry proceeds on his mission And lets *Phillip* in for the blame; The tale, and a tall one it is you'll allow, Tells how Phillip gets out of the mess With the help of a highly attractive Miss Howe, Whom he thereupon weds—as you'll guess.

This book, The Decoy (yes, Collins consigned it), Appears unconvincing enough, Yet I fancy that plenty of people may find it Of not unenjoyable stuff; The writing—there's plenty of movement thereto— Has been J. D. Beresford's task,

And whatever his characters have to go through Their propriety's all that I'd ask.

Captain John Smith, of whom Mr. Keble Chatterton is the latest biographer (LANE), is a notable victim of that kind of irony of fame which allows a great reputation to be obscured in the popular mind by some trivial and often apocryphal incident of the "tuppence coloured" sort. For one person who knows of John Smith as a wise and far-

seeing administrator, an intrepid pioneer and one of the earliest writers on the science of navigation, there are probably ninety-nine who have a vague idea that he was a swashbuckling adventurer who had a love affair with an Indian princess; and Mr. Chatterton, by his eagerness to champion his hero's veracity as regards certain romantic passages in his early career, quite unintentionally lends himself to some extent to the perpetuation of that false impression. After all, it matters very little whether SMITH really did cut off three Turks' heads in single combat or not, nor are Mr. Chatterton's arguments in support of the legend particularly conclusive. He has, however, in the story of the Virginia venture a wealth of material romantic enough to appease the most exacting; and for this-including the Pocahontas episode-there is ample historical warranty. The tale, couched as it is very largely in the terse and vivid prose of contemporary narrators, is well worth the re-telling and the re-reading.

When a novel is called Folly's Handbook (CAPE) and has for its setting the higher altitudes of contemporary Bohemia, the expert reader will look for a story of cocktail parties and jazz. But for once he will be disappointed. Though Lady Loader decorates her boudoir in black and orange, and Jessie Forrester smokes cigarettes through a long green holder and proclaims herself a lowbrow, it is really a serious little company which Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton has gathered together. Her book, in fact, is a study in serious-

Chandos at war with the seriousness of Rachel's ambition to succeed as an opera-singer. For Mrs. Hamilton has reversed the traditional valuation. Love is Mark's whole existence; but for Rachel it plays a poor second to her career. She cares for Mark, but she cares much more for applause and the box-office. The singer, so simple to herself and so enigmatic to others, with her beauty of voice and face, her singleness of purpose and limitations of feeling, is a well-drawn character; and she has an excellent foil in Jessie Forrester, who, for all her hard worldliness and well-advertised modernism, is capable of a tendresse quite beyond Rachel's compass. Mark does not stand out nearly so clearly, and indeed all the men are a little shadowy. Mrs. Hamilton has not the gift of listening (imaginatively) at key-holes, for she can never have overheard such solemn self-revelations passing between two young men as she makes take place in the chambers which Mark shares with his friend Desmond O'Callaghan. Nevertheless Folly's "can please neither the few conventional nor the many Handbook, if its tone belies its title, is a conscientious who are orthodoxly otherwise." Being, I must assume, un-

and interesting piece of work.

There is something unpleasant in the idea of a man's being possessed by the spirit of his father even to the extent of forgetting his own sweetheart for the sake of a woman whom the dead man has loved, yet Miss Maud DIVER makes good use of it in But Yesterday-(Mur-RAY). The three people who, at the command of that redoubtable dowager, Lady Arden. set out to write a "Life" of her distinguished son, Sir Henry, all experience psychic phenomena,

which warn them to respect his expressed wish and leave the live with them. For a time the placid Bertha fails to see matter alone. as well, for he finds a packet of old letters which lead him to the woman who has been his father's love for thirty years in a relationship far too delicately lovely to be exposed to the misconstructions of a cynical world. Anne Verity is a very rare woman, and her influence on Clive, which seems Lady Arden's death, coming at the right moment, allows them to leave the "Life" unwritten, and Clive and Anne to collaborate in editing "two volumes of his letters, with notes," to which apparently Sir Henry will raise no objection. Miss Diver's characters are generally of one class and kind—a good class and a pleasant kind—and rather more types than individuals; but there are two exceptions here—the nice girl whom Clive is to marry, and Anne Verity, who, under a rather improbable pseudonym, is a great composer, and almost seems as though she might be.

some serious message and is wont perhaps to be a little handicapped by his sincerities, offers us, in Cock-a-doodle (Duckwortн), a modern fairy-tale with the sound moral that money and respectability and success are not as important

ness, the seriousness of Mark Ireton's passion for Rachel inevitably joins the ranks of the unemployed, a poet and a jolly bad one, as our author is not concerned to deny. To him a fairy, Dolores, attaches herself, now visible, now merely a voice, prompts his indifferent rhymes, rescues him from a mean and grasping wife and generally lights his way, eases the burden of his poverty and his sensitive temperament, even provides money at a crisis, but not more than enough for his rough necessities, with something over to be given to his more unfortunate friends. book. Yet I think our author may fall between two stools. Cock-a-doodle is a little too naïve for the sophisticated elder, and, on the other hand, too squalid and unromantic for the unspoilt young. Rosey, the young woman of the boardinghouse who forcibly married our Octavius, is, I hope and believe, much too bad to be true.

> In dedicating Lost Kinellan (Heinemann) to her sister. Miss Agnes Mure Mackenzie describes it as a book that

orthodoxly otherwise, I have greatly enjoyed it. Lost Kinellan is a tragic story, but tragic in the right way; the tone of it is set in its opening pages. The scene of action is, indeed, enough in itself. There is no reason, I suppose, why a man and his wife should not live happily together in a weather-beaten old house above the "iron coast of Kincardine"; but the expert novelreader would be disappointed if they did. Perhaps Gilbert and Bertha Keith would havemanaged it if Anne Ogilvie had not come to



Lady. "And who are the teams?" Goalkeeper. "BELTS AGAINST BRACES, MUM."

His son Clive has a more material warning that Anne has supplanted her, and it is left to the village schoolmistress to open her eyes. Thereupon she taxes Gilbert with his infidelity, and in a moment of sudden anger he pushes her away from him. If they had lived at Surbiton it would not have mattered; on a cliff above a rock-strewn shore it was fatal. I hope that Miss Macto threaten danger, creates happiness for them both. Old KENZIE's dedicatory misgivings will not lead the public to think that this is a queer book for queer people. I would rather describe it as a book which will please everyone who likes a good story beautifully told.

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE, to put it very mildly, gives us ample opportunity to become acquainted with his work, but if he can continue to be as thrilling and surprising as he is in The Squeaker (Hodder and Stoughton) there is no fear that the supply will exceed the demand. I consider myself, after an almost intensive training in the school of sensational fiction, a reader none too easy to bamboozle. Mr. C. E. Lawrence, who always makes his books bear But, although I had no sooner met Frank Sutton, the man with the hearty laugh, than I recognised him as the rogue he turned out to be, I confess that I reached the 312th page (which is also the last) without guessing the identity of John Leslie. As a small return for many favours I beg as we think them. The queer little plain clerk, Octavius Mr. Wallace to look at page 110 of his excellent story and Jones, is in his spare time, which is all his time when he to allow me to introduce him to the word "napkin."

CHARIVARIA.

IT was so cold last week that everybody thought that summer had come back.

The Army Order forbidding dogs to accompany troops on parade is believed to be a sequel to a recent inspection, when a dog jumped up and licked the General's hand. The dog ought to have known that only Colonels are allowed to do that.

Nothing is more significant of the changed spirit in Germany than the fact that an old lady has presented President von Hindenburg with a night-cap of rose-coloured crêpe-dechine.

As an outcome of Signor Mussolini's Atlantic or he isn't.

encouragement of the Fine Artsit is rumoured that a group of Fascist artists are about to hold an exhibition of castoroil paintings.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR relates that he crossed the Atlantic on the same boat as Bob Fitz-SIMMONS, but never spoke to him. It is to the great pugilist's credit that he didn't allow this to shake his self-confidence.

Lady Farren, who has been prominent in organising the destruction of caterpillars in

Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, has expressed a wish to stress the point that no cruelty of any kind is involved in the process. On this understanding the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Caterpillars has decided to take no action.

The spell of fine weather that occurred in May and June is described as a slice of luck for pheasants. Otherwise many young birds might not have had the good fortune to face the guns.

Not only is another fight between Tunney and Dempsey next year said to be a certainty, but there is a strong feeling in favour of making it an annual event.

On reading that a new plunging record has been set up at the Aldershot Army baths, we are reminded that our old sergeant-major was pretty good at going off the deep-end.

According to a medical authority married women are longer-lived than to prevent a man from using bad spinsters because, generally speaking, the more robust girls have better matrimonial chances. In the struggle for husbands strength tells.

Brewers are complaining that greyhound-racing is spoiling their business. They should get somebody to invent an electric thirst.

Lord Birkenhead's failure to win a scholarship at Harrow, which he records in his latest book, is regarded as a notable addition to the annals of the famous school with which his name is thus associated. ***

We understand from the Press that Mr. LEVINE is either going to fly the

"THESE SEAWEED BAROMETERS ARE VERY USEFUL. IT FEELS DAMP. THAT MEANS RAIN.

A lady writer confesses that she is an electric sausage has fallen through. not blind to the fact that some modern girls have let their new freedom go to their heads. This is very evident when their own hind-legs. they remove their hats.

A correspondent of a daily paper wonders how many people can say that their fathers were at the Battle of Waterloo. We fancy there are very few who have been asked, "What did you do in the Napoleonic Wars, Daddy?" * *

Twice in the chess match between CAPABLANCA and ALEKHINE, the Russian took forty-five minutes over one move. The spectators are to be commended for refraining from barracking.

According to an official of the Kennel Club, Alsatians have slumped in popularity. So much so, in fact, that people positively object to being bitten by them now.

In pointing out that there is no law language in his own home a London magistrate has drawn attention to one of the British householder's few remaining liberties.

In spite of heavy rains and floods there is a great demand for bungalows on the Thames. We understand that keels have been laid down for several this month.

A thief who broke into an Eastbourne residence while the family were at dinner is said to have escaped, leaving behind him nothing to aid the police. This rather suggests that the fellow must have run out of visiting-cards.

In a new system of teaching pianoforte-playing the beginner does not

touch the instrument at all. We wish the idea every success.

A pearl necklace lost in London has been found by an errandboy. This disproves the theory that errandboys run so fast that the ground seems just a blur to them.

The latest loudspeakers don't look like loud-speakers. The only trouble is that they still sound like them.

We hear that a German scheme to have dachshund-racing with

It was feared that at full stretch on a circular course the dogs might overlap

"Motorists seem to have the idea that pedestrians have to give way to them, says a Judge. They don't have to, but when a motor-car is chasing you it is a good time to waive your rights.

Our idea of perpetual commotion is what occurs when an insurance agent and a book-canvasser try to do business with each other.

An advertiser offers a suit that you can't wear out. That's nothing new. We've got several we can only wear at

A Colonial Office report discloses the failure of the turtle harvest at Ascension Island. These are anxious times in the City.

PSYCHIC AVIATION.

I should like to suggest to Mr. COCHEAN for the autumn of 1927—if there be any vacant place in his Albert the display might be held at Olympia after the Motor Show.

At the Third International Congress of Psychical Research, which recently met in Paris, the case was cited (so I read) of a young German schoolmaster who from time to time, whilst engaged in his daily breathing exercises, leaves the ground and floats lightly round the room like the seraphim. Our authority is Dr. von Schrenck-Notzing, of Munich, who personally observed the performance during a period of six weeks. The modern German psychologist shrenks

at notzing, you may say.

It seems to me that there ought to be English schoolmasters, or at any rate Englishmen, capable of holding their own with the Germans in this difficult but not impossible feat. Taking the history of the world as a whole, cases of levitation have been far from rare, and I need scarcely mention that in front of the Emperor Nero, stalled, crashed to the ground, and was killed, bespattering the EMPEROR's robe with blood. Ancient and mediæval records in fact are full of well-authenticated instances in which ladies or gentlemen have lifted themselves bodily into the air, usually on account of extreme piety or the reverse. But even during the dark ages of Victorian materialism the thing was done.

In July 1871, to take a case, a certain Mr. Home went into a trance, and in that state was carried out of the window of his own room and brought in through the window of the next. The distance between the windows was about seven feet six inches, and there was not the slightest foothold between them. There were three witnesses, two of them peers, who heard the window in the next room lifted up, and almost immediately after saw Mr. Home floating in air outside. There seems to be no pos-

sibility of a mistake.

WILLIAM STAINTON Moses also levitated in 1872, in the presence of reli-

able witnesses.

"I was carried up," he solemnly avers. "and when I became stationary I made not shop or pay calls in an aeroplane. a mark on the wall opposite my chest. This mark is, as near as may be, six feet from the floor. . . . From the position of the mark on the wall it is clear that my head must have been close to the ceiling.

From this it will be gathered that fifty years ago, at any rate, however much

art. At the present moment, however, if we are to trust the Psychical Research Congress, we have no entrants in this Hall programme—a Public Levitation field. The levitators of England, if any, Contest. Or, if not at the Albert Hall, must look to their laurels. It is all field. The levitators of England, if any, very well to win the Schneider Cup in Italy, but door-to-door flying at home is greatly in need of an encouraging boost. Mere pace is not everything in this matter of waffling around in the lower

strata of the atmosphere.

The fact that Dr. Schrenck-Notzing's levitator practises the daily flutter during his morning period of deep-breathing exercises gives me some hope that he may find rivals or even superiors in English schools, where physical drill is now a recognised part of the curriculum. My own private experiments in my own bathroom have, I regret to say, been so far unsatisfactory. Indeed, during an attempt to levitate from the "On the Knees -Bend" position a few days ago, I not only failed to float up to the ceiling but actually toppled backwards on the floor, striking one elbow a sharp blow against the base of the bath. But I do not despair. My failure was probably due Simon Magus, in giving a performance to not plunging deeply enough into the contemplative state of mind in which the young German schoolmaster carries out his manœuvres. Or I may not have taken in enough wind.

However this may be, I have not the slightest doubt that we have potential levitators in our midst who can and will rise if they only give their full minds to it. And I would call attention to the immense benefit which would be conferred on the individual at any rate, if not on the community at large, by developing this spiritual power.

For the short man who cannot get a good view of his greyhound, for the flat dweller who finds that the lift is stuck, for the pedestrian desirous of crossing the busy areas of metropolitan traffic, for the lover, the cat burglar, the fruit-picker, for the deputation which is denied an audience, for the orator who is embroiled in a dispute, there can be no happier or more useful exercise. We have concentrated our attention too much and too long, in my opinion, on merely mechanical flying, with its attendant inconveniences—the difficult rise, the impossibility of stopping, the laborious descent. You can-

It seems to me therefore a happyomen for the future that side by side with mechanical progress in defying the force of gravity mankind is rediscovering the great psychic art of bobbing about in mid-air.

But there must be public performances. There must be a newspaper crusade. We Victorian scepticism may have at are still a reticent self-conscious folk, and

tempted to hush the matter up, our native | it will be impossible to overcome the ortalent was engaged in this important | dinary Englishman's reluctance to levitate in public until the fashion is set by Society, or at any rate until there is an offer of a large reward. Too many of these modern miracles occur behind locked doors. A really big Levitation Contest, open to all weights and ages and to either sex, held under the auspices of the Psychical Research Society or some similar professional body, would stimulate the necessary enthusiasm. There could be no finer national sport.

Twenty-five seconds is the recorded limit of the young German schoolmaster's flight from the floor, and it is said that, owing to relaxing the intensity of his contemplation, he has sometimes been obliged to make a forced landing, on what part of his anatomy I do not precisely know. But, whatever the pain involved, we ought to beat this record, and I believe we shall. Evoz.

THE PASSING OF MURPHY

(Orang Outang).

WHEN Murphy kicked the bucket There were moanings loud and deep; The children said what luck it

Was and started in to weep; In vain we showed them many A creature small and big,

They were not taking any

When Murphy hopped the twig. His lineaments were frightful And his countenance was sour,

But still he seemed delightful As they watched him by the hour; To see him scratch when scurfy,

To see him yawn when bored-These were the charms of Murphy, And yet he was adored.

Rarely the little gapers Would be privileged to see Him crown his head in papers With a kind of surly glee,

Then backwards through the doorway Fall with a heavy toss-

Till he got in a poor way; And now they mourn his loss.

Yet frankly let us own up, Tho' he thrilled the childish mind, To many a sober grown-up

He was sadly unrefined; And by some social blunder They were too often vexed And stirred to gloomy wonder Of what he'd be at next.

And, children, there are gibbons; There are chimpanzees and such Who'll tear your hats to ribbons And amuse you very much: So, for this weeping, chuck it;

These tears are infra dig., Murphy has kicked the bucket. Murphy has hopped the twig.

DUM-DUM.



SAFETY FIRST.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS. "I WANT SOMETHING VERY POWERFUL."

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. "THE POWER OF THIS CAR, MADAM, IS ADEQUATE; BUT ITS CHIEF FEATURE IS THE EFFICIENCY OF ITS BRAKES—MY OWN DESIGN."



OUR MILITARY TREASURE-HUNT.

His name was Vereward and he was, for some reason or another, attached to our battalion for a month. Actually he was a second-lieutenant in a regiment which is frightfully smart and frightfully exclusive. The entrance-fee alone is over two hundred pounds, and all the officers' servants have batmen, while the subalterns have their silk handkerchiefs specially cut for them in Savile Row.

Luckily he was young, so Captain Bayonet and Lieutenant James took him in hand; for we don't allow blue blood in our Mess. We pride ourselves on the fact that, while not of course common, we are homely. We call each other by excessively vulgar nicknames and grab across the table for the marmalade; and when we feel enthusiastic we are Museum.

At the end of a week some of Second-Lieutenant Vereward's high tones had become a little dulled. He was slowly like Rugby and Uppingham.

All this was of course largely due to Treasure Hunt on approved Mayfair Bayonet and James. Captain Bayonet had quite early on informed Vereward with every appearance of truth that, though he had quite often heard of Grammar School, and as a proof had shown him, hung over the mantelpiece in his quarters, what he called his "dear old school cap," an affair of bright circular strata, like a rainbow ice, borrowed for the cccasion from Private Barrel's eldest boy. other hand, had insisted each afternoon, James, on the with well-simulated indignation, that know, is that all competitors are given since its inception, and registered at Haberdashers Hall, one copy being deposited with the Victoria and Albert

As a result of this, Second-Lieutenant Vereward improved, and by the end of losing what has been so aptly called ing. He in return taught us how the accepts a subsequent offer from Mr. a glass of draught-beer without blush- military sports. Of course, if the winner Smart Set amuses itself. That is to C. B. Cochran to turn professional, had been to almost unheard-of schools unit he took a hand in our regimental say, the day before he returned to his that is another matter.

lines. This innovation was rendered necessary by the fact that we had inadvertently set up our obstacle course Eton, he himself came from Muchfold since about three hundred men had been practising on it all that evening, it was fit for nothing next day, so the event had to be scratched. Vereward's Treasure Hunt was inserted instead, and was a great success—up to a point; but I don't think the Army really understands Treasure Hunts.

the Old Etonian tie was a copy of that a written clue, suitably obscure, which, if followed correctly, leads them at varying intervals (represented by degrees of intelligence) to a place where the second clue is found. And so on to the end. The first man home receives an order on a shop for "Goods to the value of," the month we had taught him to order or other currency, must be given in

sports and helped us to organise a were eighty-two of them, which upset

us considerably, because we only had twelve copies of the clues. So they had to be weeded out, done tactfully by Sergeant-Major Magazine as under: "Fall in in two ranks! Number! From seven to the right, dismiss !"

The lucky dozen were presented with the first clue, and we then expected to see them dash off. They didn't. After half an hour the clue was recalled and a new and easier one issued. ward, with his memories of the Society of Bright Young Things, had evidently over-estimated the intelligence of the private soldier. What I mean is, there's a lot of difference between Lady Scintilla Sparklite and Private Butt.

At the end of ten more minutes Private O'Jector got up and sidled off knowingly. The eleven other comknowingly. petitors at once got up and hopefully followed him. They all shortly returned, saying that O'Jector had merely given up and was now asleep in his barrack-room. They then sat down and puzzled further, conferring freely among themselves. At this point Lieutenant James appeared on a bicycle, very hot and angry, asking in a loud voice if the Treasure Hunt was off, because he had been waiting at the miniature rifle range for nearly an hour to give out the second clue, and . . . The eleven competitors at once leapt up with triumphant cries. Hotly pursued, James just reached the range ahead of them in time to give out the papers.

The second clue was easy because it contained a reference to the canteen. The pack descended on the canteen, received a third clue from the orderly corporal, Corporal Foresight, and eight of them took up the further chase. The remainder, feeling that there were worse places to give up in than the canteen,

stayed behind.

This third clue brought the field to Captain and Quartermaster Ledger, whom the Adjutant had asked to help, sitting in his office with twelve slips of paper. He issued eight, insisted on the competitors signing for them in duplicate, and was left sitting there solemnly with the remaining four. In fact it was not till seven-thirty P.M. that the conscientious Captain Ledger sent up an orderly to the Adjutant to ask if the competition was still on or could his services now be dispensed with, please?

It was this fourth clue which caused the trouble. It read: "Go to where the Major works. An empty bottle must be sought." In the Senior Major's office Lieutenant Swordfrog was waiting, and round the room he had hidden several empty bottles, each containing the final clue. It was quite safe, because the hour each morning, from immediately and was put under close arrest.



Profiteer (to Head-keeper). "As it's wet to-day, Juggs, you'd better get them beaters an' drive the pheasants towards the 'ouse. Some o' my guests might LIKE TO 'AVE A POT AT 'EM FROM THE WINDOWS."

after his breakfast till just before his lunch.

But Lieutenant Swordfrog never saw the competitors at a'l. Indeed no one on the sports ground saw them again that day. Everyone had overlooked the fact that, while "Major" to an officer means "Major," to a private soldier it means "Sergeant-Major."

The incensed Regimental Sergeant-Major, having occasion to go to his office and finding eight excited privates searching it wildly from top to bottom for empty bottles, naturally assumed the worst and put them all under open arrest, with the exception of Private Rifle, who laid an unfortunate stress on Senior Major only uses his office for an | the word "empty" in his explanation,

And after next morning, when the Major, like a dweller on a rough seashore, kept finding every five minutes a bottle with a message in it, the very word "Treasure Hunt" was forbidden. Second-Lieutenant Vereward returned to his unit the following day.

Our Cautious Journalists.

"He hit a tremendous tee shot at the fifth to within 6ft. of the hole, and would almost certainly have got a 2 had he not had two putts for the hole."—Daily Payer.

"BETTY' INDISPOSED.

Miss Betty Nuthall is confined to bed at her Richmond home with a severe cold and a slight temperament."—Welsh Paper. We hope this isn't her match-winning

temperament.

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY. VIII.-Reducing.

Trix, darling, have you ever been to a Turkish Bath well don't, of course if you're reducing, but not unless you're don't go for voluptious pleasure that's all because my dear it's rather an erroneous entertainment, well recently darling I've had the fraction of a worry about my little figure, my dear nothing

ple when I bend, and nowadays if a girl can't jump through her garter she's gross, well of course I did all those unnatural exercises and breathing through the hips and everything, but really my dear what with the hair and the face-cream and the care of the hands it's as much as a girl can do to get to bed as it is and if she's going to spend half the night expanding the lungs as well, well when is a girl to put in a spot of beauty-sleep, so the exercises dwindled somewhat.

Well then there's this affected fruit business, my dear, Hermione eats nothing but raddishes and she's quite invisible but looks like a ghost and my dear I do think breakfast is one of the few things worth clinging to in this life, don't you, however I kept on noticing this ripple in the bath and that gave me the idea of this Turkish performance because somebody once told me that's the quickest thing ever and they say one of the Duchesses looked almost human after two.

Well I crawled in, all by myself, wasn't it heroic, but my dear quite petrified and feeling just like a human sacrifice approaching the altar, well my dear they take all your clothes away and give you the most

mortifying garment in thick white linen my dear like an abreviated shroud or the Fat Boy's nightgown, and wide enough for the widest Duchesses, so my dear you can imagine diary, Trix darling you know I'm not what your Topsy looked like, well the first place you go into is called the teppidairium or something, not very hot but quite hot enough, a sort of purgatory, my dear, where you prepare for the bath to come, so to speak, well I crept in my dear feeling like a dog that's done the wrong thing, and of course the sole soul in the place was the most redundant woman I know, the widow Wockley, my dear you know I can't bear to say an unkind thing but

like sea-weed and she has the most unseductive skin, well she was reading Beauty While You Wait and from what I can make out she takes a T.B. once a simply mountainous, and even then, but week, well she was all over me at once, you'd have thought we were sisters though really I've scarcely met the woman and never in shrouds, but my dear the confidences well I gather she wants to get married again or something, really, but there's just the teeniest rip- | never be forty again, anyhow she | pugnant lurking in a corner or sticking



Customer (buying eigars for buthday tresent). "I don't think my husband cares for those with paper bands HE ALWAYS TEARS THEM OFF."

plunged into the most embarrassing was the Wockley body laid out with the wail about "Men" and all her fatiguing others, I recognised it at once, well she affairs and things, my dear she might opened one eye at me and I was terified have been Helen of Troy dictating her prudish don't you but I do think there ought to be some sort of reticence in the most baneful we-girls-know-a-thing-or-two-don't-we style, my dear positively lcersome, and as if she wasn't a second older than me, well after a bit something told me I should be quite ill very soon and merely fled into one of the hot rooms.

Well, you go through a heavy curtain

unmagnetic, and my dear she looked like you in the face, my dear too detonating. Mrs. Caliban in the shroud and her hair I just crumpled up and sat down and my dear the seat was red-hot, if you could have seen me leap up to the roof, well really I thought I should burst into flames, but rather than go back to the Wockley woman I thought I'd cheerfully be insinerated, so I tottered about like a cat on hot bricks, and my dear have you ever been to the Aquarium because if you have you know if you look closely into one of those tanks you sensational I'm still the world's sylph though of course my dear she'll simply generally see something perfectly re-

to a rock and you can't think what it is, it's just a Thing, and personally I moved on to the next exhibit, well suddenly I realised that this room was full of Bodies, and my dear the most undecorative bodies, all pink and shiny with their eyes closed. and not a sound my dear, well if you can imagine a lot of enormous dead lobsters with white nighties on and very fat arms and my dear one of them was Lettice Loot, you know I do think there's a lot of nonsense talked about the beauty of the human form and everything, because really I do think that women are about the most hideous things there are don't you darling and that's why we have to be so careful about clothes, of course I think these artists are a lot to blame because my dear look at the lying pictures of women they do and really if anyone did a picture of a single corner in a Ladies' Turkish Bath well really I think that would be the finish of matrimony.

However, well then I took a peep into the second hot-room where there were only two dead lobsters, but my dear too squalid and the heat was blistering so I went back into the first room and my dear imagine my horror there

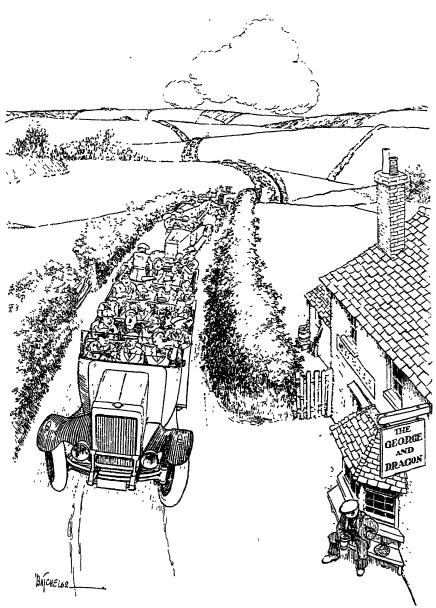
opened one eye at me and I was terified she'd plunge into her romances again so I escaped back into the teppidairium and read the Directions, well it said you pour teppid water over the head and teppidairium don't you, and all in the await the free outburst of perspiration, and my dear you should have seen your poor Topsy sitting all by herself in a fat child's nightie dripping teppid water and waiting and waiting for the free outburst and everything, but my dear so I got up in the middle of a sentence simply nothing took place, and I was petrified because I thought perhaps I was abnormal or cold-blooded or something degrading, well at last the Wockley really my dear she is quite definitely and the most awful blast of heat strikes came out looking yards thinner already,

my dear she'd practically disappeared, but not quite, unfortunately, well she said Have you sweated, dear, and that will show you what I mean about a Turkish Bath, because my dear Trix any place where a woman like the Wockley can come up to a girl and ask her in cold blood if she's sweated well there must be a defect in the whole institution. Well I said No I hadn't sweated but I was doing what a girl could, and she said You're in the wrong room, if you don't sweat you'll have pneumonia, so 1 said I'd rather have peritonitis than go back into that insanitary oven with the bodies in it. and she said Come and try the Russian Steam Bath then, well my dear by this time I'd have tried the Russian Steam Roller to get out of the place, so she took me into the most antaggonising cell and let off masses of Russian steam, my dear too alarming, but there was a capital free outburst and everything and I rushed out just before I was asphyxiated, well after that she began on her odious adventures again and my dear you know I don't blush gratuitously but I got hotter and hotter and very soon I said Thankyou Mrs. Wockley, your conversation's done the trick, and I walked off, my dear too crude, I know, but really!

Well before I could get to my clothes I was caught by an Amazon of a woman and laid flat on a marble slab, my dear like a salmon or a side of ham, and my dear she scrubbed me and scraped me and prodded me and slapped me, my dear too humbling, and then she put the soap in my eyes and stood me up and turned the hugest hose on me, my dear I-might have been a conflagration, well of course you know I'm not built for rough stuff and your ill-treated Topsy fell flat on her face, well then as if that wasn't enough she led me to the most barbarous cold plunge and said jump in Madam, well my dear only one thing created could have made me jump into cold water after all I'd been through and at that moment I heard behind me the leprous voice of the Wockley woman and rather than share the same element with the creature I dove into the frozen depths and stayed under water till she'd gone away, well after all this I lost four pounds but my dear I've had such an appetite ever since that I've put on six, so it's rather fallacious in the reducing line and perhaps it will have to be the raddishes after all, O dear, farewell, your un-A. P. H. fortunate Topsy.

"Cook Wanted; Milngavic; lady, gent. (kitchen kept)."—Scots Paper.

In our experience a cook, whether male or female, is lost without a kitchen.



Charabanc Driver. "Here's the 'George and Dragon.' I suppose we'll 'Ave to let the blighters pass now."

DR. LEW.

[Dr. TIMOTHY TINGFANG Lew, an eminent Chinese theologian, has recently occupied the pulpit at the City Temple.]

We welcome among us to-day
A most distinguished guest,
Who comes from far Cathay—
A preacher splendidly dressed,
With a hood of scarlet hue
And a skirt of peacock blue.

We cannot of course refuse
To honour his high uplift,
His very enlightened views,
On his great linguistic gift

Or his great linguistic gift, For besides his native Chinese He speaks seven tongues with ease.

But Punch is free to own, He is also charmed by a name Which is worthy of being blown
On the resonant trump of fame,
With those of Wellington Koo
And the Bishop of Rum-ti-Foo—
TIMOTHY TINGFANG LEW.

Another Ghost for Westminster Abbey.

From a school-girl's history-paper:—
"When Edward III. returned from Scotland he brought back with him the Spectre and the Stone of Destiny. They are both in Westminster Abbey to this day, and form part of the Coronation Chair."

"A WEATHER CHANGE.
CLOUDY AND UNSETTLED CONDITIONS.
(From our Weather Correspondent.)"
Daily Paper.

Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose.

THE PERIL OF PUBLICITY.

Blayre rubbed his hands in delighted anticipation as he surveyed the imposing pile of correspondence on his breakfasttable. A retiring person, leading a very secluded existence, the post as a rule brought him no more than one or two personal letters.

It was only the day before that a letter of his own had appeared in a wellknown journal, stating modestly that he was engaged on a biography of the late Professor Braines and would be grateful for the loan of any letters or other documents connected with that distinguished scientist. This prompt and overwhelming response far exceeded his highest expectations. It was really amazing.

He picked up the topmost envelope, opened it, and with some pardonable excitement extracted a single sheet covered on both sides by a very shaky handwriting.

HONOURED SIR (it began),-I was not acquainted with the late Professor Braines, but I believe that as a means of relaxation from his arduous labours he occasionally visited the theatre. Now, Sir, I once acted with HENRY IRVING, but since those days misfortune has constantly dogged my footsteps, Sir, and I am now absolutely destitute. Sir, I am confident I have only to appeal to you, a Patron of the Arts . . .

The next was also a begging-letter, as were the third and the fourth, and Blayre's hopes began to sink rapidly.

But the fifth was of quite a different

DEAR SIR,—Observing that you are interested in scientific matters, we venture to send you herewith a copy of our latest Catalogue of Jig-Saw Puzzles. Our prices, you will note, range from 2s. Od. to £4 4s. Od. We would specially draw your attention to the beautiful Death of Nelson on three-ply board in two-hundred-andforty-six pieces . . .

He hurled it angrily to the floor and tore open the next. It was a letter from a firm of wire-netting manufacturers. This was followed by thirteen beggingletters and seven communications extolling the merits of two kinds of vacuumcleaner, a trouser-press, a brand of sardines, a shaving-cream, a combined potato-peeler and onion-slicer, and a local picture-palace.

He clenched his teeth and plodded on. The twenty-seventh envelope looked more promising and he regarded it with reawakened interest. Somehow with reawakened interest. Somehow he had an intuition that this letter guineas."—Motor Paper.

was going to take an entirely fresh line. It did.

DEAR SIR,-I have to inform you that your water-supply will be cut off from 9 A.M. to 12 noon on Friday, the 23rd inst., owing to necessary repairs to the district main . . .

For a moment he gazed at it in bewildered alarm. Then with an uneasy laugh he realised that this was a digression from the main stream and quite unconnected with his published appeal.

The twenty-eighth he almost put on one side unopened because it looked so obviously a begging-letter. But on second thoughts he spread it out and conscientiously began to read:-

Dear Sir,—I possess an autograph letter from the late Professor Braines. I had occasion, some years ago, to write asking him to favour me with a small loan to tide me over a temporary embarrassment. In his reply he declined to do so, without stating a reason. This letter I am prepared to sell to you if we can come to satisfactory terms. Please let me know what pecuniary value you attach to it . . .

The next letter was from a very excited lady, telling him with offensive eloquence of the torrid punishments awaiting vivisectionists. Most of the others, which he perused with evergrowing despondency, were beggingletters, including one from a man who confidently claimed his help on the ground that his interest in a defunct scientist must surely make him sympathise with one whose late wife had been an artist's model in her youth.

At last only one letter remained. Its large square envelope bore an unmistakable appearance of dignified opulence. The address was neatly typed, and in the top left-hand corner were added in red the significant words-

The late Professor Braines.

Blayre opened it with care, almost with reverence. Above the letter itself was again typed in red—

The late Professor Braines.

He plunged eagerly into the opening

DEAR SIR,—In order to assist you in your valuable researches I am prepared to lend you from £10 to £10,000 on note of hand . . .

Attractions of the Tyrol. "WINTER SPORTS. — Few Vacancies in Castle, Austrian Tyrol. Excellent avalanche." Advt. in Daily Paper.

Our Generous Advertisers.

CELESTIAL EMBROIDERY.

IT is a Chinese marriage scroll, Nine feet long, as a fly walks, And three feet deep-A field of musings delicate and pleas-Hung on an English wall.

I sit before it and dream, I who am married.

The honourable owners bought it Of an old sea captain Retired from voyaging in the East. His beard sprang from his chin As straight as a flight of grey geese. He was often to be found In the private bar Of the "Vermilion Man and Three Delectable Raspberries."

It is a glory of crimson silk and gold thread;

Peacocks with eyes of glass march

Great symbols of the highest virtues, And in the centre is the noblest peacock of all,

In pride, his tail displayed. He looks like

The best man.

There was a best man even at my own unworthy wedding.

I do not know who made this scroll, I do not know the meaning of its writings,

But I guess that she made it, She, the Bride, The Garden of Inexhaustible Delights,

The Starshine through a Fountain, The Blossom against a Blue Sky, The Ecstasy of Tinkling Noises, She,

The Loveliest Little One.

She stitched it, Smiling and sighing, As the Day of Connubial Bliss approached. The blue threads were but shadows Of the purple in her hair; The red but phantoms Of the flower of her mouth; The eyes of the birds but reflections Of the brilliance of her own, For she was in love.

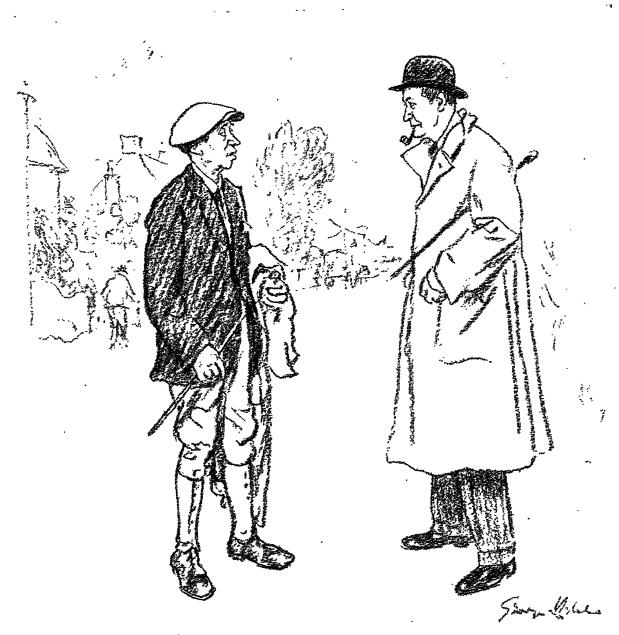
She took a brush dipped in gold— All that mysterious writing-And recorded the excellent virtues of him,

The Husband,

The Pride of Ten Thousand Exalted Ancestors.

The Right Hand of an Aged Parent, The Cloak of his Brothers and Sisters,

The Prop of his House. She inscribed also Her own despicable name



Occasional Rider to Hounds. "And so the new Master hunts hounds himself?"

Kennel-Man. "Yes, Sir, and 'e'll do better when 'e don't 'ave to stop 'is 'orse to blow 'is 'orn."

Beneath those of the noble fathers on each side,

Beneath those of the well-born and generous witnesses.

And the work was done.

Then, on the Day of Bliss, !
With the beating of gongs,
With the burning of tapers and incense,

She was carried to his presence, Rolled in this scroll,

A precious parcel, And laid ceremoniously at his feet.

They were alone.

His hands trembled;

He unwrapped her with awe,

And she stood at last before him on the scroll,

Very small.

They looked at each other, abashed in their love.

Soon he laughed and said,

"Who is the Sweetest Little Duck in all China?"

Whereat she replied immediately, and in tones as soft as the cooing of doves half-way to heaven in a pine-tree,

"I am, lord!"

Then blushed and asked him,

"Who is the Most Handsome, Most Gorgeous Husband?"

But he was modest, as are all men, And said nothing.

From the Ponderings of Hei Ho, Twentieth Century.

Mice and Men.

From a child's description of a visit to Bannockburn Castle:—"... and we went inside the castle and saw a great iron thing Daddy called a mantrap. But I couldn't see any place to put the cheese."



Polite Young Lady (to rival). "Garn, yer swivel-eyed lop-eared old 'ag. 'Scuse me speakin' wiv me mouf full."

THE WELDING OF A WAR-LORD:

A chapter from the career of Ching-Chang-Chong.

[N.B.—Every care has been taken in the ensuing narrative to avoid using the names of living persons. Should the events described appear to reproduce actual incidents in the career of any distinguished Chinese General, the author hereby tenders his heartfelt apologies for a coincidence which is entirely fortuitous.]

In the province of No-Fan there resided until a recent date a humble individual named Cho-Cho, who earned a meagre livelihood in the exacting profession of vicarious culprit. Any high-spirited young noble of the district who had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the authorities by inadvertently disembowelling the cousin of a mandarin or regarding with eyes of interrogation the affianced of a wealthy dealer in pigs would instantly have recourse to the services of Cho-Cho, who for a reasonable figure would accept upon his back the lashes administered by the officials of the Governor, or, for infatuated boy the wickedness of reject-

would suffer his nostrils to be slit, his ears to be removed or his epidermis to be branded with opprobrious epithets.

The calling which he had adopted possessed this advantage among others that, unlike many professions, it was not over-crowded, and Cho-Cho, by strict attention to business, had secured a practical monopoly in the city of No-Fan. He had a single son, named Ching-Chang-Chong, whom, being a devoted father, he had laboured to prepare for the succession to the family calling by a rigorous course of preliminary castigation. But, alas! filial ingratitude is a commonplace of family life, and while his education was still incomplete-indeed when he was on the eve of promotion from the bamboo to the red-hot meat-skewer-the youth dashed to the ground all the high hopes which his parent had cherished for him by announcing that he entertained grave doubts of his vocation.

In vain did Cho-Cho point out to the

in vain did he remind him that in the course of nature his own retirement could not be long delayed, seeing that his facial protuberances had already been reduced to the smallest possible dimensions and the available portions of his body and limbs were all but covered with offensive inscriptions, which were the object of remark when he attended the public baths; in vain did he dilate upon the exertions he had personally expended to bestow upon his son a sound equipment. The obdurate youth merely reiterated his determination to apprentice himself to a magician who had recently migrated to the neighbourhood from a distant province, where his prestige had suffered from his inability to restore to normal shape a taxcollector, to whom in a hasty moment he had appended the hind-quarters of a dragon.

For several weeks Cho-Chokept Ching on a meagre diet of mouldy rice with the purpose of breaking his resolution. At length an event took place which revealed a slightly higher scale of remuneration, ing so providential an opening in life; what seemed to his pious mind a heavensent opportunity of elevating his son at (literally) a single stroke to the highest pinnacle of the profession, and simultaneously of providing for himself a sum of money sufficient to maintain his declining years in honourable ease. A young noble, Ming-Hang by name, in the course of a dispute concerning the exact length of the eye-lashes of a dancing-girl, had permitted himself to apply the term "pot-bellied bull-frog to a judge of the provincial court. In the ensuing altercation, conducted energetically by the young man's friends, one of the judge's eyes became mislaid; but with that which remained he had the satisfaction of beholding the tears of eleven members of the local aristocracy, whom he sentenced to summary decapitation.

When the relatives of Ming-Hang approached Cho-Cho with their highlyflattering proposals, such was his forgiving spirit that he was immediately prepared to resign the glittering prospect in favour of his graceless son. Somewhat to his surprise, Ching-Chang-Chong received the suggestion with no sign of reluctance. He thanked his father in moving terms for allowing him so fair a chance of showing penitence for his former wilfulness, declared that he would prove himself not unworthy of so generous a sire, and merely asked leave to employ the few remaining hours of his obscure existence in paying farewells to his friends.

Permission being granted, he made haste to visit the homes of each of the ten other culprits, and to the relatives of each he offered, for a number of taels down and a like amount to be paid to his father on the completion of his part of the bargain, to take the place of the condemned man.

"You need have no fear," he said, "lest I should fail to carry out my undertaking. I offer as security the person of my father, Cho-Cho, a man of the highest honour, and moreover disabled from flight by the infirmities incurred in the course of duty. Should I fail to appear to-morrow morning you have my full authority to adopt him as my substitute."

Convinced by these specious words the parents of each of the victims gladly paid the stipulated sum, with which Ching-Chang-Chong hastily withdrew to the seclusion of the neighbouring mountains.

It is unnecessary to linger over the regrettable misunderstandings which cast their shadow over the close of Cho-Cho's career of public service. His son was conscious of a certain mild euriosity concerning him as he awoke at dawn in the cavern to which he had retired for a few hours of sleep. But this was no



Assistant. "It is exquisite, Modom—it is perfection! Modom does not look THE LEAST BIT LIKE HERSELF WITHOUT IT ON.

Resolutely banishing all disquieting thoughts he continued his journey, and before nightfall joined himself to a company of men engaged in the lucrative and highly-respected profession of brigandage. The tale of his unmerited sufferings, the noble simplicity of his character and the money which his adroitness had earned, won him a ready welcome from these warm-hearted children of the hills. Trained in a hard school and gifted with no ordinary powers of diplomacy, he soon rose to for: "Why, I have known her ever time to give way to unmanly sentiment. | the leadership of the band. With the | since she was in short skirts.'

outbreak of civil war a wider and not less honourable prospect presented itself to his talents and military experience. With an open mind, and prepared to attach himself to the cause that would pay him best, he announced his readiness to take the field at the head of his bandits, now described as an army, and himself assumed the title and dignity of a War Lord.

Expressions we have no further use

SIMPLE PEOFLE.

Mr. Jubeedle.

Once there was a gentleman called Mr. Jubeedle, and one day his wife said to him you are getting very fat, and he said ves I know I am, perhaps I eat always like to be fair. too much.

And she said oh no you don't, I wish you ate more, I expect it is something wrong with part of your inside, you had better see a doctor.

So he went to see a doctor who knew all about fat and had written books about it, and he said oh how do you do, | I will get it out of the library for you. | I expect you want to get thin.

And Mr. Jubeedle said yes I do.

And he said well do you eat potatoes, and he said he did.

So he said well then don't, that will be three guineas thank you good morning.

So Mr. Jubeedle left off eating potatoes though he liked them, but he didn't get much thinner, and his wife said you had better try another doctor.

So he went to another doctor and he told him about the first one who had said he mustn't eat potatces. And he said I haven't eaten potatoes at least not many but I don't seem to get any thinner, do you think you could do something about it, because it can't go on like this.

And he said oh if you do what that doctor says of course you won't get thin, he doesn't know anything about it and he was once very rude to my wife, do you take enough exercise?

And Mr. Jubeedle said no. And he said well then take some more exercise, three guineas good morning.

So Mr. Jubeedle took some more exercise, though he didn't

much care about doing that, and he ate potatoes again, but he only got fatter, and his wife said it can't go on like this, you had better try another doctor.

So he tried another doctor, and he told him about the one who had said he was to take some more exercise.

And he said well I'll tell you something about that doctor, he began by telling people how to get fat, but he didn't make enough money by that so he changed it into telling them how to get thin, you seem to have rather a cold, do you do anything for it?

And Mr. Jubeedle said well I blow

And he said oh that's no good, I will send you some medicine, three guineas good morning:

And Mr. Jubeedle said but you haven't told me how to get thin.

And he said oh I don't do anything about getting thin, I only do colds, but as you didn't know that I will only charge you two guineas, because I

So Mr. Jubsedle went home and he said to his wife I can't afford to go on paying guineas like this, so I shan't go to any more doctors.

And she said no I wouldn't, but I saw in the newspaper about a book that tells people how to get thin, and if you like

0 6 o

"So Mr. Jubeedle didn't do it for quite so long."

a lot of pictures in it of gentlemen without many clothes on wriggling about on the ground, and it said if you you would get thin, but if you didn't you needn't as long as you bought the soon.

So Mr. Jubeedle didn't do it for quite so long, and he did get a little thinner. And then the library said you really can't keep a book all that time, other people want it and you must send it back.

And his wife said oh never mind, I will buy you one for your birthday.

Well his birthday wasn't for three "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love, months, and he was rather glad of it But—why did you kick me downstairs?"

because he was tired of doing what the book told him, but he began to get fatter again, and then one morning in the train he met a friend called Mr. Pricklebank, and he hadn't seen him for some time. And he said hullo why you used to be as fat as I am and now you are quite thin, how did you manage it, you must have taken a lot of trouble.

And Mr. Pricklebank said oh no I didn't, I went to a gentleman who told me how to get thin without taking any trouble about it at all.

And Mr. Jubeedle said oh do tell me what he told you.

And Mr. Pricklebank said oh I can't do that because I promised not to, but I will tell you his name.

So he did that and Mr. Jubeedle went to him, and he said he would tell him how to get thin without taking any trouble about it if he would pay him ten guineas.

Well Mr. Jubeedle was rather tired of paying guineas but he did it and the gentleman said thank you, all you have to do is to say I am getting thinner and thinner a hundred times a day.

Mr. Jubeedle said well I don't think that's worth ten guineas, and the gentleman said well I don't mind whether you do or not as I have got your ten guineas, good morn-

So Mr. Jubeedle tried doing that, but it didn't act, except that he didn't get any fatter.

And his wife said well I don't see the use of paying any more guineas, and after all I don't think it much matters getting fat at your age, I shouldn't have liked you to be fat when I first married you, but I don't mind now.

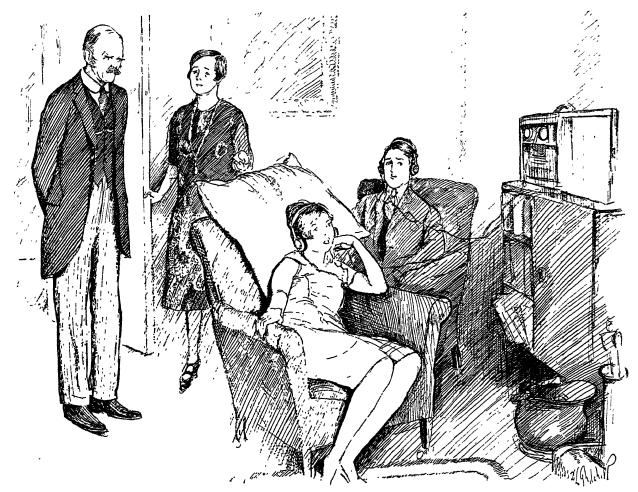
And Mr. Jubeedle said well I So she did that, and the book had | don't much mind either, we can't all be thin, and you have got a little fat yourself, so I won't bother about it any more.

And after that he did whatever he did it like that every day for ten minutes | liked and enjoyed himself, and he lived to be quite old, but his friend Mr. want to do it for quite so long perhaps | Pricklebank faded away and died quite

> Sir Alfred Butt, as reported in an evening paper:—

"We should welcome rearly some new British authors who would write suitable musical plays, and also new composers."

Being "welcomed rearly" is what so many authors and composers complain about-



Dour Relative. "H'm! I DON'T HOLD WITH LISTENING-IN. LICENSED EAVES-DROPPING, I CALL IT."

BY FLOOD AND FIELD;

OR, AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

TELL me not now,
My friend, what sun
Has tanned your brow
That sickly dun,
What heaths you trod,
What moorlands fair;
It may seem odd,
But I do not care.

Let us agree
To give 'em a miss—
The rain, the sea,
The salt wind's kiss;
Your brief bright day,
Once past, is dead,
Take it away
And put it to bed.

Cut it all out;
I do not mind
If a waterspout
Your boat entwined,
Nor what it was like
In jolt and jar
When the motor-bike
Ran into your car.

I solemnly state
I do not wish
To learn the weight
Nor the length of the fish;
In so many words
I decl ne to be thrilled
By the flocks of birds
You say you killed.
You have made an end
Of visiting spots
With the unknown friend,
With the wife and tots;
Germany, France,
The Lido. Spain—

The Lido, Spain—Give them a chance
To get well again.

Someone was bound
To be golfing at Rye
And do one round
Pretty well; then why
Go into the thing
As if your stance,
Your mild half-swing,
Was Youth's Romance?

The night is young
With a fair pale moon,
And my heart is wrung
That you go so soon;

Sit down and rest From the idle boast; You are here as a guest, And I am your host.

The stage is set
For my solemn hymn
Of the mornings wet
And the mornings dim;
Let me open the log
With this rather bright
"Portrait of Dog
In the Isle of Wight."

EVOE.

Our Stylists.

"A new anesthetic has been discovered, to which has been given the name Tutokain. Sounds as if it had been named for King Tut, whom the new drug makes one as insensible as."—Canadian Paper.

"Unlucky Thirteen. House number problem.

There is, of course, such a thing as superstition run riot. What sympathy, for instance, can Officialdom be expected to show a lady who objects to living in Number 85 because 8 and 4 equal 13?"—Provincial Paper.

What indeed, unless they give her another course at the Council School?



"BY THE BY, WHEN DOES YOUR DIVORCE COME OFF?"

"END OF OCTOBER. OF COURSE WE'D LOVE TO SEE YOU, BUT WE'RE ONLY ASKING RELATIVES."

ADVICE.

Marcia's message was, would I go round at once as she wished to consult me on a matter of great importance. all,' I said." Her messages usually take that form. I went round at once, and found her alone except for the two Cairn terriers. She was having tea.

"I'm simply in awful trouble," she

"What, again?"

"You know to-morrow is Robert's birthday?"

"I do not."

"Well, it is, anyhow."

"I shouldn't let that worry you," I said soothingly. "It is true that Robert, like this tea, is past his first youth, but-but he's going strong," I added with an aptness really astonishing.

"You can have fresh tea if you like." "Thank you," I said; "and while it

is being made you can bare your heart." I rang the bell. The maid came and went.

"Regarding this trouble?" I murmured.

"I've had my photograph taken for Robert," Marcia said.

"A somewhat drastic measure."

"I said to the brute-

"To Robert?"

"Of course not. To the brute of a photograph-man. I said, 'I want to look just as I am. Not touched up at

"The lip-stick habit-

"I mean the photograph, you idiot."

"I follow you. You objected to the photograph-man's attempting to paint the lily or gild refined gold."

Marcia smiled. "You do say splendid things," she said. "Did you make that one up yourself?"

"Yes," I replied unblushingly; "I made that one up myself. I gather that the photograph-man touched up the photograph in spite of your injunction."

"Bah!" said Marcia (or sounds to that effect). "Here it is. Look at it."

It was a wonderful photograph-Marcia at her best and a bit over, the bit unquestionably being due to the great skill of the photographer.

"Did you ever see such a thing?"

"Never," I replied.

"I can't possibly give it to Robert." "Out of the question. You had better give it to me.'

Marcia ignored this.

"Have another one taken," I suggested.

"Didn't I tell you that Robert's birthday is to-morrow?"

"Then you must give him something else. To-day is still young enough to produce, for instance, a nice suit of silk pyjamas. Probably Robert would prefer silk pyjamas to a photograph."
"Don't be too silly," said Marcia.

"Then chance it and give him the photograph. Remember that, as your husband, it is his duty to regard you with the eyes of love. The probability is that, softened by your kind intention, he will soon forgive you for looking as you look in the photograph."

Marcia took the photograph and

frowned at it.

"There's reason in all things," she

"Some things."

"No one expects to have words taken absolutely literally. He might have touched it up just a little.

Light broke in on me. Marcia's objection to the photograph was not that it was touched up but that it wasn't

touched up. Stupendous! "Do I gather," I asked, "that your objection to the photograph is based on the fact that it has not been touched up?'

"Of course," said Marcia coldly. (Continued on page 381.)



A SPORTING RISK.

Conservative Party. "I HOPE SHE'S GOT ENOUGH 'INTUITION' NOT TO LET OFF IN MY DIRECTION."

[The question of extended suffrage for women (in whose "intuition" Mr. Baldwin reposes so much confidence) will be raised at the approaching Conference of the Conservative Party.]



Greengrocer. "Wasser Matter, Lil?" Lal. "That bloke said our lettuces and watercress was full of vittymins. So I says, 'If that's wot yer think ABOUT 'EM, YOU CAN BLINKIN' WELL GO ELSEWHERE,' I SAYS.'

"Oh!" I said.

"Well, what about it?" Marcia asked.

"I don't see how you can blame the photographer. When there are only two things and you say one and mean the other-

"Did you think it was touched up?" Yes, and I still do," I said firmly.

"Beast!" said Marcia.

"My sympathies are entirely with the photographer," I went on. "The unfortunate man read you like a book. He did his damndest. He produced what he probably considers his masterpiece. And you, woman, unbalanced by a purely accidental gift of beauty-

Marcia smiled all overherface. "You do say splendid things," she said.

"I made that one up myself tco," I said.

Commercial Candour.

From a house-agent's advertisement:

"Occupying a glorious position in probably the most beautiful and least unspoiled district in the Home Counties."—Daily Payer.

"Wanted, good Tennis Player in Bramhall, — district preferred, to make up party; able to leave his wife two nights per week; urgent.'

Provincial Paper.

Lawn-tennis is growing very difficult.

RAIN.

In anger and bewildered pain Hoarse voices mutter, "Curse the rain! It's more than we can stand. Oh, why the blanky-blank," they say, "This deluge every blighted day?" The thing intrigues me too, and I Resolved to learn the reason why Such weeping clouds obscure the sky, Such floods afflict the land.

In Arctic regions, grim and wild, At intervals, I find, a mild

And temperate air prevails. Then icebergs get the wander lust, A fierce desire to move or bust; Gaily they swim to Southern seas, Making those startled waters freeze, And rain, from causes such as these, Soaks England (also Wales).

The Sun, I gather, is possessed Of freakish humour, and with jest His loneliness beguiles. He makes himself come out in lots Of cavernous and flaming spots; Magnetic storms career about, The atmosphere turns inside out, And rain descends as from a spout Upon the British Isles.

The Earth is shrinking bit by bit, Its crust is bound to bend and split (I understand), and thus Seismic convulsions shake Japan, Tempests alarm Afghanistan, Typhoons in China rave and smash,

Huge tidal waves on Borneo dash;

The sequel is of course the crash Of tons of rain on us.

Yet there is hope. Such things, you see, Cannot indefinitely be;

The period will arrive When Arctic bergs will scarcely stir, No shrinkage of the Earth occur, The Sun will show a spotless face, And summer reign with golden grace. (This will, I apprehend, take place In 1985.)

"Nearly half a century has elapsed since the Motor Car Act of 1933."—Provincial Paper. Father Time has apparently been "speeding."

"Seven years in the history of the world is indeed as nothing, but in the story of you and me and all of us it is a lifetime." Daily Paper.

Happily the "expectations of life" tables do not bear out this gloomy estimate.

"BROWN OF HARVARD."

England in general and Rugby in particular may claim credit for Tom Brown's School-days. America in general and Harvard in particular must take he life the blame for later episode of one of the great fami'

If you really want Rhodes Scholarships ...e established you should see the film that calls itself "Brown of Harvard," and you will understand. Personally, I give Harvard the benefit of the doubt, and believe that a Yale man must have been responsible for the scenario, someone who wanted to be funny at the expense of the sister university.

The film begins by showing Brown getting ready for Harvard by tearing up

salad days, and by rapid stages you see him transported in an underground until he reaches a station named alternatively Harvard and Cambridge.

After a brief interlude with two damsels we see Tom walking with his grip towards a block of buildings reminiscent of hotels in Fifth Avenue or wherever they are situated in New York.

"SAY, YOUTH, WHERE DO I LOCATE THIS DORMITORY?"

is Tom's query in the next sub-title.

Having been directed to the premises of the Dickey Club, which I gather is the local equivalent of Vincent's, he is very properly

that institution. Having more or less for the stroke thwart in the Eight, and a nursing-home. recovered himself, Tom is next seen in-kisses her. We are next dulging in light conversation with a damsel in a car. Enter a stern papa.

"I'M A SORT OF FRESHMAN," explains Tom.

"AND I'M A SORT OF PROFESSOR, AND THIS IS MY SORT OF DAUGHTER,"

explains the new arrival, and Tom wilts and withdraws.

I should dearly love to see Sir Charles Oman or the President of Magdalen indulging in this light badinage with a newly-joined undergraduate; but I'm afraid these things only happen at Harvard.

Tom settles into his rooms with one Jed Doolittle, who from the word "Go" is shown as an ardent admirer of our hero. Having been invited out to lunch on the strength of his performance on the ukelele, Tom insists on Jed coming

put on his goloshes (gums).

"IF MY FIET GET WET I SHALL CATCH A COLD, '

he explains.

I made a mental note of the remark because I fancied that Master Jed was cast for the part of the little martyr. I was perfectly right.

The system of education in the United States must differ somewhat from ours, because Jed, in an outburst of heroworship, remarks:-

"YOU MUST HAVE BEEN SOME BOY AT YOUR PREPARATORY SCHOOL, BUDDY?"

To which Tom modestly replies:-

"AND THEN SOME. I WAS THE BROWN THEY named Brown Paper after."

A few days later the all-conquering

the bills and dance-programmes of his Tom is seen at a dance, where he wrests | diagnosed that bronchial pneumonia

THE SCHNEIDER CUP.

AIR MINISTER (to the Lion of St. George). "WELL FLOWN, OLD MAN! You've licked even the Lion of St. Mark."

ejected by the outraged members of the Professor's daughter from his rival information to his hero and retires to

A few heroics follow here and a "mill" is staged, whereat the rival stroke endeavours, with my most cordial approval, to give Tom a lesson in amongst the spectators. manners. The affair ends all square, and Tom is next seen moodily watching the trial eight at practice with his rival at stroke.

I was under the impression that Prohibition was still in force in the States, but apparently it did not prevent Tom from drowning his disappointment very copiously the night before the race.

He staggers into his rooms, to be met by the faithful Jed, who explains:-

"McAndrew can't Row To-morrow; the COACH HAS JUST BEEN IN TO WARN YOU TO ROW STROKE AGAINST YALE."

But Tom is much too far gone to care. Next day we see the whole of Harvard and Yale seated in what is called Harvard ranks.

tco, and the latter is seen struggling to | a "view-train" (a sort of grand-stand on wheels), which follows the race down the course. I commend the idea to the rowing authorities for next year's Boat Race.

> The crews of Harvard and Yale, practically nude, then set about their business. After rowing at the rate of one-hundred-and-fifty strokes to the minute for some time, Tom collapses into the bottom of the boat and Yale get home by half a length.

Having thus lost the race for his Alma Mater, Tom is very properly sent to Coventry by his fellow-undergraduates, but turns up next Fall prepared to show Harvard how to play football.

Mr. Jed Doolittle then begins to come into his cwn, and is seen having his chest vigorously massaged by Tom. I

would develop a reel or two further on, and was again perfectly right.

On the strength of a report in a local paper Tom imagines, wrongly, that he has been dropped from the Harvard squad, and goes off in a huff to meet his parents in what is apparently a tornado, judging from the fury of the rain.

A minute later we see a furious coach ringing up from the station to ask why Tom is not with the team. Mr. Jed hurriedly jumps from his bed of sickness, explains the mistake and pursues Tom through the rain to tell him the glad news. After narrowly escaping death on the underground he conveys the

We are next shown the Stadium, Yale, which seemed to be rather larger than Wembley, with Tom's parents, and also the Professor and his daughter,

> "Why Isn't Tom Brown in the LINE UP?"

asks Brown senior.

"HE LOST THE BOAT RACE, AND THEY SAY HE WAS DRUNK AGAIN LAST NIGHT,

replies some kindly informant. (Collapse of Brown male and female.)

I have never seen football as played at Yale and Harvard, but I gather that it chiefly consists in the teams crouching down and hurling the ball backwards between their legs. Also it seems that all casualties can be replaced. Tom was second reserve and was quickly called upon to fill the hiatus in the



Boy (encountering his first Peke). "LOOK, MITHER, THE WEE DOG'S HURRT HIS FACE."

A kick on the ankle soon causes his retirement.

"THERE'S THAT SHIRKER BROWN," remarks the Professor in disgust.

"Brown's My Son,"

replies Brown senior, knocking the Professor's hat over his face. (Tableau.)

Yale then score a goal and lead by three points. In the interval the Harvard coach heartens his team by remarking:—

"THERE ARE 80,000 PEOPLE IN THE STADIUM WAITING TO SEE YOU PLAY FOOTBALL. GO IN AND HIT'EM. WHERE'S YOUR GUTS?"

Tom again gets called on to the field when five minutes are left for play, and by great skill, which I could not properly appreciate, having been brought up on rugger, succeeds in putting his rowing rival over the line, and Harvard wins.

We then come back to the little hero, Jed Doolittle, and Tom is stopped at his door with the news of his death. I always thought that a man who went out in a tornado in pyjamas was asking for it if he was weak in the chest.

Tom sobs suitably for some time, but | ing of the same "comic"?

is comforted by the opportune arrival of Mary, the Professor's daughter.

"THE TRAGEDY OF TO-DAY IS THE TRADITION OF TO-MORROW, FOR YOUTH MUST ON." Which disposes of poor Jed. No flowers by request.

Tom is seen the same evening entertaining his parents and the Professor and daughter in his rooms. A torchlight procession approaches.

"THE DICKEY CLUB SELECTS THE BEST MEN OF EACH YEAR,"

the Professor informs Brown senior, and very soon the Club arrive in the rooms to carry off the gentleman they delight to honour.

After a hurried embrace with Mary Tom joins the procession and marches bravely to the fade-out arm-in-arm with his former rival, McAndrew.

"Did you like it, dear?" one girl asked another as we left the cinema.

"Oh, very naice; but I didn't think much of the comic," was the reply.

Personally I thought it a very interesting insight into American life. But I wonder whether we were thinking of the same "comic"?

TO SUPERMARINE NAPIER S5.

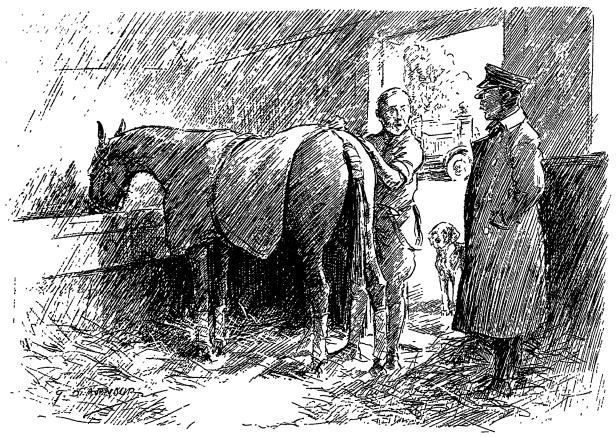
SLENDER thrustful monoplane,
Steadíast under stress and strain,
Truly you achieved some speed-o
O'er the waters of the Lido.
As your engine's hurtling thunder
Tore the startled air asunder
Fairly you fulfilled the dream
Of your keen devoted team.
We acclaim with sheer delight
Your superb and gallant flight,
Bearing off the Schneider Cup
(Flight-Lieutenant Webster up).
C. L. M.

"WONEWOC.

Mingled emotions surge through our minds as we realize that the season of 1927 at Wonewoo is nearly over."—American Paper. We understand that Wigan too is feeling just like that.

"'I have had several periods of unemployment since I was defeated in the 1023 election,' said Captain —, 'and I can tell you it is not at all pleasant.'"—Welsh Paper.

It is perhaps natural for employers to take the view that he is too old at 900 odd.



Chauffeur (inspecting new hunter). "REGULAR SPORTS MODEL SHE IS. THEIR CONSUMPTION'S A BIT 'EAVY SOMETIMES. WHAT D' YOU RECKON SHE 'LL DO TO THE BUSHEL?"

A BOLD STAND.

"IT's an unmitigated nuisance," said Haygrove as he sipped his coffee.

"I've always maintained it," I agreed. "Look at this place, for instance," he continued, glancing at the groups of waiters in the grill-room; "a crowd of underpaid food-jugglers watching us hungrily for fear we escape without contributing to their upkeep.

He glanced at his watch suggestively and we rose with one accord.

"Thank you, Sir," said the waiter.

"The problem grows worse every year," Haygrove complained bitterly; "one can't get anything done now without ..." He broke off and turned He broke off and turned commissionaire. aside as we reached the door.

"Sank you vairy moche, Sare," said the headwaiter.

"And it has no logical justification," Haygrove grumbled as we waited for our hats. "Why should it be a prerogative of certain sections of the community? If that fellow, for instance, were selling me a hat I shouldn't dream of tipping him, but just because he's hung it on a hook and left it there for an hour-

"Much obliged, Sir," said the cloakroom attendant.

It seemed to me ridiculous, and I said so.

"Of course it is," Haygrove snorted, signing to a diminutive page for a taxi. "And look at the expense. In an even-programme-girl. ing's amusement like this, for instance, it tremendously increases the outlay without in the slightest degree augmenting our pleasure. Ah, he's got our taxi." "Ooh, thank you, Sir," said the di-

minutive page.

"And there's no escaping it," Haygrove pursued. "Little jobs we could easily do for ourselves, such as opening that taxi door, are done for us so that some hireling's pockets may be lined."
"Thanks very much, Sir," said the

As we approached the theatre Haygrove's indignation increased.

"A pretty state of affairs," he said, 'when you have to give hush-money to taxi-drivers to avoid being involved in a brawl at the theatre door. Here we are."

"I thank you, Sir," said the driver, hoisting his flag.

"Of course I know some firms have made a half-hearted attempt to abolish gratuities," Haygrove continued as we made our way to our seats, "and in some Continental countries ten per "you're a gennelman!"

cent. is added to the bill; but these isolated attempts to suppress the scourge are worse than useless."

"Thank you, Sir, I'm sure," said the

Haygrove broke out again as we reached the fover after the show.

"No, what we must do is to make a bold stand," he declared. "If we all unite in refusing to be tyrannised over by a corrupt and corrupting system-Yes, a taxi, please—we shall soon put an end to it. I for one am determined to do my share. Here's our taxi."

"Thank you, Sir," said the commis-

"Freeze it out," Haygrove exclaimed as the taxi bore us homeward. "That's what we must do. The process is simple; refrain from giving a penny more than is legally due, and after a week or two of mild economic upheaval employers will have to pay adequate wages, and employees will no longer be dependent on our reluctant charity. What a boon we shall be conferring on posterity! Our duty is clear, and we must not shrink from it."

The taxi-driver looked at his palm in the lamplight.

"Blimey, Sir," he said devoutly,

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LADY IN LAW" (WYNDHAM'S). The Lady in Law, translated from the

VERNEUIL by Miss BERTHA MURREY, is a brilliantly fantastic little comedy in the true Gallic mode, to which the appropriate response is some-thing richer than a smile, lighter than a laugh—a per-

petual perceptive chuckle.

Maître Bolbec (Colette) is the most famous and adroit of women advocates. Murderers who are fortunate enough to secure her services leave the court without a stain on their characters; faithless wives extract thumping alimonies from injured husbands. Judges, juries and pressmen are as wax in her capable unscrupulous hands. There is only one forlorn Parisian, that amiable idle rentier, Edmond Bolbec, her husband, who does not swell the chorus of praise. He would enjoy her charms, and she is always either too busy or too tired. The poor fellow is in despair, when a chance encounter with one of her

clients, a charmingly pretty and im- object, MM. the authors would have of personality, yes; an astonishing range moral imbecile, Madame Cecile Pointet, us clearly understand. Poor Edmond, of moods; a fine sense of the key of the highly domesticated and a competent discovering his mistake, throws her piece and of each situation in it; a power

friendly woman. With a rapidly dissolving reluctance he essays this new adventure. No longer a negligible suppliant in his own home. waiting humbly for the chance bone of a kindly word from his preoccupied wife, he blossoms out into a haunter of night-clubs, a champagne-bibber, a breaker of the heads of inquisitive Americans, a gay, complacent, naughty, self-respecting citizen of Paris. Maître Bolbec with the incalculable unreason of her sex is furious; then softens as the memories of their forgotten romance are recalled. Edmond again woos his adored Colette. who abandons the law and re-enters the magic kingdom of love-only long worshipped her from afar.

French (Mattre Bolbec et Son Mari) of heart of a woman, but not for the same and genuinely comic intention and effect



HOPELESS CASES.

Jeseph Rebiscoul MR. O. B. CLARENCE. Cecile Pcintet MISS ANN CODRINGTON.

cook, suggests to him the fascinating idea of companionship with a really ous rival, the law, content to take his ideal comedy demands always plaustunid uncritical discovering his mistake, throws her preceded of each state of making such artificiality as this particular comedy demands always plaustunid uncritical.

to become pleasantly conscious of her chances on the old terms and hoping, handsome young secretary, who has rather too optimistically, we fear, for the best.

is entwined with this gay and shameless parable, and is concerned with a little kindly halfwitted museum attendant who is involved in the most preposterous crimes by taking seriously the advice of the secretary confused by love and of Colette bemused by jealousy —a brilliantly plotted part which Mr. O. B. CLARENCE sketched in with a skill and variety of invention in detail which surprised even the most ardent admirers of that attractive and accomplished actor.

Miss Edith Evans (Colette) has a part which gives admirable scope to her fine talent. It is good to see her escaping from the modish revivalism which she has so greatly adorned into the comedy of our own day, which definitely needs her.

It is not easy to discover the precise secret of Miss Evans's art. It is not her intelligence, which is a cold, if admirable, gift on the stage. A richness

ible—all this no doubt. And, besides, the technical ability of making each character a new, complete, discrete affair, not a mere light embroidery of her own private personality, which, as an artist, she takes pride in concealing from us as being no business of ours.

But where has this admirable actor, Mr. FREDERICK LEISTER, been hiding? I cannot recall having seen him before, which is ridiculous, as he has the most engagingly competent and natural technique of comedy, and, without recourse to any easy tricks of the stage Frenchman, presented us with a remarkably plausible portrait of the distracted Parisian that was Maître Bolbec's hus-



THE CONVERSATION FEE.

. . MISS EDITH EVANS. Edmond Bolbec . . Mr. Frederick Leister.

band. Miss Ann Codrington's Cecile, the vulgar likeable little sensualist, was a most capable piece of work. Miss MARGARET HALSTAN'S small part of the cynical Doctor Magda Kramsen was well handled. Mr. DUNCAN YARROW seemed to me skilful without somehow being sympathetic, and his part contains longueurs which should be excised for the good of an admirably constructed, ingenious and thoroughly diverting comedy. Something no doubt has evaporated in translation, but much in face of natural law and the facts, less than is customary.

"COMPROMISING DAPHNE" (PRINCES).

Daphne, you remember, was pursued by Apollo and only escaped his attentions by being turned into a laurel-bush. Women's new freedom is Mr. "VALENTINE'S" excuse for giving us a variation of this myth. Here it is Daphne (Miss Joan BARRY) who pursues Apollo (if Mr. DEVERELL will recognise himself under the name of this paragon of godlike beauty). Determined at all costs, even the compromising of her virtue, to defeat her parents' insistence on a year's probationary engagement and secure him at once for her husband, she persuades him, against his better judgment, to penetrate her room at night. They are then to be discovered in one another's arms by an infuriated father, who will require George (Apollo) to "make an honest woman" of his Daphne at the earliest moment.

This scheme, innocent enough, though its discussion afforded easy scope for suggestive ambiguities, is fractured by the unexpected arrival of a

girl-friend, Sadie Bannerton, who is accommodated in the best available bedroom, which happens to be Dapline's. In the darkness George mistakes her for Daphne and is discovered by the household in the act of embracing her. This ultimately means another infuriated parent, the second (Sadie's father) being reported a confirmed pugilist, though he does nothing in the play to illustrate | withheld from the characters most his reputation.

Three months later, after George has suffered many harrowing vicissitudes, Daphne, still tireless in pursuit of her man, sets out to scandalise her parents yet further by the allegation that her intrigue with George had been going on for six months prior to the discovery.

At this juncture her married sister was here and there a little amateur. Doodle-doo!

Daphne's own, and his mind, already unhinged by his experience at the hands of the two indignant fathers, suffers an moment he concludes that Daphne has been false to him; at another (or so I gathered) that the twins are somehow the spontaneous product of his perfectly innocent relations with her. Both these untenable theories are discarded immediate matrimony.



UNCOMPROMISING FATHERS.

George Featherstone . . . Mr. John Deverell. Henry Ponsonby, K.C. . . Mr. A. Bromley Davenport. John Bannerton Mr. C. M. LOWNE.

> Our concern for the lovers' fate might | the laurel-bush. have been more poignant if we had not known from quite early in the play that Daphne's father was cognisant beforehand of the bedroom scheme, having overheard the arrangements for it. But we consoled ourselves, in the best Greek spirit, with whatever irony was to be got out of our knowledge of a secret nearly interested.

In the first scene the dialogue, if a little pressed, had some pretty good things in it. Later the chief fun passed from words to action and situation, and, though fairly ingenious, was more elementary.

The technique of the construction

gives birth to twins. At first sight of | Time after time there would have been them George imagines them to be a bad hitch if somebody had happened to turn his head and see what somebody else was doing. It was incredible that none of the family, when it came almost total derangement. At one to gossip in Daphne's bedroom, should have failed to notice George's head in a blaze of light at the open window. Even her father, who knew that George was to be expected, forbore for the sake of the plot to send a single glance that

As Daphne, Miss Joan Barry, deand Daphne gets her parents' consent to | lightful throughout, was at her best in the first scene, where the sweet inno-

cence of her face offered an admirable foil to her daring improprieties and sophistications. Mr. Deverell, as George, struck the note of farce from the start with the utmost clarity. One grew perhaps a little tired of his hand-to-mouth gesture and other reiterated tricks of manner; but they had no such effect upon him, and he bore the burden of the fun with undefeatable resilience.

Mr. Bromley Davenport, as Daphne's father, exhibited his angular methods to the general approval; and Mr. C. M. LOWNE did his genial best to simulate the wrath of an outraged parent, but made little attempt to convince us that the American accent of his daughter, Sadie (Miss Jean Webster Brough), was hereditary. Miss JESSIE BATEMAN in the part of Daphne's mother pleasantly recalled a less matronly past. Miss Louie Tinsley gave us a touch of broad humour as George's cook; and Mr. STAF-FORD HILLIARD did all that was asked of him as a butler of unusual intelligence and initiative. All were good, but Daphne and Apollo shared

Mr. "Valentine," who just meant to make us laugh, will not expect praise for much more than that. But it would indeed be a very hard heart, or a very high brow, that refused to credit him with the achievement of this mode-t ambition. O. S.

Our Lightning Calculators.

"It is estimated that £10,000 a week is being received in taxation by the Treasury as a result of the greyhound racing boom On that basis a total of £100,000 has become due in the last ten weeks."-Morning Paper.

"It was then seven o'cock in the morning." Daily Paper.

SOUTHWARD BOUND.

WE are tired of the trek through the corrie

And the trampling of deer on the shale, And, a-fire for a manlier foray,

There are some of us will not be sorry To give the wide moorlands of Moray For the narrow green fields of the vale.

"Go back!" say the grouse; and I'm

For the heather is brown by the Dee, But the red on the beeches is showing And the elms are all golden and glowing, And the horn, so long silent, is blowing The music that matters to me.

And where is the bird on the heather, And where is the stag in the pass, That can hold a man's heart in a tether Like a horse and a handful of leather When twenty-two couple together Are chiming away on the grass!

W.H.O.

VICTORIAN VIGNETTES.

(With acknowledgments to "Memoirs in Miniature" in "The Westminster Gazette.")

Mr. Swinburne.

DURING one of her visits to England the late Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox called on Mr. SWINBURNE at The Pines, Putney, and in the course of her visit asked him to contribute an original poem to her album. The poet chivalrously complied with the request and at once improvised and inscribed the following lines :-

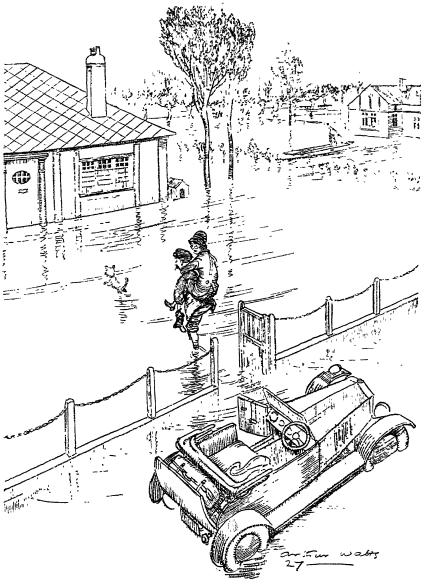
"More saccharine than Matine mella Are the mellifluous strains of ELLA; More potent than the London peeler In curbing crime is ELLA WHEELER; More piercing than the song of shrill cocks Is that of ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Though frugal in the pursuit of pleasure, CARLYLE was not a total abstainer from all places of entertainment. His solitary visit to the Italian Opera produced a wonderful account of that "explosion of all the upholsteries" which he found in the ballet. On occasion he frequented the old Chelsea Bun Shop, and he was once tempted to attend a performance of the pantomime at Drury Lane in the palmy days of the Vokes family. Between the Acts he was introduced to these agile and talented comedians, and is reported to have said that, having already written the Life of Frederick the Great, he could wish for no more congenial occupation for his declining years than the composition of a Life of Frederick the Greater—FRED VOKES.

HERBERT SPENCER.

The famous synthetic philosopher whom CARLYLE in an atrabilious mood once described as "the most unending



· SEEMS SILLY NOW TO HAVE BEEN TO THE LAKES FOR OUR HOLIDAY, DOESN'T IT, GEORGE?"

ass in Christendom," was yet capable, in moments of expansion, of deviating into jocularity. He was, as is well into jocularity. known, in the habit of attending the Popular Concerts, or "Pops" as they were called, in St. James's Hall in the company of George Eliot. On one occasion the programme included SCHUMANN'S Stücke im Volkston, which prompted the philosopher to observe that it was most appropriate, as he had recently been held up by bad weather at Folkestone. GEORGE ELIOT, though undemonstrative as a rule, was so convulsed by this bi-lingual pun that occupants of the neighbouring seats were moved to indignant protest at the unseemly interruption.

Browning.

The author of Sordello was fond of and how he worked in distemper."

riding, and his addiction to pugilistic exhibitions and race-meetings is attested in The Ring and the Book. Curiously enough, though he admired the loyalty and sagacity of dogs, he was obliged on one occasion to disavow any expert knowledge of their training or diet. He was a great diner-out, and it happened on one occasion that the lady whom he took in to dinner began from the moment they sat down to give him the most minute details as to the health of her pet Pomeranian. Browning was sympathetic and polite as usual, but, when at last she appealed to him to prescribe a remedy, smilingly declared that he was entirely ignorant of the subject. Whereon the lady rejoined, in tones of acute disappointment, "But I thought you had written a poem on 'PACCHIAROTTO

LITTLE GODS AND LITTLE APPLES.

THEY wanted in decorum, Rome's deities, did all, "From Castor in the Forum To Mars without the Wall"; But gossip ne'er attaches To that small orchard elf Who lifts your garden-latches— Pomona's pretty self.

Yet, just like Miss Trefusis, She'd suitors, I surmise; I hold that he a goose is Who'd fancy otherwise; She looked like apple-blossom With freckles on its nose, But she'd reply, "Non possum," Did anyone propose.

But young Vertumnus pleaded With many a boyish plea, And lo, the maiden heeded And "Volo" whispers she; Then, Jove approving highly, Across the orchard fence They kissed each other shyly, But soon with diligence.

And still, when morning dapples The orchard's April dew, They make the little apples, As gods, we know, must do; And when fulfilment covers Each bough with globes new hung Still walk my little lovers And young, for ever young.

Last night I saw them clearly; I passed them in the lane (I can't think that 'twas merely Young Tom and Tyson's Jane With pippins rather golder Than usual for to taste); Her head was on his shoulder, His arm was round her waist.

P. R. C.

THE JICKSHAW.

the Unemployed Problem and one or two others.

The rickshaw, to my mind, is the most excellent of all modes of travel by land. The rickshaw (for the benefit of his horse; the romantic lover carried any who have not visited our far-flung Empire) is a pretty little two-wheeled cart which plies for hire in some towns still carries her about the stage. And in the East, drawn by a "native"—a kind of human hansom. The motion is smooth and agreeably slow. There is nothing to do-no horrible gears, no dignity on either side. So I think it bother with policemen; the horse does the pulling and the driving as well; the horse copes with the traffic and the least. horse finds the way. Unsociable conveyance, maybe, for the rickshaw holds most. The old ladies would love it. It one only; but therefore it produces is the perfect vehicle for shopping—at the neck."—Sunday Paper.
double that sense of lonely lordliness goes anywhere, turns anywhere, stops Only the long-eared should attempt

hansom. In a hansom-cab I felt a duke, in a rickshaw I feel a rajah.

On my first rickshaw-ride in Colombo I also felt a nice-minded shame as I watched the shiny back of the gentleman between the shafts and reflected that my trotting steed was, after all, a Brother, made in the same shape as myself, though in a different colour. He was trotting and I was sitting down; I was in the shadow of my canopy and he was under the tropical sun. He seemed a frail anæmic fellow and I unusually large and heavy; and I trembled to think what Mr. Lansbury would say if he could see me being carted about by one of the oppressed subject-races. And so on that first uneasy ride I almost implored my horse not to exert himself; I made no complaint when he walked or lost the way, and I madly over-paid

But I soon got over that. One does. My weight returned rapidly to the normal, and soon I was sitting back under the canopy with my legs crossed, from time to time uttering hoarse cries of encouragement and rebuke, and thoroughly enjoying this most delicious method of travel.

This is very important, for what I propose is that we should have a municipal rickshaw service in London and elsewhere, run by the unemployed; and I am very much afraid that Mr. LANSBURY would not think it dignified; and I am afraid that things might be said about "slavery." I see the point, but it is difficult to argue, difficult to see why it is dignified to carry another man's bag but undignified to carry his body; dignified to drive but not to drag him: honest labour to clean his boots and trim his whiskers and sew his trousers and do all manner of finicky things for him, but slavery to transport him from place to place by a healthy exercise of strength and muscle. A nice I HAVE solved the Transport Problem, | question for the School Debating Society!

And supposing it is not a Man but a Woman? Is it not the supreme expression of chivalry to carry Her about? The knight-errant carried her about on her off; the modern gallant carries her about on his pillion; the passionate man after all every man began life being carried about in a rickshaw, cart or pram by a woman without much loss of would be difficult to make a good case against a rickshaw service for ladies at

The ladies no doubt would use it which was the great attraction of the anywhere, loves waiting, eats no petrol, this mode.

cannot be stolen, and is just the thing for distances too long to walk but too short for a taxi. "Shop by Rickshaw" would be a compelling slogan.

Moreover, the rickshaw makes a fine frame for beauty, and I can see Lady Laura graciously holding court under her hood on a hot morning in Bond Street (if one should happen again). There would be ranks of them all round the West End and at every suburban station for the shopping mamma or weary typist. The drivers, or runners, would have a neat municipal uniform, something in the Boy-Scout style, with shorts. The rickshaw, with its coloured hood, would be the handsomest thing on the road. For rain and winter-time itwould have little hansom-cab windows. The charges would be low and quite uneconomic, the idea being to get some service back for unemployment pay, to give some of the unemployed something to do, something healthy and at least as dignified as miserably spotting losers at the street-corner. It is the most socialistic idea ever advanced, but I doubt whether the Socialists will like it.

So here is a chance for Sir WILLIAM Joynson-Hicks. His "Jixies" never saw the light, but his name shall travel down to posterity in the Jickshaw.

= A.P.H.

HEART-BEATS.

(From the works of Miss Flavia Flabbe.) LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG GIRL'S ALBUM.

DEAR little one, with wide blue eyes Of childish innocent surprise Which turn to me for light, You ask a Rule on Life's Highway? Then from my inmost heart I say,

"Do what you know is Right."

This maxim, I have always found (With Love, which turns this old world round),

Has helped me scale the height; So learn just this from Life's hard School, And carry out this Golden Rule: Do what you know is Right.

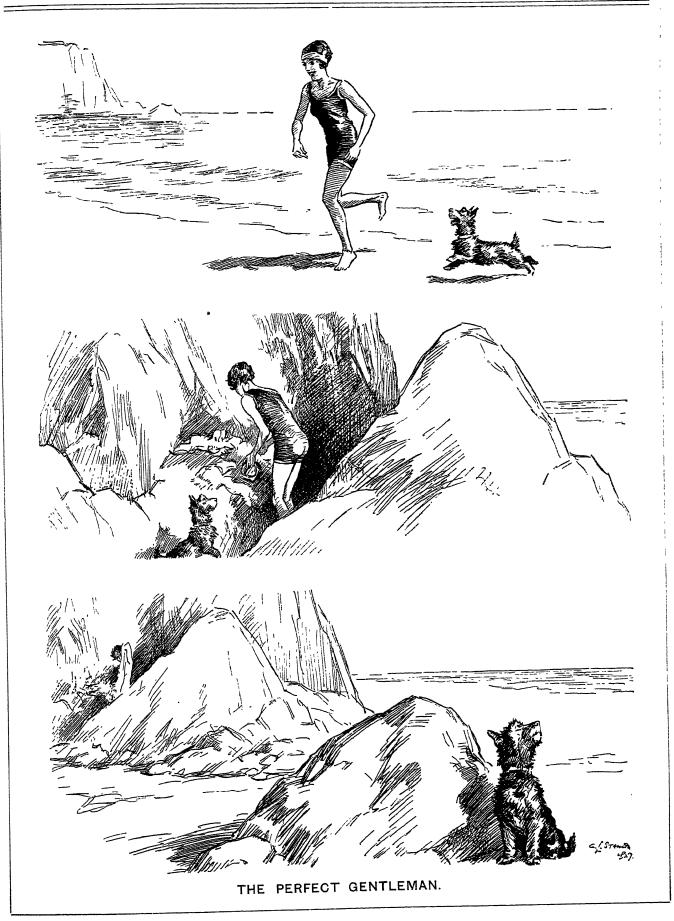
The difference 'twixt Right and Wrong Can never be in doubt for long;

Black's black and white is white. So never hesitate, my dear; The proper path is always clear-

Do what you know is Right.

(To be continued.)

"When I went to that lovely and very modish club I was amazed to find a new way of hairdressing adopted by many women there. It is a fashion of the 'eighties, with hair drawn back showing the ears to be bunched in curls at the neck."—Sunday Paper.





Magistrate. "You are charged with being a deserter, having left your wife." Prisoner. "No, Sir, I'm not a deserter—I'm a refugee."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT was the last labour of Hercules to fetch Cerberus out of the infernal regions, but MARTIAL, who recounts the ferrying of the many-headed dog across the Styx, omits to say what was done with him afterwards. Perhaps he settled down in Deianira's stable-yard; perhaps he pushed his way into the parlour and the couple wished they had never reclaimed him. The Whig aristocracy, I fancy, were of the last opinion when, having emancipated the middle classes by that "final measure," the Reform Bill of 1832, they beheld the landed gentry ousted from power, office and patronage by their protégés. And the Tories, I suppose, have shared it since 1867, when "DIZZIE's" second Bill enfranchised the lower orders and introduced, as Lord Salisbury foretold, the time when the rich would pay all the taxes and the poor make all the laws. The first of these two movements is the one chiefly studied in Mr. O. J. Christie's vivacious and scholarly essay on The Transition from Aristocracy (Seeley, Service). Its writer considers, between 1832 and 1867, not only the decline of the landed interests but the rise of their competitors and the inter-relations of both. He also shows how the exaltation of the middle classes, begun in Whig self-interest, was pushed beyond calculated bounds by such diverse factors as the invention of railroads and the domesticated sympathies of the Royal Family. On the whole his account of the supplanters is even happier and better informed than his survey of the supplanted. Mr. Punch, who has lent some of his cartoons for the occasion and is quoted throughout as the most trustworthy of authorities on nineteenth-century social life, shares the author's regrets that he was not at hand to comment on the foibles of the eighteenth.

I think "the philosopher in Peshawar who said that he wanted something to read "must have been highly delighted when he received from Winifred Holtby The Land of Green Ginger (CAPE), with its dedication. This is a charmingly romanticised and effectively dramatised record of a passage in the life of the feckless, lovable, imaginative Joanna on a small-holding in Yorkshire—a life made sorded by poverty, by the ill-health of her consumptive husband, Teddy, who should have been a padre, by the malice of village gossip and by her own inability to do her chores in an orderly manner; and made glorious by day-dreams which any map or picture of a foreign field or passage in any book of traveller's tales, old or new, sets going in her wandering brain. Joanna, released after many trials by the death of her morbid husband for the great adventure of a new life in a Johannesburg boarding-house, will no doubt find it all mirage; but she will keep her soul, she will have her darlings, Pamela and Patricia, and her dreams. A charming book, written with a sense of style and, where occasion demands, with power.

We have all been buccaneers in our day. Picturesquely apparelled in top-boots, ear-rings, cutlasses and red shirts, we, Brethren of the Coast by right of derring-do, singed His Catholio Majesty's whiskers under Montbars, stormed San Lorenzo castle with Bradley, and sacked Panama with the redoubtable but admittedly rascally Boboadillos. Like that other "old bold mate of Henry Morgan," we were "all for drinking and dying in our boots," but, instead, adolescence turned us into respectable citizens. And now comes Professor Cooper Prichard with his little book, The Buccaneers (Cecil Palmer), to tell us what buccaneers were really like. It would seem that we were a pretty tough crowd. It is consoling however to learn that originally we were merely cattle-hunting bachelors haunting the Mos-

quito coasts in pairs, calling each other "Matlow," and, with our dogs and negro servants, living the harmless lives of so many Robinson Crusoes. Then Spain decided to stamp us out, and we banded together in settlements and so formed the nucleus of what was later to become the Buccaneer Federation. Professor Cooper Prichard confines his modest volume to HARRY MORGAN and his expedition against Panama, but he adds an excellent bibliography, and for such as would be buccareers to the last there are the chronicles of Esquemeling and Archenholz and Captain Sharp and many another to pass on to. But let us begin with Professor Cooper PRICHARD, for he clearly has the meat of the matter in him.

In the series, "To-day and To-morrow," Those brainy and bright little books, Whether minded to buy them or borrow, For mental excitement one looks; Their titles are most of them taken From Classical legend or lore, But their writers have wholly forsaken

And now Colonel Bramble's creator, Who cheered us when War was ablaze.

The ways of the bore.

Appears as the vaticinator Of War in a cosmical phase, When super-men, seeking sensation, Pretended the Moon was our foe. And found to their vast consternation She struck the first blow.

The book, like the rest of the series— KEGAN PAUL is the publisher's name-

Is so brief that it never once wearies, Though "giving to think" all the

So all you young Johnnies and Janets I urge you to sample it soon, And read The Next Chapter on Planets At war with the Moon.

One grows a little tired of the assumption, so lightly taken for granted by themselves, that the more eccen-

tric of one's generation constitute the whole of it. However, the decadent has enjoyed immemorial licence to consider himself the typical enfant du siècle, so when a gentleman avows himself "on the last cliffs of the land of sanity" in one breath, and "an average human being" in another, at least you have him comfortably ranged as a not uncommon literary phenomenon. Declaration of Love (Heinemann), in which a character of this kind and his feminine counterpart bandy the epistolary preliminaries of marriage, reminds me of the letter in which one of the D'ESTES—I think it was ISABELLA -arranges a match between her dwarfs and predisposes of the progeny. The deformity in this case is spiritual, not physical, but there is the same effect of indelicacy in exploiting it. Mr. Geoffrey Dennis's protégés, Yorick Lee and Susanna Lloyd, have apparently worked together as When a detective in fiction explains how he does things interpreters with the army of occupation. They depart he takes care, however modest he may be, to let you see



Bo'sun. "How came this hawser to get like this?" Storekeeper. "Moths."

from Cologne to Berlin and Paris respectively, and from Berlin is despatched the first of the four letters which constitute the book. This embodies Lee's opinion of himself, the qualifications he exacts in a wife and Miss Lloyd's failure, in all respects but two, to produce them. Miss Lloyd replies, wrestles in a hopeful spirit with her disabilities, and asks to be considered a candidate for Mr. Lee's hand. Mr. Lee writes a practicable proposal; and Miss Lloyd, regretting that her passion is more ardent than his own, professes herself at his service. In relation to the correspondents and their requirements the universe is reviewed in gross and in detail, with all the tetchiness of the eighteenth-century sentimentalists and none of their stylistic charm.

When a detective in fiction explains how he does things

cleverer, yet somehow, when he tells you how it is done, it that they are given short measure for their money. all looks too easy. Anyhow Mr. Francis Carlin's explanations strike me that way. He entered the force as a police actually calls at the police-station within twenty-four hours. I fusion. When Mr. Dominy gives him the power to wish

You must read the book, Reminiscences of an Ex-Detective (Hutchinson), to discover why. It sounds like a miracle, and possibly even Mr. CARLIN was surprised when it came off so quickly. But I'm not at all sure. The volume contains plenty more examples, and, though they are not all so rapid, they are scarcely less ingenious and equally successful. Outside the realm of romance it takes more than good luck to work that sort of stunt often.

Mareeya, I gather, was the heroine of a former novel by Miss (?) E. TAIT-REID. That bright little Russian lady, though in love with Donald Fleming, brother of a college friend, incautiously allowed herself to marry a compatriot named Count Ravenski, and it is with Nalda, the daughter of this ill-assorted pair, that The Persistent Heritage (Heffer) is chiefly concerned. Few heritages, one imagines, have been more persistent than this, for Nalda appears to have learned nothing from her mother's experience. She too, when it comes to her turn, marries Sergius Domiloff, an even more offensive Count than the other; she too finds, when

all but too late, that the now grey-haired Don Fleming has made me forget the creation in the creation. holds her tumultuous heart in fee. I say "all but," for the War, that great solver of novelists' troubles, comes, and Sergius, having proved himself faithless and a wife-beater, can be murdered stickily by revolting peasants (death on the battle-field being too good for such as he), and Don gets a commission and is wounded and a prisoner in Germany, escaping only just before the Armistice—and in fine all sorts of unpleasant things have to happen before the dear but impulsive little woman can sink restfully into those protecting arms. What with an engagement in a touring dramatic company and hectic affairs with baronets and others, and service in a hospital as expert in radio-

that he is jolly clever. A real delective is probably much; and rather childish in parts. But buyers cannot complain

Mr. John Gunther's Peter Lancelot (Secker) is one more constable and rose to be one of the Big Four (which is a hero of fiction whose adventures turn out, on the last page. real thing and does not exist, as I thought it did, entirely in to have been only a dream. Peter's are more dreamlike the imagination of the sensational Press); and to do that than most because of a certain not very amusing inconseyou have to have your wits about you. He certainly has quence. The story, as is the way of dreams, seems all the There is a murder on Woolwich Common. The only clues time to be just about to become sensible and prove itself at are a button and a piece of wire. The best detective in least a coherent allegory, but never does so. Peter's actual fiction would take a volume to connect these with the murcircumstances, as old Mr. Dominy's pupil at the lonely derer, but Mr. Carlin so works it that the wanted man cottage, are so unreal that they add to the reader's con-

anything on earth and have it come true he makes such a miserable use of his opportunities that the old woman of the fairy-tale who wished a black-pudding on to her husband's nose seems quite clever by comparison. The peop'e he meets never quite settle down into any definite character, and, save perhaps those earnest students of dreambooks who know that to dream of a black cat means (I am quoting such an authority) that "you will win a large sum on the races," I fancy that no one will find very much edification in it.

There are a few fictitious characters whom I regard as personal friends, and Father Brown is among them. I confess to an almost absurd affection for him; I love his modesty, his smile and his untidiness, and I adore his umbrella. So it follows that The Secret of Father Brown (CASSELL) came as a boon and a benefaction to me. My old friend is in wonderful form in these tales, never more wonderful than in "The Chief Mourner of Marne," a model story of its kind. I can pay no higher compliment to Mr. G. K. CHESTER-TON than to tell him that he



Country Farmer (seeing marvels of Metropolis). "Dang 11— THAT REMINDS ME! I COOM AWAY 'S MORNIN' AND LEFT OLD PIG-STY GATE OPEN."

Mr. DESMOND COKE'S qualifications for writing a tale of school-life are so numerous that I shall not attempt to call their roll. I prefer to direct the attention of everyone interested in boyhood and public-schools to The Worm (CHAPMAN AND HALL), in which Mr. Coke relates the history of a "special but not uncommon type of boy." Hugo Dean, with his diffidence and lack of game-skill, was as disappointing to his breezy father as he was puzzling to his schoolfellows. Hugo suffered, but it must be admitted that some of his sufferings were due to himself. The quality that I and others, and service in a hospital as expert in radio-photography, under a charming Colonel (R.A.M.C.) with absolute truth, a quality for which tales of school-life are steel-blue eyes, Miss Tair-Reid puts her heroine under the as a rule not remarkably conspicuous. For many years I harrow to some tune. Her book is excellently produced, have been grateful to Mr. Coke for his Bending of a Twig, and very long, written with all the enthusiasm of an amateur, my gratitude is increased by his turning of The Worm.

CHARIVARIA.

Anyone born in October, we read, has every chance of becoming a politician. Parents should not let this superstition worry them.

There have been conflicting reports about Lord Oxford's plans, but there is no question as to Lady Oxford's retirement from private life.

In spite of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S warning, at Blackpool, that love of pleasure was the ruin of ancient Rome, it is feared that Blackpool will decide to chance it.

Although summer-time has come to an end officially, the weather is still that this is the day of the road lizard. cold and unsettled.

The police are still searching for the thieves who took one hundred and eighty-six watches from a West End jeweller's shop on October 1st. They should, of course, have been put back, according to summer-time regulations, on the following morning.

President Von HIND-ENBURG's recent birthday was such a success that he has definitely decided, all being well, to have another next year.

A man living in Mexico claims to be one hundred and seven is joining seven other millionaires on at present a profound secret. years of age. He is assumed to be bullet-proof.

A prominent American predicts that in a few years Prohibition will be a dead letter. At present it is still more or less openly practised.

Immediately the decision that Brighton is to have a town cry, or yell, became known an emergency meeting of the Thanet Slogan Committee was sum-

When Mr. LLOYD GEORGE kicked off at a football match in North Wales recently, superstitious Liberals present, who observed that the ball was at his feet, drew a favourable augury from the fact that he didn't miss it.

A Daily Express reader has in his possession a formal exemption, issued by the Admiralty, protecting his grand-

it is more advisable to have the protection of Lord Beaverbrook.

"Society on the whole," says Lady ELEANOR ŠMITH in a gossip paragraph, "sings better than it paints or writes." We are more profoundly impressed by the brilliance of its gossip-writing.

up a London street for the purpose of

In putting on the market motor-cars with reptile interiors the designers have ing some very nice ready-to-wear twoevidently been actuated by the thought seaters.

father from the press-gang. Nowadays much faster in summer than they do in winter. Well, they can't have had to do much hustling this year.

A plague of threepenny-bits in Edinburgh is reported, but confidence is felt in churchwarden circles that every effort will be made to localise it.

In his new book dealing with the Although the Lord Mayor-elect is a Malay Peninsula, Major C. M. Enri-Pavior there is as yet no talk of taking QUEZ tells us of peculiar fish that not only leave the water but climb trees. It having it carried in the Lord Mayor's is thought that their ancestors formed this habit at the time of the Deluge.

At the Motor Show they are exhibit-

"Some men are able to blush when Mr. George Getz, of Chicago, who they like," says a medical writer. If

this is true of our coal merchant, all we can say is that he doesn't seem to like.

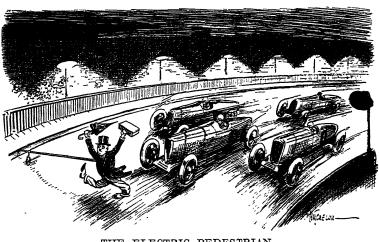
Sir William Carter is about to enter his thirteenth year as Mayor of Windsor. He only wants eighty-seven for game.

We gather from the Press that the new Ford car will have a four-cylinder engine, overhead valves, a three-speed gear-box, a multiple clutch, and several new stories. But you're not to tell anybody, as all this is

At the Labour Conference Lord ARNOLD described the House of Lords as "blind, callous, cynical, selfish, obstructive, factious, unscrupulous and reactionary." This rather suggests that the Labour Lord is not altogether satisfied with the Upper Chamber.

We understand on good authority that the electric hare that was caught recently by the greyhounds during a race is now claiming that the dogs took a short circuit.

It is estimated that one in five of our population has learned to drive a car. The other four are still learning to jump out of his way.



THE ELECTRIC PEDESTRIAN. A SUGGESTED OUTLET FOR THE MOTORIST'S ENERGY.

a big-game hunting expedition in East Africa, has pledged his guests not to shoot except as a protective measure. He is naturally reluctant to import Chicago methods into the jungle.

According to a report recently issued by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, the wreck of the schooner Hesperus, described by Longfellow, never happened. The result of an investigation, by the Swiss authorities, of the incident related in Excelsior is anxiously awaited.

The disqualification of a recent winner for not being the horse it was alleged to be furnished a racing sensation. Comparatively little notice was taken of the fact that the "also ran" we backed the other day was not the horse it was alleged to be.

According to a naturalist, ants move

Commercial Candour.

"Advance orders being booked for this season's Cockerels. Futility guaranteed." South African Paper.

THE CURSE OF ECONOMY.

At the Labour Party Conference, the Chairman, Mr. F. O. ROBERTS, M.P., blamed the Government for the present "blight of economy." On his party's next appearance in office it is proposed to introduce, in lieu of the Capital Levy, now abandoned, a sur-tax on incomes of £500 derived from property and investments, the proceeds to be devoted to "social services," "family allowances," and, if anything is left, the reduction of the National Debt.]

> OF all the ills of Baldwin's rule, The slump in trade and crops, Foreign relations changed and cool, And rain that never stops; Of all the blights that paralyse A nation once the mightiest— His proneness to economise Appears to be the blightiest.

When social services run dry And Labour's plaint goes out:— "Where is the country's wealth, and why Can't it be chucked about? Give us more doles, the toiler's due," He knits his niggard brow an' says, "I cannot spare another sou For family allowances."

So he and Winston have to go; Such misers we must shift; The time has come to end their low Conspiracy of thrift; To stabilise the People's health Upon a firmer basis, Putting a stiff sur-tax on wealth Saved-up to grind our faces.

And, while we squeeze the bloated rich, This levy we will loose Upon the middle-class,* for which We have no other use; We'll teach the blighters to entrench! The pride that they wax fat in Shall pay our sur-tax (sur is French For super, which is Latin).

* "Let them not try to court a middle-class vote that was worth nothing to them."—Mr. A. J. Cook.

THE QUESTIONER.

I FEEL I am losing ground with my youngest offspring. The moon began it, and this appalling weather has taken it a stage farther.

It was yesterday he asked me why the moon was sometimes large and sometimes small, and, eager to satisfy this spirit of inquiry, I set to work with a melon, an orange and an apple. Simple, of course; but have you ever tried to walk round a melon, making an orange revolve in one hand and an apple circulate about it in the other? Believe me, if you aren't careful, you can tie yourself into a fairly complicated knot. I had to stop and unwind five times before I had got very far.

Of course I can see now I needn't have walked round the sun at all to illustrate the phases of the moon; but, to be frank, the confounded business was not as clear in my own mind as I thought it was. Diagrams in books are one thing; personal illustrations are quite another. And to a series of unsatisfactory movements I added, I am afraid, a somewhat cryptic explanation.

Naturally I had to keep my end up; one must with off-"That's how it works," I said easily as my remarks came to a premature (and not unwelcome) end through my foot catching in a small occasional-table and

sending a lot of silly knick-knacks flying; "you see now. don't you?"

My affected easiness did not carry me through. He was tactful (we Tomlinsons are all tactful on the male side), but he clearly thought the matter had better be left where it was. "I should like," he said thoughtfully, "to have a slice of melon."

So we picked up the knick-knacks and afterwards consumed the moon, the earth and a couple of segments of the sun. Very friendly, of course, but I felt somehow the first

breach had been made in the parental defences.

To-day I am sure of it. "Where," he asked this afternoon, as he stood at the window watching the pelting rain, "does all the rain come from?"

It seemed easy; a chance to recover one's prestige. I plunged into it briskly. "The hot sun," I said, "draws up the moisture from the earth and the sea and then drops it again to make things grow. It's all very wonderful.'

"But there hasn't been any hot sun," he pointed out. "No—er—that is to say, not here, of course. It does it somewhere else, you know."

"Where does it do it?"

"Oh, out in the—er—sunny parts of the world."

"And has the hot sun drawn up more this year than it used to?" he demanded.

"Well, I rather think it must have done. Yes, I think we may safely say it has."

"Why?"

"The-er-actual reason is, of course, hidden from us, but we know it must have done because it's been raining most of the summer."

"How long have you known that?" he asked.

An odd question; I didn't quite see what he was driving at. "Well, I've known about these things for a good many years now," I smiled.

"Then why did you say to Mums this morning, when you were wanting to go to golf, Wherethedeucedoesthedarnedstuffallcome from?"

For the moment I was shaken, but we Tomlinsons have stern stuff in us. "That," I said airily, "was merely a-a

figure of speech."
"Oh," he murmured.
"Do you know what a figure of speech is?"

He shook his head.

0.S.

"A figure of speech is a remark or observation of a-er -poetic or fanciful description which may not necessarily er—possess literal accuracy of—ahem—detail. Do you understand?"

"I think," he said thoughtfully, "I should like another slice of melon."

HEART-BEATS.

(From the works of Miss Flavia Flabbe.) Sonnet on first seeing Box Hill from a Motor-Coach. WORDSWORTH, thou shouldst be living at this day! It needs thy pen to picture all I see. Alien my fellow-travellers are to me; A gulf divides me from their stupid bray. "Play us another tune," I hear them say. "Where are we going now to get our tea?" It grates; I fancy it would grate on thee That Nature's landscape should be cast away. Dear God! how wonderful the aspect now, After this vulgar day of jolts and shocks. To see this hill in verdant garb of box! Its beauty may be lost to common view; The clearer vision is for such as thou—

(To be continued.)

And I, who humbly follow after you.



COPS AND COPY.

PRESS REPORTER. "I'VE GOT THAT DOWN: 'IT IS CONFIDENTLY EXPECTED THAT AN ARREST WILL BE MADE TO-NIGHT IN THE SOUTH-EASTERN DISTRICT.' I SAY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITHOUT ME?"

REPRESENTATIVE OF SCOTLAND YARD. "THE OBLIGATION IS MUTUAL."



Very loud young Person. "You old people are so easy to read—none of our modern subtlety. One can see at once WHAT YOU'RE THINKING." Old Gentleman. "Then I'm Afraid you must find me dreadfully rude."

A MISSED COMPLIMENT.

THE Lord Mayor of LONDON and the Lady Mayoress of London, accompained by their twin daughters, have been visiting Rome, and the event has stirred me profoundly, because of all the existing cities on this earth London is the only one whose civic glories can be said to compare, however humbly, with those of Rome.

I have been disappointed, however, in a remark attributed to Signor Musso-LINI when speaking of his English guests. Whether he really spoke thus or not I cannot, of course, discover, but, according to one of our morning papers, "Signor Mussolini expressed surprise at the resemblance of the twins to each other, and said it was difficult to know which was which."

I should have expected from such a man as Signor Mussolini and upon such an occasion a little more than this. Not for the first time do I feel a sense of wasted opportunity in the observations of an eminent man. No doubt the position is difficult. A great personage is confronted more or less suddenly by a phenomenon of a natural or artificial kind. He is busy with in the history of Rome, if we are to

epigram, the graceful historical analogy, do not rise to his lips as easily as he himself would desire. Thus we see in print the following kind of thing:-

" An immense rainbow overspread the western counties yesterday, after the sudden storm, and the Duke of Radnorshire, as soon as it was shown to him, expressed the greatest interest. He pointed out that the colours of the rainbow were those of the spectrum, viz., red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet.

"Miss Sadie Smith, interviewed after the tremendous ovation which greeted the fall of the curtain on the first night of Getting Fresh, waxed eloquent on the wonderful enthusiasm with which the piece had been received. 'The reception of the play,' she said, 'was most gratify-

But more particularly do I feel that, in paying his tribute to the twin daughters of the Lord Mayor of London, Signor Mussolini lost a chance. Twins, and remarkable twins, are not unknown many cares, and the mot juste, the trust her own historians and those

English historians who have reverenced her past. Twins, and famous twins, have been seen by Roman dictators before and been the harbingers of good news. Listen to this for a moment:-

> "In seasons of great peril
> "Tis good that one bear sway; Then choose we a Dictator Whom all men shall obey. Camerium knows how deeply The sword of Aulus bites, And all our city calls him The man of seventy fights. Then let him be Dictator For six months and no more, And have a Master of the Knights And axes twenty-four.'

The Battle of Lake Regillus then raged most furiously.

> " And Aulus the Dictator Stroked Auster's raven mane: With heed he looked into the girths With heed unto the rein. 'Now bear thee well, black Auster, Into you thick array: And thou and I will have revenge For thy good lord this day.

So spake he; and was buckling Tighter black Auster's band. When he was aware of a princely pair That rode at his right hand. So like they were, no mortal Might one from other know; White as snow their armour was, Their steeds were white as snow."

And after the battle

"Sempronius Atratinus Sat in the Eastern Gate: Beside him were three Fathers Each in his chair of state.

The mist of eve was rising, The sun was hastening down, When he was aware of a princely pair Fast pricking towards the town. So like they were, man never Saw twins so like before: Red with gore their armour was, Their steeds were red with gore."

Putting it more briefly, the Dioscuri were paying him a state visit. Would it not have been more dramatic, more sensational in every way, if Signor Mussolini had alluded to this curious parallel? Would it not have been more wonderful if, instead of merely expressing surprise at "the resemblance of the twins to each other" and saying that "it was difficult to know which was which," he had broken rapidly into song after this manner:-

> The great Lord Mayor of LONDON Is here in Rome to-day These be his young twin daughters,
> Who follow him alway;
> So like they are, no mortal May one from other tell; Their hair is done the same way, They dress the same as well?

No doubt an imitation of the Lays of Ancient Rome would be very difficult to do in Italian on the spur of the moment, and, as I have said before, Signor Mus-SOLINI is a man of many cares. But I do complain, and I think justly complain, that nowhere in the tale of all this civic pomp do I find any reference to the fact that this is the second appearance (at least) in the Eternal City EVOE. of the Heavenly Twins.

SEASONABLE GREETINGS.

When Christmas brings our deck-chairs out

And from the hammock dangling feet wave.

What time we watch our roses sprout And swat mosquitoes in the heat-

The post delivers cards bedecked With icicles and suchlike folly, With coaches in a snowstorm wrecked And robins perched on frosted holly.

And, though we outwardly deplore Our climate with its tricks and trea-

We like these tokens all the more Because the goods are out of season.

Why then, when August plies her task Of making frozen mortals numb-er, Does no ingenious firm, I ask,

Devise a greeting-card for summer,



Burglar. "DID YER CUT 'EM OFF FROM THE EXCHANGE?" His Mate. "BETCHER LIFE I DID. AND FROM 2LO."

To come in driving wind and sleet, On (preferably) LUBBOCK Monday, Depicting days of blazing heat Made bearable by ice and sundae:

While Father Summer, clad in rhyme, In panama and tinted glasses, Wishes a torrid summer-time To groups of bathing-suited lasses?

"Admission is of course free to members and is honestly worth double the price." Suburban Paper.

It could hardly be worth less.

"Two's Company."

From an Indian concert programme: ". Sweet Nymph come to thy Lover' (unaccompanied).

"I am Thylvia."

Personal Column, Daily Paper. We are glad that the lady whose identity has been a matter of inquiry for so long has of her own accord revealed the secret. It was her engaging lisp, no doubt, that made all our swains commend her.

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

IX.—Going to the Dogs.

Well Trix darling at last I've been really my dear this is the most unreasonable country, well the things you | shillings at the White City, my dear as whole life with one fcot in the jail, well told you about Mr. Sweet darling berather serious ones, my dear quite lamb- a girl sees is too decorative, well they

foot Sweets, but only in the Home Office and an utter pauper, of course I rather wish he wasn't a Civil Servant because as Mr. Haddock said it's one thing to marry a Commoner but it's another thing to be tied for life to a Government Department, anyhow last night he took me to the dogs or rather I rang him up and said he was to come and I ran him down in the car to save the poor lamb taxis, well we were nearly there when what was my horror I remembered I hadn't the ghost of a gasper, well he doesn't smoke them and Toots had told me that some sort of fumigant is quite desirable at the dogs, so I stopped at one of those characteristic little shops where they sell tobacco and chocolate and newspapers and everything, well my dear the place was simply teeming with my favourite fags but would you believe it the man said it was too felonious to-sell us any because it was five past eight, though my dear he was still selling chocolate and the most poisonous

sweets, not to mention stamps and newspapers and several guides to greyhound form, and he said he would be selling them till half-past nine but if he sold a gasper or a single match some unnecessary policeman would be sure to do him a mischief, well my dear Sweet said it was quite right, there's some feeble-minded law about it, and all I can say is if there are still laws of that kind what was the good of women getting the vote don't you agree darling?

Well my dear more in anger than in sorrow we went in to the dogs, and I insisted on the five shillings because I knew my poor Sweet couldn't afford the ten and besides Toots said that in the five shillings you get the full squalor of

against the tribe of Judah, my dear I don't begin to be an anti-Simian or whatever it is, my dear I venerate the to these contagious greyhounds, and Jews, but my dear the particular Jews who swarm and multiply in the five may do and the things you mayn't, in | Mr. Haddock said it ought to be called this town one seems to spend one's the Unholy City, my dear I can't tell you, my dear too insanitary, my dear Mr. Sweet took me, I don't think I've the wads of Treasuries where do they get it, and my dear the atmosphere, cause, my dear, Mr. Sweet is one of my | however I must say that the first race like and he's been hovering for years turn out all the lights except the lights couldn't have a cocktail unless we had but my dear too shy and Nature's on the track, so that all you see is just couldn't have a cocktail unless we had a ham-sandwich because it seems there's breeding, you know the Pudde-



Non-golfing Wife (to exasperated player who is making lengthy stay in bunker). "HABOLD, DEAR, DON'T YOU THINK THIS WOULD BE A TOPPING SPOT TO BRING OUR TEA OUT TO ONE AFTERNOON?"

utterly like a race-game or the hugest roulette-table, which of course my dear is all it is, and why they don't have electric dogs and have done with it I can't imagine.

Because my dear the race takes thirty seconds and then there 's twenty minutes standing about and if you didn't bet you'd merely perish of chronic fatigue, so of course we betted and my poor Sweet was too noble, he put ten shillings on every race, including five shillings for me if we won, only of course we never did and my dear I can't press money on a man can you so I'm afraid he lost more than I did, my dear we backed four seconds and one dog which would have won, my dear the most mag-

know I haven't the flimsiest prejudice other tuberculous creature and came in last, and of course every time we knew perfectly well which dog would win only it was always cdds on and my dear odds on is utterly valueless to your ambitious little Topsy, and if I can't win masses I'd much rather lose don't you agree dear?

However after hours of this my legs were crumbling, so we crawled away to Soho, yes I know too degrading, but of course we were dressed all plebeian for the dogs, well simply all I wanted was a single cocktail, but my dear the foul Dago in charge of the place said we

> that, well if you've got to have an unnecessary ham-sandwich you might just as well have a Christian supper, so my poor Sweet ordered supper, and my dear if you're going to have a Christian supper you must have the flimsiest glass of really celestial wine so my poor Sweet ordered the wine but my dear no sooner had the waiter filled our glasses for the first time than he rushed back and merely snatched them out of our hands because it was ten seconds after eleven or something and there's another superfluous law about that! Well my dear we slunk out and went to some monastic night-club which Sweet belongs to, my dear too suburban and they all talk about nothing but Einstein and the new Prayerbook and everything, but my dear the moment one sat down it was raided by the police because it seems ten years ago there was another club there which had a bad book in the library, so we slunk out of that and of course there were four policemen merely mustered

this ribbon of green baize, my dear too | round the car because it was facing east instead of west and there's a law about that, and anyhow it was in some criminal place, well by this time my poor Sweet was blushing all over because he does hate giving his name and address, and my dear it is hard because he takes years to thaw, and my dear every time we broke the law simply all the emotion seemed to filter out of him, so I had one of my moments of abandon and I said Let's go and have a second's peace on that romantic bridge in St. James's Park, well we left the car in the Mall and my dear it is the most Venetian view in the whole of London because it was a divine night, and my dear the moon, and the water, and the Foreign Office and everything the thing, my dear too right, my dear you | netic animal, only it was bitten by some | and not a soul about, but of course

rather Arctic and I suppose I shivered because my angelic Sweet put his knightly arm round me, which my dear is the wildest action he's ever done, so we nestled a little and drank in the night as they say, which my dear will very soon be the only thing we can drink, and I was just thinking Well this is the first moment we've had that's cost him nothing and isn't against the law, and my dear I know he was quite liking me, and I do believe he was just going to venture on a chaste caress when up came a leprous keeper and said Is that your car in the Mall, well my dear it seems there's even a law about leaving my harmless little car in the Park for ten seconds at 1 o'clock in the morning so we slunk back and there was the usual ring of irrelevant policemen and my dear when you think of the masses of murderers they never catch, and my dear when you think that all those obscene betting-people can do anything they like and the only time we were left alone was when we were wasting my poor Sweet's money on those fraudulent dogs, and of course the tragedy is that I hear my poor Sweet is in the very Department which makes up all these nursery regulations, and my dear talking of Sweet of course the spell was utterly broken and 1 rather doubt if the spell will ever be the same again, so no more now, your revolutionary Topsy. A. P. H.

THE FIRST FOG.

"You can't go to the City on a morning like this," said Lavinia.

'Unfortunately I can," I replied. "But look-you can't see the other side of the road."

"Yes, I sadly miss the sight of The Acacias."

"But the train will never get to town on a morning like this."

"You don't know the 8.47. struggles along.

"Surely they can't expect you, knowing how subject you are to bronchitis."

Lavinia persisted.

"They don't worry all that much about bronchitis that isn't theirs," I said.

I slammed the front-door, ran amok for a few moments in the front-garden and then groped my way to the station.

Even if I had not observed the disappearance of The Acacias and my bronchial tubes had not been already tuning up, I should have known it was foggy. I was told so by Smarner, a highly respected man, and a member of the local council, whose word one could not doubt. Several other people on the 8.47 assured me that it was foggy. There



Employer. "Gracious, boy, how you do stutter! Did you ever go to a STAMMERING SCHOOL?"

"N-N-N-NO, SIR. I D-D-DO THIS N-NATURALLY."

sensus of opinion. And in every case "Just to tell you that I am taking a It I replied, "Yes, isn't it!" Never once day off. Simply can't resist this wondid I say, "I know that, you fool."

With a final gallant spurt the S.47 got into Cannon Street at 10.11. The ticket-collector mentioned that it was

It was not a black fog. One could see the sun, a dirty orange disc. One could stare at it boldly as one cursed it for wasting itself on a day like this.

The commissionaire said it was foggy. My clerk said it was a foggy morning. "Yes, isn't it!" I replied in each case.

I had hardly settled down when the telephone bell rang. Another idiot who had discovered the fog, I supposed, as I unhooked the receiver.

It was the all-powerful person to whom Lavinia refers as "they." "That you, Blinkins?" he called cheerfully. was no getting away from such a con- He was speaking from Three Bridges. in Patience.

derful sunshine. What a glorious day at last!"

"Yes, isn't it!" I said.

A New Naval Rating.

"A dance and social evening will be held at the Dairen Club this evening at 9.30, to which the Captain & Wardrobe Officers of H.B.M S. Ambrose' will be invited."—Chinese Paper. We should like to be there to see them "dress ship."

- had commandeered a hammock which was much too small for his soft, unwieldy body. He looked very much like a fat provincial actor dressed for the part of Bunthorne in 'the Gondoliers' who was resting between the acts."-Magazine Story.

But not quite so unwieldy, perhaps, as the Duke of Plaza-Toro would look

THE CLIMAX.

ORDINARY snap-shotters are hard enough to bear, goodness knows, but when it comes to making movies in the home, life just ceases to be one glad song. Since Gilbey came to stay with us and brought his movie-camera we have given up simply feeling ordinary emotions; we spend our time in registering extraordinary ones for Gilbey to

photograph.

It so chanced that Gilbey's visit coincided (through no fault of ours) with the delivery of our new car. We do not get a new car very often, and we looked upon this as a great and solemn occasion, to be treated as such. Not so Gilbey: all he saw in it was an opportunity, his first suggestion being that we should make one of those comic films of motor-cars going about backwards and falling over cliffs.

He insisted, however, upon photographing the arrival of the new car. To this we had no particular objection; we raised our hats and bowed and smiled $until\,the\,small\,crowd\,which\,had\,gathered$ began to imagine that we were visiting royalty from Ruro-Slopovia. Gilbey's

camera took it all in; it didn't seem to matter to it what we did. For sublime mine and sat up. aloof indifference to human folly, give

me a movie-camera.

"What can we take next?" asked Gilbey, as we sank back, completely worn out, into the well-sprung cushions (see advertisements) of the new car.

"Haven't we finished?" we asked

Gilbey stared.

"Rather not," he said. "What we need now is some comic relief-something funny as a sort of climax to the picture."

"Must it have a climax?" asked

"Of course," replied Gilbey. "All the best pictures work up to a climax. Think of Ben Hur and-er-so on. Really you ought to have a terrific crash and crawl out of the shattered wreckage all bandaged up."

out of the wreckage already bandaged,

wouldn't it?" I asked.

"Little things like that don't matter on the films," said Gilbey. "It's the effect on the audience which you have to think alout."

"Well, we're thinking of the effect on our new ear," said Angela. "And I think it's done enough movie-acting

for one morning. It's tired.'

"No—half a minute," said Gilbey;
"I've got an idea. I'll dress up as an old tramp and come along and strike a match on the paintwork, and you register terrific indignation."

world."

"That doesn't matter on the films," said Gilbey. "It always goes well. Now, you must be cleaning the car-"

"It doesn't need cleaning," said

Angela. "It's brand-new."

"Well, pretend to clean it," said Gilbey. "Pat it lovingly, and so on. Then I shall come round that corner and shuffle up and strike a match right across the bonnet and go on my way completely unconcerned.

"You won't," I said fiercely.

"I shan't really strike it," said Gilbey. "George shall work the camera. Just give me a minute or two to make up, and when you see me coming start registering loving care for all you're

"That won't be much," I said sadly. Gilbey was shuffling wearily towards us.

"The car's paid for."

"I suppose we must," said Angela resignedly when Gilbey had disappeared. "No wonder movie-stars get big salaries. They deserve it.'

We lay back and closed our eyes. It was very peaceful now that Gilbey had gone. After a pause I opened one of

"Come along, Mary Pickford," I

said. "Douglas is coming."

Round the corner which Gilbey had indicated a disreputable old tramp was shuffling, an unlighted pipe in his mouth. He came slowly towards us.
"My!" said Angela. "He's been

quick. What is it we've got to register

-loving kindness?"

"Loving care," I said, and, jumping out, I began to pat the radiator, registering loving care like anything.

The old tramp came shuffling nearer (it was a wonderful make-up; I should never have recognised Gilbey); then, when he was just passing the car, he drew a match from his pocket and, with a leer on his face, scraped it viciously across the immaculate paintwork of the bonnet.

I was about to leap at the throat of "Rather quick work if we crawled the criminal when George stopped me.

"Keep it up," he shouted, turning the handle like one possessed. "Register indignation."

"I'm going to register murder," I shouted back.

"Kill him afterwards. Now, then, sink on to the bonnet and burst into

It was hard, in the face of that wicked sear across our beautiful new bonnet-Gilbey had no right to allow his histrionic emotions to run away with him like that—but it certainly made it easier for me to raise my clenched hands to heaven and register overwhelming rage,

"Do you call that an idea?" I asked | grinding my teeth meanwhile in a highly wearily. "It's the oldest gag in the convincing manner. At the same time the thought of what I was going to do to Gilbey brought a look of sinister hatred to my face which no movie-star has ever equalled.

"Hold it," shouted George. "I must

have a close-up of that."

I held it, hating Gilbey more and

"Now examine the mark and communicate your indignation to Angela," commanded George.

I wept a tear (real) upon the dishonoured bonnet and turned to tell Angela nearly exactly what I thought of Gilbey.

But I didn't, because just at that moment I caught sight of Angela's face. Her wide-open eyes were fixed upon the corner; a thinly-disguised

It was a good make-up, but it wasn't as good as the real tramp, who was by this time out of sight down the road. Curse him! L. DU G.

KING JOHN.

John was a tyrant, John was a tartar,

But John put his name to the Great

Big Charter. Every Baron,

From Thames to Tweed,

Followed the road

To Runnymede.

Every Baron had something to say To poor perplexed King John that

"Pray sign your name," said Guy de Gaunt;

"It's easily done, and it's all we want.

A J and an O and an H and an N," Said Hugo, Baron of Harpenden. Quietly spoke the Lord Rambure,

"Oblige, Lord King, with your signature."

"Your name, my Liege, to be writ just here,

A mere formality," laughed De Bere. "A stroke of the pen and the thing is done,

Murmured Sir Roger of Trumpington. "Done in a twinkling," sniffed De

Said Stephen Langton, "Sign-IF you please."

So many people Egging him on, I can't help feeling Sorry for John.

From a City article:-

"There should be plenty of money to be made in the stock markets during the remaining months of the present week. Midland Paper.

One crowded week of glorious months!



Mayor. "I WILL NOW ASK YOU TO DRINK TO THE HEALTH OF OUR GOOD TOWNSMAN, PETER POTTER, ON MY RIGHT, WHO IS HE WAS BORN HERE; HE WAS MARRIED HERE; AND WE ALL HOPED THAT HE WOULD DIE HERE. BUT IT WAS LEAVING US. NOT TO BE."

BARBARA'S FIRST CIGARETTE.

As I described recently in these pages, when Julia, on the first morning of the holidays, announced that she was engaged to be married to a gentleman whom she had met under most irregular circumstances—to wit, by seeing him almost daily in a passing train while on liked it. her way to Waterloo and eventually meeting him during a break-down on lieved. I felt that a great load had been the line, Sylvia and I, as her joint taken off my mind. In fact by the guardians, felt that the time had come evening of the same day we were again

At least I did. My back was up and I decided to put my foot down. And I was well on the way to convincing her, by sheer force of personality and reason, of the error of her ways before she explained that the whole story was an idea for the opening of a novel she intended to write and inquired how we

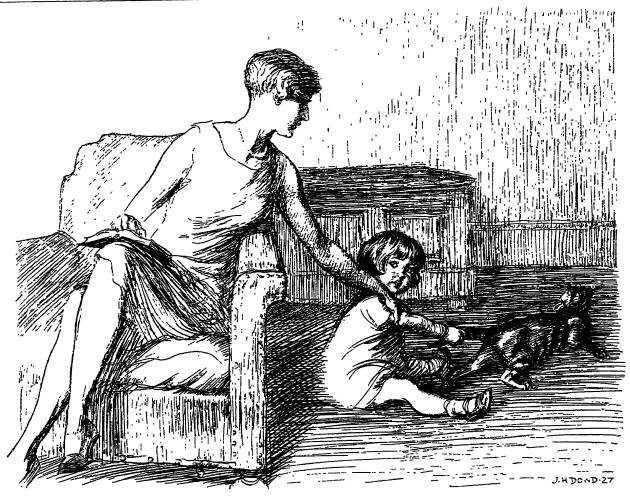
We were of course immensely rewhen we must assert our authority. on speaking terms, and the matter want an opening in which a man meets

might never have been revived but for Charles. Charles is my brother. He—well, to put it shortly, he lacks discernment of that nice distinction between good and bad form that one would naturally expect to find in a member of my family.

"You remember how you pulled old B.'s leg this morning, Julie," said he, "about that engagement of yours?"

"Yes," said Julia. "He's almost recovered now. What about it?"

"Well," said Charles, "if you really



"Don't pull pussy's tail, darling."

"I'M NOT PULLING, MUMMY-I'M ONLY HOLDING. PUSSY'S PULLING."

a girl under unusual and interesting circumstances I think I've got a better idea than yours."

"It must be a very good one indeed in that case," I said. "I should like to hear it."

"Yes," said Julia, in a tone of an author condescending to encourage a novice to put forward ideas; "let's hear it.'

"Right," said Charles generously. "Well, he—the man—is a medical student living in a room on the fifth floor of a Bloomsbury lodging-house."

"Not original," said Sylvia. certain it's been done before."

"Well, one day," went on Charles, ignoring the remark, "the medical student, whom we'll call M. for short, is sitting reading in his room, smoking a cigarette. He gradually finishes the cigarette and throws the end out of the window.'

"Very good," said Julia. "I think that's exactly what a medical student

would do. It's very true to life."
"Rather," I said. "Charles knows what he's talking about all right."

Charles serenely, "in the small backyard on to which his window looks out round to see the impression his invencigarette end," he added with a superior smile.

stunned it," I suggested.

Julia looked at me scornfully. "Charles," she said in tones of admiration, "I think it's a jolly fine plot. Of course the cigarette end sets fire to the perambulator, doesn't it?"

"That's it," said Charles, "sets fire to the perambulator and-

"Half a minute," said Sylvia. "It's a pity to spoil a story that has hitherto been conspicuous for its knowledge of human nature by the introduction of such an unlikely event. How would a cigarette end set fire to a perambulator?"

"You're too particular, Sylvia," I come of an unsavoury nature." said. "It only needs a little imagina-

"All unknown to M.," continued tion. The owner of the baby is also the owner of a car. He has dumped the car in the road in front of the lodgthere is, at the time he throws out the ing-house and the baby in the peramcigarette end, a perambulator with a bulator at the back. Just as he is baby in it." Charles paused and looked about to fill the car with petrol, which he keeps in the back-yard, he remembers tive genius was creating. "You'll that he has left his pipe in his room on probably guess what happened to the the first floor. He absent-mindedly places the tin of petrol, which you understand he has already opened, along-"Hit the baby on the head and side the baby in the perambulator, while he runs up to fetch his pipe. Meanwhile the cigarette end is thrown and falls into the tin."

"Thanks," said Charles drily. "I'll now go on where I left off. The cigarette end falls into the perambulator. It doesn't set fire to anything at all. I was wrong about that. The baby is sleeping peacefully on its back with its mouth open, and the cigarette end falls into its mouth."

"Horrible," I said. "I knew that with a medical student as the central figure the story would before long be-

"But what about the meeting,

Charles?" said Julia. "We haven't

had that yet."

"Not so fast," said Charles. "You don't give me a chance. Then the baby starts to cry. Any fault to find with that?" he added, turning to me.

"Every fault," I replied. "A most

disagreeable picture."

"Well, M. leaps up at the sound of the baby's cry, suspects what he has done, and tears down the stairs half-a-

dozen steps at a time.

"I've got it!" said Julia excitedly. "He finds that a charming girl has emerged from a room on the groundfloor, extracted the cigarette end and is

nursing the baby back to comfort."
"No," said Charles; "it's more romantic than that. Not a soul is about. They 've gone out for the evening. M. himself recovers the cigarette end, sees that the baby's lip is burnt rather badly, fetches some ointment and applies it to the wound, gradually soothes the baby to sleep again and steals back to his room on the fifth floor. There is but one man living-M., the central figure of the drama—who knows the cause of the slight scar that is left upon the baby's lip."

"But the meeting," insisted Julia. "He hasn't met the girl yet."

"Hasn't he?" said Charles with a cunning smile. "I wonder. All this is a sort of prologue to the main story, which starts in Chapter II. as follows:-'Maurice Mallinson, M.D., F.R.C.S., was sitting in the lounge of the Hôtel de la Plage. He had every reason to be satisfied with himself. Was he not in the prime of life—thirty-six, no more? He was. Was not the blood coursing through his veins? It was. He was feeling very well. Had he not the world at his feet? Certainly. He had scaled the top rung of his profession.

"'A slow smile o'erspread Maurice's clear-cut features as he pondered on the further fame that awaited him by his brilliant discovery of the new anæsthetic contained in the Peruvian cowslip. He threwhispowerful eyes round the lounge. There she was again, the girl he had seen in the garden, quietly reading on the settee by the window. She had been playing tennis, a figure of exquisite grace. Eighteen—she could not be a day more. Barbara! That was it. He had heard them call her Barbara. And now her bottomless purple eyes, as she flashed them time and again across the page and back again to the next line, her delicately-stencilled profile in quasisilhouette against the setting sun, filled him with an indefinable ecstasy. Where had he seen those purple eyes before?

"'Suddenly he sat up as though stung by a wasp. On the extreme left of her upper lip he had noticed a small scar.' " | Charles.



"MAY I INTRODUCE THIS NEW LITTLE RAZOR GADGET OF OURS TO YOU, SIR? IT IS CREATING A REVOLUTION IN SHAVING." "No, thanks. I 've tried it, and I 'm afraid it wasn't a bloodless revolution."

Julia could restrain herself no longer. She sprang up and flung her arms round Charles's neck. "Charles," she exclaimed, "it's wonderful! Much better than mine. We'll write the novel together, won't we?"

"I should, certainly," I said, picking up the evening paper. "I should go upstairs and start it now."

"What are you going to call it?" asked Sylvia.

"I had an idea for that too," said Charles. "I don't know what you'll think of it," he added modestly.

"What is it?" said Julia excitedly. "' Barbara's First Cigarette," said

He had indeed surpassed himself. Julia's delight knew no bounds. we're not careful she really will be engaged one of these days.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

On the national finances situation:-"14,800,000 of income tax expected to accrue from the abolition of the dual instalment system for Schedule A... which is not due till January, has yet had no effect upon the accounts."—Provincial Paper.

"On the resolution dealing with the mining industry, all felt that inspectors should rise from the bottom and be compelled to go down the mine."—Weekly Paper.

The latter process will naturally precede the former.

A RUMMAGE SALESMAN.

I USED to be very high-handed in shops. If I asked for a black necktie quiring?" I said humbly. with white pin spots and the fellow behind the counter got out a navy with my daughter's weddin'," she said. With a deft movement I whisked it off stripes I just threw it at him. If he apologised and said, "I know exactly what you require, Sir, I shall be pleased to get it for you if you will allow me to do so," I didn't trouble to answer, I just walked out of the shop.

I learnt sympathy with salesmen at Miranda's jumble sale, where I was a counter-jumper myself.

Miranda is my sister-in-law. The sale was held in a beautiful garden belonging to a friend of hers. It looked like a rag-and-bone yard. Exquisite rose-trees had dress-hangers hooked on to them, from which hung garments in every stage of decay. A fairy like Caroline Testout supported a moth-eaten pair of check trousers. A glorious bush of William Allen Richardson was hung all over with washed-out jumpers and pyjamas. Long trestle tables supported decayed objects of every kind.

Miranda indicated one of the tables! to me. "You can start on that lot," she said; "if they hang fire reduce 'em. We don't start selling until I ring the bell. You can walk round until then procure you exactly what you require." and buy anything you take a fancy to

yourself."

Out of sheer compassion for the Caroline Testout I bought the check trousers for eightpence and put the money into a pudding-basin eagerly held out by one of the ladies in charge. It was foolish policy. She subsequently pursued me with a white piqué waistcoat at fourpence and a silver-grey top-hat with the crown bashed in at twopence.

I was relieved when Miranda rang the bell and a crowd of women surged in at the gate. In a few minutes the pudding-basins were rattling with money. But not my basin. Everybody turned up their noses at my stock. I wasn't surprised. It was the mouldiest collection of the lot, but I feared what Miranda would say if I handed in an empty

it at me. "Gored," she sniffed.

skirts were cut of fashion.

"Is there anything else you were re-

"I was lookin' for a 'at to wear at



"SHE SUBSEQUENTLY PURSUED ME."

"Somethin' smart. You ain't got nothin' of the sort 'ere."

She was moving on disdainfully.
"Stop, Madam!" I said. "I can

"'Yours for eighteenpence,"

basin. I reduced recklessly. I cringed afternoon. It was stuck on the top of to customers. I brought a skirt from a a sweet-pea stick. It was the most shilling down to threepence to try to revoltingly ugly hat I have ever beheld. please one woman, and she just tossed It might have been worn by a gargoyle. it down anywhere at a rummage sale. HELEN of Troy would have looked plain

pletive, but soon found that "gored" | I wondered why it hadn't been snapped up. It was in the vicinity of a stall, but evidently the stall-holder hadn't pushed it.

I went stealthily towards it now. the pea-stick and secreted it in the folds of the gored skirt, which I had carried with me for the purpose. As I did so I seemed to hear a giggle from my rear. I glanced fearfully around but met only faces with the light of battle in them. I cursed

my diseased imagination and glided swiftly back to my customer. "The latest," I said. "Yours for eighteen-pence." There was no ticket on it, but I felt the price was justified.

She bore it away triumphantly. Shortly afterwards Miranda collected the basins and the company began to disperse. Most had left when one stall-holder complained that she couldn't find her hat. Her announcement didn't strike me at once with any special significance, but I couldn't avoid looking at her sympathetically and helping her in her search. She was a pretty young thing with fair shingled hair and in-

nocent appealing eyes. We crept under the trestles and probed in most unlikely places, while a grim-looking elderly lady looked on sardonically. "It's quite obvious what has happened, Anne," I had noticed the hat earlier in the she said; "your hat has been sold for

rummage."

My heart gave a jump. Anne's eyes dilated. "Oh, Aunty, don't say that," she said. Her distress was painful to witness. Was it possible that I had been the instrument which had brought this misery into her young life? I looked at her delicately-poised head, at the perfect taste of her frock, and I was reassured. That monstrosity in hats which I had sold for eighteenpence had never been hers; she would have shuddered to have been seen in it. Then Miranda whispered in my ear, "The old lady gave it to her for her birthday. It cost pounds." My heart jumped again.

Anne was on the verge of tears. "It was such a beautiful hat," she said; "I shall never have another like it."

"You won't. I'll answer for that," said her aunt. "You shouldn't have had that one if I'd thought you would fling

At first I took this for a profane ex- in it. But it was undoubtedly modish. Was so hot, I was afraid it would get

faded," she faltered; "and I didn't fling it down, really I didn't; I hung it most carefully in the shade on a sweet-pea stick." Then she added hopefully, "Perhaps we could trace it and buy it like the Day of Judgment. And it was

I was on the point of confessing, of earth to trace it, when her aunt snapped, "Buy back a hat when it's been on nobody knows whose head! Don't be disgusting, Anne. Go and fetch the car."

Anne fetched it. As she packed her angry aunt into it her meek eyes apcar slid through, Anne inclined her fair as soon as they had finished; and any- a bit from time to time, they showed no

hatless head ever so slightly towards me while she sounded the horn.

"You dear!" she breathed.

THE BLOT.

"Good Lord!" said Edward.

It is admittedly embarrassing, when offering a light, to discover that one's matchbox is tenanted by a couple of pallid moths, sleek, furred and somnolent; but even so his emotion seemed a trifle excessive, for a moth is, after all, less formidable than many snakes.

"Good Lord!" said Edward again, "I 've forgotten

to put them back."

He regarded them reproachfully and ran a careful finger over the air-holes to make sure that all was well, explaining as he did so that they were not his, but only borrowed; he also added that, considered as the friend of man, they were a wash-out.

"And it all came," he said bitterly, " of my young cousin's wanting to know how a magneto worked. She's an extremely nice child, with very long legs and a passion for diagrams—you know the sort—but her fountain-pen is simply abominable. It leaks from both ends, and some one had been trimming the nib with a penknife. And the really trying part is that we were sitting on thing was perfect." the sofa.

"I don't think you know my aunt's gazed bitterly at his tenants. sofa. It's an embroidery affair that's been in the family for generations, and he demanded. "Would they so much there are shepherdesses all over the as have a taste to see if they liked it or seat; and as luck would have it we not? We kept them on that spot for caught one of 'em bang in the eye. A large, rich, baleful blot. Well, we tried milk, and we tried ink-erasor. No the nap. And then my young cousin good; and by that time we began to get | (she 's a really very intelligent child, you | where else.

and if my aunt found out it would be then we thought of the moths.

"I don't know who exactly suggested saying I would go to the ends of the it first, but the idea was this: to acquire a couple of moths or so—the more the better, in fact-and get them to eat out the blot, so that the fury of the aunt (which we had decided was inevitable anyway) | would be diverted from us to a less less sensitive object; that is, if she before. They simply worked themselves pealed for forgiveness. I stood by the could find the guilty parties. For of well into the stuffing and went to gate when the two departed. As the course we should have taken them away sleep, and, although we chivvied them

The Prime Minister. "I value this Vane—if only because he shows which way the wind isn't blowing." MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY (EARL VANE).

in the meantime. And the beauty of it was that we'd got 'em all ready to was fortunately away at the time) had got this couple here that he'd found in the garden or somewhere about a week ago and was keeping in a match-box to see if they'd breed. In theory the

Edward opened the box again and cast."—Local Paper.

"But would the little blighters eat?" three-quarters of an hour, and in all that time they never so much as licked

the wind up. Because of course," he know) suddenly thought that it would explained hastily, "I couldn't let my be easier for them if we cut out the young cousin get into a row over it, middle and let them chew just round the edges, if you take me, which would give the required effect just as well as if they'd scoffed the lot.

"Which we did," said Edward, "with some nail-seissors. And it was awfully curious to see how much bigger the

hole looked than the spot.

"Then we got the moths again and applied them to the edges, and if possible they were more apathetic than

> appetite whatsoever. Either that or sheer cussedness. The worst of the moth," observedEdwardinstructively, "is that you can't reason with it, in which respect it bears no resemblance to the dog. There isn't a halfbred terrier in town who wouldn't have whipped out that stain in half a jiffy and thrown in a few paw-marks for local colour.

> "And that," said Edward," was this morning; and my aunt will be in by tea-time; and I thought perhaps, if I came out and had a spot of lunch, it might clear the brain a bit, or perhaps I might meet some one with ideas." Here Edward paused, but without much hope. "It's quite a!l right for the moment," he explained, "but we've simply got to think of something; and I don't really think it's much use my going back until I have."

> He glanced casually at the clock, which then

how they'd have had a jolly good feed marked a quarter-past-four, and extracted another cigarette.

"But I know it's all right for the hand, because her young brother (he moment," he repeated, feeling himself carefully for the other match-box, "because I've left my young cousin sitting

Another Impending Apology.

"THREAT FOR LISTENERS.

Bristol Choral Society Concert to be Broad-

Notice in Spanish hotel:-

"Any tips given to a membrer of the Hotel staff ramain his property. If you desire to give a tip to be applied to all the employers, pleasse hand the money over to the cashier. This amount will be distributed prorata."

Personally we never dream of giving a tip to hotel-keepers in Spain or any-



Mother. "Wouldn't you like to come and make some toffee, darling?"

Small Girl. "Oh, please, mother, don't bother me with housekeeping now."

POLPERRO

(Duchy of Cornwall).

LITTLE Polperro is just like a dream—
So sudden and all in a minute;
Down a hill, round a corner and over a stream
And there, all at once, you are in it;
White houses (as if

They were envelope backs)
Are sealed to the cliff
By the best sealing-wax,

But haply 'tis all the red fuchsias you notice That look like red sealing-wax? Yes, haply so 'tis.

There's a street, full of angles and corners awry, Where a pram looks as big as a waggon, And then, through a bottle-neck, suddenly, why, There's the sea, rolling blue as a dragon;

While you listen, or list,
For the cry never lulls
Where those little ways twist,
To the skirling of gulls;

Your rooks and their Mand and your cuckoos at Merrow, Sir Poets, they're naught to the gulls at Polperro.

But the sea, but the sea, 'tis so dark and so blue Picked out by the crash of a comber On the reef that goes reaching left-handed to Looe, That you're tempted to try and quote Homer—
"Wine dark," then (like me)
You will find a full stop

And you'll go and drink tea
In a little dream-shop,
And sit on a sea-wall and hear the soft cadence
Of lazy blue ripples green-haired as mermaidens.

Then home, up a street that is taller than Troy
(The street of the angles and corners),
To hug to your heart a discoverer's joy,
A DRAKE's or, at least, a Jack Horner's—

A conceit of the worst,
But you'll certainly deem
That 'twas you found it first
This toy town of a dream,
Yet hardly a dream for that's gone

Yet hardly a dream, for that's gone when you've met it,

But little Polperro you'll never forget it. P. R. C.

"One hundred and fifty brace of partridges were rushed to the Cunarder Berengaria before that vessel's departure for New York this afternoon, and consequently the first-class travellers will have pheasant in their menu for dinner this evening."—Evening Paper, Oct. 1st. The game they did not understand.

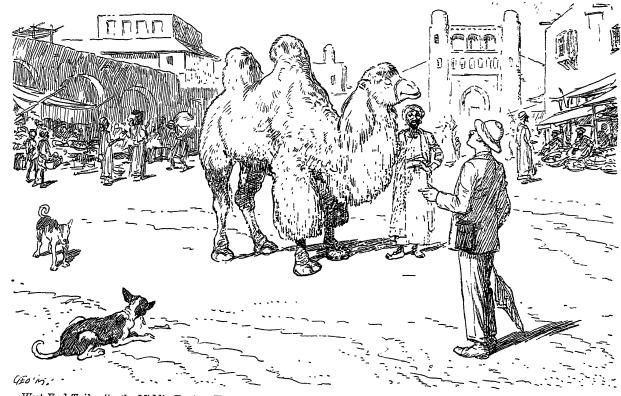
The Y.M.C.A., for whose very useful services with the Shanghai Defence Force Mr. Punch made appeal in April, have organised a National Day in order to raise funds for this object, for extended work with the British Army on the Rhine and for general purposes. To-day (October 12th) is the Day. Contributions to this good cause should be addressed to Sir Arthur Yapp, Y.M.C.A. Headquarters, Tottenham Court Road, W.C. 1.



FROM FENCE TO FENCER.

Mr. A. J. Cook. "THIS IS THE HORSE YOU'VE GOT TO RIDE."

Mr. MacDonald (to himself). "WELL, IF I MUST, I MUST. BUT I SHALL MISS THE COMPARATIVE SECURITY OF MY PRESENT MOUNT."



West-End Tailor (in the Middle East). "Very interesting! I'd no notion that plus-fours was such an old idea."

ANOTHER EXCITING CAR-TEST.

By Mr. Punch's Motoring Critic, WHO LIKES TO PUT A LITTLE ROMANCE INTO THE THING.

In response to an invitation by the makers I tried out one of the new Crowley-Crump five-seater tourers on behalf of the readers of this paper the other day.

"What model is this?" I said sharply to the demonstrator as we shook hands.

"The Eighteen Forty-Two," he said. "It looks newer than that," I ob-

"I was referring to the horse-power," he said coldly.

"I see," said I.

I was determined from the outset not to be too easily satisfied by this car, which I was testing on behalf of the readers of Punch. If there had been anything obviously wrong with it at the first glance; if, for instance, it had only had three wheels or only one running-board, I should have detected the hiatus immediately, and nothing would have induced me to hush the matter up.

One of the first things in fact which I did was to order the bonnet to be opened in order to make certain that the engine had not been removed. My suspicions were fortunately unfounded. It had not.

Crump I discovered has six cylinders of considerable charm, overlooking an attractive carburettor, and the pleasantly situated chassis is clean throughout, except in one place, where I noticed a rather nasty smudge of some dark semi-liquid substance, probably grease. In the extreme forepart immediately below the mascot is an aquarium suitable for the infiltration of water, and further back an olearium designed principally for the reception of oil. Not far off will be found the handy little vomitorium or exhaust.

Regarding this exhaust, I feel compelled to make a further point clear, as my reputation for veracity may depend upon it. On the off-side, under the bonnet, are the exhaust and inlet manifolds. I state this without the slightest reserve. Any non-technical reader of this paper who is prepared to go away with the notion that the exhausts and inlet manifolds of the engine of the 18/42 Crowley-Crump tourer are on the on-side is merely laying up a store of trouble for himself in the future. There they were, and I saw them. What is more, the five-jet carburettor is bolted to the end of the inlet manifold. I tested this bolt with my thumb. Examining the carburettor still more closely I observed that the moratorium had a

impsest. When I noticed this I could hardly refrain from an ejaculation of joy.

"What else would you like to look at?" asked the demonstrator.

"Anything you like," I replied.
"What would it give you the most pleasure to talk about?"

"The rocker," he said. "I should like awfully to talk about the rocker. The rocker is supported by the pushrod and the valve-stem, and works on a line contact. To alter clearance the nut is slackened and the fulcrum moved up or down."

I tried not to look sceptical.

"Timing," he went on, "is by gear. On the front end of the crank-shaft, driven by spring-loaded and multimetalled disc-connection and containing many valuable proteids, is the dynamotor."

"Come, come," I said rather sternly, "that will suffice. I do not wish to make too great demands on the credulity of my readers all at once. Let us get into the thing and see whether it will go.'

"I ought to mention before starting," he remarked, "that steering is by worm and nut."

"God bless you!" I said as I got in and seated myself at his side.

After a few touches of the hand and double-pressure gauge containing two a dexterous manipulation of the left The engine of the 18/42 Crowley-protocols designed to alleviate the pal-foot we glided softly away with an

almost imperceptible motion, the shops, pavements and pedestrians passing strator. rapidly by us on either hand. I was enchanted with the easy running of the Crowley-Crump car. I was pleased to be sitting in it with a demonstrator, who might possibly be taken for a chauffeur disguised as a film hero, sitting beside me.

"Take me," I said, "first of all to

my bank."

One of the clerks was looking out of

the window as we drove up.
"Do you mind hooting?" I said. The hoot of the new 18/42 Crowley-

Crump tourer is of peculiarly vibrant and melodious quality, poignant and dignified, intense and at the same time authoritative. I could see that it impressed the bank-clerk considerably. I cashed a cheque for thirty-five shillings and returned to the car.

"Now drive to a very steep hill," I said to the demonstrator.

I knew that the readers of this paper would never really interest themselves in the new 18/42 Crowley - Crump tourer unless they knew how it behaved on a very steep hill. If it was the kind of car that stopped in the middle of a very steep hill and began to go backwards, and I failed to tell them about it, I should lose their confidence for

As we glided off again, still maintaining the same almost imperceptible motion—in fact, if the streets, pavements and pedestrians had not begun to pass rapidly away again I should not have perceived the motion at all—I had time to examine the different dainty whatnots on the escritoire of the car, including the ash-tray, which rattled slightly in the model under ob-

servation, but could easily be fitted, so the demonstrator assured me, with a shock-absorber to prevent jar.

At the foot of Smashwood Hill I gave the signal to stop. The demonstrator brought the car to a standstill.

"Now go forward," I said.

The moment the trap was released the gallant creature bounded to the top of the slope like a greyhound, without the slightest trace of valvular trouble and without pausing for an instant to change gear. The surface of the road was greasy; there was a strong contrary wind from the S.S.W.; several errand-boys were whistling, and a policeman was arresting a foot-passenger for peering about half-way up the hill.

a heavy load?" I inquired of the demon-

He turned the car round and we went to the bottom of the hill again. There we picked up the two fattest men we could find, bribed them to sit in the 18,42 Crowley-Crump tourer achieved the difficult slope again without a sob. We then took the fat men back, stopping every now and then to test the four-wheel foot-brake pressure. It worked so instantaneously that both hand the back passengers were hurled on each occasion to the floor.

Boarder. "Is this your—er—largest bath?"

Landlady. "Yes, Sir. You see if I 'ad a bigger one there's always the 'orror o' finding you drowned

After putting them out I commanded the demonstrator to show me how the car comported itself on the open road, with a straight run ahead. We turned into one of the numerous circular routes, composed of cement waves and edged with bungalows, which surround the outer suburbs.

At forty the 18/42 Crowley-Crump tourer appeared to be practically motionless. At fifty her motion was more imperceptible than ever. At sixty the motion was so imperceptible that I began to feel the Lure of the Wild and to sing the Song of Speed. At sixtyfive my hat blew off, and we had to return to pick it up again.

The stream line of the new model is We don't like these noisy barrels for "Would we bound like that if we had the last word in elegance, the body-work our Bass.

brisk, the steering delightfully sympathique, the handles of the doors easily accessible and capable of being moved either forward or in reverse by the veritable tyro. The charm of the whole machine in fact, from radiator to poop, back and repeated the performance. The is only comparable with that of the other new models which I test so elequently in this column from week to week.

"Good-bye!" I said to the demonstrator, wringing him heartily by the

"A Dios, old cock!" he responded politely and glode (imperceptibly) away.

AUTUMN: A MIXED GRILL.

THE season that's silly Its requiem earns; October, called chilly By MILLAIS, returns.

Strong swimmers and divers Desist from their feats, While drills and pile-drivers Refashion our streets;

And Deans and Headmasters, Resuming their quills, Discourse of disasters And national ills.

In fashion the rigour Of lines that are straight, Of the "up-and-down" figure, Begins to abate;

And Woman, new-fangled, Shows signs of a swerve From flatness right-angled To roundness and curve.

Less fiercely, in order Their views to maintain, LANE batters at HORDER And HORDER at LANE.

Refreshed by their outing In health-giving scenes Our savants stop spouting About vitamines.

From the wrangles of Matter And Mind we escape, And are freed from the chatter Of angel and ape.

Thus in tune with a season Calm, sombre and ripe, The virtues of reason Prevail over tripe.

So here's to October, The month that is sane, When the foolish grow sober And Labour less vain!

"The resonant timber of the basses was strikingly employed in such points as these."

Yorkshire Pager.

MILITARY LAND.

LIVING in the midst of a desolate Government-owned moor has both advantages and disadvantages. The main advantage is that Generals very rarely come and inspect you, because it usually takes them about a year to discover that

(a) You are there;(b) You belong to them and not to some other General;

(c) That there really are roads (passable for limousines) leading to your moorland fastnesses, and

(d) That the inhabitants of this outlandish place do not still wear chain-mail and carry cross-bows.

The chief disadvantage is that you are more or less responsible for the War Department land which surrounds you in every direction. This means that you have to chase poachers off it in the autumn, drain it in the winter, manœuvre over it in the spring, put out the resulting fires all through the summer, and correspond with the Command Lands Officer about every acre of it all the year round. In fact you and your troops become something like a Communal Estate Agent.

W.D. land takes Lands Officers different ways. Some only worry about practice-trenches and manœuvreareas, some about rules and regulations concerning land in all its forms, while some, who have joined the Officers' Shooting Syndicate, only worry about young pheasants. Our Command, I may say, has one of the second kind, a fellow who is continually unearthing vague land laws of which no one has ever heard and trying to make us play with them too.

The other day he turned up a fine one about Right of Way. Apparently there is some tradition to the effect that if a landowner wishes to prevent the public from establishing a legal rightof-way for ever along footpaths across his domains he must close these paths for one day in every year. I don't know if this is true or not; but evidently the Lands Officer (as the representative of a land-owning War Office) chose to think it was.

Late one afternoon therefore, when the Adjutant was playing happily by himself with returns, the R.S.M. sailed into the office.

"Just got this here telegram, Sir, from the Lands Officer. Urgent.'

The Adjutant took it:-

"REF COMMAND ORDER 875 OF 1912 AS AMENDED BY COMMAND ORDERS 216 OF 1917 AND 24 OF 1919 AND MAP ISSUED THEREWITH ACK ACK ACK PATHS ACROSS W D. LAND SHOWN ON MAP SHOULD BE BLOCKED BY ROPE BAR-RIERS AND SENTRY FOR TWENTY FOUR HOURS TO ALL CIVILIANS NOT IN POSSESSION OF PASS | since I've been in the Service; but hanging face to the wall in the Adju-



Peter (seeing twins for the first time). "Mummy, why has Mrs. Adamson's baby got a head at both ends?"

ACK ACK ACK BLOCKS SHOULD BE MADE AT POINTS A TO K ON MAP ACK ACK ACK IMPERA-TIVE CARRY OUT THIS BETWEEN DATES TWEN-TIETH AND TWENTYFIFTH INSTANT ACK ACK ACK ACKNOWLEDGE ACK ACK ACK."

Choice of date was limited by the fact that the telegram, as you might expect, had not been despatched till 2.30 P.M. on the twenty-fourth.

The Adjutant read it, recoiled and came up bravely to it again.

"Have you ack-ack-ack-knowledged this?" he asked at last.

Q.M.S. Fourbytwo says he saw it done in 1907 in Ireland."

The R.S.M. was aggrieved, and quite rightly. Time immemorial in the Army is that time in which the memory of the R.S.M. runneth not to the contrary, or words to that effect.

"Where's this map they talk about?" "Just being turned up, Sir," replied the R.S.M. tactfully. Actually the entire Office Staff, blaspheming marvellously, were going through all the records, and finding every kind of map "Yessir. Funny they should start back to siege plans of the Ladysmith this game here. Ain't seen it done area. It was eventually discovered



Angry Guest. "Confound you, waiter, you're spilling half my soup."
Waiter (under notice). "Don't complain, Sir, till you've tasted it."

tant's own office, with a plan of the barrack drainage on its back.

The Adjutant then set to work, with the result that at about 6.30 next morning the orderly officer, Lieutenant Swordfrog, was surveying in the grey dawn a huddled mass of soldiers, rifles, wooden pickets, ropes, tents, cooking-dixies, and mongrel dogs, and was murmuring to himself, "What price glory now!" By 7 A.M. the mass had disappeared, and was distributed over the countryside at posts "A" to "K, in the proportion of four men, four rifles, two pickets, one rope, one tent, one cooking-dixie and mongrel dogs to taste, to each letter.

Then followed a day of wild complaints, every one of which fetched up on the harassed Adjutant. The first was made at 8.30 A.M. by the Adjutant's cook, to the effect that the milkman wasn't coming that day because he'd been stopped for not having his pass. This was "B" post's effort, all of which he visited on the Adjutant. "B" post being on one of the main line Every member of those three posts of approaches to the barracks. It subsequently distinguished itself by holding up every tradesman from the neighbouring village (all of whom had forgotten their passes), and having a terrific row with the Officers' Mess fishmonger.

getting part of itself arrested for insubordination to the Medical Officer, who lived outside and had tried to enter the barracks in plain clothes. This problem also was brought to the Adjutant.

"D" post was the next to attract official notice by being accused of killing a chicken, the property of a civilian in the neighbourhood of their post. This was vigorously denied by Private Pullthrough, who said he was only trying to teach it to stand to attention, and it died of fright.

"E" post complete arrived in the Adjutant's office during the morning, having found no rest for the sole of its foot. It appeared that, since the map was made, a large brick house had been built over the end of the path which

"E" post was supposed to block.
"F," "G" and "H" posts, all very close to the barracks, challenged and held up the Colonel every time he passed apparently knew the old story of the sentry who was commended and promoted for arresting the General who had forgotten the countersign.

heather as well. The Adjutant did not miss the excitement in either case.

Finally "K" post, under the very efficient Lance-Corporal Scabbard, was severely censured by local inhabitants (who arrived in the Adjutant's office in a body) for having protected itself against supposititious hostile attack by digging trenches in a neighbouring field.

By tea-time therefore the Adjutant was almost a mental case, and the fact that "A" post had not yet been heard of did little to relieve his mind. He felt sure, judging from the others, that it could not have kept out of trouble all day, especially as it was supposed to be blocking a path over the moor used daily as a short cut by civilians working in the barracks.

So at five o'clock he started out to look for "A" in person.

He found it.

Across a ten-foot-wide track, in the middle of a desolate part of the moor, was stretched a solitary rope between two pickets. On the rope were three children happily swinging their legs and eating army rations. Close by was Private Sling, the sentry, obligingly scratching the stomach of a mongrel "I" post set its tent on fire while retriever with the point of his fixed cooking its dinner, and "J" post did bayonet. A little way away was a tent, At 9 A.M. "C" post took a hand by the same, but included half-an-acre of outside which was Private Barrel frying sausages, Private Butt advising him how to do it, and Lance-Corporal Pouch playing a mouth-organ and talking, in the interludes, of the sausages he had fried when a private.

Along the path from the barracks was proceeding a string of returning workers, who, as they reached the rope guarded by Private Sling, made a short détour of some few feet and regained the path further on.

The Adjutant gave one look and fled. That night he slept with the receiver of his telephone unhooked and his door locked. Next morning he reported to the Lands Officer:-

"PATHS BLOCKED FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AS PER YOUR TELEGRAM OF YESTERDAY'S DATE ACK ACK ACK PRESUME THIS ENGLAND NOW SAFE FOR FURTHER YEAR ACK ACK ACK.

LONDON DAY BY DAY,

(With acknowledgments to all Daily Diarists.)

THE arrival of M. CHALIAPINE in London and his announcement that he intended to purchase about ten suits of clothes suggest instructive comparisons between the modest requirements of present-day Kings and Queens of Song and the monarchs of earlier days. The wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth, it will be remembered, contained dresses for every day in the year; and the cravats of Beau Brummel were as the sands of the shore in multitude. The prima donna of the mid-Victorian period was hardly less lavish in her sartorial equipment. When I met Sir Hugh Allen last week he assured me that he had never travelled by a special train; that he did not possess a silver-mounted hotwater bottle, and that he had not more than eight pairs of boots all told.

A NEW CONSERVATOIRE.

In this context I am glad to state that the Hon. Orlo Boodle has returned to England from his long cruise in the South Seas. My readers will remember that, in consequence of the refusal of the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music to include instruction in certain modern instruments in their curriculum, Mr. Boodle decided last year to found and endow a Syncopated Conservatoire to be exclusively devoted to the study and practice of exotic, epileptic, Melanesian and Polynesian polyphony. In furtherance of this beneficent scheme native professors for his staff and making a collection of the requisite instruments. The result, as he informed me last week, has exceeded his most sanguinary expectations. He has brought from the Marquesas, together with a | pineal glands of the community.



Maid. "ARE SKIRTS GOING TO BE WORN LONGER, M'LADY?" Lady. "I THINK NOT, RICKABY. OF COURSE ONE'S FIGURE COULD BE ADAPTED TO THE LONG SKIRT, BUT-COULD ONE'S MENTALITY?'

he has spent nine months in recruiting priceless set of nose-flutes of the most A Real Enthusiast. penetrating timbre, and seventeen native professors of these and other instruments of percussion and explosion, calculated in the highest degree to promote thrombosis, thoracocentesis back the largest War conch in existence and other salubrious succedanea in the neglect of his classical studies to the

Mr. Boodle is a happy example of life-long enthusiasm combined with generosity and great wealth. He was superannuated from Eton for devoting all the time he could spare from the cultivation of the ocarina. And he was

sent down from Balliol for accompanying the Master during one of his sermons in the College Chapel on the banjaluka. From that day he has never looked back, and he now plays no fewer than seventeen instruments, including the balalaika, the contra-zoedone, the selzogene, the brockenspiel, the glaxophone and the piperazine.

A SPLENDID GIFT.

The picture which has been presented by Mr. Harmodius Pogram to the Cheka Club for display in their new headquarters at Dreadnought Hall was discovered by him last month and promptly acquired because of its interest to the Minority movement. It is a magnificent mezzotint representing the Three Tailors of Tooley Street confronting a battalion of Coldstream Guards on the Coldbath Fields, on the occasion of their historic protest against militarism, each of them armed with nothing but a tailor's goose.

DANCING IN EXCELSIS.

Now that the days are getting shorter, more activity is being shown by the dancing clubs in the West End. The Tarantuleum (leased by Major Foxley Trotter in Charleston Mews, just behind Lord Rothomley's mansion), which opens | Paul I., Empercr of Russia . . Mr. George next Sunday, has been reconstructed

and redecorated in the fashionable tints of aubergine and to mato. A special feature of the Tarantuleum is the fact that beneath its floor of illuminated glass thousands of gigantic artificial spiders, operated by electricity, are seen in constant motion, keeping perfect time to the music of the band, which is exclusively recruited from exconvicts of the Andaman Islands and Cayenne. Amongst those who have recently been elected to the Club are Prince Axolotl, Lord and Lady Aldehyde, Sir Peter and Lady Pilaff, Mrs. Healey Springman and Señor Ruberio Necco, the new Patagonian Minister.

"Begone, Dull Care."

"They reached the lift. Daphne pushed her bother into it, and followed."—Feuilleton in Daily Paper. Having so ingeniously got rid of her incubus it was silly of her to rejoin it.

"But even at 6.85 cents per 1,000 gallons Ottawa produces its water pretty cheaply does it not? About one-fifteenth of a cent per gallon at a rough calculation."

Canadian Paper. We can't recall a rougher one.

AT THE PLAY.

"PAUL I." (COURT).

Paul I., by the Russian novelist, MEREJKOVSKY (adapted by John Alford



AN IMPERIAL LAPSUS LINGUÆ.



Count Pahlen. "MADAM, THE EMPEROR HAS TAKEN TO SLAPPING CHEEKS-AND MINE MIGHT TEMPT HIM." Count Pahlen . . . Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON. Empress Marie . . . MISS DOROTHY GREEN.

and J. C. Dale), is an interesting and indeed exciting play. It was produced in Moscow in 1916, and therefore may not be viewed as an adroit piece of propaganda by the Bolshevists, though it would serve their purpose well enough.

The play is concerned with the conspiracy of Count Pahlen, Governor of Petersburg, with the rather ineffective aid of sundry disgruntled military officers, against the more than half-mad Tsar PAUL I. As historical events rarely move with the ordered symmetry of the well-invented play the author must needs be content to tell his story without artifice and to snatch what opportunities he may for giving some brief indication of the character of his principal figures—Paul, with his sour hatred of his brilliant mother, Catherine the Great, his vehement disapproval of her patronage of the Encyclopædists, his distrust of his son and heir, Alexander, her favourite, his alternating fits of cruelty and leniency, his pettifogging drill-sergeant's ideas of military efficiency, his fantastic essays in foreign policy, his profound sense of intimate alliance with the other Tsar of Heaven; Alexander, dallying with Rousseau and VOLTAIRE and the brave doctrine of the Rights of the People, but student and dilettanterather than man of action, too easily overawed by Majesty; Pahlen,

the astute soldier and diplomat, carrying his head high and dangerously, alone having the courage of his ideas, despising his distracted reluctant fellowconspirators and driving them to the extreme course of reformers assassination.

The women of the Court, the beautiful stupid Empress Marie: her unhappy daughter-in-law, Elizabeth, Alexander's wife; the maid-of-honour, Princess Anna, to whom the Emperor turns for consolation, are necessarily rather shadowy figures—there is little room for their development —while the various Princes, Generals and Colonels are in the main practically indistinguishable from each other.

The piece then depends on the intrinsic interest of the actual historical happenings and of the characters of Paul, Pahlen and Alexander.

Mr. GEORGE HAYES makes of the Emperor a human plausible figure. The part of a madman always calls for a nice discretion. It is easy to get cheap effects, which this clever actor disdains. The part is finely balanced, the outbursts of mad rage controlled. One sees the underlying pathos of

atortured soul; the abiding sense of sacro- knock upon the door of their councilsanct majesty does not seem ridiculous room. Certainly the crowning scene into a crowded room, looks each man and woman in the eyes as if to read the soul, the actor's sensitiveness saves him from doing anything to risk the laughter of any but the most thought-

Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON, Count Pahlen, has added another fine canvas stark purposeful man of brains and at in an admirable performance.

authority, a true Muscovite, even in feature, an effect attained not by tricks of the make-up box but by something from within. This more than merely clever characteractor gets his admirably diverse effects with extreme subtlety and without a hint of caricature. And here was unquestionably a really distinguished performance.

Mr. CARL HARBORD had a difficult part in the nerveridden Alexander and carried himself well in it. I was disappointed in the Prince Zoubov of Mr. Scott Sunder-LAND, of whom I had expected something more closely studied. Mr. Dan F. Roe gave us a pleasant little sketch of the Emperor's English physician. Mr. ELLIOTT SEABROOKE'S portrait of the eccentric Grand Duke puzzled me. There seemed no trace of the Constantin who, we were told, bit the hand of his wife when he kissed it. Miss Lydia Sherwood seemed to me excellent in the part of the Tsarevitch's wife, burdened by the weight and terror of the palace life. Miss Dorothy Green gave us effectively the stu-

pidity and the tragic grief of the beautiful Empress, and Miss Dorothy
Cheston the distracted tenderness of (No prizes are offered for the correct the Princess Anna's love for Paul-a love not quite understandable unless she was the intriguer for place she did not seem.

Mr. Komisarjevsky's settings were admirably designed and significantly lighted. The mood of the piece responds readily to his formula of gloom and gleam. But I thought he failed in the promising scene in the officers' quarters, which was needlessly restless, and not sufficiently pulled together. Even the least sober of conspirators would surely have found some less

but tragic; and in one passage without of the murder went perilously near to words, when the distraught man marches | ship wreck on the rock of laughter. And if the Emperor, harassed victim of insomnia, roused by the infernal clatter of his two faithful Hussars, had ordered them to instant execution it would have been one of the most justifiable excesses of his unreasonable reign. Instead he slept comfortably through it all. These little matters will no doubt be set right, to his gallery of portraits. Here is a and there will be nothing left to cavil by heat; three letters, pronoun.

House-Agent. "Pardon me, Sir, but why do you insist on a top-light if you are not an artist?"

Client. "Well, you see, I'm so frightfully keen on AEROPLANES."

reading of the following time-worn anecdotes, although the author would not resent some recognition of his success in avoiding all reference to a metallic deposit, an Eastern ruler, a and the Egyptian Sun-god.)

letters, on occasion; six letters, known preposition; two letters, pronoun. as; three letters, article; five letters, Three letters, possessive pronoun; not small; thirteen letters, expert in letters, not careless; four letters, guilty-seeming way of dealing with a letters, single; seven letters, before three letters, possessive pronoun; ten

night; six letters, absorbing principal meal; three letters, not in; three letters, inserted; thirteen letters, without intention; four letters, preposition; three letters, pronoun; five letters, part of body; one letter, article; five letters, fragment; two letters, preposition; four letters, comestible; five letters, pronoun; three letters, past tense of "is"; two letters, adverb; three letters, far from cold; four letters, conjunction; two letters, pronoun; five letters, injured

Two letters, pronoun; eleven letters,

without delay; eight letters, evicted; two letters, pronoun; two letters, preposition; two letters, preposition; three letters, possessive pronoun; five letters, table utensil; nine letters, saying; two letters, preposition; three letters, article; seven letters, assembly of people; two letters, preposition; five letters, not small; two letters, preposition; three letters, direction; two letters, preposition; seven letters, excuse; one letter, article; four letters, stupid fellow; five letters, could not have done otherwise; four letters, possess; nine letters, engulfed; four letters, pronoun.

One letter, article; four letters, not bombastic; six letters, minor ministrant of the church; three letters, past tense of "is"; four letters, on a single occasion; seven letters, asked; two letters, preposition; four letters, pay a visit; four letters, preposition; three letters, possessive pronoun; six letters, ecclesiastical dignitary.

Two letters, preposition; nine letters, morning meal;

three letters, article; four letters, following; seven letters, matutinal; two letters, pronoun; threeletters, past tense of "is"; five letters, awarded; two letters, article; three letters, comestible in ovoid form; five letters, pronoun; five letters, was able to; three letters, negative; two letters, exist; nine letters, depicted; two Portuguese coin, a printer's measure letters, adverb; three letters, novel; four letters, deposited; three letters, conjunction; two letters, pronoun; eight Sixletters, medicalman; seven letters, letters, with virile determination; ten traditional name of interlocutor; nine letters, did not give up; four letters,

words; four letters, what time; three entertainer; eight letters, using eyes;

letters, trouble; five letters, inquired; two letters, conjunction; three letters, article; three letters, fruit of hen; three letters, past tense of "is"; three letters, the whole; five letters, not wrong.

Three letters, negative; five letters, completely; two letters, not yours; four letters, nobleman; three letters, article; five letters, entertained; seven letters, answered; three letters, conjunction; two letters, pronoun; two letters, exists; nine letters, far from unmeritorious; two letters, preposition; five letters, separate districts.

Two letters, pronoun; two letters, exists; four letters, related; two letters, preposition; one letter, article; four letters, ruler; two letters, preposition; six letters, European country; four letters, conjunction; four letters, relative adverb; four letters, not twice; two letters, preposition; one letter, article; seven letters, enterprise; nine letters, not known; two letters, preposition; one letter, article; six letters, far; eight letters, region; two letters, pronoun; four letters, attained; two letters, preposition; two letters, article; three letters, home from home; three letters, conjunction; seven letters, commanded; one letter, article; seven letters, domestic bird; three letters, preposition; five letters, meal.

Four letters, relative adverb; three last night, but the boy saysletters, article; four letters, reckoning; seven letters, appeared; three letters, article; four letters, domestic bird; three letters, past tense of "is"; six letters, valued; two letters, preposition; two letters, article; eight letters, ridiculously; four letters, far from low; six

letters, estimate.

Three letters, exist; four letters, on that occasion; three letters, article: four letters, supreme power; five letters, demanded; eight letters, domestic birds; two letters, adverb; four letters, infrequent; two letters, preposition; four letters, adjective pronoun; seven letters, domain.

Two letters, negative; four letters, title; four letters, uttered; three letters, artic'e; eight letters, controller; three letters, conjunction; five letters, monarchs; three letters, exist. E. V. L.

" Mr. --'s last letter exhibits him in the position of a bull in a bog. The more he tries to get out of his dilemma, the deeper he sinks in impotency, and like a lonely ostrich in a desert, puts his head in a salt-bush of evasion of my first letter and thinks he is safe, and thus barking up the wrong tree loses the opossum's tail in his attempt at discussion." Letter in Australian Labour Paper.

In the art of polite controversy our Labour scribes have nothing to teach Australia.

THE DAUGHTER AT HOME.

I HAD been asked to write an article or The Christian Girl. It was to be liled "The Daughter at Home."

I that been asked to write an article of the girl doing? Writing letters?"

I got rid of Dick before the clock of the struck twelve. "Twenty minutes," I for The Christian Girl. It was to be called "The Daughter at Home." Having arranged the flowers on the dining-room table and done all the other into the room which is no longer but is still known as "the schoolrocm," and what I 've said already." prepared to give the matter my undivided attention.

I had just closed the door when a fearful uproar outside caused me to open it again hastily. The dogs had succeeded in cornering a message-boy and were doing their best to frighten the wits out of him by nibbling his ankles. Dragging one by the tail and the other by the scruff of the neck I managed to shut them both into the back garden. I returned to the school-room.

The fountain-pen required filling. The ink had been tidied away into a corner by a zealous housemaid. I found it at last, however, and the operation was successfully accomplished. I seated

myself at the table.

"I'm not going to disturb you, dear." My mother had opened the dcor as silently as she could. "I thought perhaps you'd like to see this vase before I pack it up. It's the one I bought yesterday as a wedding-present for Thelma. They promised to send it up

The door closed softly again. I drew some inviting-looking sheets towards

me as the telephone-bell rang.

"I'll call her." My mother's voice in the other room could be heard distinctly. "No,'I don't think she's doing anything very particular on Monday. I'll just see. Oh, here she is. Hold the line a minute.'

One of the dogs had escaped from the back premises and was installed in my chair when I got back to the schoolroom. I seized my pen.

"Very few girls nowadays," I wrote,

"care to-

This time it was the maid. " Please. Miss Betty," she said, "the man's come about the wireless and will you please come and speak to him because-

The discussion regarding the new transformer lasted about twenty-five minutes. For something like ten minutes I wrote steadily. Then-

"What time did you say your Uncle Thomas's train was due?" My mother was still holding the handle of the door. I was to take the car to the station to meet him.

"Half-past twelve," I replied, without looking up.

"There are, of course" (this time I was well away), "some girls who prefer"Hullo, old thing! They told me I'd

thought, "then I'll have to hurry. Oh, dear! What was I going to say next?" little jobs I ought to have done, I walked | I stared at the unfinished sentence halfway down the page. "I'd better see

"A boy from the ironmonger's, Miss.

He says you ordered-

Slowly and deliberately I tore up the loose sheets lying on the blotter. "I shall be with you in one minute," I said. Across the corner of the pad I wrote my masterpiece: "No Daughter Can Remain at Home and a Christian." Then I got the car out.

"Dear Betty is working so hard," I heard my mother confiding in Uncle Thomas an hour later. "She sits in there hour after hour writing and typing. We know when she's in the old schoolroom she doesn't want to be disturbed. and of course-

In the end I wrote them an article on "Labels for the Rock-Garden."

AN ENCOURAGING FACTOR.

The elephant is the latest creature to be pressed into the service of the dressmaker, and is being used in various ways to decorate the new autumn models.]

I've hesitated hitherto, Elaine whom I adore, To venture on escorting you Upon the dancing-floor. For all too well my partners know, A disillusioned bevy, My would-be light fantastic toe Is infinitely heavy.

In vain with patient toil I try To purchase, beg or scrounge The deftness that is flaunted by The lizard of the lounge: Despite the capital I sank In lessons most expensive My methods still suggest a tank Engaged in an offensive.

But now my courage grows more firm, More confident my mien, What time the modish pachyderm Bedecks your crêpe-de-chine: Though small the grace that I reveal, I realise quite plainly That in his presence I shall feel Comparatively gainly.

"The Urban District Council of Egham feels hurt. It has been hit in its tender part, its amore prope."—Local Paper.

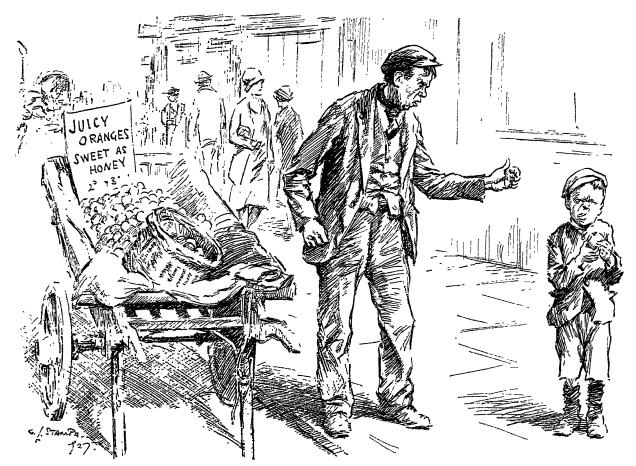
An eminent medical authority to whom we have appealed informs us that the exact location of this organ is uncertain. Our own feeling is that it borders on the humerus.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

LIII.-LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU.

The open road, the lore of forest ways,
Rules for pedestrians in the traffic's maze,
The knack of driving engines well and truly,
The North-West frontier and the fowler's art—
All these—and "Whitaker"—he has by heart,
This Abbot (no, not celibate) of Beaulieu.



Orange Vendor (to small customer sampling his goods). "'Ere, if you can't enjoy a sweet orange, 'op it. Your fice 'll SPOIL MY CUSTOM.'

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

TEN years after BISMARCK'S death the KAISER was still able to prevent the publication of the third volume of the Chancellor's memoirs. The forbidden section was however read by Herr Emil Ludwig, who, to enlighten the German public as to the circumstances of BISMARCK's fall and the connection between that cataclasm and the War, wrote and produced, in spite of ex-Imperial opposition, the play Subsequently, and before embarking on his Dismissal.life of the statesman, the dramatist produced two other plays, King and People: 1862-1864, and Union: 1870. the whole being now published in English under the common title, Bismarck (PUTNAM). Bismarck is best enjoyed, I think—and personally I have enjoyed it keenly—envisaged as an historical pamphlet which accident has cast in dramatic mould. The translation dissipates a certain amount of atmosphere by reproducing German colloquialisms in English slang; but, as the whole temper of the trilogy is European rather than Teutonic, this crime is not the blunder it might be. The theme of the two first plays is the unification of Germany; and, while the apostle of blood and iron is the protagonist of the transaction, its foreign and domestic foes and abettors form a memorable gallery of portraits. The BISMARCK of King and People is

secondarily with Germany's exploitation of them. missal shows the beginning of the end; but the trumpery personal reasons which inspired WILHELM II. to get rid of the moral founder of his dynasty have less actual if more symptomatic interest than the large-scale motives of the preceding plays.

The lady—I think it must be a lady—who writes so graciously under the style of Forrest Reid, has produced in Demophon (Collins) a Tanglewood Tale for grown-up children. I emphasize the grown-upness because there are passages in this for the most part delightful little Odyssey which smack rather of the Yellow Book than breezy Cousin Eustace. And I stress the youth because it takes an unjaded fancy to enter into the adventures of so young a hero in so young a world. Demophon belongs, if not to the Golden Age of Greece, at least to its after-glow. Though not an immortal himself, he is the nursling of a goddess, and only just misses immortality. Demeter, looking for her lost Persephone, lodged at his father's farm and sought by strange arts to share her own divinity with her host's little son. Halfway through, the scheme was shipwrecked by a jealous mother, the goddess departed, and Demophon was left, half a citizen of two worlds and completely at home in neither. How he fared between Olympus and Eleusis, at the hands of gods and mortals, his chronicle shows. At seen countering the pacifism of the German Liberals and getting his mild and well-meaning Wilhelm I. acclaimed and picturesque episode which, with his meeting with as conqueror of Denmark and Austria. Union is primarily Glaukos, the disgruntled sea-god, would gratify a Tangleconcerned with the follies and misfortunes of France, wood audience. His escapade with young Dion and the

pirates, his night with Laomedon the wrecker, his meeting with the sophists Euphorion and Sophron, and his sojourn with Xanthis the witch, I set down to the Apuleian side of his literary pedigree, and recommend to amateurs of a Silver Age that has every now and again a stratum of lead in it. Both audiences will appreciate the storyteller's dainty and unaffected art.

Bill Blackadder, Sahib (or Sir), Central Indian Forester, Makes a bundobust; this done, He collects small John (his son), And both Sahibs proceed together Into camp for the cold weather, That's the stuff we start upon In John Budden's Jungle John. Then we meet with every beast Common to the shiny East, Each with his particular Natural history and shikar; Monkeys chitter, parrots fly, Leopards lurk and grey boars die; Never, for a sportsman's pice, Saw you such a paradise! Daily there does Mr. Budden Save John from an end o'er-sudden, As, for instance, when John's axe Drops the tiger in his tracks (Quite a little Washington With an axe is Master John); So, in fact, I feel relieved Now John's trip has been achieved. Aunts and uncles, should you look For a good old-fashioned book As a gift to please a boy, Then, if boys can still enjoy Stuff their fathers used to read, Jungle John's the book you need; Longmans publish, General Browne Jots the illustrations down.

There are spell-binders among novelists as well as among preachers and politicians. There is Mr. J. C. SNAITH, for

example. He is so fascinatingly humorous, so delightfully clever, that while you read you ask no questions. It was not until I had turned the last page of The Hoop (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) that doubts began to assail me. Esmeralda Topham Goodchild, the heroine of this fine story, who runs away from her philistine home in the Midlands to become a prima donna, is the child of a provincially genteel mother, Topham, and a roughish diamond of a father, Goodchild. Mr. Snaith makes very good play with this mixed parentage and can tell you at any moment whether Esmeralda's actions are "Goodchild" or "Topham." To him a Topham is a Topham and a Goodchild a Goodchild, and never the twain shall fuse, even in their offspring. But can people, I wonder, really be classified so simply and so categorically as this? Well, never mind if they can't; these are only after-thoughts, and it was a splendid entertainment while it lasted. Nor shall I worry overmuch because Esmeralda, as a world-famous prima donna, was awarded a D.B.E. and an O.M. (an O.M.!) before she was twenty-five. It seemed right enough when I read it. Perish these after-



The Tigress. "Let's see-what's your handicap?" The Rabbit. "TWENTY-FOUR; BUT I'M FAIRLY BRIGHT OTHERWISE."

admit that with The Hoop Mr. SNAITH has once more increased my debt to him, which goes back through Eroke of Covenden to Willow the King.

Mr. Coleridge Kennard is evidently one of the few Europeans who really enjoy riding slowly—oh, so slowly! across the desert. He travelled from Tehran to Baluchistan. through Isfahan, Yezd, Kerman, Bam and the Lut Desert: and by day and by night he noted down the impressions and limned the engaging little word-pictures of which his book, Suhail (The RICHARDS PRESS), is composed. Here is the life of the caravan, scarce changed since the reign of HAROUN-AL-RASCHID—a life in which time is not, and the monotony of the trifling misdeeds of the servants, of the nightly arrival at the serai, of the setting forth and the journey, is varied only by the queer disjointed talk of the villagers and by the telling of stories by the muleteers—DJEVAD or ABDULLAH or GURBAM ALI-or by a wandering dervish, who, drunk with haschish, recites a poem discreetly amorous. indeed one scented evening, in the dim garden of the Pavilion thoughts! Or rather let them all come and let me still of ancient Ardekan, which recalled entrancing episodes in

The Thousand Nights and One Night; but it passes inconclusive like a dream, and with the dawn rises the harsh clamour of the camel-drivers urging the departing caravan. The abrupt transition from fantasy to reality, incidental to Mr. Kennard's method of chronicling the order of events, although doubtless true to nature, is apt to mar the unity of effect. Nevertheless in Suhail is vividly conveyed the inexplicable and abiding charm of Persia, peopled by a dying race of poets, haunted by the ghosts of dead religions—a charm which makes up for the intolerable heat, the thirst, the fatigues of travel in the wilderness, and the contented squalor of the decaying villages and crumbling cities.

and surprises, you probably will not care much for The Hotel (CONSTABLE). But if, on the other hand, your taste is for a subtle and rather malicious study of ordinary people doing ordinary things, you will. For that is what Miss ELIZABETH BOWEN offers you. She takes a little group of sojourners in a Riviera resort, a well-assorted and recognisable conglomerate, and shows them, or shows them up, with all their foibles and antipathies, at their bridge, their tennis and their gossip. There is, of course, more to the business than that. There are outstanding incidents, such as the picnic organised by Mr. Lee-Mittison, the tiresome elderly botanist, and spoilt by the unseemly intrusion of Victor Ammering, the young man who cannot find a job; and the Reverend James Milton's innocent and hearty appropriation of The Honourable Mrs. Pinkerton's bath-room comes as near to farce as so unemphatic a writer as Miss Bowen will permit. And there are outstanding characters, of whom the dark, self-tormenting Sydney Warren soon be-

of twenty-two, has conceived an absorbing devotion to the friendship. In desperation Sydney allows herself to become engaged to James Milton, and in a moment of lucidity she disengages herself. So far as The Hotel has a story, it is Sydney's; but the book is less a novel according to the older standards than a clever, amusing anatomy of the more expensive sort of holiday-making.

Melilot (CAPE), the heroine of Mr. NORMAN ANGLIN'S novel of that name, begins her career, as far as the reader is concerned, by expressing her hatred of the sky, a peculiarity which, apart from slightly alienating my sympathies, seemed to have no bearing on the story. The amateurishness which betrays itself in the habit of introducing curious details such as this and then apparently forgetting their purpose, if any, is a bad fault in a novel which shows some I sanity may be indefinitely postponed.

touches of real originality. Most of the action of the story takes place in the week in which Melilot, at nineteen, leaves school, a transition that has a great importance for her mother, who, in view of her daughter's home-coming, decides to part with her lover, Major Blent. This, acting as a final shock on a mind already unhinged by the War, causes him to shoot his invalid wife and gives everyone any amount of trouble, though, strangely enough, no one seems to consider Mrs. Blent in the matter at all. The story is played out in a small Welsh country-house and on the mountains behind it, and the scenery is remarkably well suggested. A possible romance for Melilot is indicated by the appearance on the scene of one, Gerald Crumber, late If you want your fiction to be full of dramatic incidents R.N., who is prospecting for an electricity scheme in the

mountains; but the story goes no further than Major Blent's snicide and Melilot's vain attempt to save him. It is, if a first novel, a very promising effort, but I have never met an author with a greater fondness for emphasising the unpleasant in his characters. Crumber's neck, which was "wider than the jaw," is a case in point. As with Melilot's hatred of the sky, this curious development has no bearing whatever on the part he plays in the story.

Real uncles and aunts who feel that it is incumbent upon them to live up to the rather exacting standard in such matters set during recent years by "wireless" relatives might do a great deal worse than invest in a copy of HELEN WILLIAMS'S Whimsical Tales to Tell (HARRAP), and commit to memory some of its really excellent contents. Most of the stories are in the tradition of the Brothers GRIMM in their more fantastic vein, and the happy combination which they present of a due respect for convention in certain broad essentials and ingenuity and

comes the centre of our attention. Sydney, with the ardour | novelty in points of detail is such as will in all probability pass triumphantly the acid test of nursery criticism. It charming and selfish Mrs. Kerr, but the arrival of that may be added, for the benefit of those who do not wish to lady's son Ronald works havor in an always lop-sided make use of the harmless deception already alluded to, that the tales are quite as suitable for reading aloud or reading to oneself as for the purpose specially named in the title.



Captain. "I DID-EASILY."

Let anyone who may have forgotten the name of Mr. J. STORER CLOUSTON'S engaging lunatic be assured that he is as "at large" as ever in Mr. Essington in Love (LANE), and in almost riotously good spirits. His adventurous mode of life may conceivably be more surprising than amusing to those of us whose minds are nothing if not sober, but personally I am inclined to think that the world would gain in merriment and lose little in saneness if it were populated more abundantly with Essingtons. If Mr.CLOUSTON intends his lunatic ultimately to recover from his lunacy, I find myself hoping that the day of complete restoration to

CHARIVARIA.

Surprise is expressed that no date has yet been fixed for the harvest festival of the waterproof and umbrella trades.

Horse-racing at night is the latest idea in America. We feel very strongly that the animal we put our money on for the Cesarewitch should have been allowed to start the night before.

Some of our long-distance express trains are to be fitted with telephones for the use of passengers. On a certain line travellers must still be content with rowed on the Thames the other day. writing an occasional letter home.

An exhibition of printing, including the debit and credit sides.

specimens dating from the fifteenth century to the present day, was opened in Southwark recently by Lord RIDDELL. We often wonder if News of the World readers realise their indebtedness to Caxton.

It is rumoured that, following recent police disclosures, the Home Secretary is to hold an inquiry into the law of the Meads and Persians.

For the gut of the new winter lawn-tennis racket, a manufacturer states, ten sheep are required. There is no waste, however, as the residue is used up as mutton.

Until the other day a lady aged a hundred-and-three, living in Co. Tyrone, had never seen a motorcar. That explains it.

Among the names selected for locomotives on the Metropolitan Railway is Sherlock Holmes. It is anticipated that a further list will include Watson.

The voice of a new tenor is said to have been discovered in hospital, when he was recovering from the effects of chloroform. On the other hand we have heard tenors who were obviously singing without an anæsthetic.

A newspaper reader advances the theory that dogs read with their noses. So, judging by appearances, do many newspaper-readers.

In protesting against the assumption that dancing means going down the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire, that it is rumoured that Mr. LLOYD their riders.

Sir Harry Verney referred of course to country dances. No primrose could survive the Charleston.

Miss Mercedes Gleitze doesn't smoke, on principle, but she is a confirmed Channel-swimmer.

At the Church Congress the question of what a parson should wear at the seaside was discussed. The strictly disciplinarian view is understood to be phone pole. This is the kind of thing that his bathing-costume should be that leads to wrong numbers getting clerical in character.

An inter-bank four-oared race was It may not be generally known that in a bank boat it is customary to speak of conversations between different parts



IS THERE ANYTHING THAT CANNOT BE TAUGHT THROUGH A CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE?

Albania is the only country where a did he expect in a city like that? girl can in law become a man. In Eng- Bouquets? land no legal formality is required.

There is such a dazzling display at the Motor Show this year that pedestrians find it difficult to decide which make of car they will be knocked down by this year.

An architect thinks that the House of Commons should have more exits. We agree; and they might also do away with some of the entrances.

A Persian cat which was believed to be dead and buried nine months ago has just turned up at its home at Crossgate in a very weak condition. It has only eight lives to go.

So many personalities are now permitted to appear in modern books

George has offered to write Mr. Churchill's life-story free of Entertainments Tax.

According to Mr. SETON GORDON, of Aberdeen, seals swim towards him when he plays the bagpipes. So far he seems to have escaped. * *

At Birmingham four boys have been charged with chopping down a telehopelessly astray.

A successful test conversation on the telephone has been conducted between London and Maloja. Experimental of London continue daily with varying

success.

It is predicted that the 1928 motor-cycle will be less noisy. But surely this is not the way to popularise motor-cycles with motorcyclists.

A street in London has been named after a wellknown Dean. Lamp-posts at short intervals, however, disperse the gloom.

Dog-racing in a fog was accomplished by fixing an electric lamp to the hare. There is some talk of equipping bookmakers with luminous dials.

Shots have been fired in Chicago at a judge as he took his seat in court. What

You'd hardly think that the people who walk so unconcernedly past a motor accident nowadays are the descendants of those who once gathered in crowds to watch a man unharness a fallen horse.

The salaries of many Los Angeles film-stars are to be severely cut. In the circumstances several forthcoming divorces are to be very quiet affairs.

. A leaning water-tower at Skegness has been causing anxiety. It needs bracing.

We read of a horse that was left unattended in the Row and made its way back to its stable by itself. We have often thought that most horses in the Row would get on much better without

ST. LUKE'S SUMMER.

WHEN summer's born (I can't say why, Because it never gives a reason) Long after it was due to die According to the scheduled season, It's called "St. Luke's": I do not know Exactly why the Saint preferred it so.

Those curious motives I have missed, Though with some diligence I 've sought 'em, Which made the Third Evangelist Fancy his summer in the autumn; Nor is it clear what moved St. MARTIN To choose November for the thing to start in.

Of course it well may be that when These names are used in this connection It means a summer born again, An aftermath or resurrection; Not like our recent spell of cheer Which hadn't yet occurred at all this year.

For even Saints, it seems to me, Would sooner have their summer weather While they can bask beside the sea Clad in the almost-altogether, Than when, their hard-earned holiday done, They can no longer utilise the sun.

For me, who am (as yet) no saint, Nor solaced with unearthly visions, Aloud I utter no complaint Of Heaven's inscrutable decisions, But must admit, in voiceless rhyme, O. S. I like my summer at the proper time.

THE GRIP.

IT was after I met my rich uncle from Australia that I took up the study of scientific handshaking. Most of us would like to own rich uncles in Australia but do not. I am fortunate in actually possessing one. Some time ago he arrived in England, a fine figure of a man, bronzed with the wind and sunshine of the great open spaces. Into the pessimistic gloom of the closing menths of an English summer he brought the virile and hearty cheeriness of the great Commonwealth where men are men and sometimes rich uncles.

He loomed towards me as I entered the room to be introduced to him.

I held out my hand. He took it.
"Pleasant journey, Uncle?" I asked, then bit back a cry that, Englishman though I am, rose to my lips.

My rich uncle's grasp was that of a professional strong man bending an iron bar. When he had finished with my

hand he flung it from him.
"You look pale," he said. "How're you feeling?"

"Not at all at present," I answered weakly.

Later in the day I heard that my rich uncle thought I was quite a nice fellow but—and here are his exact words— "his grip's too flabby, and grip's an indication of character. What's more—he doesn't look you in the eyes when he shakes. That's bad."

The criticism stung. I determined to cultivate a grip. I would indicate by my grip a character at once resolute, brave, upright, noble, open and earnest—the sort of character, in fact, to which a rich uncle might confidently trust his fortune.

Lengthy practice on my left hand at last convinced me that I had reached just the right degree of accomplishment. | compulsory contributions?

That morning at the garden gate I met the Vicar. He waved his hand and then extended it in friendly gesture towards me.

Glancing down rapidly at my fingers to see that they were all there and supple, I took the Vicar's hand. The Vicar's handshake consists in merely placing his hand in yours and then drawing it away again, but I was too quick

"Digital pressure," I told myself, and cordially and firmly I squeezed. At the same time I gazed earnestly into the Vicar's eyes. When I had counted five I tightened my grip. At ten I was feeling the strain and so I released my prize. The Vicar seemed pleased to see his hand again.

"My boy," he said a few minutes later, "is anything

worrying you?"

"Oh, no, Vicar. That is—not really."
"Well, I thought there might be something. There was a strained look in your eyes—a kind of mute appeal in your grip. If there is any secret worry remember that I am at your service."

I wanted to shake hands with him when we parted, but he eluded me, murmuring something about having to write

Later in the week I had my second try-out.

"Mrs. Mamble – my son," said my mother.

Mrs. Mamble was a tall, willowy, languishing lady. Pretty too. She has not long come to our village. She is a widow, some say, and some otherwise. I took Mrs. Mamble's languid hand. I squeezed it. She squeezed too. I gazed into her eyes. Mrs. Mamble gazed into mine as though she would read my inmost thoughts. I increased the digital pressure. So did she. How long we might have remained thus I do not know, but there was a sharp interruption from my mother. With a sigh Mrs. Mamble withdrew her hand.

"Hussy!" said my mother when Mrs. Mamble departed. As time went on I had further convincing proof that my scientific grip was a success, and I had a great evening acting as "smiler-in" at the Choir Social. The Vicar wondered why after each song there was so much stamping and so little clapping, but although I knew I did not tell

The custom of handshaking was fast dying out in the village, and I had little chance of estimating my progress when my rich uncle came from London, which he had made his headquarters, on a short visit to us.

We met, and a thrill ran through me as I took his brown hand in mine. Two strong men, I thought, meet grip to grip. May the better man win! But what was this? My uncle's hand was strangely limp. It lay in my iron clasp like a dead fish. But I grasped it, wrung it. I heard the bones crunch. I regarded that grip as marking the apex of my career as a gripper. That evening my uncle took me aside.

"I hope you won't mind me saying it, old chap," he remarked, "but that handshake of yours. It is rather too rustic, don't you think? All right for the country, perhaps, but it would mark you in town. It isn't done, in fact. Take my advice and tone it down. Now," he said, warming to his subject, "I shake hands like this." He placed his hand in mine and then withdrew it. "So!"

"Yes, Uncle," I said patiently. After all, he is my rich

"The next production at the Elephant will be 'Sweeny Tod, or the Demon Barber of Fleet Street,' and the management is willing to let anyone try the famous chair-drop by which Tod tipped his customers backwards into eternity on payment of half-a-crown to hospital funds."—Daily Paper.

But did Sweeny Tod account to the hospitals for these



Obliging Person with cornet (to motorist in difficulties). "If you desire to sing in your bath, Sir, I shall be happy to play your accompaniment for a nominal fee."

THE SURPRISE PARTY.

"You don't know what a surprise party is?" she cried. "My good man, where do you live?"

"I'm moving," I assured her humbly, "to Bloomsbury, where the new ideas come from."

"I'm glad to hear it," she said, pacified. "And a surprise party is just the loveliest, jolliest, most informal thing you can think of-like a picnic, you know, only without the rain. It's best when you know people who have taken a cottage right away in the country miles from anywhere for the holidays; and of course they're always frightfully dull and lonely, and you're sorry for them, so you all plan it together, and you fill your cars with as many of you as you can cram in, and you all arrive just after dinner, only generally it's later than that because usually you lose your way. But you get there at last, and your friends are awfully pleased to see you, and you have a dance and supper, because of course you've brought your own food, and then you go off againand you've had a good time, and the holiday-people have had a party with-out any fuss or responsibility." "It sounds a splendid idea," I said.

"Major Wilkins organised this one," she went on. "It was a wonderful success. The rest of them called for Tom and me—it was while we had that bungalow we took in Norfolk, so that Tom could have a little shooting this the Charleston. It was rather a pity, year."

rather cut of the way.

"Oh, no, we had a village quite near. Now the cottage we were going to was out of the way—not a habitation within miles. That is why we knew they would be so glad to see us. Tom knew the way, so he guided us; but it was nearly twelve when we got there, and of course they had gone to bed; but Major Wilkins had a splendid idea. We were seven cars all together, so he drew us up in line under their bedroom window, and then he gave us a signal, and we all sounded our hooters as loud and as long as we could.'

"That was the surprise, I suppose?"

"Yes; and so silly of the maid to go into hysterics—but maids are only a nuisance at a surprise party; and if she did think it was Judgment Day that wasn't our fault."

"Of course not," I agreed. "And then they came down and let you in?"

"Well," she explained, "they were rather slow, so one of our boys got in by the kitchen window, and by the time they got downstairs we were all doing though, that it turned out our host had "Jolly little place too," I said, "only a bad cold and had gone to bed early to get rid of it."

"But lucky," I said, "that your hostess hadn't a cold.'

"Oh, she had—by the end of the evening. Must have caught it somehow. Do you know their two girls nearly slept through it. all? Even when we hammered at their door and shouted 'Surprise Party' they didn't turn out at once, only when the gramophones got really going. But it shows all young people to-day aren't dance mad—those two hardly wanted to dance at all."

"Serious-minded girls, I expect," I

"I expect so," she agreed. "They said they had been with a shootingparty all day, walking, and then had walked home—a hundred-and-ten miles, they said."

"An exaggeration," I declared, "undoubtedly an exaggeration."

"Their brother didn't seem keen on dancing either," she went on. "He told us he had to make an early start in the morning because he had an invitation to shoot with Lord Somebody -it seems Lord Somebody only asks really good shots, and this boy was rather nervous about doing well in case he never got asked again, and he said himself how lucky it was he wouldn't have to go to bed at all that night, and so he wouldn't risk sleeping too late."

"By the way," I asked, "did you say something about gramophones—in the

plural?"

"Yes. There had been a little misunderstanding about that. We only meant one of us to bring one, but everyone did, so we had nine gramophones in the seven cars. So we set them all playing together in a row—that's when the two girls came down to join the fun-and do you know, it sounded exactly like that lovely American band that was such a success over here in the summer?"

"I can well believe that," I said. "Strange that I slept through it."

"But you weren't there," she pointed out; "you were in Scotland."

"I know, I know," I said.

"I'm sure," she protested, "no one heard it anywhere else, though no one there heard anything else; but unluckily bringing so many gramophones had made us short of provisions. Luckily they had plenty to eat, because their week's supply had just been delivered from the Stores in London. We were frightfully hungry. I do believe we ate every single thing they had in the house —indeed I heard the elder girl tell her mother there wasn't a crumb left."

"What did her mother say?"

"I didn't hear. I don't think the mother seemed a very good-tempered woman, somehow; she seemed quite short with the girl."

"Even in these days," I said, "daughters have at times to put up

with that sort of thing."

"The younger girl," she went on, "I found crying in the pantry when I went to see if there was anything left there, but there wasn't. I didn't like to ask the poor child what was the matter."

"Tears that probably came," I said, "from the depths of some divine de-

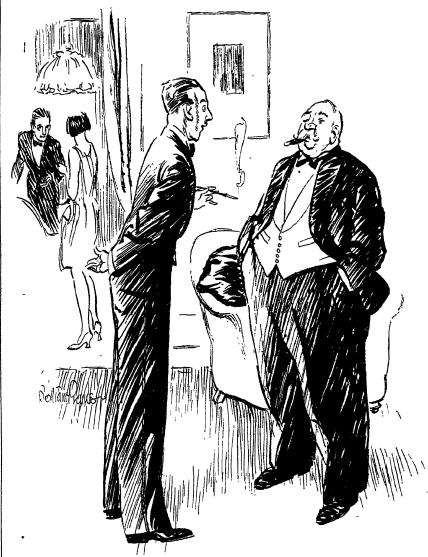
spair.'

"Oh, I hope not!" she exclaimed; "but anyhow it was growing late then -at least the sun was rising. Does it rise late or early?"

"According to the theory of relativity," I explained, "either or both or

neither."

"Well, anyhow we had to be going; and then Major Wilkins found he had no petrol, but luckily they had just enough | "a real surprise party."



Proud Father. "The man who marries my daughter, Sir, wins a prize." Young Man. "By Jove! THAT'S A GREAT IDEA. IS IT A MONEY PRIZE OR JUST A SILVER CUP?"

in their garage for him to fill up with, and I heard the boy tell his mother that wouldn't leave them a drop, and she said it didn't matter; nothing Mr. W. H. Woolner, 82, by 15-7."

Daily Paper. think it was so nice of ber-don't you?"

"I do indeed," I said.

"Well, it had all been such a success they began talking about returning our visit, and something was said about that week-end."

"And was that a success too?" I asked. "I expect so," she answered brightly, "but we happened to run up to Town that week-end to see the new show at the 'Jolly,' so I don't know for certain -but we left some bread and cheese out and half a cold rice-pudding, just in case they didn't bring enough to eat with them."

"Which would make it," I agreed,

Youth will be Served.

"In a bowls match at Bury St. Edmunds, Mr. R. Boniwell, 80, of Bournemouth, beat

A Record Eye-Brow.

"Chaliapin is a very great artist. He may be relied on to give one those sudden and exquisite moments of the great artist—the long-drawn-out pianissimi, the slightest raising of the eyebrow, which reaches to the very back of the hall."—Daily Paper.

"FIFTY YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

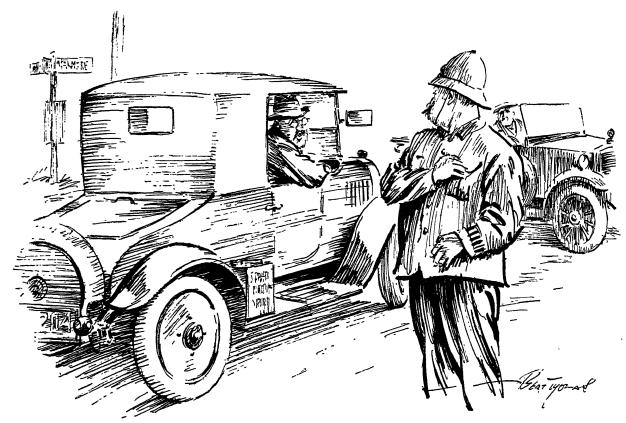
Prizefighting needs no justification.—Gene Tunney.

Railway progress is not at an end.—Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P.

There is an amazing revival of interest in the drama.—Dr. E. E. Lowe."

Yorkshire Paper.

"Fifty years ago"! Isn't it wonderful E. R. P. how history repeats itself?



Dector (held up for speeding, on way to urgent case). "Idiot! But for you I'd be at the hospital now." Policeman. "You would."

A MATTER OF SHAPES.

The flame of the creepers is burning,
The fogs have appeared in Pall Mall,
And behold, in the papers concerning
The ladies, a rumour—they tell
That the feminine figure or outline
Will soon be a rather more stout
line;

I hail thee, O Plumpness, returning! O Slimness, depart, and farewell!

Fair curves, than rigidity sweeter
And lovelier far to the eye
Of the amorous Henry or Peter
Than a straightness which seems to
defy

Dame Nature, who had the intention——

Before I go on let me mention That this is a difficult metre Unless one has practised it. Try.

O Roundness, a deal more entrancing
Than mere mathematical lines
In a girl who is golfing or dancing
And equally so when she dines!
(I wish I could be more explicit,
But it's not very easy, now is it?)
O Providence, always advancing
To newer and nobler designs!

Oh, how can I very well utter tion we should like to The thoughts that arise in my brain? Cozumbus said in 1492.

Silhouettes that have long been a shutter

Turned back to an hour-glass again:
The too, too intensified flatness
Restored to a something like fatness

With pastry, with pancakes, with butter, With doughnuts—but let me refrain!

Let me merely repeat that the surging Or—how shall I put it?—the swell Of the fashion for ladies is urging Them not to be so parallel;

Let me merely repeat, and with vigour,

In respect of the feminine figure, I hail thee, O Plumpness, emerging! O Slimness, depart, and farewell!

More Apologies Impending.

Extract from application form for Army Entrance Candidates:—

"Give names, professions and present addresses of two referees. They should not be your schoolmasters... but responsible persons of mature age well acquainted with you."

"Do they admit that, short of a cataclysm happening, most land within ten miles of Durban will increase considerably in value before 1492?"—Scuth African Paper.

Before attempting to answer that question we should like to know what COMUNBUS said in 1492.

CHEERIER TIME-TABLES.

Every now and again a new type of railway time-table makes its appearance on the bookstalls, but, so far as I can see, it differs from its predecessors only in point of being a bit fatter and considerably more complicated. Whatever technical glories it may aspire to, the time-table persists in refusing to credit the railway-traveller with anything but a mere craving for knowledge concerning the movements, or presumed movements, of trains, pending further notice.

Surely, in view of the efforts which are being made to induce all of us to patronise the railway in preference to the road, the time-table should be called upon to play its part by adding to the cold calculated qualities of guide the more entrancing ones of philosopher and friend.

Just as the magazine-programme has robbed play-going of much of its depression and fruitlessness, so might the time-table endeavour to combine information with a light and airy humour, and, in addition, permit us to peep into the lives of hitherto unsuspected railway celebrities concerning whose careers, foibles and personalities too little is known.

Take those "Notes" on page soand-so to which we are so frequently referred. Why should not they be imbued with a touch of philosophy and literary charm in some such manner as the following:—

- (b) No connection after 5 P.M. . . . "To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive."—R. L. STEVENSON.
- (f) Change for Swigley-Popover and again at Crabble Junction for Woozlemere. . . . "They must often change who would be constant in happiness or wisdom."—Confucius.

Then, by way of personalia:-

Who's Who on the B.S.R.—No. 47.

Mr. Jeremiah Burge, the well-known stationmaster at Orlways Junction, was born on November 5th. Sent at an early age to help his grandfather on a farm at Upper Cowgullet, he revolted against the routine of farm-labour, and commenced his railroad career by obtaining employment at the local station, where for some years he chased cattle off the permanent way and assisted the stationmaster to win a prize for delphiniums. He obtained his first lift in life by becoming accidentally attached to a coupling-hook by the buckle of his trousers, a lucky mishap which took him, after a slightly trying journey, to Orlways Junction, where he elected to remain. Here his industry and ingenuity stood him in good stead. While still a junior porter he succeeded in training a pet dog to bite holes in railway tickets, thereby saving the company the expense of a ticket-punch, and at the same time increasing the railway travelling habit among local animal-Hobby: Collecting matchboxes. Favourite colour: Light lager. Birthstone: Kentish rag.

What One of Our Leading Young Engine Drivers says about

PUDDLE'S FACE CREAM.

"It's just perfect. And so easy to use. Whenever I've a moment to spare I whip out my little tin box and it's all done in a second. Result—a complexion that makes my mate want to kiss me."

RAILWAY GOSSIP.

Mr. Bert Snooker, outside porter at Bugg Heath, tells me he is redecorating his house in Sidings Lane. Mr. Snooker, who is encouraged, not to say urged, by his wife, has decided to do the work himself in his spare time by way of recreation.

The Bath buns at Titmarsh-cum-Mackerel will lose an oldfriend and faithful caretaker when Miss Bessie Swills



leaves the refreshment-room to become the wife of a commercial traveller.

Ephraim Gripewater, the breezy ticket-inspector on the South-West Suburban, is busy with his daring scheme for the formation of a League of Peace and Goodwill between Railway Inspectors and Season-ticket Holders. His plans for the opening social evening include community-singing of railway chanties specially composed for the occasion.

ALFRED SQUIRK, the distinguished railway carriagecleaner, writes:—

"A couple of puffs of a 'RAVEN CLUB' cigarette fills the railway traveller with such sweet delight and dreamy forgetfulness that he frequently throws the packet under the seat and puts the match in his pocket. That is why I have no hesitation in saying that I like 'RAVEN CLUB' best of any."

Candid Confessions.—No. 63. Mr. J. Smith.

Which is your favourite railway station?—The one I have never been to.

What is your pet aversion?—People who loll about in corridors.

What is your favourite hobby?—Studying the by-laws and regulations.

What is your earliest recollection?— Being hidden under the seat by father.

YOU WANT THE BEST TRAINS.
WE HAVE THEM.

Our Locomotives do Not Squeak.
Our Rails are nice and bright.

Our Seats are soft all over.

Some Railways have become a Joke;
the S.O.S. Railway is Anything but
a Joke.

TRAVEL BY THE S.O.S.

D. C.

THE VIKING.

As I was building my boat, where the river runs to the sea-That night we looked for a storm, all clouds an' streamers of red-

A man comes loping the dunes an' sits by the side of me, An' hums an' fingers my tools, while I works, not turning my head.

"She's tidy enough," he says, "but we didn't build 'em like that '

I looks at him sideways then an' sees he 's hefty an' tall); "Ours was long," he says, "an' narrer an' rather flat '

(His eyes was blue as they make 'em—a proper feller

"She'd push up there," he says, "for all she was big an'

She'd shove her road through the reeds, with the wildduck scuttering by;

She'd skim through the muddy meads"—he laughed an' whistled a song-

"Gods! 'Twas a life for men whose blood an' courage is high.

wheat,

knee

When I fell with the Abbot's plate; an' how we'd row through the sleet

With ten fat sheep in the stern, an' stagger down to the sea.

"That old black vessel of ours—I carved her beak an' her sides:

Her sail was red as the sun, an' my mates was heartsome an' tough,

Though their names keep slipping my mind-they wash away like the tides . .

You might 'a' been there," says he, "you're one of us right enough."

I rose up slow from my boat an' saw no man any more, Just gulls an' the tuited sand an' the ripples tinted with

But the storm-clouds towered up like the cliffs of a Northern

An' a long dark shape stole out like a boat with a dragon's head.

FASHIONS AND FIGURES.

(By our special Psycho-Dietist.)

THE recent spell of fine weather has undoubtedly prevented the long overdue recrudescence of influenza from assuming the dimensions of an epidemic, thus obliging me to postpone for the present certain remarks which would otherwise have been opportune and helpful. The lot of the medical journalist is beset by many difficulties, and none is more vexatious than those caused by what a French philosopher has called la malice des choses; the inconsiderateness of Nature in not fulfilling reasonable expectations. But the balance is happily redressed by the perversity of manand woman-in devising and ordaining new fashions and customs, which in turn produce new disorders calling for the attention of the expert.

A notable example of this compensating influence is to be found in the present uncertainty which prevails as to the figure to be cultivated by women in the coming year. If the authorities would issue a clear and unmistakable fiat all might be well. Unhappily two voices are heard; one saying that plumpness is to prevail, and the other declaring that slimness is to continue. The consequences of this

conflict are little short of disastrous, and have already produced something like a crisis in the lemon and vinegar market; but even worse is the mental disorganisation engendered in those who, lacking a clear call, halt between two opinions and spend their days between alternate fasting and indulgence.

This prolonged dithering leads to the setting up of an amphibological diathesis which is most difficult to eradicate and cannot be adequately described without the use of the most sesquipedalian terminology. It is not only a question of dietetics but of the higher mathematics, involving the most transcendental and abstruse geometrical calculations as to the properties of curves and circles, straight lines and parallelograms. It involves the study of the Celanese dialect, familiarity with the production of Snia Viscosa, and the gambits of Snosko-Borovsky. But the duty of the medical journalist is plain. He must implore these sufferers to possess their souls in patience until the new Decalogue of Mode has been formulated, and to take no rash step in the direction of reduction or expansion without consulting their family doctors. The safest course of all is to retire to bed with an adequate supply of brown, white and rye bread, barley-water and old brandy, aspirin and "Strange," he says, "how I mind the smell of the burning ammoniated quinine. But avoid strawberries like poison. Whenever a patient of Dr. THOMAS DUTTON, as I read The hot smoke stinging my eyes, that day I dinted my in The Evening Standard, ate strawberries her legs became completely paralysed, and complete paralysis of the legs is not conducive to rapid locomotion.

With this safeguard, you will be prepared for any emergency. One last word, in the immortal phrase of Sir Andrew CLARK, "Nature forgives, but she never forgets." Banting in moderation is good, but corybanting is to be deprecated. Similarly, while a full diet builds buxom bodies, hypertrophy on the Heliogabalian scale is unsuitable to Olympic athletes

or Marathon runners.

THE POETASTER'S LAMENT.

IT is not mine to hymn the woodland's praises, It is not mine to chaunt the rustic lay Narrating how the buttercups and daisies Recline like coins upon potential hay, And how the cloudlets, lined with silvern hope, Roll up like bars of soap.

For I am not inspired by random fancies To see all heaven in the azure flax, Sweet angel-faces in the staring pansies And retribution in the woodman's axe, Nor hear within the east wind's every breath Shrill semi-tones of death.

Oh, why did not the Furies hurl their pilum At me (perhaps my breast was always hard)? For I had gladly entered some asylum, Smit with the glorious madness of the bard; I was prepared, however great the price, To gain that paradise.

If now, at some glad moment, I should capture The hall-marked spirit of eternal song And feel for once that incandescent rapture, I might forthwith suspect a something wrong And fancy that my weatherproof technique Had sprung a serious leak.

Doubtless some fairy, bending o'er my cradle, Murmured, "A creature this of common clay; Hand him, O Fates, an overflowing ladle Of all the usual things to do and say; Let him be one who spends his days as pence, E. P. W. Preyed on by Common Sense."



Charlady of learned Professor. "OH, 'E'S CLEVER, ME DEAR, 'E IS. YOU CAN TALK TO 'IM ON ANY SUBJICK."

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

X.—IDEALS.

TRIX dear I must write to you or I shall short-circuit, my dear I'm seething, well it 's these ideals, I do think people with ideals can be perfectly undiluted sometimes don't you, well my dear I 've been down here for a week staying with Uncle Arthur and Aunt Margaret, Mum always exports me to Whitewalls when she thinks I'm going bad it's a sort of family refrigerator, two services on

that don't fit and no lights or lavatories or hot water or anything, my dear too mediæval and convincing, but the entire place is full of ideals and stags' heads, and what I never understand about ideals is that anything anybody else feels strongly is ideals but anything I feel strongly is girlish folly or the most barbarous manner, my dear if you Modern Young.

Well for instance a single stag's head alienates me at once, but Uncle Arthur is alienated by cocktails and face-powder, Sunday and everything, of course it's and Aunt Margaret thinks that syncothe most eligible place, my dear it's pated music is too impure and there's Arthur reads out all the statistics about

ceilings that bump your head and doors | nothing but ideals and Geneva and some ghastly League or other, and there 's the most proper young Guardee officer whose one idea is to avoid anything vulgar, and my dear they spend the whole day killing things, well Aunt Margaret doesn't kill anything much except slugs and snails but she kills them in the could see her creeping round the garden with a bag of salt and watching them shrivel, and as for the others, well my dear we have prayers before breakfast and ideals at breakfast, well Uncle Nature's manor-house with divine low an American judge here who talks alcohol and Aunt Margaret reads out

centenarians about the Modern Girl, you know my dear all this inconsequent yap about short hair and short skirts and short lives and everything, and my dear the American reads out anything he can find about this medicated League, and the Guardes doesn't read anything but eats swamps of porridge in faultless taste, and my dear the moment they 've digested they get their guns and go out and slay something, but of course my dear they all dote on dumb animals only it doesn't apply to dumb cock pheasants and voiceless rabbits and perfectly mute fish, and of course it's all done for the good of the country and very often they rout out some dangerous weasel and have shots

the homicidal weasel if there's anything eatable like a rabbit about. Well my dear don't think I'm sentimental or anything plebeian, my dear nobody adores an expensive roast bird more than I do, and 1 do see that anything too decorative like a cockpheasant ought to be exterminated forthwith, and of course I can't have my wing of bird if nobody kills it, all I do say is that anybody who does bird-slaughter consistently for fun had much better be comparatively reticent about their ideals, and really my dear I don't expect my butcher to give me a

single lecture about ladylike behaviour. But my dear that's just what happens down here, well so far I 've always dogs and all the time the old boy lectured me about the snares of London, and the healthy country and how a girl tropical hush and he looked at me just ought to spend more time with Nature as Uncle Arthur did, my dear as and everything, and he worked up if I had the mange, my dear that's gradually to the cocktail habit and the mildewed Modern Girl, of course my you're comparatively lukewarm about dear he's a complete lamb and really I don't mind what he says, but what was so perfectly incompatible my dear, every few minutes he had to stop lecturing to shoot a rabbit, my dear I was quite ill, and on the word coektail he let off both he 's rather attracted, but what with one barrels and executed a partridge, well thing and another I felt rather cyclonic after a bit he said would I like to have and this evening my dear I put on my a shot and I said No thankyou it's too naughtiest, the pink you know, which my

the gun-habit and if he was going to do any more bird-control I thought perhaps I'd go back, well I said it quite sweetly darling because after all it's nothing to do with me what he does, but my dear the poor old thing looked at me as if I was something unnatural, the very idea that HE could do anything that I could disapprove of, however he took it quite reasonably and on the way home my dear he never shot a fly, well at tea-time as luck would have it the American and the Guardee had the world's kill-conversation, my dear the fish they 've defeated and the bears they've blown up and the bags and braces and all their measurements, and each going one better than the other,

at that for the poor farmer's sake, only my dear between them they could have I notice they don't waste much time over | filled the Ark, well at last the Guardee | which my dear is History's loveliest

Wife. "He's been so successful with his bee-keeping, I'm con-VINCED HE'S GETTING QUITE A SWELLED HEAD ABOUT IT."

turned to me and said had I ever shot I sort of gestured at the antlers and flying-fish by moonlight because that was life's Elysian sport and one managed to keep clear of the gun-stuff | night he got twenty, well my dear by but this afternoon by request, my dear, this time I was quite saturated so I said I went for a walk with Uncle Arthur No I'd never seen a flying-fish and if I and his gun and of course festoons of | did see a flying-fish my one idea would

be to let it fly.

Well my dear there was the most what's so shattering, if you let out that bird-murder and fishicide they really think you must be a bit unhealthy, my dear I felt leprous, however it all passed off, and the young man was quite for-giving because my dear I rather fancy saintly of you Uncle but to be perfectly dearwould be short for the Shires even if

all the remarks of these hysterical | frank I'd sooner have the gin-habit than | it hadn't shrunk and I brought down all my snapiest records which my dear I've always kept under the bed before, well at dinner the men have two sips of claret and a single sniff of port and there's all that pedantic decanterpushing and nothing happens, but my dear every time the port came round I filled up my glass, and they all peered and at last Aunt Margaret merely dragged me from the room, well we always sit in the billiard-room which my dear is nothing but stuffed salmon and stags' heads and birds' bodies, a complete mortuary, my dear too morbid, well we sat down and Aunt Margaret couldn't take her eyes off my knees and at last she said Your knees child so I got up and hid the old knees and I put on Kiss Me Cutie Mother's Coming

> noise, but Aunt Margaret winced from the feet up and said Stop it child I want to talk to you seriously, well she began on the Modern Girl and how a quiet young man like the Guardeeliked quiet girls with ideals and everything, well of course seeing rocks ahead I opened the bag and had a look at the old face, and of course my dear my little nose was too luminous because a girl's nose always is in the Shires, but at that moment in came the men and Uncle Arthur said Leave Nature alone Top, well then my dear I merely detonated and

dead bodies and things and I said Leave Nature alone yourself uncle, my dear too crude, and I said I 've got my ideals or something and then what was so utterly unconvincing I just melted into a pond of tears and cantered out of the room, well of course ever since I've been thinking of the most napoleonic things I ought to have said, but here I am darling with no hot water and this tuberculous candle is guttering and I rather fancy there's a BAT in the room, so shed a tear for your martyred Topsy.

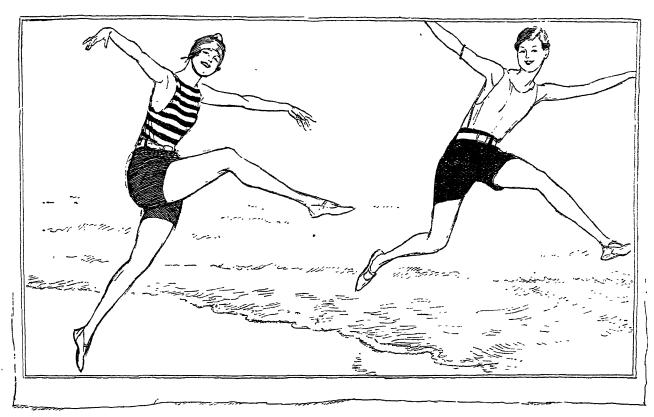
A. P. H.

Another Headache for the Historian.

"A pretty girl . . . clear blue eyes that twinkled . . . That was my impression of Miss Gleitze."—*Evening Paper*.

"These few words spoken by Miss Mercedes Gleitze to the Sunday — show the indominable spirit that lies behind the quiet brown eyes of the young London typist."

Sunday Paper.



This charming photograph, which was to have been called "Joie de Vivre on the Beach at Brightsea," was unfortunately overlooked in the offices of The Daily Snap till after the holiday season.



However, their tame toucher-up was equal to the occasion and it appeared with the title, "Rugger is now in full swing."

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

THE SMUGGLERS.

Joan Postlethwaite had a new governess called Miss Wimp, and she didn't like the look of her much and the cook said she would never see fifty again, but it had to be, and on the first even- I have asked them. ing Joan said shall we go for a walk by the sea, perhaps we shall see some the police and they were very nice smugglers.

what she was saying.

Well they went for a walk by the sea and they did see some smugglers, and the chief smuggler said now come along my pretty ladies we've got such a nice cave, I'm sure you will be very comfortable there to-night and you can go home to breakfast to-morrow morning when we have finished smuggling.

Well Miss Wimp was rather pleased at being called a pretty lady which she hadn't been for some time, but she didn't want to spend the night in a cave, so she screamed out loud and she said if you lay a finger on us I shall call the police.

And the chief smuggler said I don't want to lay a finger on you, you are too ugly, but if you don't come quiet I shall take you out in a boat and drown you.

Well Miss Wimp wouldn't come quiet so he did take her out in a boat and drown her, and Joan had to go home alone.

Well it got into the newspapers, and a few days afterwards a young gentleman came 45, 45, to Mr. Postlethwaite's house and he said my name is Bellamy-Wimp, and what is this

I hear about my aunt being taken out in a boat and drowned by some them and went home.

smugglers?

And Mr. Postlethwaite said well I didn't know she was your aunt but I am very sorry about it, especially as my little girl was there when it happened and she had to walk home alone.

And the young gentleman said well I don't care about your little girl, you can't take people's aunts out in boats and drown them like that, there is a law against it, and I should like to know what you are going to do about it.

And Mr. Postlethwaite said well I wasn't thinking of doing anything, but if you have another aunt instead of that one who would do for a governess see some smugglers. I would engage her, because my little

go on like this.

And the young gentleman said no it can't, I am going straight off to the police about it.

And Mr. Postlethwaite said the police don't know of any governesses because

about his aunt, and they said if they And Miss Wimp said oh do lets, 1 ever caught the smugglers they would should love to see some smugglers they let him know, but they didn't think are so romantic, but she little knew they would, because they had gone laway and they didn't know where to.



"SHE KILLED ALL THE SMUGGLERS."

So the young gentleman thanked

Well Joan didn't do any lessons for about a week, and then one morning a his little girl.

And the maid who had opened the door to her said what name please? and she said Miss Sophie Sweeper.

So Mr. Postlethwaite engaged her to be governess to Joan, and Joan didn't like her much and the cook said she had a figure like a toast-rack, and on the first evening Joan said shall we go for a walk by the sea, perhaps we shall

girl isn't doing any lessons and it can't | I should love to see some smugglers. and Joan said to herself oh would you?

Well they did see some smugglers, and the same thing happened as the last time, but when the chief smuggler asked them to come quiet Sophie Sweeper pulled a pistol out of her clothes somewhere and she killed all the smugglers, and then she said to Joan now you go home and when I have buried these smugglers in the sand I will come after you.

So Joan went home and she told Mr. Postlethwaite about it, and he was very angry and when Sophie Sweeper

came back he said this is the second time my little girl has had to walk home alone and I don't engage governesses for that, who are you I should like to know that you think you can go on like this?
And Sophie Sweeper said

you would like to know who I am? and he said yes I should.

So she said well I am Mr. Bellamy-Wimp, and she took off her hat and her wig and there was the young gentleman who had come there before dressed up as a governess.

And directly he had done that he rushed out of the house and didn't come back again.

Well after that Mr. Postlethwaite thought he had better send Joan to school, because he said it can't go on like this or she will get no education.

So she went to Miss Frost's school as a boarder, and the first thing that happened was that a music-master came to give her a piano-lesson, and it was Mr. Bellamy-Wimp.

And directly he saw Joan he rushed out of the house and never came back any more, though Miss Frost owed him some money.

Well Joan had to tell Miss Frost about him, and Miss Frost said well it is the last thing I should have thought of Mr. Bellamy-Wimp that he would young lady came to the front-door and leave you to walk home alone, because she said is Mr. Postlethwaite in, because he has always been so careful to behave I have come about being governess to properly, I shall have to get another music-master, but this time I think I shall get a music-mistress.

> So she did that, but at the end of the term the music-mistress said I 'm afraid I can't come back next term because I am going to get married.

> And Miss Frost said who to? and she said Mr. Bellamy-Wimp.

And Miss Frost said oh are you? and she said yes I am, and Miss Frost said well he didn't behave very well to And Sophie Sweeper said oh do lets, | Joan Postlethwaite but I hope it will



Proud Mother. "Cissie learned to play the piano in no time." Friend. "So I hear."

answer, and if you had been here longer I should have given you a wedding-present but I suppose you won't expect one now, would you like any of the girls to be your bridesmaids?

And she said well I have got seven already but I could do with one more, and I will choose Joan Postlethwaite

so as to make it up to her.

Well the day came for the wedding, and just as they were going to be married a policeman came to the church and he said wait a minute, what is your wedding-dress made of?

And the music-mistress said it is made of silk.

And the policeman said yes I thought so, did you pay duty on it or was it

smuggled?

And she said well it was smuggled, because I hadn't got enough money to pay the duty, at least I had enough money but I wanted it for something else.

And directly Mr. Bellamy-Wimp heard that he rushed out of the church and nobody ever saw him any more.

And the music-mistress was very sensible about it, and she said poor fellow what he has gone through has turned his head, perhaps I am better without him.

A. M.

OCTOBER.

["The year begins again—a new year begins—in October."—ERIC PARKER.]

This is October, October, October, Ending of all things; the little leaves fly;

Pessimists say, "Aren't the lawns looking sober?

See, 'tis October, and lo, the flowers die;"

That's what you say of Her, dear Sir or Madam,

As was the way of You ever since ADAM,

As was the way

Since the world began spinning; Ending, you say,

But of course she's Beginning, Up in the morning and doing, say I.

So she's October, October, October, Mother of Newness in garments of gold,

Music shall robe her, all newly shall robe her,

Movement shall rid her of all that is old;

New sap is pushing
Those silly old leaves off,
See them go rushing
As thickly as thieves off,

And, while they rush,
After four months of silence,

Jolly Sir Thrush
(You could hear him a mile hence)

Up in the morning so bonny and bold, Shouts of her favour

With all he's got in him—

Semi-breve, quaver,
And crotchet and minim.

Mother October, our lady of gold, End or Beginning, our lady of gold.
P. R. C.

An Expert.

"Sahib, 23 years amongst wild beasts forests of Burma, wants job, general factotum to landed lady or gentleman."—Daily Paper.

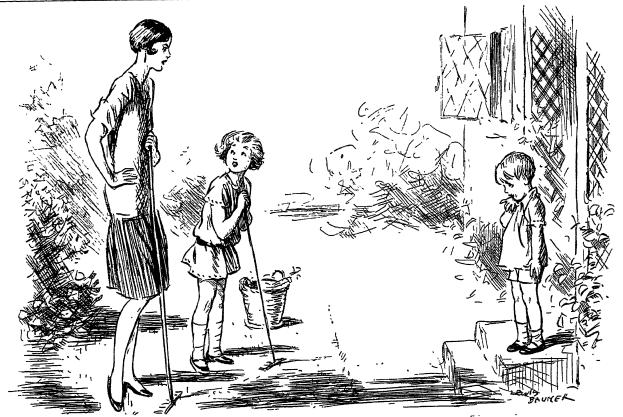
Announcement of an open-air service:

"8 p.m.—Yawn Service. Mr. —— will preach."—American Paper.

If only the preacher had been a Bishop he might have worn his yawn sleeves.

Letter received by a provincial bookseller:—

"Can you let me know if you have collections of Moore's Poems (the Irish post) and what they contain? I want the least exp. n-sive edition, the collection to include *Utopia*." He replied that, while a cheap edition of Utopia had often been talked about in Ireland, none had yet been produced.



Joan (whose small brother has emerged from the house with a jammy mouth). "Look at him, Mummy! Did you ever see such A PICTURE OF INJURED GUILT?"

THE SQUEAK.

THERE is a squeak in my car. noticed it first in Maida Vale, which is not the most likely place for noticing squeaks. I noticed it at once, and said to Percival, who was with me, "What a row that car in front is making!"

Percival agreed, and said it sounded like a sort of a squeak. He added profoundly-to show me, I suppose, that way of mechanical knowledge—that there was nothing like a drop of oil for any sort of a squeak.

After this the other car drove on ahead but left the squeak behind. We then attributed it variously to a No. 16 bus, a child's scooter and the left kneejoint of a very old man on the pavement, till at last it dawned on us that it was emanating from our own car.

"Better stop and trace it, old man," urged Percival airily; "it's getting on my nerves. A drop of oil will settle it."

We stopped the engine and the squeak stopped. We went on; so did the squeak. We were not much further forward.

"Well, that proves it's in the engine," said Percival helpfully, and we sat and listened to the squeak for some while further with rapt Sunday-concert expressions. After ten minutes we could hear no other noise at all and were

is a peculiarity of unauthorised car noises, once you start to listen for them. To our tautened ear-drums there was soon but one single noise in the whole world, and Percival even got to the stage of suggesting, as a Klaxon horn sounded from a car behind us, that it seemed to have changed its note slightly.

Something had to be done about it. We took the car to a quiet street, and very little was hidden from him in the I drove it about slowly while Percival hung over the side with the bonnet up and listened. Then I lurched a bit, and he put his hand on a sparking plug to steady himself. It didn't seem to steady him much; in fact he was very restless for a long while afterwards. After this we changed over-at Percival's request-and he drove while I leant over the side. I was almost certain I had located it when Percival drove too close to a lamp-post, and I lost it and my hat and my temper all together. We stopped and rested.

"Well, it's in the engine," repeated Percival eventually. "That's all we can say.'

"Or the back-axle," I put in. "It seems to come from behind.'

"It does," agreed Percival bitterly; "but it does that whichever way you face. We want skilled help."

automatically raising our voices. This a garage, where we told a lovely oily man—the "skilled help"—all about it.

"We only want to trace it," said Percival, as the man placed a casual hand on the cushions of the drivingseat and became less oily. "Once we've done that a drop of oil will finish it."

"Ar," said the skilled help.
"It must be in the engine," continued Percival.

"Ar," said the skilled help.

"Because you can only hear it when the engine is running," finished Percival.

"Ar," said the skilled help again and just placed a foot on the running-board, whereupon the squeak instantly broke out once more.

"That it?" queried the skilled help. Percival and I were too overcome at the treachery of our squeak to answer. All our work gone for nothing.

"Sounds like your ellipticals," continued the man intimately, "or maybe a dry shackle." At least I think that's what he said, but I never was good at anatomy.

He got underneath with an oil-can and poured some on his face and some more on Percival's new brogues. Then he reappeared and, placing a heavy foot on the running-board, rocked the car to ce. We want skilled help." and fro till it wallowed like a three-So we took the car and the squeak to decker in a heavy swell. The squeak



A SINISTER SIGN.

MR. MACDONALD (to defeated leader of New South Wales Labour Party). "I SEE YOUR EQUILIBRIUM HAS SUFFERED FROM AN ENLARGEMENT OF THE LEFT WING. ACCEPT MY SYMPATHY. I TOO, FOR THE MOMENT, HAVE A SLIGHTLY ABNORMAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE SAME LIMB."



The Tapestry Merchant. "I'm sorry you cannot have this piece, Sir. It is a special order for a very wealthy customer." Profiteer. "Wot's it all about?"

The Tagestry Merchant. "It is the Seven Deadly Sins, Sir."

Profiteer. "AH, WELL, MAKE ME ONE LIKE IT, BUT LET ME 'AVE A DOZEN OF THEM DEADLY SINS. I DON'T MIND SPLASHIN' A BIT."

rose triumphant above the rattling of tools and cans and bottles in the back. The skilled help appeared slightly

piqued at this.

"Must be your universal," he said, and, having taken out some floor-boards inside the car, got at the noise from above with a spanner. He put in five minutes of this, and apparently frightened the squeak out of its hiding-place and away forward under the bonnet.

Here he tried to fix it for a further quarter-of-an-hour. He had some little success. His action changed the note of the squeak slightly and it dropped an octave or so. Personally, I think it was ageing under its harsh treatment and its voice was breaking. Anyway it did not nowlack for company, because a new sound, like a cornerake with hay fever, had developed near the off wing.

I looked and listened with interest. Percival, after offering to borrow a stethoscope and then having to explain at length that he was merely being funny, became bored and began to whistle between his teeth. The man, now thoroughly on his mettle, plunged all over the car with every tool he could find. The result was the addition of a surging sound when the engine was started up and a monotonous rattle like a badly-fitting skeleton from the region of the tannets.

This made the man quite angry; nor Do they take parcels as heavy as that?

was his fury allayed at all by his sudden discovery that one of the noises he was under the impression he was chasing was merely Percival whistling between his teeth.

When a subdued humming like an elderly bumble-bee incarcerated in a matchbox of fine acoustic properties broke out near the fan-belt the man gave up. He weakly said he had no more time and added that he thought we shouldn't hear any more of the squeak now.

Percival paid him for skilled help and got in the car. Then he got out, wiped down his trouser legs as well as possible, replaced the floor-boards and got in again.

We drove off. The man was quite right. We couldn't hear the squeak any more. As in Kipling's Ship that Found Herself there was one new big voice, compounded of voices from every wheel, bolt and stay in the car, which drowned every individual noise and made even policemen look apprehensively at us. But the squeak as a squeak was gone, lost, submerged.

It's wonderful what a little skilled help can do.

A. A.

"SITUATIONS WANTED.

Nurse-housekeeper, companion, 35; capable; will travel. Reg. post."—Evening Paper.

THE SASSENACH.

SHE takes the iron girdle down
And puts it on the fire to heat;
Herself in pretty patterned gown
And linen apron clean and sweet.
She gets the baking - board and bowl

And sieves the flour as fine as silk,

And in the centre makes a hole And fills it full of buttermilk.

She stirs it up and kneads the dough And flattens out the puffy mound, Then cuts the scones three-cornered—so;

A real scone is never round.

She sets them where the girdle turns,
Below the chimney, on its hook
(Hung up for fear the surface burns),
And leaves them there awhile to
cook.

And soon the scones, with wrinkled skin

The softest brown I've ever seen,
And snowy sides with dimples in
Where floury finger-tips have
been,

Are on the plates in time for tea.

My Scottish heart is wrung to
groans

That any cook as fine as she Should make such "scons" and call them "scoans"!



Villager. "I 'EAR AS 'OW YOU' YE BOUGHT POULTRY FARM UP AT BOTTOM END. DO YER WANT TO SELL ANY OF THEM 'EN-'OUSES?"

Newcomer. "Good heavens, no! They 're brand-new-only just bought 'em."

Villager. "Ah, Well, I bought some stuff when the two lots of folk as 'ad the farm afore you went bust; and I can wait."

HORTICULTURE WITHOUT TEARS.

[Hats trimmed with real vegetables are mentioned among the current fashions]

Good wife, when many hours I spent In tilling our demesne,

Nor murmured when I underwent A horrid dorsal pain,

No blossoms such as others laud
I meant to deck the scene;
For us the bean when it was bross

For us the bean when it was broad, The pea when it was green.

Though these admittedly reveal Few charms to please the eye (Their anatomical appeal

Is hardly aimed so high), Our appetites would gain a most Exhilarating edge

When every joint of ours could boast Its complementary veg.

Where ramblers of a crimson tint Might grace another's plot We'd watch the scarlet-runner sprint

Its way towards the pot,
And, urged by mingled shower and
shine,

For us there should prevail
The cabbage and the cauliflower,
The carrot and the kail.

To carry out this worthy aim
I made our pleasaunce fit,
But niggard Nature, dead to shame,
Refused to do her bit;
In place of all that I had planned
She only gave us there
Two Brussel-sprouts, an onion and
One stunted pomme de terre.

But still my ardour does not dim, For I 've discovered that This harvest will suffice to trim One really modish hat; The cynosure of envious eyes, 'Twill deck your shingled mane;

And, knowing this, I realise I have not toiled in vain.

The Old Irish Touch.

From a Dublin correspondent's description of the opening of the Dail:—
"There was not a single absentee in the House."—Daily Paper.

"The passage made me think of 'The Family Herald Supplement' of years gone by and of those naive tales in which the purliamaid married the earl's son."

Evening Parer.
Nowadays, of course, the "parliamaid"
would go for the Commons rather than
the Lords.

DEPARTURE OF THE TROOPSHIP.

(a) POPULAR VERSION.

Scene — Southbury Docks. Time — 10 A.M. Enier, simultaneously, the Embarkation Staff Officer (B) and a troop train (L). From the latter a Commanding Officer leaps lightly to the ground.

E.S.O. (saluting). Good morning, Sir. You couldn't have chosen a more delightful day. How fit and sturdy your men are looking!

C.O. Thanks, thanks. Shall we get on board now?

E.S.O. Please do.

C.O. (to battalion). On board with you, men, and get comfortably settled down, two to a cabin. (The battalion gets on board singing "Heart of Oak.") When does the ship leave?

E.S.O. Oh, as soon as you are ready, Sir. I suggest in about two minutes'

time.

C.O. Very good. (To Adjutant) Captain Tomkins, how splendidly the men have behaved! 'Pon my word it makes one—— (gulps).

Omnes (ff). Good-bye. Good-bye. [Business with handkerchiefs and

cameras. Loud cheers. Cue for band to strike up "Soldiers of the King,"
"Sons of our Empire" and "The
Girl I left behind Me." Exit ship gracefully.

(b) As it Happens.

Act I.

Scene-Southbury Docks. TIME-4 A.M. Rain is falling. The Embarkation Staff Officer is telephoning.

E.S.O. Hullo, hullo . . . No, I haven't finished. I haven't got anybody yet.

[Goes to sleep at the telephone. Enter troop train quietly. The troops, who have been travelling all night from the next station but one, are all asleep. It is soon 5 A.M. Great business with dockyard hooters (ff). The troops continue to sleep. The engine-driver, who is due back at the next station but one in a few hours, starts to whistle and shunt. The troops, violently awakened, think that there has been a railway accident and start to detrain. (See Field Service Regulations: Initiative.) The Regimental Sergeant-Major puts half the battalion in arrest for leaving the train without orders. Tableau.

Act II.

It is 9 A.M. The Commanding Officer has signed fourteen parade states, thirty-two strength returns, eight bills of lading and five demurrage certificates, all in triplicate. The battalion has had its breakfast and is undressing* on the platform preparatory to carrying itself on board.

Act III.

It is 12 noon. The battalion is still carrying. The Commanding Officer has gone on board to replenish his fountain-pen with ship's ink. The Adjutant is listening to several people talking at once.

. . Please Sir would you go and see the Purser I'll send two more pairs as soon as they are darned Oh only a few details such as the age of the regimental mascot you're wanted on the telephone and remember the marking-ink is inside the bedroom slippers outside the docks and second on the right but 200 men can't sleep in 20 hammocks however much you squash them up I tell you there aren't any Officers' cabins left because four lungspecialists seven atheists and thirteen financial advisers are all going by this

* A military term meaning to divest oneself of one's sun-helmet, gas-helmet, steelhelmet, kit-bag, equipment, arms, concertinas and other essential makeweights for which the only transport provided is oneself.



WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET.

Novice (pensively). "What was it those fellows were telling me about its BEING IMPOSSIBLE TO HEAD A STAG FROM ITS POINT?"

tub and they got here first don't forget the tooth-powder is—— (All sounds are drowned by the ship's hooter (fff). Alarums and excursions. The carrying is completed at the double.) No I haven't got your camp-bed but I'll write twice a week yes promise then tell him he can't have it no not there you prize ass dam these doorways why can't they make them higher stop that infernal mouth-organ how can any-

[Encore by the hooter and loud checring. A voluntary band strikes up the popular "O heck, O hunc, O hujus, wotta gal," followed by the seductive waltz refrain, "Delirious Detroit," which are lustily taken up

E.S.O., who has missed the last gangway, is slung ashore on a derrick, to the uncontrollable merriment of a thousand English humourists, who once again have emerged from a grim situation in the very best of spirits.

Headline to a report of the theft of a mackintosh from a restaurant:-

"EATS AND LOSES COAT." Canadian Paper.

You cannot have your coat and eat it

"Wanted, General; willing to assist bar evenings; no uniform."—Provincial Paper. We know a few distinguished officers by a thousand English voices. The who might consent to assist in mufti.

ANYHOW ESSAYS.

I.—THE DOGS.

I THINK of elephants.

Gracile, eager, delicately walking, like Agag.

(But they hewed him in pieces, poor

man.)

There is a girl who walks about with two of them, in the evening, exercising them under the planes.

So beautiful.

And I wonder where Harringay is?

"Greyhound, greyhound, running there After the electric hare, What immortal hand and eye

Framed thy fearful symmetry?"

Or "cemetery," as the schoolboy spelt it, thinking of bones.

So many fat, red-faced men in so

many squashy hats.
One two! Nine four! Six one!

But they might be elephants.

What was the first kind of dog that man ever trained? The watch-dog or the hunting-dog?

"Representations on Egyptian monuments," said Professor Mumble, "prove the existence of a greyhound race of dogs at least three thousand years ago."

One two! Nine four! Six one!

A most infernal noise.

QUEEN ELIZABETH (he went on) is said to have witnessed on one occasion the pulling down of sixteen bucks by greyhounds.

She would.

I should like a dog called Victorian Antimacassar, I think.

Science and biology: that is the beauty of it.

Science and biology combined. Harnessing the lightning.

Look at the way the sparks fly out of it.

Also democracy.

So many fat red-faced men.

You can only do it with dogs. Sagacious animals.

And science, of course, as well.

The hare's own child, the electric hare?

"Oriental kings," said old Mumble, "have hooded hunting-leopards to chase the deer.

Was that why I thought of elephants? "I knew a man who kept a tame electric hare (like Cowper) and fed it on kilowatts.

Poor Kilowatt!

One has forgotten also the humanitarian principle, and one has forgotten finance. One, Two, Nine, Four.

But beagling reduces the figure, they

This then is the flower of civilisation, the product of the finished years.

So many fat red-faced men, and one of them standing on my toes.

parsley, and Henry watched it for a and eat jugged hare." while. That made Mr. Fairchild angry, because he ought to have been learning his Latin.

Lepus, a hare.

"The old English greyhound," continued Professor Mumble, "was only allowed to be kept by the nobles and princes, and the killing of it was under | into hares. the old game-laws a felony punishable by death."

It is the only dog that hunts by

sight alone.

Or could it hunt by sound?

Run round the track, then, and make a noise like an electric hare.

But what happens in the third generation?

They would probably go for an front of the judge's box.

L.C.C. tram. "The old English greyhound is now used by the police for hunting down electric trams which exceed the speed- muzzle of the golden-haired girl." limit over Westminster Bridge.

But what made you bet on Lady, Be

Good?

Professor Mumble says that the speed is not inferior to that of a racehorse.

And the sagacity? Oh, far more. Only sometimes they stop and quarrel. That is why Aunt Isabel says she would rather play roulette.

Numbers, she says, don't bite.

But the favourites do win quite often, my dear.

And when you say this is a pleasureloving age you are totally wrong.

I know a man who paid off his instalment on The $Encyclopar{ ilde{a}}dia$ Britannica by a long-odds wager on Deposit Account.

Batley his name was.

How long does a greyhound keep its form?

And how long does a hare?

"All her hounds are dead, Her beautiful hounds are dead, That ran before the feet of her bright and nimble form!"

"England," said the clever cynic, "is becoming a nation that lives by taking each other's bets."

Have you seen the slow-motion film of a greyhound race, and the quickmotion picture of two tortoises crawling after a piece of lettuce?

No, nor have I.

"All men," said the wise Frenchman, "pursue the phantom of happiness as dogs pursue the vanishing hare."

One two. Nine four. Six one! "Pray what do you think of grey-hound racing?" asked Boswell.

"Sir," he said, "I do not think of it

at all. It is a very foolish thing."
Or "Sir," he said, "it is a very remarkable thing that men should watch dogs following an electric toy when pronunciation of Czecho-Slavia.

But the hare was mumping her they can sit comfortably in a tavern

With port-wine sauce.

But CHARLES LAMB'S favourite pun is spoilt.

Is that a real hare or a White City one?

Not the slightest use.

They say that witches are turned

Electrical warlocks on Walpurgis

You must shoot them with a silver bullet, which stops the dynamo.

There is no NAT GOULD yet of the

dog-racing world. Difficult, doubtless. But the bad man might dope his dog, and get bitten afterwards, and have hydrophobia in

"Victorian Antimacassar knew what depended on the race. Standing on his hind legs, he licked the velvet

Brindled, black and fawn. Gunmetal, cedar, beige.

Fat hands overflowing with Treasury

One two! Nine four! Six one!

I know now what it was. I should like to see rogue elephants, racing from a trap, after a lorry loaded with sugar-

Trumpeting. Terrible.

And who would be driving the lorry? My bookie, of course. EVOE.

NO!

In lots of ways the chap next door's the luckiest of tykes,

He seems to be quite on his own and does just what he likes;

If he comes in with muddy paws he tells me no one cares;

And if he wants to fight he scraps with every dog he dares;

He eats whatever tasty bits he happens to select

From gutter, dustbin, anywhere, without a bad effect;

He hardly ever has a bath, his folk don't keep a comb,

Sometimes he stops out all the day and sleeps away from home;

He's never whipped, he jumps on chairs, he scratches all the paint,

He buries bones just where he likes and

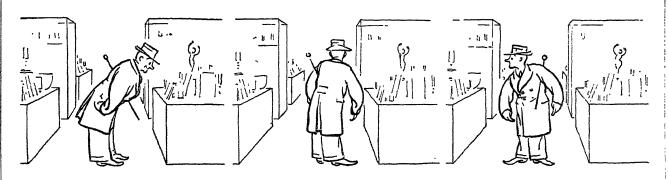
no one says "You mayn't!" He often asks me, "Don't I wish that I was free like him?"

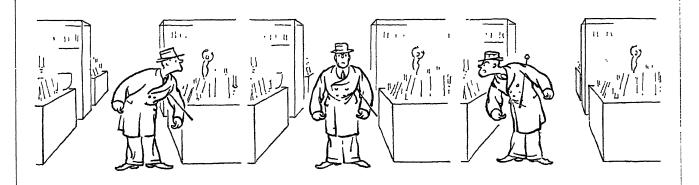
"H'm! Perhaps in some ways ... No, I don't, 'cos no one loves you, Jim."

"Whenever any place from Yugo-Slovakia to Timbuctoo was mentioned every care was taken to pronounce the name properly." Daily Paper.

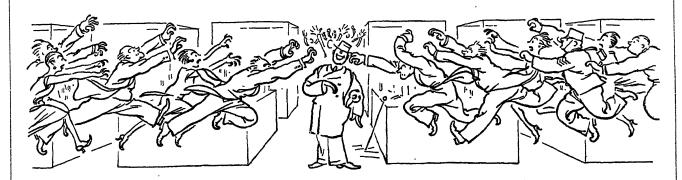
We are always very careful about our

Fougusse

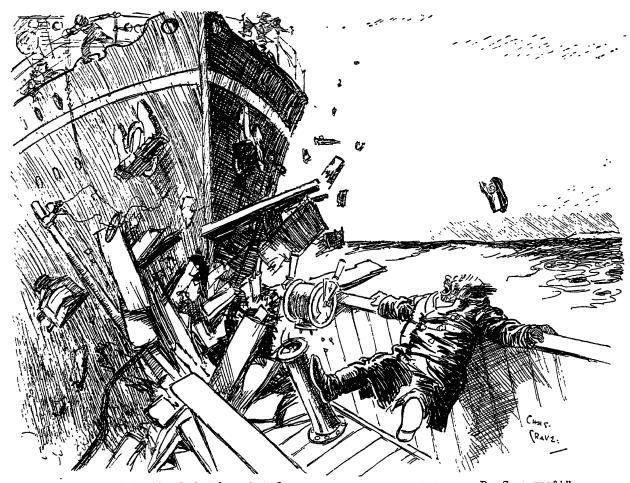








THE MAN WHO COULDN'T GET ATTENTION.



Poetic Captain (as things begin to happen). "'OH, WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, ALL YOU BIG STEAMERS?'"

THE BOROTS.

"So sorry. No servants. Please postpone visit. Writing—no, 'writing,' not' whiting.' W.B. R. for Robot. No, not Robert, Robot. Oh, never mind; it's the same R."

"What R you talking about?" I inquired as I burst in upon this engaging conversation between Priscilla and Telegrams Please.

"Servants," said my wife curtly as she hung up the receiver. "They all left this morning.

"You mean they both left. Don't swank, Priscilla."

"All or both, the result is the same, and that is, nothing."

"Nobody you mean."

"And nothing. There's not a thing in the house."

"But why have they gone?" "There are no pictures," said Priscilla.

"No pictures!" I exclaimed. "There are far too many. The walls are covered "but explain. Who are the Borots?" with them. Besides I-

"No cinematographs," explained

saw one in London yesterday, not far from the-

"There are no cinematographs here," said Priscilla still more patiently.
"Naturally," I replied. "This is the

country.'

"You are so helpful," said Priscilla. This was good-natured enough, but by the time we had got through the luncheon (which Priscilla burned) and washed up the plates (which I broke)

tempers were getting short, and then Telegrams Please sent us an awful message from my brother. "Arriving 4.30. Bringing the Borots."

"I thought you had put him off," I remarked coldly. "What was the use of all that palaver down the telephone if you were unable to express yourself? You should have called me.'

"I did put him off," said Priscilla; "I did put him off." She was nearly in tears.

"Don't whimper," I said brutally,

"I don't know. Friends of your brother, I suppose."

Priscilla patiently.
"That is a lie," I said. "I distinctly guests are?"

"They are not my guests. I didn't ask them. It's your beastly family, not mine. Think! You must know them."

"Mr. and Mrs. Borot," I murmured pensively.

"Or Lord and Lady Borot," said Priscilla, "or the Duke and Duchess of- Anyhow, we must give them the best bedroom.'

And so we did; at least we were wrestling with the best counterpane when my brother Jack arrived in his enormous car. My brother Jack is very rich.

"Where's his lordship?" I asked eagerly as I seized his suit-case and peered into the recesses of the gigantic limousine.

"His what?" asked Jack.

"Lord and Lady Borot," explained Priscilla.

"Oh! the Borots. They're in there," and he pointed to what looked like a box of croquet-mallets or an exiguous coffin. Between us we carried it into the kitchen. Its weight was colossal.

"You see," said Jack as we unpacked

it, "as soon as I heard you had no servants I thought this would be a splendid opportunity of trying my new invention. These," headded, dragging out a hideous iron doll smothered in grease, "are mechanical domestics."

"I see," I said.

"I call them Borots," he continued, because they are better than Robots. 'B' for better."

"Quite so," said Priscilla; "and now what do we do?"

What didn't we do? We spent the whole afternoon hanging wires from the ceiling, making holes in the wall to tap the electric-light and laying rails on the floor. We had no tea and the kitchen fire went out.

"Never mind," said Jack, "Mary Borot will light it for you."

"Thank you," said Priscilla.

Mary Borot did light it, but she used three boxes of matches in the process, also the oilcloth off the kitchen table, which she mistook for paper.

"You see," said Jack, "I have not yet been able to give them intelligence;

that is the difficulty."

"I see," said I.

"They will do everything, but intelligence must be supplied by you."

"Thank you," said Priscilla.

It was nine o'clock before there were any signs of dinner.

"Now," said Jack, "I will send James Borot to sound the gong."

"Oh, please don't bother about that," said Priscilla.

"Oh, yes; we must have things properly done. Off you go!"

James moved slowly along the rail-way-lines out of the kitchen door. To me there was something nasty in his face as he passed. I was not mistaken. There was a loud crash . . .

When Priscilla returned there were tears in her eyes. "There has been a slight mistake," she said. "He has sounded two Dresden vases."

"Ah! that is unfortunate," said Jack; "but intelligence, you remember . . ."

"Yes, I remember," said Priscilla; "I am sorry."

"Now please go into the diningroom, both of you, and wait for your dinner. I will do the rest," said Jack cheerfully.

We thanked him and went. We waited half-an-hour, and then I left the dining-room and coughed outside the kitchen door.

"Half-a-mo!" said Jack cheerfully.

I returned to the dining-room and we waited—a great many mo's. At last there was an extraordinary rumbling sound from the direction of the kitchen.

"What is that?" asked Priscilla. Jack I had just poked my head round the kitchen.



Child. "Couldn't I eat it and put the pillow over my tummy?"

door when, with a roar like an express train, James Borot was on me.

"Look out!" I yelled and leaped for my life. Three times, as Hector round the walls of Troy, James careered round the dining-room table, bearing in his steely arms a tray loaded with good things. When he passed for the fourth time I made a foolish attempt to stop him. The tray caught me on the forehead, James came off the rails, and he and I, fried fish and anchovy sauce, beer and bread, all rolled into a corner of the room. At the same moment the lights went out.

Jack emerged indignant from the

"I say," he said, "why must you play about? You've fused all the lights."

The next morning before Jack left he generously made us a present of James and Mary. Priscilla thanked him and went to the telephone. "Hallo!" she said. "Give me the registry office, please. No, registry—'R' for 'Robert." No, not Robot—Robert."

Commercial Geometry.

"This point is as broad as it is long."

Letter in Financial Paper.

"LADY (well connected) wishes to be Sole Paying Guest in London; £3 3s." Daily Payer.

We fear it cannot be done for the money.

THE DRY EYE.

Mr. Horace Vachell, the well-known novelist and dramatist, discusses, in *The Weekly Dispatch*, the question, "Have we forgotten how to weep?" and comes to the conclusion that our emancipation from the tyranny of tears has been largely due to the example of modern women and is a good thing.

THAT eminent best-seller, The author of The Hill, Playwright and story-teller, Argues, with point and skill, That tears are out of fashion In registering passion; That women closely ration That once free-flowing rill.

Of old, as from the pages Of history appears, We women, cribbed in cages And known as "pretty dears," In any situation That caused us irritation Or any perturbation, Dissolved in floods of tears.

Thank Heaven! those days are over Since we have "got across" And claimed our share of clover From man, the grudging boss; Now women cry no longer, Grown strong as he, or stronger, Having outswum the conger, Outsoared the albatross.

From too much love of weeping, From fear at last set free, We have no use for keeping A niche for Niobe; Whatever ills afflict us The cameras depict us With the unchanging rictus That features perfect glee.

THE NEW LOTOS-EATERS.

II .- THE UNGENTLE ART OF CAMEL-RIDING.

"To-MORROW," said our guide confidently, "I will bring round camels for the ladies! At five o'clock, yes?'

Now just at this moment there chanced to pass part of the Saharian Camel Corps, twenty or so dark-visaged, white-turbanned riders on immense camels of a pale blonde hue, gorgeously caparisoned with embossed leather saddles. In front rode a young French officer, in baggy black pantaloons and a shabby khaki coat. All had their bare feet crossed on their camels' arching necks and guided them with their toes. Instantly I knew that that was the to ride.

The Goum Saharien, as represented by the sun-burned young officer, turned out to be quite delighted to lend us a mehari-a genuine racing camel-each, the name of the newest dance tunes, and anything else we wanted. It even my opinion of the League of Nations,

camel trousers, and was not refused, because we wanted to do the thing as it should be done. And finally it produced an escort in the person of the young officer himself, who turned up with the mehara and helped us to mount. | driven camels went on trotting. .

The first shock was to find that he had given us the two tallest camels in of sheer kindness of heart and desire to do us honour. A question as to whether people often fell off rose to my cowardly lips, but the officer himself forestalled it by remarking that if we fell off we must be careful to choose a sand-dune, meralda. "We can walk, if you like." as when one pitched down twelve feet among stones it was so often fatal. But such accidents, he added, were merely due to carelessness. Just then the camel-boy, moved by the devil or by sheer joie-de-vivre, gave my mehari a sounding thwack on the hind-quarters.

For some minutes I bounced madly up and down, taking no further interest in the others. Then dimly I realised that Esmeralda, with an expression like that of Horatio keeping the bridge, was being jolted along beside me. We both clutched our saddles despairingly until a gentle voice floated to our ears.

difficult!

Noblesse oblige—I loosed my hands and commended my soul to heaven, rather cheered by the fact that Esmeralda was wobbling quite a lot more than I was. The young officer, with the rein looped gracefully round his wrist, was sitting in an aggravatingly appeared, was yet before us. To come through the test of mehari-riding with flying colours, you not only had to endure the torments of the damned through bumps and bruises and breathlessness—you had to chat lightly during the process. The young officer burst into a flood of unfaltering conversation.

"Have you seen the latest show at the Casino de Paris?"

"Yes, splendid. Does it take long to ride like you?" I managed spasmodically. (He was being bumped, it. but he didn't seem to mind it. Esmeralda was far beyond speech. she could do was to try to eliminate all visible agony from her expression.)

"No, not long; you would soon learn. Tell me, what is the latest 'dancing'? only sort of camel I could ever consent | I am going on leave soon and I want to see everything."

I told him. Also, between jolts and pants, I told him many other things he seemed inordinately anxious to hear,

we were going to the ball at the Cercle Militaire that night. And when I was utterly exhausted, Esmeralda, shaken but game to the last, leaped into the fray. And all the while those devil-

Nothing would have induced either of us to ask him to moderate the pace. Tunisia-probably in the world-all out If this was how you rode a mehari, we would do the same or die. And only once was a gleam of humanity lit in

"Perhaps we are going too fast for you, Mademoiselle?" he said to Es-

"Ça m'est parfaitement égal, Monsieur !" splendidly lied the courageous girl. (People have done less for the British flag and been decorated for it.) It was not till two hours later that we fell helplessly off in the courtyard of our hotel, and never has anything been pleasanter to my eyes than the departing backs of those camels. The young Saharian officer kissed our hands with an unfathomable gleam in his eyes, and deposed—we rather felt we deserved them-his hommages at our feet.

The great charm of a Saharian hotel "Do not hold on! It makes it more is that all conversations in all bedrooms are perfectly audible. Consequently, when we were lying wanly on our beds before dinner, we heard a cheerful friend blow in next door and greet our camelofficer with a loudly-expressed wonder as to why he wasn't already dressed.

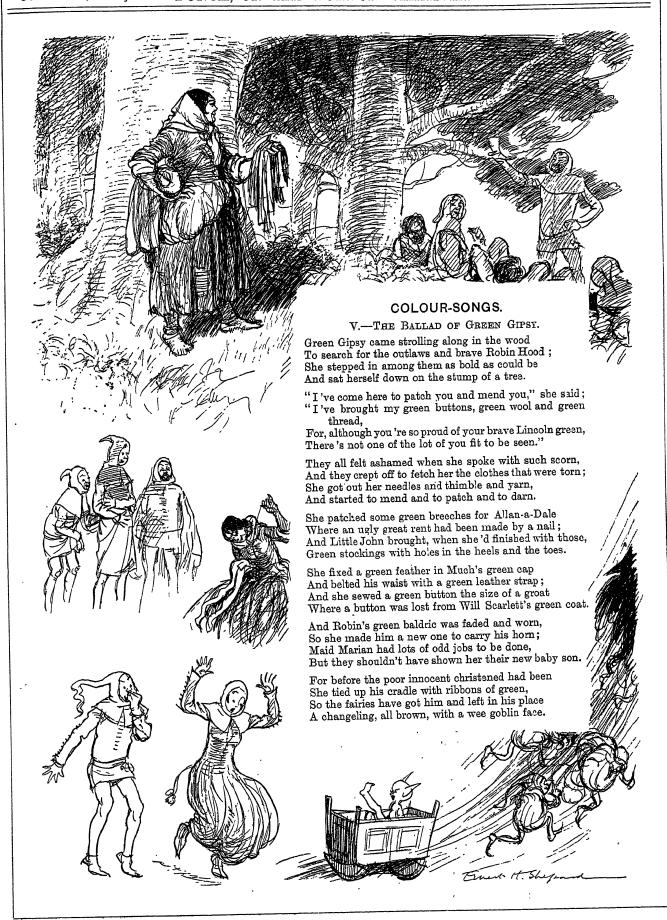
"Mon vieux," groaned a hollow voice in reply, "I do not move from here. dégagé attitude, and actually polishing | Two terrible Englishwomen have all his monocle. But the final torture, it but killed me—me, who am but newly come and have only mounted once! Figure to yourself that they made me trot for twenty kilometres! At first, tu comprends, I wanted to make the clever; mais les Anglais, ça a le diable au corps. Oh la la la la!"

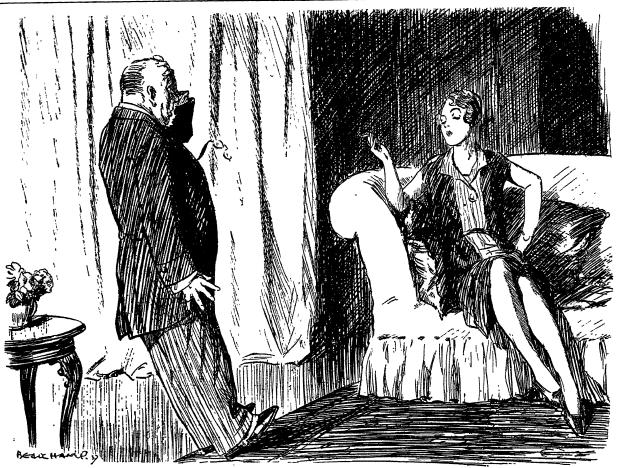
Explain it how you will, but Esmeralda and I felt much better soon after that. We even felt well enough to order hot water and to discuss which frocks to wear. But in the bled you cannot even order hot water without your fellow-guests knowing all about Five minutes later we heard a weary, furious voice abusing an innocent orderly.

"Ah, sacré nom de nom!" it said. "Where is my képi-where is my ceinturon, espèce d'abruti? I told thee I was not going out? Ah, yes, I should look fine to keep the bed! Mais les Anglais, ça a le diable au corps, il n'y a pas d'erreur!"

Infelicitous Felicitations.

"We wish Mr. and Mrs. George proffered two pairs of its baggy black why we had come to Tunisia, whether in their married life."—Parish Magazine.





No, Angela has not bevealed everything. She has just said, "Father, I am your daughter and I shall do as you wish."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THROUGHOUT the Baltic provinces twilight, in summer, lasts from dusk to dawn; and it is this uncanny interval, with its afterglow of one long day and its uneasy stirrings of the next, that symbolizes to Count EDOUARD VON KEYSERLING the present state of the German barons. Of his three short stories, now admirably translated by, I think, American hands, the first and finest deals directly with this aristocratic Treated in the traditional German Götterdämmerung. fashion, its essential truthfulness to human nature revealed, rather than hidden, by a romantic atmosphere, Twilight (HOLDEN) struck me as a singularly noble and disinterested presentment of a perennially attractive theme. The decay of the feudal houses is discerned as plainly in the young scions as in the old wood. The passing generation gives itself momentous airs over trifles, but its seriousness and grip on life is immensely serviceable in maintaining the equilibrium of its world. The younger race, neither wholly detached from the patriarchal system nor wholly wedded to it, is in more pitiable case. Old Von der Warthe's daughter has broken away to become a nurse. When her only brother is killed in a duel she returns home. But the girl, to whom the wards meant a career, is incapable of rising to the opportunities of a feudal sovereign. She and her gambling suitor, Egloff, and their contemporaries and equals, are all imperfect in their lines. They have no quality comparable with the iron vitality of the old baron in the bathchair, the satisfied dependence of his ancient sister. "Har-

couple also at odds with life; and "Kersta" a faithful, touching and suitably prosaic rendering of the shifts of a Lithuanian peasant bride during her husband's absence on service.

One is apt to forget that the late Mr. MOBERLY BELL had a previous existence of some length and importance before, in 1890, he consented to become an unofficial Assistant-Manager to The Times newspaper. In this well-composed and interesting volume, compiled by his daughter, The Life and Letters of C. F. Moberly Bell (RICHARDS), we are nearly half-way through the book when the strenuous business man, whom chance had turned into a Special Correspondent, at length left the land of Khedives and Pashas to start his Herculean task of cleansing the sadly-neglected stables of Printing House Square. At first, he found the great paper practically insolvent. By the most assiduous labour he contrived so to cut down expenditure that in four years he had converted a debt of forty-one thousand pounds into a credit balance of twenty-four thousand pounds, while distributing no less than one hundred and sixty-two thousand pounds in dividends. But even then the paper was in deep water. The margin between revenue and expenditure had been adjusted for the moment, but subscribers and advertisements were still slowly falling in numbers. Like Canning, he had to call a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old. The ingenious Mr. HOOPER, of Hooper and Jackson, that once so famous firm, came with his proposition that The Times should cooperate with him in the sale of the ninth edition of The Encyclopædia Britannica. The experiment was so successmony" is a slighter and weaker study of a noble young ful that hopes rose high. The premier newspaper was

to be saved by its new Publication Department. The supplementary volumes followed; the Century Dictionary and Fifty Years of Punch broughtinrespectable profits; and finally The Times Book Club was to be the crown and coping-stone of the tremendous effort. But the publishers and booksellers took fright, and a long, bitter and crippling struggle lasted until there came the sudden announcement of the Pearson Agreement, which forced MOBERLY Bell into the arms of the late Lord NORTHCLIFFE. On the 5th of April, 1911, he died at his desk in The Times Office. For the last twenty years of his life he had lived and fought for the paper almost to the exclusion of every other thought.

I knew that Mr. R. Gore-Browne, If he should turn to mystery-writing, Would pretty certainly come down With something thoroughly exciting; And I was right to think as much, For Murder of an M.P. (Tory) Has just the same unerring touch That made this author's Crater story.

The tale (from Collins) brings to view A crowd of people all delightful, Except, perhaps, a crook or two Quite unequivocally frightful; But whether they are nice or not They equally seem implicated, And I was at a loss to spot For which of them the gallows waited.

But more than this—we get a brace Of marvels at investigation Who help each other in the chase With specialised collaboration; One is from Scotland Yard, a crack, And one a portrait-painting artist, And they of all the sleuth-hound pack I've met of late are quite the smartest.

Wild Caller (at official residence of foreign ruler). "I WANT TO SEE THE PRESI-

Nervous Member of Secretariat (slightly confused by visitor's appearance). "ER—HAVE YOU A—AN ASSASSINATION WITH HIM?"

Of all statesmen whose careers have in the tasteless modern fashion been subjected to the premortuary attentions of the biographer, Mr. Winston Chur-CHILL appears to me to have the least to gain and the most to lose from the process. His life has been full of episode, but episode so little correlated that the whole seems not only not greater than its parts but noticeably less. This impression, which is undoubtedly the salient impression conveyed by "EPHESIAN'S" Winston Churchill (MILLS AND BOON), is heightened by the particular manner of the biographer. Mr. Churchill has always proved himself an excellent apologist for his own actions, the nation's and that long series of enterprizes, successful and unsuccessful, in which the two have collaborated. "EPHESIAN" is not so happy. His effort to constitute himself "the angel of this auspicious youth" seems to me in itself redundant. Moreover, bound to be brief where his hero had all the day before him, he employs the jaunty present tense of the Society paragraphist and shows a preference for those aspects of his subject which justify such a style. Within these limits, his accounts of Mr. Churchill's ancestry and education,

political career, have their own competence. Misconceptions are removed; shoulders are found to share the onus of several of Mr. Churchill's least popular exploits; Lady Oxford's picture of a smiling entry into the War is replaced by something more congruous to the crisis; the caricaturist's hat is traced to its attenuated source, "a single occasion at Southport"; and a consideration of present political issues and the part its subject is to play in them brings the volume to a close.

I have not read the earlier story of Maripasa, the Spanish dancer, which Mr. HENRY BAERLEIN has already given to the world, but Mariposa on the Way (BLES) is a very engaging young woman. It is true that she has no morals worth mentioning; but then she is a "child of nature"—so what would you have? And her bark, at any rate in this fragment of her career, is worse than her bite. She is on the way to America in the company of her mother, her impresario, Mr. Magnus and an obliging hotel porter whom she has bidden his accounts of Mr. Churchill's ancestry and education, follow her, though in just what capacity never seems to his military and journalistic adventures in Cuba, India, have been decided. But she is nowhere near America by Egypt and South Africa, and the ups and downs of his the end of her book—for it is her book; Mr. BABRLEIN, like

twin - cousins.

disap-

though she might take as long to get there as Tristram Shandy took to get born. In the first place she elects to travel from London to Southampton (she does not even get there) with a coach and horses, a method of locomotion deemed slow in these days, and in the second she has an irresistible inclination to go off at every conceivable tangent; and, where Mariposa leads, her companions, even Mr. Magnus, a hustler by nationality and profession, are fain to follow. Hence a series of adventures which, if this were an Arabian Nights' entertainment—and it is not altogether unlike one would be described as the Story of the Duel in Armour, the Story of the Faked Elopement, the Story of the White Russian Dancing Master, and so on. Of all these Mariposa is the charming and inconsequent heroine; while her mother, with her attractive habits of spanking her daughter, who deserves but likes it, and of invoking the saints on all occasions and sundry, with her Rabelaisian laughter and her salt Andalucian aphorisms, is a joy.

"Hell hath no fury like a jealous mother," says Mr. I

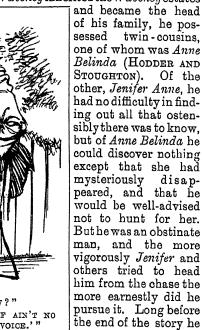
ANTHONY RICHARDSON, and, having read The Barbury Witch (Con-STABLE, I hope that he is right. Mrs. de Fevel (no Lolly Willowes, I should explain, but a witch only by gossip), lived in a lonely cottage on the Wiltshire Downs. Possessed once of a beauty which brought her many admirers and three fathers for her three children, she had retired from the world a broken and embittered woman, convinced that she had been cruelly ill-used and yet somehow contriving to feed her vanity by a jealous and bitter domination over her daughters, Margaret

and the childish Fanny. But her son Roger comes home from India, bringing his friend Arthur as an obvious lover for Margaret, and the battle between mother and children begins. I must let Mr. RICHARDSON tell his own story, and I will only say that it is a grim and satisfying one, for which he has provided an almost perfect setting. But, as a small point of criticism, it distressed me to overhear Mrs. De Fevel "nattering" (her children's happy word for it) about her late husband's dear friend, "Sir Arthur," and about less fortunate ones who are "not quite quite, not the top drawer, you know." She was, of course, no witch, but there was something sulphurous about her exits and entrances. It is therefore disconcerting to find that for all the forked lightning that played about her head she was only a wretched little snob after all. As a still smaller point, I do wish that "pointed brown shoes" had not been specified as an instance of Roger's "casual well-bred attention to his attire." Honest brogues would have suited him so much better.

Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC has done his best, happily without complete success, to spoil $\mathit{The}\,\mathit{Haunted}\,\mathit{House}\,(\mathtt{\widehat{Arrowsmith}})$ by old jokes about the very new nobility. The story which tells | I am one of them.

Mr. Magnus, being merely her impresario—and it looks as how young John Maple, dispossessed of Rackham, an ancient Sussex manor-house, by an over-ingenious solicitor uncle, makes a fortune on the halls as a ventriloquist (Lieutenant Allegri), proposes to buy back the house from the solicitor's relict, Aunt Hilda, depreciates the value of it by the methods of Valentine Vox, and frightens away the intending purchasers, Lord Mere de Beaurivage (pronounced Bruvvish). ex-coster and war-baron, and his egregious lady, is entertaining enough. But the satire on Bruvvish (ne 'Uggins) is much too crude to be enlivening. The gates of the Lords may be wide but not wide enough, even in war-time, to admit such blatant primitives as this "open-air merchant of fruit and vegetables." The venal Lord Hambourne, don and journalist (dons are also, as we know, red rags to Mr. Belloc), is a more amusing because a fairer and a newer portrait; and the American, Lord Hellup, whose admirable daughter Bo becomes the Lady of Rackham, is a diverting person. To those who can bear or prefer vintage jokes this latest casual effort of a gifted trifler is to be commended.

When John Maurice Waveney inherited the Waveney estates



New Arrival. "Wot sort of a place is it, mate? 'Ighbrow?" Departing Tramp. "Not arf! ''Orse-shot-under-me' stuff ain't no GOOD, BUT I DONE ALL RIGHT ON 'OPERA-SINGER-WOT'S-LOST-'IS-VOICE.'

found her; but that was not the end of the trouble. In less dexterous hands than those of Miss Patricia Wentworth the story of Anne Belinda, queen of quixotics, would place a heavy strain upon one's powers of belief. But, thanks to the skill with which it is told, my attacks of incredulity were easily suppressed.

The girl whose name, Thetis Saxon (MILLS AND BOON). provides the title for George Frederick Clarke's latest story is far indeed from belonging to the type that supplies modern fiction with multitudes of heroines. Brought up in Canada by a father of artistic and optimistic temperament she was both old for her years and very young. Above all things she was frank, and in her mode of thought and manner of facing life originality can be claimed for her. Crisis came when questions of religion separated her from her lover. Love, however, triumphed over all obstacles, and in the concluding sentence of this careful tale Thetis says. "I'm not without religion, but my religion has more to do with life than with death." She is perhaps too perplexing to be widely popular among novel-readers, but I think she will gain for herself a small band of fervent admirers, and

CHARIVARIA.

ALTHOUGH the strike of twenty thousand carpenters in Berlin is reported to have seriously affected building work, things might have been worse if the walruses had come out in sympathy.

The so-called "mechanical man," an electrical device which has been adopted by the United States War Department, obeys the human voice, but only if addressed in the proper tone. We doubt if it would do anything for our old sergeant-major. * * *

Oxford undergraduates are now per-

thirty - four garages. Their patronage of lectures is still unrestricted.

* * The case of Dr. Logan supports the theory that women cannot keep a secret.

* * In view of Mr. G. B. Shaw's defence of Fascism, it is anticipated that Signor Mussolini will decide to modify his antipathy to beards.

Attention is drawn to a vogue for motorcar mascots that represent theowner's favourite sport. Beware of cars that carry little models of pedestrians.

It is suggested as probable that the instrument which NERO

not the fiddle but the bagpipes. We can quite believe it of him.

MICHAEL FARADAY, in honour of whom the Borough of Southwark is promoting a memorial fund, is described as the father of electricity. Certainly the time seems opportune for a national tribute to the memory of the man to whom we owe greyhound-racing.

An old lady writes to us expressing a hope that these Celanese will be persuaded to settle down before a punitive expedition is necessary.

The Rev. W. GALPIN advises wives not to hold their husbands to all the promises they made as lovers. We fancy that most modern women take the courtship programme at its electioneering value.

The question of reviving the bond-fide traveller is to be considered. It may be remembered that, some years ago, the question of reviving the bona-fide traveller was considered every Sunday.

Last Saturday week a hundred-andfifty thousand excursionists, in a hundred-and-fifty trains, two thousand motor coaches and ten thousand private cars, visited Blackpool to see the illuminations. After Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S recent speech there about the love of pleasure that ruined ancient Rome we can only regard this as sheer bravado.

With reference to the unsuitable sites mitted to patronise eighteen teachers occupied by London statues, an archi-

of dancing, twenty-six restaurants and tect observes that Epstein is lucky in a place to dally in," says an article on

[According to the Press, it is a common thing at the Ferndown Golf Club, Bournemouth, to see rooks alight beside a replaced divot, toss it away and then peck in the cavity for worms or grubs.]

SHOULD THIS WISDOM ADVANCE TO THE "HIGHER INTELLIGENCE," WE PIC-TURE, AS ABOVE, OUR CHAMPION FOOZLER ABOUT TO PLAY HIS SECOND.

played while Rome was burning was having his Rima placed far from the in China would lead to something madding crowd. In our opinion the serious. madding crowd is also to be congratulated.

> A notorious German criminal has been captured through disregarding a "Keep off the Grass" notice in a public park. He seems to have become utterly reckless.

> A diner-out complains of the arbitrary way in which, in some restaurants, the waiter decides how much brandy a guest has drunk by a glance at the bottle. This method, however, is generally considered more satisfactory than deciding by a glance at the guest.

> Several London dairymen, we understand, took the opportunity last week of visiting the Dairy Show in order to be introduced to a cow.

Mr. G. B. SHAW has been photographed swimming in Lake Maggiore. SHAKESPEARE never did that.

**
During his trial at West Suffolk Quarter Sessions, a man who was acquitted of a theft charge unconcernedly cracked and ate nuts in the dock. That is the spirit that refuses to let iron bars make a cage.

According to a sports journal TUNNEY'S left proved an eye-opener to the boxingexperts who witnessed the film in London. Dempsey still maintains, however, that it is an eye-shutter.

"Certainly the modern bath-room is

household comfort, "and a very pleasant refuge from the outside world.' So the waiting queues have noticed.

The Daily Express warns Liberals that they must clear their vision and increase their courage if they are ever to attain "the plains of Lombardy." Mr. LLOYD George, however, is understood to disclaim all knowledge of any projected trip to Northern Italy.

As a result of a meeting after severe fighting with the Southern Army, Marshal CHANG KAI-SHEK is to marry Miss Mer Ling Soung. We felt it would not be long before those wars

A Pontefract man has been sent to prison for a month for kicking the referee at a local Rugby match. What is British sport coming to if it is going to be hedged round with irritating little restrictions like this?

CAPABLANCA, the Cuban chess champion, fell asleep during a match at Buenos Ayres with ALEKHINE. We never thought that chess masters fell asleep between moves. We thought they always fell into a trance.

A team of Birmingham policemen are said to be fine exponents of old country dances. This is good news for criminals; they simply hate to be Charlestoned along the street when under arrest.

VOL. CLXXIII.

THE MINORITY MOVEMENT TO MOSCOW.

Mr. CRAMP is reported to have made it clear that no financial assistance will be given from the coffers of the National Union of Rulwaymen to the delegates of the Labour Left Wing who are about to proceed to a Soviet Conference.]

THOUGH I should never want to pay The smallest visit Moscow way, Or personally wish to get In contact with the Soviet, I strongly advocate the view Expressed in "Chacun à son goût;" And so, if one of Labour's Wings (They 're always doing curious things) Itches to go out there and plot Millennial plans, I say, "Why not? Each to his own ideal (beau); I'd hate to thwart it. Let 'em go."

But when they ask financial aid To lubricate the schemes they 've laid (Which I would be the last to damp) Then I am all for Mr. CRAMP, Who says, "If anybody thinks To raise a fund for food and drinks, Trains, charabanes, hotels and tips During these Continental trips-Or any cost the team incurs-Out of the N.U.R., he errs. They'll get no Union stuff from me, no, To back their unofficial beano. To this refusal. which is flat, I merely add that that is that." O.S.

A MARTYR TO SENSATION.

"Poor old Henry," announced Edward gloomily, "is in the soup again; he won't be on view for another fortnight. He secretaries my uncle," he explained, "and as a rule we lunch together in matey silence. Well, one morning about a fortnight ago-when it began-I noticed that he'd had an exceptionally natty hair-cut, and as I happened to be feeling rather expansive I remarked that the top half of his head looked distinctly less repellent than usual. Instead of blushing with gratified modesty the blighter snapped at me. Literally snapped. But Henry, whatever his faults, has a good heart, and after a brief period of hurt silence on my part he came off it and told me all.

"It appears that while he was waiting at the barber's for his hair-cut he started reading a story which must have been one of the most exciting yarns ever written. Unfortunately he's forgotten its title. It was about a fellow called Corker the Card, who was an amateur detective of such exceptional powers and integrity that every secret society in Europe had sworn to have his blood. His life was one giddy round of unmasked plots and hairbreadth escapes. I was surprised in a way that if I thought he was going to blow into

sort of thing had been so awfully repressed. At any rate he'd left "Then I tried to appeal to his public this Corker fellow hanging over the spirit by pointing out how trying it was edge of a flaming suspension-bridge, and hadn't slept all night for trying to himself while eating.

"Well, about two days later I noticed that he'd had his moustache shaved found that the new treatment had been off, and, putting two and two together, I concluded that he'd gone back to the barber's and satisfied his morbid curiosity, and that all was now well. But not a bit of it; a favourable wind had at the end of the chapter, and Corker was now on the point of casting himself from an aeroplane with the assistance of a parachute that had probably been tampered with.

"The next day," he continued, "I didn't see Henry till the afternoon, when I trickled along to the library to write a letter; and as soon as I opened the door I was nearly knocked over by a gust of violent perfume that clung round his table like a sunset cloud. Before I could get a word in, Henry had apologised in a defiant sort of manner and said it was only faded nenuphar and not really harmful. I don't know what his idea of really harmful might be, but the room smelt like a drug-store. He'd just learnt, while waiting for a shampoo and scalp drill, that Corker was lying unconscious on the sands before an incoming tide, and I couldn't help remarking that the he'd gone.

"'I've asked for a month's leave," Whereupon he got distinctly uppish my susceptibilities, but that he'd every intention of going back the next day to finish the last twenty pages, and that if I didn't like the idea I could take the dictionary and go and do my corre- the room without another word." spondence somewhere else.

"But I did my best to save him all the same. I reasoned with the poor fish for about half-an-hour, and it was like talking to a brick wall. I asked him why he didn't buy the beastly thing, and then he could read it at leisure and get the full flavour of it; but he said the back had come off and it didn't give the name of the author. | manual on the rearing of silkworms. I asked him why he didn't drift along to the British Museum and get the librarian to help him; and he said that

he's what you might call a natural | tic Adventures of Corker the Card I could highbrow; but of course it may have jolly well think again. Henry," exbeen because his normal taste for that plained Edward, "has all the prejudices of the highbrow.

for his friends and relations to have him going round looking like a poodle and think how he'd escape; and he got so smelling like a hot-house; and he refretful about it that I was forced to plied that he valued his peace of mind remonstrate. He had all my sympaties, of course," said Edward, "but a
fellow ought to keep his troubles to he'd ask for some treatment a little less showy

"When I saw him the next day I

showier than ever.'

Edward paused and lowered his voice.
"Tinting," he said. "He'd had it tinted. Beautiful red lights in his back hair. You never saw anything like it. put out the bridge all right, but he I thought it would be kinder to pretend hadn't had the moral courage to stop | not to notice—pass it over in silence, as it were—but he told me at once that Corker was gagged and bound on a barrel of gunpowder and they'd just lighted a catherine-wheel. That day I didn't even try to stop him. I knew he'd got to go. But I can tell you," said Edward, "it took all my esprit de corps to go and look at him on the morrow.

"I needed it, every bit. He'd got to the end at last, but you simply can't imagine what he looked like. His hair was still fairly short from the cutting, and the high lights were going as strong as ever, and on top of all that he'd

had a permanent wave.

"The effect was absolutely indescribable. When I came in he got up and looked at me as though he dared me to say anything. I didn't, of course. Then he handed me a letter and asked me to give it to my uncle as soon as

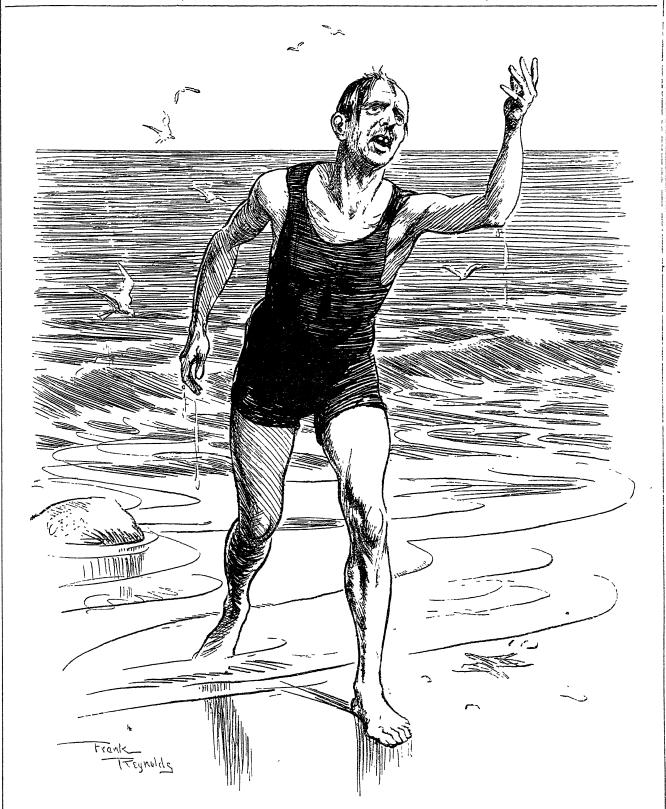
he said in a strained sort of voice, 'to about it and said he was sorry to offend | have my appendix out. It's always a useful thing to have done. Miss Bates is perfectly competent for the routine work, and my address will be the Charing Cross Hospital.' And he walked out of

> There was a short and respectful silence, and then Edward untwisted his

> legs abruptly. "Visiting hour," he said. "I generally coze along and have a look at the poor devil about this time. I've got a book for him-not too exciting, you

> know." And he produced a neatly-bound

"The bride carried a bouquet of white and blush pink carnations. She wore white silk stockings, which with silver brocaded shoes completed an arrogant ensemble."—Local Paper. it had bitten Henry so badly, because thereading-room looking for The Authen- No wonder the carnations blushed.



A COOK'S TOUR THAT FAILED.

Mr. A. J. Cook. "No, My friends, I will not deceive you. I have not been to warsaw."

[The Polish Consul in London is stated to have refused to give Mr. Cook a visa to enable him to attend a Conference of the Miners' International in Warsaw.]



AT THE MOTOR-SHOW.

Salesman (to lady who has been constantly passing backwards and forwards). "CAN I BE OF ANY ASSISTANCE TO YOU, MADAM?" Lady. "Oh, thank you so much. Could you tell me where the 'Hellflether' is? I keep wandering about trying TO FIND IT, AND ALWAYS SEEM TO FINISH UP AT YOUR STAND-SUCH A NUISANCE."

OUR FIRST-TO-LONDON COMPETITION.

WE are nothing if not lively and enterprising and full of fun in our Mess. I mean, we are always getting up things among ourselves, such as Motor-car Races and Treasure Hunts and Brighter Barracks Movements. And we always read all about the doings of Society in the Sunday Press. Indeed, only the other day, when Lieutenant Swordfrog was invited to attend at the Adjutant's office and explain why he had gone on leave without putting his name in the Leave-Book, somebody issued bogus invitations to Lieutenant James and Lieutenant Holster as well. It caused a lot of annoyance to all concerned, because James and Holster were still wondering how the Adjutant had discovered they had been away too, when they suddenly realised he never hadat least not till they themselves had given him long explanations and excuses.

Well, all this is leading up to the story of our First-to-London Competition. Lieutenant Holster organised it for a week-end, when three or four of us had got leave. Briefly, the idea was that we were allowed two-and-sixpence

in coin of the realm, and whoever got to our club in Piccadilly first—a distance of about sixty miles—would be the winner. Expenditure over half-acrown would disqualify. The prize was to be a dinner that same night from the three losers.

was, and he would use his car. James has a very powerful Golightly, known locally as "Hensdeath." It was quietly for some while, eyeing one another pointed out to James that his petrol consumption alone to London would cost him about two-and-three-pence, even using cheap stuff. On top of this charge for oil, wear of tyres, general depreciation, a percentage of licence cest of sundry chickens.

James then said he didn't think it was splendid after all and he wouldn't play. James is one of those fellows who always like to win; and he needs tactful handling. We unanimously agreed that we would fine him a round of port every five minutes till he agreed. He agreed almost immediately. As I said, he only needs a little tactful handling.

hands all round in the Mess and the tape went up. Captain Bayonet waved his stick and started for the stationpoor fool, for the fare to London is at least six shillings. Holster and I went for the main road, to pick up a lift in a car. James mysteriously departed James at once said how splendid it across country, presumably to pick up a list in an aeroplane.

suspiciously. It was obviously no good both getting in the same car, and equally bad business for either of us to pick up the first that came, and thus would have to be reckoned a fair leave the other to secure perhaps a faster model a moment later.

At last, emitting a noise like a hydroand insurance premium and probable plane, a powerful racing-car came in sight with one vacant seat. I felt I could not do better, and so ran swiftly towards it, waving hard and determined to secure it before Holster. It began to slow up, then spurted a little, passed me and pulled up fifty yards further on by the treacherous Holster, who had, while I was running, taken off his shoe and simulated a bad limp. I was left in a cloud of dust, and did not pick up At 2 P.M. on Saturday we shook anything for a quarter-of-an-hour, when

I was at last able to secure a fine Royce-

Within thirty miles of London, however, I unfortunately had to change, first to a Ford van, which cost me one shilling to its driver, and then to another, which went very slowly. I spoke quite sharply to the driver about it when I left, explaining with some asperity that through his excessive caution 1 was likely to lose a good dinner. I finished by bus, reaching the post—the club portals-at seven minutes past five with ninepence in hand.

I looked all round the club for the others, could not find any of them, not even Holster, and so spent a happy half-hour choosing the most expensive things I could see on the dinner menu.

At about a quarter to seven Holster arrived. He was not particularly pleasant to talk to. Apparently he had asked the young man in the racing-car where he was going and had been told Cobham. Cobham being within twenty miles of London and on the main road, Holster had expressed himself satisfied, had settled down comfortably and had even indulged in a slight nap. It came out at a very much later hour that the driver had meant Cobham in Kent, not Cobham in Surrey. Holster, nearly as far away from London as when he started, had only been able to find a lorry, and had lost two shillings and most of his temper. I tried to cheer him up by conversing about the price of oysters and the strength of my appetite, but he was very unresponsive.

James and Captain Bayonet came in together at 7.25, just as I had ordered the dinner. James was, if possible, in a worse temper than Holster had been. His stealthy departure at two o'clock across the moor had been to a friend of his whose car he had proceeded to borrow for the week-end. Unfortunately he had run into a police-trap just outside London. We could not calculate exactly what his full expenses were because they will ultimately include:-

(a) A fine for exceeding the speed limit;

(b) A fine for not producing a drivinglicence;

(c) A fine for driving a car of which the licence (so one of the two constables pointed out to the unwitting James) had expired;

(d) A fine for driving a car of which only one brake (so the other constable pointed out to the again unwitting James) was in proper working order;

(e) Garage charges, because he could not drive the car any more and had to leave it there;

(f). A three-shilling train fare to London from the scene of the crime.



Boy (to famous local three-quarter). "Wet! You don't remember mr, Guy'nor? I'm the boy wot give yer a bit o' lemon at 'arf-time larst Saturday."

Anyway we agreed the total would probably come to over two-and-sixpence, and disqualified him. I did my best to cheer him up by mentioning my partiality for canard sauvage à la

Captain Bayonet, however (whom I now consider no gentleman), at this point delivered a bombshell. He said he had arrived at the club at half-past four—thirty-seven minutes before me. He had called the hall-porter to witness the time, and then had gone out for a walk—to get up an appetite, he proved to be true.

He then handed us a	. 1	ist	of	his
expenses as follows:—		8.	d.	
Telegram		1	0	
Ticket		0	1	
Tube fare	•	0	3	
Total		1	4	

When asked how he had got to Loudon for one penny, he explained that he had taken a platform-ticket at our station to get in by and had wired a friend to meet the train at the London terminus with a spareplatform ticket for him to get out by.

Captain Bayonet (who I repeat is no gentleman) then glanced appraisingly added rather unnecessarily. This was at my menu and said it would do very nicely, thank you.

THE AMERICAN MUSE.

THIRTEEN WAYS OF LOOKING AT A DONKEY.

(After Mr. WALLACE STEVENS.)

Among two hundred acres of pasture and root-crops The only moving thing Was the tail of a donkey.

I was of three minds, Like a cart Drawn by three donkeys.

The donkey brays to the pizzicati Of birds and grasshoppers, An obtrusive bass viol.

TV.

A man and a woman Are two. A man and a woman and a donkey Are three.

I do not know which to heed— The whisper of love's illusion Or the shout of disillusion, The donkey jeering Or just before.

The sun scatters mowings Of celestial hay. The tail of the donkey Whisks to and fro. My mood Swings also in the sunlight An unaccountable thing.

O thin men of Detroit Why do you devise flying tins? Do you not see how the donkey Stands triumphantly, Eternally unhurrying?

I know soft laughter, And kisses and foolish empty sighs, But I know, too, The warning tick-tick of a donkey's tail

Adjuring wisdom.

IX.

When the donkey tired Of his vision of two hundred immovable acres He moved dispiritedly away To a hedge of honeysuckle, Leaving a man and a woman.

At the sight of a donkey Ambling down a green field Even a slave of traditional rhythm Must be abashed.

He looked at himself in Kentucky In an hotel mirror. He remembered the smile of a woman Monstrously obliterated By a donkey's harsh reality.

The dinner-gong is sounding, The donkey will be moving, A man moves also.

XIII.

It was midnight all morning. It was raining And it was going to rain. It was midnight all evening. A phantasmai donkey Stands in an hotel mirror Whisking an inconsequent tail. W.K.S.

RETAIL TRADE.

"IT is not," she declared with emphasis, "that I want to do it, because $\overline{\mathbf{I}}$ don't; only \mathbf{I} feel $\overline{\mathbf{I}}$ must."

"In this world," I agreed mournfully, "what we want to do is so seldom what we do do. Who wants to work, and yet

who doesn't?'

"Oh, plenty of people don't work," she told me—" rich people and authors and so on who can live without, but when you can't you have to; only that isn't why I am going to open a shop, for goodness knows I work hard enough as it is—a perfect slave.'

"You are going to open a shop?"
"Everyone's doing it," she said. "There isn't a shop in all Mayfair, I suppose, but Mayfair runs it. Probably your butcher's an old school-fellow, your baker a cousin, your candlestickmaker you yourself, and as for buying a hat except from a bosom-friend it's frankly impossible. Why, even if you go to the Stores, you're probably served by someone who sat opposite you at dinner the night before.

"Evolution," I said. "Society, from filing bills it has never paid, has progressed to filing bills it has never been

paid."

"Evolution," she said a little sadly, "or something else has taught Society to ask for cash; even your bosom-friend insists on money down before she parts with the hat. It's the social side that makes it really so difficult," she went on. "There are some of the most exclusive drawing-rooms in London now reserved for customers only, and several of the fashionable schools only admit pupils who can prove retail trade on both sides.'

"A little snobbish that, isn't it?" I

"Horribly. Lady Clara Vere de Vere | Not to say the sparring partner of had almost to go down on her knees to deans.

get her little girl accepted at one place, and now the poor child's life is a perfect misery because the others have found out that, though her mother sells cosmetics in Bond Street, her father is only in the Guards."

"The child must pay," I said severely, "for the plebeian tastes of her parent."

"Not only the child," she said moodily, "but the wife also. Lady Clara's cook has told her flatly she can't demean herself to serve in a family where the man has never been behind a counter in his life, and, though I've begged and implored Tom to give up the Stock Exchange and open a shop, any shop, some shop, he refuses."

"You surprise me."

"I told him what a social lift it would give us. He didn't seem to care. I gave him full choice too. I said, 'Sausages or imitation pearls, window-curtains or cocktails, anything so you can tell your friends about it and sell things to them at five times the ordinary prices—for cash,'" she added, almost hissing these last two words.

"So Tom didn't jump at the idea?"
"No," she said. "And it makes it very awkward for me. Last night we were out to dinner, and every woman there except me," she said almost with tears, "was talking about her shop. Lady Tudor Plantagenet had brought one of her bathrooms with her and showed it every one.'

"A bathroom?"

"It's her line—bathrooms and soulful kitchens. The kitchen was sweet, a harmony in beige, bilge and pink rouge; only there was no stove; but, as Lady Tudor said, you can always go out to a restaurant or else send out for one of those jolly little ready-cooked meals they sell now."

"To cook in such a kitchen," I agreed, "might well destroy its soulfulness. Did she bring one with her as well as a

bathroom?

"No, only a bathroom; just the loveliest little model you ever saw. She sold three before we had finished our cocktails. Solid gold fittings and a frieze in rubies and pearls, I believe."

"Simplicity always costs most in the long run," I said; "like a millionaire's

week-end cottage."

"But I've made up my mind," she told me sternly. "I don't care what Tom says, I won't be out of things any longer, even if it's only a coffee-stall at a street-corner." E. R. P.

"Lord — described Mr. — as the com-panion of princes, the boozing friend of bishops, and the counsellor of prize fighters." Morning Paper!



Hairdresser. "The hair seems to be getting rather thin on the top, Sir." Customer. "Well, yours seems to have got a bit thick on the top, but I wasn't going to mention it."

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

XI.—THE ORIGIN OF NIECES.

WELL Trix darling what do you think your pagan little Topsy has become a doctrinal controvert, at least I suppose I am, well anyhow for several days I 've been perfectly emboiled in episcopal controversy and my dear my poor head's gone quite ethereal with it and I don't know what I think or who I am and

if I write to you about it I might get my poor little morass of a mind a fraction clearer, because as Mr. Haddock says the mere act of writing makes the intellect function sometimes when there isn't a cocktail which I think is so right, don't you darling?

Well my dear for countless days the whole house-party has been talking nothing but parson, and by the way I got that from Mr. Haddock, because he whether I exist and why should the says it's the done thing to talk about Pope and was granny a baboon or a parson, like that, and it's an irregular Bartlett or what, so now as they 've all plural or something, like partridge or saintly for hours afterwards, my dear I

you darling, so I suppose he's right, well of course Aunt Margaret and Uncle Arthur take parson quite earnestly and you know I've always said that I always believe in always doing the Christian thing, and I must say to me there's nothing more arresting than a really nice he-parson and I've met two or three that I'd just as soon spend my life on a desert-island with as anybody, well there's that atmospheric Bishop who married Lettice Tarver, my dear whenever I meet that man I feel too gone bye-bye at last I thought perhaps grouse, well you never say grouses do can't tell you, because of course he never

me feel indecently good, my dear I simply want to rub all the powder off the old nose and rush out into the street and give my lip-stick to the poor or something, and my dear it is a relief to talk to a man who you know would never notice if the nose was luminous or ladders in the hose or anything, and I think it's quite theoretical that if I spent much time with any of the nice parson I know I should slowly blossom into a nun or martyr darling because you know I always respond to personality don't I and I do think that parson as a rule except religion perhaps, because my dear that's the strange thing, well I

but I've had to lately or I should never have been able to utter at meals, and it seems that all the English parson have suddenly gone primitive and started writing to the papers, well Mr. Haddock says that Archdeacon Thing or somebody has been writing in the evening papers for innumerable years, and now that convincing man the Wireless Dean has taken to writing in all the papers, and my dear you ought to look at the Times because my dear platoons of Bishops are writing wounded letters and preaching the most personal sermons, and Mr. Haddock says it really looks as if the whole parsonage had

suddenly caught this contagious publicity craze and said Let us have publicity too, my dear he does say the naughtiest things, anyhow if so I daresay they're right, because my dear personally I've never felt so esotteric before, my dear really I've been too kindled, and Mr. Haddock says I listen to Uncle A. arguing with Aunt M. with the most reverent expression and a rather magnetic little pucker on the brow, and my dear it's quite true, I've just looked, there's a definite line coming, so that will show you what masses of thinking I must have committed, darling.

But my dear what I find so perfectly damping is I simply can't discover what it's all about, because my dear the extraordinary thing is that this time it seems it's got nothing to do with the Modern Girl, my dear I've read reams and not a hoot about the Young, and I do wish some simple Bishop would that I do believe I've just got the right done.

that people like you and me could Start Now like a serial, because of course everybody here has been in it from the doctrinal questions Uncle Arthur interrupts her and there's the most acidulated row, of course Aunt Margaret is too severe on the Pope because my dear she had a Roman nursemaid who tried to proselytize the children while she was bathing them, and was openly lukewarm about Protestant fairy-stories,



Proud Wife of owner of brand-new bathroom (reproachfully). "LOOK, HAROLD, SOAP-SUDS!"

too, anyhow from what I can make out it's all absolutely germane to this inflammatory monkey-business, well my dear it seems some of them say that Man was specially constructed, and the cathedral about it, because my dear it 's never spoiled my beauty-sleep up to now but it seems that if it should turn out that the origins of Man were monkeys one simply couldn't go on, you do see that don't you darling, of course the American here is an utter Fundamentalist but I forget which side that is, anyhow some Bishop definitely refuses to go to Tennessee which makes the American merely apoplectical.

talks shop, but my dear he just makes write a simple letter to the Times and idea myself, my dear I think it's fiftysimply give a sort of simple sinopsis, so fifty like everything else, well you see I've noticed that they all talk about Man this and Man that and as usual never a whisper about Woman, and well my first and whenever I ask Aunt Margaret | dear my theory is that I shouldn't be a bit surprised if Man did descend from a monkey but Women were specially created!!

Well my dear don't you think that's rather reasonable, because my dear it would be a melodious compromise and utterly English, my dear it settles everything, well I told Mr. Haddock and he and then my dear there 's the Deposited said he thought it was a divine hypoare too sensible about nearly everything | Book and my dear try as I will I can't | thesis but he advised me not to mention make out why it's been deposited or it at dinner because they might not be

> tribution this evening was a calamitous flop, well when I tell you that we had Deans with the soup and Bishops with the fish and dogmas with the joint my dear and monkeys with the sweet, my dear too controversial, my head was like soda-water, and at last Mr. Haddock said p'raps it would be better if the parson spent less time discussing whether men came from the monkeys and more time preventing them from going to the dogs, well my dear that didn't go down too well, there was a rather eyclonic silence and I thought perhaps it was time for your Topsy to make a brief gesture on doctrine so I said radiantly Well

the papers wouldn't always assume it all seems to me to come down to that everybody else knows everything this, that I've always said that I always believe in always doing the Christian thing-well my dear Aunt Margaret said too forgivingly Don't talk nonsense dear and Uncle Arthur said That's nothing to do with it others say that he merely evoluted out of | child, so perhaps it was just as well an ape-like stock, and my dear they ve that I didn't explain my own theory had the most elaborate riots in some about the origins of Uncles, however do think it over darling and tell me if it makes life any easier to understand and bear, no more now from your fundamental little Topsy. A. P. H.

> "The last years of the present century will be interested in the last survivor of the war which we call 'the Great,' but which by that time may have a different name. It is just possible that some veteran will be able to tell the twentieth century about it."

Sunday Paper. But my dear the sensational thing is We hear that this has been already



BEOUCHAMIP 1)

Member of Steck Exchange. "Do you happen to be in Celanese?"

Lady (concealing slight embarrassment). "Well, as a fact I am; but I was thinking of changing into something warmer."

AUTUMN.

Now is the time when early mists are rising,
When the riparian dweller turns to muse
On floods—which isn't in a way surprising—
And prudent sportsmen oil their boots or shoes.

Dead leaves lie thick as those of Vallombrosa;
The gardener, stamping round on heavy nails,
Swishes them up, and bends to give a rose a
Mulching for luck, and tramples on the snails.

No more the sparrow perches on the ox-back; The charabanc grows fewer and the bike; Some time ago we had to put our clocks back, Always a nuisance when they're made to strike.

Now comes the time when coats of pink embellish The sounding country-side, and eager hounds Stir up the fox, who takes the sport with relish; A statement based on insufficient grounds.

The pheasant too, who for so long has swaggered Before his kind as a protected bird, Now finds himself considerably staggered, And learns that, in his social views, he erred.

Thus on all sides we see the marks of autumn;
The elder feels his joints are growing stiff;
Colds are about, they say; and those who 've caught 'em
Blaspheme the British climate as they sniff.

Yes, there are some who look on it with loathing,
This time of chilling air and costly coal;
Yet, given a sufficiency of clothing,
To me it's pretty decent, on the whole.
I like long days, but there's a charm in brevity,

When, after tea, one takes a pipe and sits Down to some verses, if inclined to levity, Or communes with some noble mind, in bits.

I like blue skies; I also like them ashy;
I like dry ground, but soft is not so bad,
And, when one plunks a ball up with a mashie
And sees it stop for once, the heart is glad.

And best of all—oh time of glorious outings,
Full of a joy the blithest summer lacks—
Rugby has come, the thunders and the shoutings;
Hail, gallant forwards; greeting, noble backs.

Dum-Dum.

Sprint and Misprint.

"100 yds. With a good all-round start Essery got away and maintaining a fine burst of speed breasted the tape with a year or two from his second."—South African Paper.

"The hounds met on the fringes of the course, and there was great excitement when it was seen that the cubs were making for a fox which had decided that the golf-course offered the most attractive way of escape."—Provincial Paper.

But it's a wise father who can escape his own offspring that way.

ANYHOW ESSAYS.

II.—THE CARS.

A FEW acres of self-propelling boxes, some built for necessity, some for pride, and some for joy.

The catalogue is as large as a theological tome. One carries it about by a string.

Do you subscribe to the Six-Cylinder Heresy?

Let us brawl about cylinders.

I don't care about six cylinders.

only know that we must have overhead valves.

Every carisoverflowing with passengers, all going out for a stationary spin.

But one has to have rather an air to be able to sit down in the most expensive kind of car.

I see no palms.

In the old days at Olympia the most expensive models were always surrounded by palms. Now they have nothing but a red carpet to stand on to save their so illustrious wheels.

I have found a car with as many colours as a kingfisher on a stream.

I have found a car with so many cylinders that it takes quite a long time to walk from the tonneau to the radiator.

It has a great number of gills in the bonnet.

As you say, I am not always accurate in my use of technical

What they seem to be shoving in this place is the little 10-h.p. saloon.

But who is going to shove the little 10 h.p. up the Gloucestershire hills?

They take up less room on the road, you know.

Big motor-cars are becoming very anti-social things. Professor Mumble and his colleagues are making a great

point of that. When a man drives about alone in a large car he is taking five or six times his proper share of road, thus aggravating the traffic congestion, displaying spiritual pride and provoking the poor to blaspheme.

But the rich man pays in h.p. tax. I have found a car with a huge port-

manteau behind for concealing the

murdered corpse.

If a rich man pays high rates he pays for more of the pavement than we do, but he isn't allowed to use it any more. A man who occupies more than his proper share of pavement-room is immediately jugged.

This is not very philosophical. You talk about Space, but you have forgotten Time. How much pavement is used by the people who are always standing in theatre queues?

How much public property does any individual have a right to use?

What about the Surrey commons? Garn and yah.

But suppose that a man bought a motor charabane and drove it about all alone and refused to let anyone else get I inside it—what then?

Lord Cecil of Chelii ood (glancing at Mr. Ronald McNeill). "ANYHOW, NO ONE CAN SAY THAT MY SEAT HAS NOT BEEN AMPLY FILLED."

Let us sit on the roof of this little | practise terrorism as soon as it is car and rest for a while.

I am told that there is a car here somewhere which is entirely plated with gold.

But has it got overhead valves?

I shan't buy that one, anyhow. Leaving it by the roadside would be simply putting temptation in the way of tramps.

All the same the tramps in America do have Ford cars.

I have found an Italian car which you may purchase for £1046 7s. 6d. Would that be any use?

Say it in lire.

They might take £1046 cash.

I am lost in this assembly of plutocrats. Oh, there you are! Introduce me to your Balliol friend.

I have just been talking to such a nice man, who told me that he wasn't really tied to any car in the show, but if I wanted a thoroughly good proposition it was the one I happened to be look-

ing at.
You ought to have offered to tie him

to that.

But I only see one saleswoman here. Surely there ought to be more, when

you think that nearly all the women of England drive cars without fear or compunction.

Sonnet to the hand of an unknown lady that signalled I don't know what, at a nasty bend.

I think Aunt Isabel would make rather a good saleswoman, anyhow for the interior and upholstery.

What is a Lady's Companion, anyway? You can buy one on this car, together with a parcel net and a dictograph.

I should hate to be driving a car with Aunt Isabel on the other end of the dictograph.

Do you think that the General Advertiser uses the motorshow quite as freely as he ought?

To FEEL FULL CONFIDENCE IN YOUR FOOT - BRAKE WEAR THE PLANTIGRADE BOOT.

COUNT THE SMARTLIFE CIGARETTES IN THE BLANCHETTI SUPER - SIX Saloon!

WHAT MAKES THE KEEN-CUT FACE BEHIND THE WINDSCREEN SO SMOOTH? IT HERE DOT IT USES BOLLINGER'S SHAVING CREAM.

Yes, yes.

In Grinding the Teeth When DITCHED BY A LORRY YOU WANT TO SHOW HOW WHITE THEY ARE. ALL MOTORISTS USE ODONTOLITE.

I have found the Children's Car. It is electrically driven. For children under eight years of age. It enables the child to

weaned.

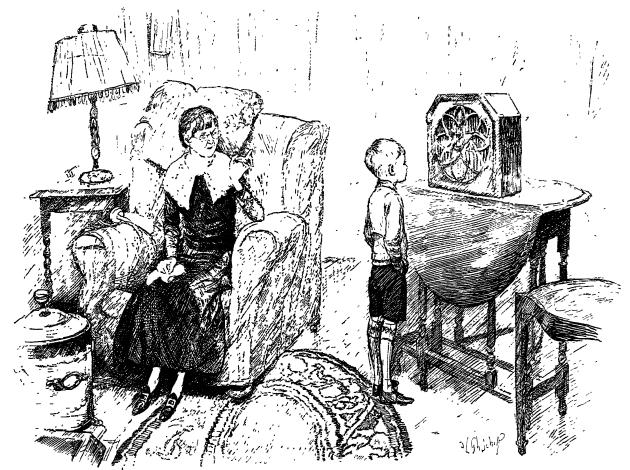
Would they be allowed in Kensington Gardens?

Why not?

PETER PANDEMONIUM, wrote the headline artist, with a thrill of genuine

"Betwixt the dusk and the daylight, When you don't know where you are, Comes a sudden hoot on the Broad Walk And the wheels of the Children's Car."

Hush, hush! Come away from that stand; you mustn't go there. It is a cheap American six-cylinder. Cheaper than some of ours.



Aunt Prudence. "KEEP AWAY FROM THE LOUD-SPEAKER, DENNY. THE ANNOUNCER SOUNDS AS IF HE HAD A COLD."

No wonder you turn pale. But it hasn't got overhead valves.

Well, what am I going to buy, if I

buy anything at all?

I suggest one of these delicately beautiful chassis. You could fit a few chairs on to it from the spare room, and save enormously.

I faint with fatigue. I have never felt so weary of being a poor pedestrian as after walking three times round this motor-show.

But look at the absence of risk!

The argument between pedestrians and motor-drivers, thinks Professor Mumble, is particularly futile. Roads, he points out, were not made for pedestrians, but for wheeled vehicles. If wheels had never been invented we should have been satisfied with footpaths and bridle-tracks. The only bother about motor-cars is judging their speed, in which, as civilisation progresses, we shall be as successful as our ancestors were in judging the speed of a phaeton, cabriolet or barouche-landau.

Then I hope Professor Mumble gets hit in the back by a 60-h.p. limousine.

I have found a nice car with eight cylinders.

Perplexity in the English home. Shall we have two more cylinders or one more child?

If only motor-car production goes on at its present rate no one will be able to motor swiftly at all.

Nobody will be able to motor slowly at all.

London will be a permanent traffic jam.

Motor-makers will have to advertise THE LURE OF THE ENDLESS JAM.

Not at all. There will be a ring of garages four miles out from Charing

And nothing but pedestrians inside?

Nothing but pedestrians and motorshows.

Evor.

ARCHITECTURAL AMENITIES.

[Sir REGINALD BLOMFIELD in *The Times* applauds Mr. D. S. MacColl's rebuke of the extravagances of the Gothic revival, and Sir ROBERT LORIMER, while endorsing the rebuke, makes a vigorous onslaught on the "classic obsession" which paralyses invention by the slavish reproduction of meaningless ornament.]

AT the cult of the cusp and the crocket And "pestilent" Gothic detail MACCOLL has exploded a rocket

And BLOMFIELD has brandished his flail;

And the public, forgetful of Logan And weary of horrors and crimes, Hails the new architectural slogan Broadcast by *The Times*.

But we note that, while stoutly attacking
This nuisance, that eminent Scot,
Great LORIMER, argues for sacking
Another and earlier lot;
For, though he was nurtured and bred up

'Neath Edinbro's classical crags, He owns himself thoroughly fed up With triglyphs and swags.

From the lure of this "classic obsession"
He bids us emerge and escape,
And, eschewing inept retrogression,
Cease playing the sedulous ape;
Leave "copy-book rubbish" unheeded
To moulder unmourned on our shelves,
Let ornament slide or, if needed,
Invent it ourselves.

So, freed from the trammels of faction, From worshipping hounds that are

We welcome a blameless distraction
From things that disgust or dismay;
Let others go gambling or stunting,
But here is a sport free from blame;
The Gothic revival's good hunting
And always fair game.

GARDEN-PLANNING.

"I SHOULD like to know," said Joan, looking at the portion of virgin field which became our very own the day we entered into possession of our new house, "what you are thinking of doing

about this garden?"

"I am not thinking of doing anything about it," I replied. "Even the thought of thinking of doing anything about it gives me a back-ache. I am all for leaving the job to Nature. I admit she does not seem to have bothered much about this bit of ground so far, but now that it has had a wire fence put round it

works and how superior to those of Man. Well, let her put in some of her wonderful work in our plot of ground. I will promise not to hin-

der her."

"I should rather love to have a garden like this," said Joan. She produced a large coloured plate, the generous gift of some horticultural journal, entitled: —"Garden Planning, Series No. 3 — A Delightful Pleasaunce in the Georgian Style." It appeared to cover some three or four acres of ground and was one of those costly geometrical gardens in which a human being sitting under a tree

causes a discordant effect unless a precisely similar human being is sitting under a precisely similar tree on the opposite side; one of those gardens in which even the sparrows ought to be trained to hop about in ballet formation.

"It is a nice garden," I admitted, "but in the reduced size necessitated by the space at our disposal it would present difficulties. We should be unable to get our feet on the paths, and the picturesque old stone arch giving access to the terrace lawn would be about as large as a croquet hoop. But by all means let it be one of the gardens we have in mind.'

A day or two later, awaking from one of those afternoon reveries which are so essential to literary labour, I observed from the window a female figure of indeterminate age smoking a cigarette in a statuesque posture amid the thistles of the various organs was more striking

Something has come up alhere! ready.'

"I was just coming to tell you," she said. "That's an old school friend of mine-Nina Griffenbaum. She's taken up landscape gardening, and she's going to give us some ideas.

"If you ask me," I said, " we stand more in need of a landslip gardener."

Joan informed me enthusiastically that Miss Griffenbaum's advanced ideas were making her all the rage in fashionable gardening circles, and that she was noted for the most daring designs. Joan was somewhat vague on this point, but she left me with the impression that and has been advertised as a garden, she Miss Griffenbaum was so daring attimes will probably begin to take a little more that the Lord Chamberlain had more pride in it. We are told an awful lot than once put his foot down. Rather

about Nature, how wonderful are her | fun, I thought, to have a garden that had | tage of the incident to point out to Joan

Lady. "Your little grandchild is very shy. How old is she?" Old Inhabitant. "Well, Miss, she were born same year as the field by the forge was beans."

been banned by the Censor; one about in due course, accompanied by an acarticles, and which could only be exon Sundays.

"She's standing like that," explained Joan, "because she's visualising. First and personalities of the tenants of the and spacious nobility. place (she made me describe you as as lightly as I could) so that she can express their egos, or something, in her design, and then she goes and visualises.'

Miss Griffenbaum was good enough design for what she called "A Dual | standing it bore a strong resemblance to one of those pictorial charts of the human inside, save that the colouring and waving grasses of our freehold plot. and varied. I felt that, if it represented with "Joan!" I called excitedly. "Look a true horticultural interpretation of at.

our personalities, then our personalities required not so much to be expressed as suppressed.

Joan said it would be all right if the flowers came up, and when we really understood it we should be thrilled.

Meanwhile Nature was still having her way in our garden and no doubt making plans to surprise us next year.

A few days later a passing motorcyclist dropped in on us. His reason for coming over the fence was, he said, the disgraceful way in which people allowed their dogs to run about all over the road. Fortunately for him the grass and thistles are almost as luxuriant in our front-garden as at the back, and we soon had him patched up and chatting cheerily in the kitchen. I took advan-

> the superiority of a garden which suffers no damage when bounced on by motor-cyclists.

He was, it appeared (such was our run of luck), a rising young architect of the old English school, and he said it was more or less of a crime that we, with our situation, had not decided to have an Elizabethan garden. It would necessitate a few minor alterations to the house, but if we cared to let him work out a scheme for us we should be surprised how easily it could be done.

We (that is to say, Joan) agreed to let him surprise us, and his rough design arrived

which Bishops would write powerful count and estimate which surprised us even more. The minor architectural hibited to select highbrow gatherings alterations, which included a new set of chimney-stacks and a wing thrown out here and there, gave the house a charming appearance. As for the garden of all she has to grasp the temperaments | itself, it was a dream of old-world peace

I have framed our three gardens and minutely as possible, but I let you down | put them in different rooms. Sometimes we sit in our Elizabethan garden and sometimes in our Georgian garden, and when we have visitors whom we Miss Griffenbaum was good enough do not wish to detain very long we to present us in a week or so with her introduce them to our "Dual Soul" garden. The bit of ground outside does Soul Garden." To my humdrum under- not really matter because we have had an excellent offer for the house and are going to live in a town flat. Of course we shall take our gardens with us, because I should never be really happy without a garden of some sort to look



Sportsman. "I Wonder old Tom doesn't get someone else to show his horses for him. He doesn't exactly add to THEIR DECORATIVE EFFECT."

Rival Dealer. "No, but he couldn't get anyone else to cover them up so well."

ELIGIBLE NEIGHBOURHOODS.

THE CITY.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON and I both live in the City. Comparatively few others can say the same.

Since the City is so full of interest that a great many people visit it on week-days, one may well wonder why more do not make their homes in it.

other hand, the district is central. Shops and railway-stations are within easy Several lines of buses pass reach. through the principal thoroughfares, and postal facilities are good.

There are few places of the size with a better choice of churches or of pews. On Sunday afternoons nothing could be more pleasant than a stroll by the water to admire the shipping and the seagulls. Bathing, however, is not good.

The neighbourhood is nothing if not exclusive. Even the King has to ask permission before entering the City in state, and while I personally should not insist upon this I feel that it does give the place a cachet of its own.

Moreover, we have a special kind of policeman, with a water-parting on his helmet. And you should see our annual | magazines. show in November; it does us proud

and is so popular that traffic accumulates from miles around.

Yet we are modest folk. You can tell that by the homely names we give our streets. Others may like to stamp their notepaper Laburnum Avenue or Wistaria Park Crescent. Give us Bunhill Fields, Godliman Street, Wine Office Court or Sea Coal Lane.

I may mention that Dean Inge lives Rents are rather high, but, on the | in the City. He has an old-world house about half-way between the Lord MAYOR'S and mine. It is dreadful to think what he would write if he lived in Lewisham or Camden Town.

From my own roof I could throw a bomb into any of a dozen newspaper offices. Unfortunately they are so close together that I could not be sure of hitting the right one.

To be on the fringes of the Fleet, as KIPLING would say, is a great saving in postage. I can go out after dark and slip manuscripts into letter - boxes. There is no risk in so doing; they come back, I find, just the same.

Strangely enough, few journalists appear to live in the City. You would expect to find colonies of them, for instance in Gunpowder Alley, with its ancient tradition of contributing to the

Finally it should be noted that pigeons,

in whom the homing instinct is highly developed, elect in large numbers to make their homes in the City.

HEART-BEATS.

(From the works of Miss Flavia Flabbe.) (Concluded.)

LYRIC FOR MUSIC.

I've torn my hands to pieces with the

For roses have thorns;

It's chilly when you go to gather posies On dewy morns.

Ah, me! On dewy morns.

The bees have stung me while I sipped their honey-

Tis Nature's strife;

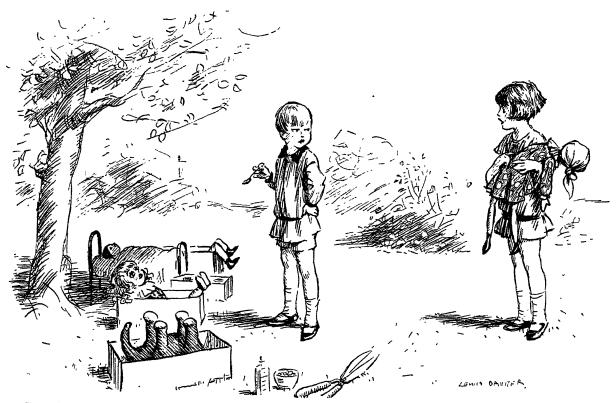
And even Love is starved by lack of money

But that is Life.

Ah, me!Yes, that is Life.

From an auction catalogue:-"Double Washstead in Tanganyika Mahogany, with spring mattress. Advt. in East African Paper.

"Contrived a double debt to pay, A bed at night, a washhandstand by day."—Goldsmith amended.



House Surgeon. "It's no use, I tell you. ALL THE BEDS ARE FULL." Relieving Officer. "BUT THIS IS A 'MERGENCY CASE."

House Surgeon. "D' you know what we do to 'mergency cases here? We throw them out of the window." Relieving Officer. "WHAT FOR?"

House Surgeon. "So 's THE OTHER PATIENTS SHAN'T CATCH IT."

RATTING.

Brief though it be, the ratting season is a time to which the sportsman looks forward with lively interest. This year perhaps there may be more than a tinge of anxiety, in his anticipations, for summer floods took heavy toll not only of the young and immature but of prime rats in full whisker. But, although to some extent disquieting fears of poor sport and light bags may be justified, happily all pessimistic prophecies are likely to be falsified, for reports to hand from various parts of the country indicate that in most districts a plentiful supply of game is assured.

The popularity that ratting has enjoyed of recent years is not hard to explain. It is the most democratic of sports, for duke and dustman can participate on equal terms, except that the dustman possibly has greater facilities and ampler opportunities for its enjoyment. Moreover it does not entail the purchase of special kit and equipment, and in this respect has a distinct advantage over elephant- and tiger-shooting. (Incidentally it has the further merit of

any rate, most of us can count on at least one friend who will offer us a day's

But perhaps the greatest charm of Rat-week is the variety of sport it offers. The big "drive," although customary, is by no means its only form of diversion. Here, of course, the work of the beaters is all-important, and when game. is plentiful some astonishing bags are made. But to a really good gun a morning's rat-shooting over terriers provides equal interest. He will find it more worth while than rabbit-shooting, for the smaller size and greater cunning of the rat exact a higher standard of marksmanship. Rat-stalking too has its devotees, and, although the conditions are different from those experienced in deer-stalking, enthusiasts declare that the excitement and discomfort are practically the same. In these long vigils in barn or cellar a reliable cat of sporting instincts is an invaluable

There are, of course, less reputable methods, which, however, in an article such as this, need only be glanced at. The simple plan of a poised puddingbasin and a bit of cheese occasionally being much safer.) Then, again, it can works, but only with young rats. A King of Bashan, where the Bullocks be enjoyed in our own demesnes, or, at more dangerous weapon is the elaborate come from.

mechanical contrivance whose powerful spring is apt to catch any but the most adroit manipulator. Poison too is very efficacious against rats, unless the hens get at it first.

But we may be forgiven for thinking that for those who employ such methods the purpose is not sport but slaughter. If they are actuated by any motive other than the mere desire to kill, it can only be a most pitiful ambition to score a longer tally than their more sporting neighbours. Our readers will not suspect us of condoning such conduct if we suggest that the extreme brevity of the ratting season is a direct incitement to these offences. The remedy is obvious. Let the authorities, in the interests of true sportsmanship, extend Rat-week to a fortnight.

Marriage Customs in the U.S.A.

"It was reported later that her husband was on his way to the Hall of Justice to boil her out."-San Francisco Paper.

"The objectors were still marching out when Dr. Barnes' clear, incisive tones announced his text: 'The Book of Jog, chapter 33, verse 4.'"—Daily Paper.

Jog, as our readers will remember, was



"HISTORY."

Suggested design for the frontispiece of a text-book to be used in Chicago schools.

American Veteran (to John Bull). "WHAT (IF ANYTHING) DID YOU DO IN THE GREAT WAR?"

["Big Bill Thompson," Mayor of Chicago, is prosecuting the local Superintendent of Schools for disseminating British propaganda in history text-books.]

Evoe.



A BUSY TIME IN THE JUNGLE BEAUTY PARLOUR FOLLOWING THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE APPROACH OF A FILM PHOTOGRAPHER.

KNOWLEDGE COMES. . . .

(A few more Questions for Meditative Minds.)

- 1. Who was the man that first made flannel?
- 2. Who was the man that found the Pole?
- 3. Where is the girl who swam the Channel And kept the secret within her soul?
- 4. Who was the man that started wireless?
- 5. Who was the man who thought of germs?
- 6. Who is omniscient?

9.

- 7. Who is tireless?
- 8. Who was Abimelech?
 - What are berms?
- 10. Where is the man who flew the Atlantic Ages before it was flown at all,
 - And never spoke of the foolish antic For fear of paining his uncle Paul?
- 11. What is the principal street in Rio?
- 12. What is the point of the Ku Klux Klan?
- 13. Where are the bones of the Early Neo
- 14. And the earliest Palæolithic Man?
- 15. Who is the card that takes a putter Every time from the Sunningdale tees?
- 16. Who was the bloke who invented butter?
- 17. Who is the chap that chanced on cheese?
- 18. Who was the author of Scaly Scandals?
- 19. What is a vitamin?
- 20. What is sound?
- 21. How do they get the wicks in candles?
- 22. How many dollars go to the pound?
- 23. How did Erasmus deal with LUTHER?
- 24. When did they put the hops in beer?
- 25. What were the names of the sons of UTHER?
- 26. Where are the snows of yester-year?

- 27. What are the rules for racing patience?
- 28. How do you find the root of a cube?
- 29. Which are the longest
- 30. And shortest stations
 On the City and Morden and Edgware Tube?
- 31. What does a doctor do on a panel?
- 32. What is the distance from here to the sun?
- 33. Where is the lady who swam the Channel, And wasn't the lady in stanza one?
- 34. What is the use of these inquiries?
 - But nevertheless I ask one more:
- 35. Who is the man who burnt his diaries
 Telling us how he lost the War?

"Yes" and "No."

["'Yes' and 'No' are very easily said, but before they are said it is necessary to think for a long time."—CONFUCIUS.]

While seated upon a park bench the other day I overheard an earnest young man ask of the moon-faced virgin beside him a question, to which she answered "No." After a reasonable time he asked her again, and she whispered "Yes." So he kissed her.

I rose and walked on, reflecting that she could not have known the sage words of Confucius.

Later I decided that perhaps she had done all her thinking a long time in advance.

"Are there any living Churches?"

"At a farewell meeting with Rev. —, who has been called to —, the congregation presented him with an easy chair."—Weekly Paper.

"£30,000 SALE.

The building which contains four fools has a frontage of 47 feet by a depth of 67 feet."—Australian Paper.

For so large a building the proportion of fools is singularly small.

MY MESS.

I SEE that copies of the original MS. of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT'S The Old Wives' Tale are being published at a high figure. They are worth it. I have been privileged to see the original and it is the wonder of the world. So neat so precise, so rarely marred by erasion or alteration, so beautiful, it is more like a priest's copy of a traditional religious work than the original record of a creative masterpiece. I have recently referred to some of my own old MSS., and I find them equally remarkable, but for different reasons. Not only did Mr. BENNETT know exactly what he wanted to say and how he was going to say it, but it seems that while he wrote that book no one rang him up and left messages; no one called about the rates; no one made it necessary for him to do elaborate sums or draw pictures or monograms; and no other masterpieces occurred to him while he was at work upon The Old Wives' Tale. Moreover he wrote legibly in ink, and wrote in prose; I write a sort of intoxicated shorthand, in pencil. I have found a few fragments in old note-books which make it clear that Mr. Bennett's method is quite different from my own. For instance, to take a page or two at random:-

Some like them little and sweet

Some like them tall and severe Some like them stuffed with conceit

And To some the shy virgin is dear damsel

huffy And some of the love the whole crowd. Some will insist upo grace stuff

And others are kee o the pelf

But t take a particula case snuffy I dislike* them fluffy myself

But I like them fluffy I freely conf With eyes that are like a a pretty blue dress.

Victoria 7203

Tell Gwen the aunts will come to tea

With golden hair fly, With clouds of fair hair With golden fly Like clouds Like the moon in a Like Love-in-a-Mist And I t seem so The sun in a And lips that declare You must kiss $_{\text{mist}}$ seem crying "I want to be kissed

> With fluffy soft cheeks Like plums on a wall

And what I may call

I like them fluffy With no brains

A fluffy soft heart And no brains at all

APH

* Since the poem "I Like Them Fluffy" was published many of my higher-browed friends have found fault with my morals, taste and general outlook. The original MS. shows, to their confusion and my own intense surprise, that the original intention of the work was absolutely worthy. So there!

Brains are all right in their place But I find it

You are a leader-writer on The Daily Herald. Write a short leading article of not more than 300 words entitled "Autumn" and leading up logically to an appeal for the nationalisation of the means of production distribut and exc

Chiswick 2710

I will be Bohemian I will

3:9::x:64

9x = 182

Can Lavender have tea with the Rowntrees?

Don't let's go to the dogs to-night For mother will be there

Some like a girl

Who cares if the charmer's well-read red

the Society

And some like a shingle or crop But I don't care what

Who cares what she's got in her head

If she's plenty of hair on the top

I sat with a girl on a bench

But every young woman one meets Has even less hair than she's heart

quotations from Keats

And asks for one's views about Art

I gently reply I like them fluffy bold as

And so when I meet a young thing

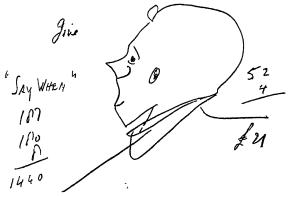
Alas! that so many one meets Tell Gwen the geyser

Riverside 3766 Brains are all right in their place

But I find it

24 Upper Cheyne Better be broke by a blonde

Than bored by a brainy brunette



But I do like them fluffy I do Give me the radiant

Who lives in the Chocolate Box I like them fluffy I it's a bad taste

With a fluffy and flower at Brains are all right in their place

But oh what a shock to the heart If a lady embrace

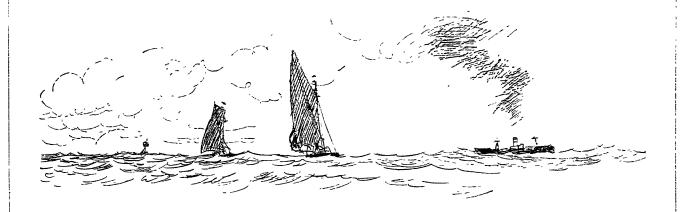
To express her Art To enquire

(Continued on p. 468.)

waist

 $\mathbf{Pay}_{_}$

GAS



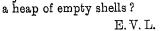


COUNTY SONGS.

XXI.—Essex.

The broad domain of Essex is
In ancient treasure rich
From Paycockes Hall at Coggeshall
To Dunmow's famous flitch.
It's proud of Epping's verdant miles,
And Mr. H. G. Wells,
But, wheresoever they may be,
At Burnham or at Brightlingsea
Or Colchester (the ones for me!),
It's proudest of its oyster beds, its
natives in their shells.

Of Old King Cole of Colchester
Our information's small;
His fiddlers three we know, his glee,
His pipe and bowl—that's all.
Now is it not remarkable
That no recorder tells
Of how, when months contained an R,
The King sent out for vinegar
And made his home an oyster-bar,
His royal throne beside the Colne









Village Constable (taking notes, to motorist after head-on collision with motor-cyclist). "Now then, which of you hit the other first?"

Or is constantly giving her views
On a Czecho-Slovakian play
And To-day as I paused on t brink

annoyed
Whe She sighed and said "What do you think
FREUD

Sloane 87864 Trout Friday w'out fail

Not huffy or stuffy not tiny or tall
But fluffy just fluffy with no brains
I like them fluffy I gently replied
Mortimers will be there 4.30 but can you bring a racquet they can't come to supper thank god
With downy soft eyebrows and artful blue eyes

despise

highbrows

$$\frac{125}{100} \times 10 = £125 \times £12$$

INSURANCE

I wish I was horribly rich
With flaffy complexion like plums on a wall

I will be Bohemian I swear But I should like a breath of fresh air There must, I suppose, have been other stages before the final draft was reached, but they will never be published, for I cannot find them. There was a final version, I know, but how much less exciting! It began:—

Some like them gentle and sweet,
Some like them haughty and proud,
Some of us like them petite,
And some of us love the whole crowd:
Some will insist upon grace
And some make a point of the pelf,
But, to take a particular case,
I do like them fluffy myself.

I like them fluffy, I freely confess, With fluffy blue cycs and a fluffy blue dress, With fair fluffy hair, like Love-in-a-Mist, And lips that declare, "I want to be kissed"; With fluffy soft cheeks, like plums on a wall, With a fluffy soft heart, and no brains at all.

It went on:-

Some like a girl that 's well-read-

But, no. Enough. Or even too much!

A. P. H.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The club head almost invariably hits the ball on the down swing at the moment of impact."—Toronto Paper.

Quite the best moment to choose.

POIGNANT WORDS.

When correspondents of a daily paper were vying with one another recently in quoting passages and fragments, mostly of verse, that had impressed them as having an especial poignancy, there came insistently into my mind a couplet that makes its peculiar appeal, to me, at any rate, with three words that are as fraught with patheticassociations and possibilities as any in our language.

I shrank at the time from venturing into the publicity of the Daily Press, but now at last I feel impelled to share with others an experience that may well

have been theirs also.

"Pity"—"Remember"—"Forget." As I form those words I recall vividly a day in my boyhood when the haunting cadence of two lines by a poet unknown enabled me to realise the full implication of Remembrance and Forgetfulness; a day when I felt—how keenly! -that in a hard world Pity is never deeper than when one bestows it upon oneself.

I see again the deserted class-room, where a shaft from the westering sun crept up the old stone wall. I hear again the clamour of young voices, like a cawing of rooks, that came in through the windows to blend with the lilt of the couplet that was beating itself ineffaceably into my brain as I wrote it out:-

> After to pity, remember, forget, The genitive case is properly set."

Yes, I wrote it out-hundreds of times. For I had been guilty of the enormity of using the accusative.

LALIQUE.

(Lines on a Lalique glass model of a mermaid, seen in a shop-window.)

She sat behind a window-pane; I saw her dreaming there,

And bubbles light as spinning foam were netted in her hair,

And green and blue the light shone through

Her lovely rhyming curves,

"Will she be sought and bought," I

" And loved as she deserves?"

Perchance a ripple took the form of Nereïd and spun

Her lines of lissom loveliness beneath a rising sun;

And then it froze ere yet the rose Of morning lit the sea;

I do not know, but so, I trow, The lady came to be.

I wished I knew her name, and how I wished that she would speak,

And then I saw a card that bore her lilting name-Lalique;



Young Zoologist (who has been asked to lecture over the wineless). "AND ALL THE TIME, DARLING, THOUGH MILLIONS MAY BE LISTENING-IN, I SHALL BE THINKING OF YOU ALONE.

Darling. "AND WHAT'S YOUR LECTURE ABOUT, OLD THING?" Young Zoologist. "FREAKS OF NATURE."

And then it seemed (perhaps I dreamed) | And that was all. But once again I She curved her siren lips And clear as a bird I beard the word That wrecked the sailing-ships.

Her music charmed the swirling dust and quickened it to spray;

The pavement cooled beneath my feet, the traffic slipped away,

While high and sweet her singing beat Against a rushing breeze,

For she had power to dower an hour With magic of the seas.

Like ghosts from out of yesteryear old barques went leaning by; Their masts and yards and rigging

Or sailors bent to oars and rent The flood with every blade, And frigates tried to ride the tide That raced towards the maid.

barred the smoky city sky;

saw her dreaming there,

Her head upon her slender hand and bubbles in her hair-

A maid of glass, alack! alas!

And I was safe and sane; The pavement burned; I turned and yearned

To hear her sing again.

I might have bought her loveliness for gold, but did not dare,

Since dreams repeated cease to charm, as lovers cease to care,

She might repine if she were mine, And so I turned away;

Twere better so, I know, although I long for her to-day.

Our Candid Advertisers.

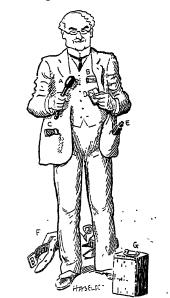
"The comfort in these buses is next to none."-Nigerian Pager.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CROOKED BILLET" (ROYALTY). Mr. Dion Titheradge has done us proud with his happily-named highlyconcentrated extract of desperate villainy and high fatuous courage, The Crooked Billet. With what dexterity does he weave his warp and weft of stroke and counterstroke, of apprehension and relief, of jest and horror, and with what passionate and ingenious loyalty to the dramatic unities! From the moment when the pale and wan and elderly gentleman creeps down the stairs of "The Crooked Billet," grasps the brass candlestick, tackles the stranger in the bar-parlour and gets a bullet in his shoulder till that in which the resourceful Dietrich Hepburn stands handcuffed to the most brainless of village policemen there is not a dull moment. Does not blood drip from the ceiling on to the hand of the gentlemanly sleuth? Is any drink served by the gross and sinister landlady that has not its deadly dose of dope? Does not the shriek of beauty in distress startle the ancient rafters? Are not young Oxford blues more than a match with their bare fists for gangs of ruffians with their proper artillery?

busman's holiday, has just pieced together enough evidence to hang a celebrated international criminal; that this evidence is contained in documents referred to as "the papers," for the recovery of which the criminal, whose methods are nothing if not magnificent, has taken the whole of an inn in the quiet, or once quiet, Kentish village near which Sir William's manor is situate, has planted about the place, in old mills and what not, men who have the stamp of villainy so clearly writ on their faces that even the most cretinous of village inspectors would surely guess that something shady was afoot.

-When gay and debonair Guy Merrow arrives at the inn, ostensibly to play golf with Sir William, but actually to help find that worthy gentleman, who, fearing something might happen to him, has sent a cryptic summons to his old associate, the young Eastons, Joan and Philip, much heartened by his nonchalance and general air of being a winner, set themselves to help him in foiling the egregious machinations of the gang. Hepburn is indeed the devil of a felof a suffering old man or the wrist of



A GENERAL PRACTITIONER.

(a) A life preserver; (b) case of cigarettes doped; (c) sutomatic pistol; (d) packet of dope; (e) bottle of chloroform; (f) straps for controlling violent "patients"; (g) highly-explosive bomb in neat case.

The Dccicr . . Mr. C. V. France. It would seem that a retired police- a young girl, or cut a bloody ring on officer, Sir William Easton, taking a son's throat in his father's presence, obviously contrived. And even if he



WOUNDED ON ACTIVE SERVICE (SECRET). Sir William Easton Mr. H. St. BARBE-WEST. Guy Merrow Mr. Leon Quartermaine.

low. He will twist the wounded shoulder or plant a ticking time - bomb in an old clock. A complicated and rather aimless villain indeed. And we are set wondering as to what he supposed would have happened if the party of law and order, Guy and Philip and Joan, had taken the usual and entirely sensible course of telephoning for the Flying Squad instead of tackling the business unaided, according to the wishes of the obstinate or demented Sir William; or if Sir William had forwarded those precious papers to the proper quarter, which, seeing that his case was complete, there seems no reason why he should not have done except Mr. Titheradge's excellent reason that it would have been an extremely inconvenient display of common sense to deprive us of so entertaining an evening and himself of those deserved emoluments which fall to the skilful dabbler in fantastic and thricecomplicated crime.

> Mr. TITHERADGE plays his hand well. Particularly good (and novel) is the scene in which the villain and hero put their cards on the table before their serious encounter. Perhaps the spilling of that glass of sherry, which, unspilt, would have added Guy to the interesting collection of doped or wounded in

believed in the feigned faintness of the astute Dietrich, could he not have given him the brandy-and-soda without turning his back? And perhaps the openness with which the hero and his associates discussed their plans in a room behind every door and hatch of which lurked the highly-trained scoundrels of their enemy was a little disconcerting.

Playing in this genre requires no subtlety. Mr.C. V. France's seeming kindly Doctor, Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE'S genial Guy Merrow, Mr. LEONARD UPTON'S ingenuous Philip and Miss MERCIA SWINBURNE'S gallant

and pretty Joan were all as sound as they were straightforward. Miss BARBARA GOTT, the villainous landlady with her mask of sour-temper, Mr. ALEXANDER SARNER, the American "Slick" Palzer, and Mr. ALEXANDER FIELD as the friendly idiot had more scope for their invention in well-conceived "character" parts. The production, by Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY, went with the smoothness which intelligent planning and rehearsing alone

can give. An ingenious and

diverting piece.

"THE 'Bow-Wows'" (PRINCE OF Wales').

The Bow-Wows have an obvious pedigree—by Co-optimism out of Revue and perhaps it is as well that some variety should be introduced into this now ancient type of folly. As if to prove that there is positively no falling-

has been engaged to prance about effectively enough as an obbligato to the merry airs of the principals.

Mr. DAVY BURNABY was, at the curtain's fall, in apologetic vein. That was unnecessary... We all know that a first night of this type of entertainment is a mere répétition générale for the purpose of sifting the chaff from the solid and heavy grain that is rejected by the flippant audience. Better a few dud turns -such as the over-moustached glee-party—that can be rejected than that the air of amateurish improvisation, which makes the fun of this light business, should be sacrificed.

Our kennel-master has discovered an excellent new broad comedian in Mr. LEONARD HENRY, who might well have more allotted to him. M. Georges METAXA, also a novelty to me, has a charming sentimental tenor and an engaging manner. Perhaps he lingers a little too fondly on those notes which he particularly fancies—an inevitable foible maybe of sentimental tenors. In Miss Vera Bryer, Mr. Burnary has picked a real winner. She has a gay beauty which is good, an admirable liveliness of mood and movement which is better, and seems to be thoroughly enjoying herself and the show all the time-an enjoyment which is infectious. Who

credible things which these talented young ladies of our day do with their supple shapely limbs? Is it the danceproducer (Max Rivers in this instance) or the athlete herself?

Mr. BILLY MILTON has caught the authentic modern trick of confidential apologetic singing at the piano. Miss BETTY CHESTER is back at her old work with her hollow voice, her grotesque sense of humour, and her ability to touch a tragic note on occasion, as in the little sketch of the foreign legionary. Miss Elsie Gregory's effectively quiet

Doris Bentley, and Mr. Kenneth Broadberry complete a competent team.

Dare I suggest that the chief Bow-Wow does a little too much of the barking and the running? He has here more talent at his command than he uses to the full. If the best of the turns are retained - the burlesques, "The Desert Song" and "The Silent off in the supply of young ladies of the House"; the "Bottles" song of M. chorus classes with modish figures and Georges Metaxa, with the key fantasia all the necessary graces, a bevy of seven on the champagne bottle; the "Legion |

HASELDEN

GREY BOW-WOW RACING. MR. DAVY BURNABY AND MISS BETTY CHESTER.

is it invents all the strange, indeed in- | of Lost"-"a Beau jest"-(Miss Betty CHESTER); "Does anyone here want to buy a little Dog?"; the quarrelsome duet between Miss BENTLEY and Mr. Morris; "It's All in the Papers Tonight," "Tell all the World," and "Antiquated Moon," with Miss BRYER's brilliant dancing; some (not all) of the smoking-room jokes (of an almost unbearable propriety, be it noted); and if the rest be improved (one or two improved away), the Bow-Wows can go on barking up the right tree for many an evening.

The new pierrot costume used in the method and piquant coiffure are a dis- | first part-a filmy tucked and ruched tinct asset. Mr. Eddie Morris, Miss affair of light orange vermilion and We are waiting till it's warmer.

something just a little darker than powderblue-is charming. Less charmingindeed I should have thought the reverse of charming—the blue satin sack which encased the torsos of the lady Bow-Wows in the second part. Why not stick to a really good thing when you've got it?

KING HAL.

WHEN HAL was still a bachelor He wed with KITTY ARAGON, And oh, she was a paragon (This widow of his brother!); He walked with her and talked with her,

He hunted and he hawked with

But soon he grew a-weary And he looked out for another.

The next was Annie Boleyn, And she was even prettier And dressier and wittier (He stole her from her mother); King Hal was overjoyed with

He teased her and he toyed with

But soon he grew a-weary And he looked out for another.

JANE SEYMOUR WAS A COUNTRY

When HENRY saw the sprightly maid.

So slimly and so lightly made (Though one's the same as t'other);

To London Town he carried her And courted her and married

But soon he grew a-weary And he looked out for another.

Came bouncing in poor Flemish

And straightway HAL detested

Politely he requested her To run home to her mother. He couldn't stand the sight of her,

The thickness and the height of her; A-weary's not the word for it, And he looked out for another.

His last two wives were K ATHARINES: The first was not the best of 'em, And went, like all the rest of 'em, From the smoke into the smother. The second, as you doubtless know, Survived this gallant husband-so. Although of course she wearied him, He didn't need another.

[&]quot;She hoped the drink trade would remember that the woman who swam the Channel did it on cold water."—Daily Paper.

MENS CONSCIA LEGIS;

OR, "EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER."

[Note.—The Justitute of Transport, the Grocers' Institute, Bankers, Accountants and others are making a certain amount of legal knowledge essent al for admission to their staffs.]

THERE'S a dismal future looming for the lawyer,
Who will dominate humanity no more;
Soon eminent K.C.'s will be forced to tout for fees
And solicitors beg work from door to door;
For tinkers, soldiers, sailors, dukes and dustmen
Now spend their leisure time on legal tomes,
And the law of costs and courts and of testaments and

Is lingua franca in a million homes.

The universe will soon be very different
When each man lives on strictly legal lines,
And former legal giants will starve for lack of clients,
And the revenue will fail for lack of fines;
When Corydon pursues his dimpled Daphne
He will understand exactly what to say:

With forensic erudition he will "file" his first "petition"
And address the lucky damsel in this way:—

"Without prejudice, Belovéd, I adore you;
Without prejudice, please name the happy day;
In the wise eyes of the law I am not a man of straw,
For I've got some personalty stowed away:
I've an interest in remainder in some settled real estate

And a leasehold messuage at a modest rent."

Says the lady with the dimple, "If you'll purchase the fee simple

And redeem the tithe and land-tax, I consent."

For women too must learn the lawyer's jargon.
Oh, tackle contracts in your early teens!
'Twill be no use looking pretty if you haven't studied
Chittu

And don't know what "reversionary" means;
So dig your comely noses into Stephens,
Or soon you'll be out-distanced in the race;
However well you play an' sing, read up the new conveyancing,

And understand the "Rule in Shelley's Case."

Bookshops will change their stock of airy trifles
For weighty works that legal doctrines teach;
For the sheikh of modern fiction is outside the jurisdiction

Of courts in which he might be sued for "breach"; Fashion notes will have no value for the flapper Who is reading up *Real Property* at home, Nor the fiercest "penny dreadful" for the young man with his head full

Of JUSTINIAN and the Codes of Ancient Rome.

No wonder that our barristers look anxious
And seek oblivion at another bar,
And each six and eight pence, to ker wents a

And each six-and-eightpence-taker wants a job as cook or baker, Or tries to learn to be a movie-star.

The prospect certainly is drear and dreadful,
But pity yet may stir the public soul
When it's harrowed by the view of an ever-lengthening

Of lean-faced lawyers waiting for the dole.

"For Sale, or Let Grand Diary & Pig Farm."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

We should prefer the pig farm by itself, please.

IN SEARCH OF LIVING TRUTH.

It is impossible to overestimate the service rendered to the community by The Daily Express in appointing a Commission of experts to inquire into the problem, "Is the Church Dead?" and in the felicitous choice of the commissioners, headed by Mr. James Douglas, and including Mr. Hannen Swaffer, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, M.P., and Viscount Castlerosse. It is authoritatively affirmed that the scheme has already been welcomed "with unbounded gratitude and enthusiasm."

The futility of Royal or Departmental Commissions has been conclusively shown by the experience of recent years. The system is only a synonym for eyewash, procrastination, confusion worse confounded by conflicting reports. In profound admiration of the far-reaching wisdom and impartiality of the new method, Mr. Punch ventures to suggest that when this investigation is completed it should be followed up at once by further inquiries on similar lines into other burning problems of the hour.

First and foremost there is the insistent question, "Is Journalism Alive?" Here the names of the chief commissioners leap at once to the eye of the sagacious observer. They should of course have power to add to their number,

but it would be impossible to dispense with Mr. James Douglas, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, Viscount Castlerosse, Lady Eleanor Smith and of course Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Royalphylene

and Lord Rothermere.

Secondly we are confronted with the burning question, "Is Wireless Wicked?" Here the process of nomination is singularly easy. It would be impossible to imagine a more impartial Board than that consisting of the following triumvirate—Sir Thomas Beecham, Mr. Charles Gulliver and Mr. William Boosey.

A third subject of debate, of world-wide interest and importance, which clamours for authoritative decision, can be summed up in three momentous words, "Are Silkworms Dead?" Here the claims of Mr. Samuel Courtauld and Dr. Dreyfus are paramount and incontestable. But we feel sure that their findings would carry even greater weight if they were assisted in their deliberations by the moral and spiritual fervour of Mr. James Douglas, Viscount Castlerosse and the Rev. Vale

Fourthly, we are continually tormented and beset by doubts as to the vitality of the English Muse. In other words, "Is Poetry Alive?" By far the best way of resolving these doubts and planting us on the firm ground of conviction would be to entrust the task of inquiry to a small board of commissioners presided over by Miss Wilhelmina Stitch and including Miss Edith Sitwell, Mr. Osbert Sitwell, Mr. Hannen Swaffer and Viscount Castlerosse. The appointment of so monumental a commission could hardly fail, in view of its collective critical acumen, to inspire the whole reading world with feelings of "unbounded gratitude and enthusiasm."

This must be the M. Quaidor-say who is on such good terms with Sir White-Hall.

Government is responsible.

[&]quot;A Havas Agency message says that the French Ambassador at Moscow, under orders from M. Quaidor-say has informed M. Chicherin that France, etc."—Indian Paper.

[&]quot;A few weeks ago my baby boy dropped a halfp my through a crack in the floor. This necessitated my pulling the whole of the floor up before I recovered it. Shall I have to replace same at my own expense, or do I sue the landlord?"—Correspondence Column. This is a very difficult point. We incline to think that the



Mrs Feden Vernet.

To see her standing on the rails, One woman in a world of males, Seems, as you back your choice both ways, Far odder than the odds she lays.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LIV.



Lady Sw mmer. "I'M GOING TO SWIM THE CHANNEL TO-NIGHT IF IT TAKES ME A WEEK. WILL YOU COME ON THE BOAT 13 A WITNESS?"

Pressman. "It's very kind of you, Miss, but I'll take your word for it."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MAJOR-GENERAL Sir C. E. CALWELL has been detailed to discharge, while still at close range, perhaps the most explosive diary of recent years. His latest war-study-Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, His Life and Diaries (Cassell)—lacks nothing in literary skill or impartiality and nothing in such degree of diplomatic discretion as is humanly applicable under the circumstances, but none the less the result is a certain amount of detonation. Sir Henry Wilson was a tall and boisterous Irish soldier who loved hard work and hard play, loved praise, loved responsibility, a man who had a noisy taste in check suits, who invariably addressed his friends by nicknames, and had a marvellous capacity for getting his own way. More than any other Briton he was loved and trusted by our French allies and could refer to a group of French generals before their faces as "our funny little friends" without giving offence and as happily as he could "answer back" to his superior officers at home, all because he added a fascinating personality to the priceless gifts of clear vision and a mind made up. He had a plan for every occasion, a solution for every problem, though the result showed clearly that he was right in his judgments not much more often than others. To such a man any form of hesitation was intolerable. "A council," he wrote, "is a pathetic and a maddening thing,"

endure endless hesitations in the colossal business of the War he found much to arouse his fury. His habit of nightly confiding all his daily impressions to an utterly frank and intimate diary has done the rest. This long book is really much better worth reading because it throws light on many things of great interest that have before been obscure than because the diarist was moved on occasion to say very rude things about many persons. Sir Henry's living smile alone could have taken the sting out of criticisms that were never meant to go without the smile. For my own part I shall never keep a diary.

There is a sort of human jungle-book we are all tempted to write when we find ourselves temporarily accredited to a rather tiresome world; but unless this inclination can be gratified in the charitable spirit of Cranford it is perhaps better resisted. The impulse to let ridicule rip is apt toovercome not only consideration for material but consideration for form, and this is rather what I feel about Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE's picture of an Italian island once associated with the career of TIBERIUS. How much justice or injustice is done in Vestal Fire (CASSELL) to the population of "Sirene" I am not in a position to say; but certainly nothing like justice is done to a promising plot. Two charming middle-aged American Ladies of Llangollen, who have hyphened their respective surnames to express the union of their hearts, are the soul of what little concord and since it was his duty to attend many councils and exists among Sirene's Anglo-American colony. Meeting in

Rome a certain Count Marsac, exiled from Paris as the sequel to a criminal offence, the old ladies innocently introduce him and his "secretary" to their circle. The effect of these gentry's presence precedes the revelation of their past; but their acceptance becomes a test of acceptability with their hostesses, and the resultant feud sees most of its participants to their graves. The story is extremely unequal both in atmosphere and artistry, the old ladies with their Barbara Frietchie loyalty being keyed too high for it, Marsac and his Giton too low. Its common level of rattlepated Anglo-Italian gossip has the merit of getting easily over the ground and is full of amusing portraits. I particularly enjoyed that of the Scots lady known as Bonny Sarah from her habit of mistaking the Sirenian evening greeting for a tribute to her elderly charms.

I have an idea that we owe the unparalleled catholicity of the illustrations to Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century (DENT) in part at least to the obvious intention of the book's authors, Dr. OSCAR FISCHEL and Herr MAX VON BOEHN, to keep the French sartorially in their place. They allow MARIE An-TOINETTE to have been the last sovereign to sway the fashions; but the span of their book, starting with the French Revolution and ending with the Great War, admits neither personal nor national supremacies. It rather records the gradual passing not only of individual and racial influences but of all those idiosyncracies of class, occupation, age and sex which made the costume of preceding ages a document of all that is various in man. But though, or perhaps because, they see little chance of our now emerging from the uniform demanded by democracy and provided by industrialism their chronicle of the last lap of a happier period is a sympathetic one. The original three volumes of their 1909 edition, and a fourth volume for the first time translated into English, are amplified by Miss Grace Thompson's chapters on American modes and on sports fashions. The letterpress, given its anti-Gallic bias, is sound and entertaining. The illus-1:

trations are delightful. Apart from a few fashion-plates of typical interest they are for the most part works of Those of Volume I. range from David to VERNET, Volume II. covers the ground between Ingres and Cruikshank, Volume III. surveys the field from Menzel to Renoirthe Alfred Stevenses of this section are particularly noteworthy—and Volume IV. declines from Du Maurier to Dana Gibson. It will come, I think, as a shock to opponents of representational art to discover how frequently the finest picture affords the most serviceable record.



nowadays, but when he does he gives it us in full measure. Too full, perhaps, for I must confess that I was beginning to be rather tired of the adventures, theatrical, financial, emotional and spiritual, of The Bacchante and the Nun (METHUEN), before I had read four hundred pages of them, and there are several more after that. Mr. HICHENS has much to say of art in this book (fifty years ago he would have used the capital A), but he is not himself proficient in the great "art to blot." In the story of Valentine Morris, who doubles the title-rôles, there is a great deal of cackle which might with advantage have been cut. Not that her Mr. ROBERT HICHENS does not very often give us a novel story isn't, in itself, an interesting one. As a woman with

relations with Dale the dramatist, in whose play she first rises to fame, with Champion the manager, who, in spite of himself, can see "a good thing" not only from the com-mercial point of view, and with *Trever* the matinée idol, questioned, and he adds that seasoning of night-clubs and cocktails which is so necessary to the modern novel with admirable discretion. What one carps at (and perhaps, after all, it is only the carping of the jaded reviewer) is that all his people are so extraordinarily explanatory and repetitive about their own inner workings. And surely he regards his heroine's habit of breaking contracts, even though she does so pour le bon motif, with almost too complacent an eye!

The new series of English Men of Letters (MACMILLAN) edited by Mr. J. C. SQUIRE, has already enlisted in Miss DOROTHY MARGARET STUART a worthy successor to Mrs. OLIPHANT, the only woman who contributed to the original old campaigner extricates them from the most perilous posi-

series. Mr. Punch naturally rejoices in the compliment paid to his "D. M. S.," a compliment fully justified in her most admirable Horace Walpole. In all the now voluminous literature on the subject there is no book concentrating on his literary activities. The gap is here filled, and within the compass of some two hundred pages Miss STUART has given us a compressed yet ani-mated survey, in which generous appreciation stops short of idolatry, and is expressed with real distinction of style. None of the essential points is missed. Our

epistolary prose, though justice is done to his essays, squibs and satires, and his few exquisite child-songs and fairy verses. He was not a poet or a Stoic or a hero; he was often a thoroughly bad critic of his contemporaries and forerunners; he shirked the disagreeables of life, was appalled by great events and looked forward with dismay to the progress of science. But in his letters he was supreme, by force of a strange mixture of sophistication, sanity, cynicism and whimsicality, and above all that undated freshness of style which makes him the most modern of the eighteenth-century writers. He was "malicious but seldom malignant"; he never wearies us; he was always amusing, and, though an egotist, was fully conscious of his limitations. Against his "frigid anti-Popish zeal" must be set his humanity and generosity, his hatred of cruelty and slavery, his love of animals and children. For, though a bachelor, he was a very good family man. Neminem tristem fecit. His recognition as one of the minor glories of English letters has been steady and continuous, and his latest critics have been the best, amongst whom a commanding place is now taken by "D. M. S."

"two soul-sides" she is well and truly imagined, and her I read of him the more I admire his cunning, his versatility. Place him where you will, in the old England of Stephen's date, of HENRY'S, of ELIZABETH'S, in Spain or the Low Countries, with his Mr. Fortune unravelling mysteries of modern crime, he is still thoroughly at home. Like his with whom she goes into brief and uneasy partnership, are complicated and unravelled by a practised hand. Mr. travels. And what a gallant fellow is Nick Bonaventure, Highers' knowledge of life behind the scenes need not be poet, playwright, adventurer, pictured on the cover with his trunk hose, his rapier, his red cloak; and how well suited with the inevitable Sancho to his Don Quixote in old Sam Carleton, the fat, round player-turned-henchman, with a good stomach for his victuals and wine, but a handy man at a pinch, loyal enough and with no sluggard wits behind that round face! Yet I confess I had a doubt or two at first when I began the book. It led off, methought, a trifle tamely. All the old tricks of language were there, but was there not something lacking of the old spirit? I repented later when we came to the expedition to seek Parma in Flanders. That voyage of the three, Bonaventure and Lady Delia Gervais and her bewildered brother, and the way the

tions, life and honour intact, that was as good as anything I have yet seen of Mr. BAILEY'S. Which is to say a good deal. And the book comes to a rattling end with the attempt on ELIZABETH'S life in the New Forest and the unmasking of several villains, and of course the final capture of the $Lady \ Dear{l}ia$ (one of that soul-stirring type of scornful heroine that knows how to yield prettily at the finish) by our tawny-eyed hero, hardly yet recovered from the wounds received in his last exploit.



First Golfer (safely over, reading from score-card). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, COLONEL; IT SAYS HERE: 'THE QUARRY AT NO. 15 HOLE IS NOT A HAZARD'; SO YOU CAN GROUND YOUR CLUB."

Mr. P. G. Wode-HORACE'S claim to immortality is securely based on his House is so active and determined a humorist that conceivably he may not appeal to those who prefer a gentle tap on the funny-bone to a penetrating poke in the ribs. But that he is superb in creating and developing absurdly amusing situations must be freely admitted by anyone who reads his latest volume of short stories, and consents to Meet Mr. Mulliner (Jenkins). Mr. Wodehouse (bless him!) is never dull, and, if the creaking of his machine is occasionally audible, the material that he produces from it is of the kind that calls for riotous laughter. I refuse to think that anyone can fail to laugh (and, which is better, to chuckle) over the Bishop, in "The Bishop's Move," who, after exercising himself as a cat-burglar, mewed when he was discovered by his secretary. There is only one Mr. Wodehouse, and he is to be accepted with gratitude or to be left severely alone. For my own part I accept him, and I am feverishly waiting for further opportunities to improve my acquaintance with Mr. Mulliner.

In Mr. Punch's recent review of *Demophon* it was written: "The lady—I think it must be a lady—who writes so graciously under the style of Forrest Reid . . ." He regrets that his reviewer should have been unaware of A remarkable fellow, this Mr. H. C. Bailey! The more Mr. Reid's established reputation as a man of letters.

CHARIVARIA.

WHEN KING FEISAL'S young son left his home in Bagdad to go to Harrow, two sheep, we read, were ceremonially slaughtered on the doorstep. Nothing like that is done for Smith Minor.

The King of Arabia has had two special motor-cars built for the use of his twenty-four wives. At Hollywood they still manage to crowd theirs into represented in the LORD MAYOR'S residents cannot hope to have bigger a six-seater. **

After all, this ecclesiastical strife seems to be no more than a sort of gorilla warfare.

The Rothermere Press announces that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has come back. We attach no credence, however, to the rumourthat he was found mewing at the door of Carmelite House.

Potash, it is predicted, will do wonders for Palestine. Nothing is said about Perlmutter.

Messages from U.S.A. report an earthquake of unusual severity. It is now believed to have been caused by "BIG BILL" THOMPSON, the Mayor of Chicago, when sending us his love.

Those who wish to reduce their figures are enjoined to avoid starch. Is that why so many corpulent men wear soft dress-shirts?

From skulls discovered in Central Russia anthropologists have deduced that neolithic men were cannibals. There is a suspicion too that they had Bolshevistic tendencies.

An exhibition of pictures by an old charwoman, who discovered by chance that she

could paint, is being held in Paris. Chelsea charwomen leave that sort of thing to those who have nothing better to do.

An exhibition of water-colours has been criticised as showing the influence of the cold summer. The artists should have used warm water.

The interchange of back-chat between comedians and members of the audience, which has become a feature of London cabarets, is regarded as an indication that comedians are losing their self-consciousness.

A writer has announced that in his opinion the next world war will start in May, 1928. Trenches of the same old wriggly pattern can now be booked.

We are asked to say that the decision to abolish tipping in Italy, which is to be enforced from the first of next January, does not apply to Soho.

Lady (apologetically). "Excuse me smiling, but really YOU LOOK JUST LIKE THE TRAMPS THEY DRAW IN THE COMIC

Tramp. "Well, LIDY, I 'OPE I AIN'T EXPECTED TO BE AS BLINKIN' SMART AT BACK-CHAT AS SOME OF THEM BLOKES."

> Show, there are to be no women in it. This is a disappointment to those who were hoping to see some of the ladies who didn't swim the Channel.

> **
> Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is understood to be confident that, whatever Sir Alfred MOND may claim that the new nitrogenous fertilisers will do for agriculture, the Liberal Land Policy will do all that and then some. ***

Each of us has a dual personality, says Dr. Bernard Hollander. It is a soothing thought that even our income-tax man may have a better self. | can do just what Mussolini likes.

It appears from the annual report of the Air Ministry Meteorological Council that the weather reports of the B.B.C. help to save the lives of seamen. On the other hand the forecasts we have been getting of late are apt to take years off the life of the average landlubber.

Because the Town Council refuses to buy a new engine the Christchurch Fire Although the sea is to be largely Brigade has resigned. Naturally the

and brighter fires without efficient equipment.

The Army Order forbidding the stamping of feet on parade is attributed to the alarming increase in the number of cases of boot-shock.

A publisher is reported as saying that people in every walk of life think they can write novels. The delusion seems to be especially prevalent among novelists.

A well-known athlete doubts very much whether any man has ever turned a triple somersault. This is probably due to the fact that motorists rarely have time to tee up their pedestrians.

A cuckoo was recently heard at Chingford. Probably a diehard, still waiting for the summer.

A parrot which escaped from a country vicarage in Hertfordshire was found near a bunker on the local golf-links. We fear that it will have to find another

A man wanted by the Dorset police was described as wearing plus-fours and a bowler hat. We look to the scandalised Editor of The Tailor and Cutter

to offer a reward for his apprehension.

A twopenny Mauritius stamp fetched ninety pounds last week. If it was ours we should send it again.

Will the person who recently sent us a haggis please let us know what to feed it on, as it seems to be very morose and is losing its coat?

Writing in The $\hat{m{D}}$ aily News, Sir Leo CHIOZZA MONEY declares that Italy is a freer place to live in than England. It appears that in that country any man

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SOMEONE.

[In a letter to *The Times* Mr. WILLIAM RAY, leader of the Municipal Reform Party on the L.C.C., complained that Lord Lee of Fareham, speaking about London bridges at a banquet given by the Paviors' Company, had said that "nothing had happened except that someone had started a bridge at Lambeth." Mr. Ray regarded the term "someone" as "an unworthy and disparaging reference to . . the greatest municipality in the world." Lord Lee, in reply, has apologised for using this offensive expression.]

DID you observe what Mr. WILLIAM RAY Felt he was moved to say

About the language of Lord LEE OF FAREHAM? It seems the latter's words were such That they distressed him very much, Indeed he found he simply couldn't bear 'em.

I gather that the Viscount, being filled Up by the Paviors' Guild,

Made some remarks, in course of which, referring To Bridges (with a cynic smile),

He said he'd waited all this while But hadn't noticed anything occurring.

No, after all these weary months had run, Nothing had yet been done,

Except that "someone" (this much he conceded)—

"Someone"—he didn't mention who— Had been inspired to start a new

Transit at Lambeth, where it wasn't needed.

In this great comedy—for I 'm too weak At structural technique-

The part I play must always be a dumb one; But was it well that Viscount LEE

Should speak about the L.C.C., The leading body of its kind, as "someone"?

To use, said Mr. RAY, a term like this

(Equivalent to τ is) For our superlative municipality, Which has no match in point of worth

Upon the total crust of earth, Was to disparage its superb vitality.

Yet, if a Viscount ever said that I

Was "someone," should I cry?
No; for that compliment I'd be his debtor.

Had the Lord LEE preferred to call The Council "nobody at all,"

Would Mr. Ray have liked it any better?

"YOU."

(With apologies to some of our analytical novelists.)

Sometimes you were "she" and sometimes you were "one" and sometimes you were "you." You stepped quietly into you-ness in reflective passages when your anxious creator had to make it oh, so clear, what you were thinking. And then suddenly you slipped into one-ness, you never quite knew why. . . .

Beyond the holly-hedge there was a hazel-copse climbing down to the pond, and sometimes, when you could not bear people any more, you slipped away secretly and trotted about among the nut-trees. You took off all your clothes and swam round and round the pond, thinking about life.... Life!... What a muddle!... The cold water lapped at your face, washing away the taste of the world, the pettiness, the vulgarity. . . .

Then you dressed and lay under the elder-bush and, cupping your head in your hands, peered down at the face in the water. your head in your hands, peered down at the face in the water. Cook-General required, country vicarage. Slight knowledge of It was funny to think that that little person down there cooking no drawback."—Church Weekly.

was you. It was a strange quiet you, that you in the water. She was not the you of the house up on the hill, that baffled, fugitive, questioning you. And she was not Peter's you, that wild, free, fearless you. . . . Ah, Peter! looking up from the water at the you on the bank was a different you. Calm, clear, untroubled you. . . . One looked into the eyes of this you and felt she knew everything. . . . You loved the you-ness of her. One longed to pluck that you from the water and take her up to the house, where, after all, it was your own unyou-ness that was making the mischief. . . . Why were you so youy in one place and so you-less in another?

How many you's were there? One, two, three, four.... Sometimes one could count up to seven. And what was the good of telling yourself that the you of the house up there, Michael's you, had nothing to do with any of these? It was not one of your you's at all—there was nothing youish about it—one did not know her. Who was she? She was somebody else. Perhaps she was Tallulan

BANKHEAD. .

When one looked in the looking-glass in your bedroom one hated that alien interloping you. And yet she fascinated you, you could not drive her away. If only one could take this dear youy you in the water and frame it in the lookingglass! But you couldn't. You couldn't persuade this you to go up to the house. She didn't think it was quite nice. . .

But there was something you could do. . . . Oh, surely! You could take that hateful house-you from the looking-glass and put it in the pond. . . . That would be the end of the house-you, because the real you, this clear-eyed you in the water, would not let it live with her. . . . Yes, that you could do. .

Margaret took off her clothes again and slipped into the water. She lay down at the bottom of the pond and was very quiet, very quiet and happy. . . .

You had killed the you that was not you. .

A.P.H. One was dead.

BIG POACHING.

["Two men were fined a hundred-and-twenty pounds a-piece for peaching white rhinoceros."— $Times\ of\ Africa.$]

I've poached a pickle pairtricks when the leaves was turnin'

I've poached a twa-three hares an' groose, an' mebbe whiles

But ou, it seems an unco' thing an' just a wee mysterious Hoo any mortal could contrive tae poach a rhinocerious.

I've crackit wi' the keeper, pockets packed wi' pheasants'

An' a ten-pun salmon hangin' doun in baith my trouser legs, But eh, I doot effects wud be a wee thing deleterious Gin ye shuld stow intil yer breeks a brace o' rhinocerious.

I mind hoo me an' Wullie shot a Royal in Braemar,

An' brocht him doon tae Athol by the licht o' mune an'

An' eh, Sirs, but the canny beast contrived tae fash an' weary us-

Yet staigs maun be but bairn's play by a weel-grown

I thocht I kent o' poachin' jist as muckle's ither men, But there is still a twa-three things I doot I dinna ken; An' noo I canna rest ava, my brain grows that delectious, Tae win awa' tae Africa an' poach a rhinocerious.

Our Modest Advertisers.



THE TWO HOOTS.

[Last week, Mr. Philip Snowden, speaking at Nottingham, attacked the Chancellor for his extravagance. On the same night, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, speaking at Abergwynfi, advocated a more lavish expenditure of taxpayers' money.]



Middle-aged Person. "I think it's very nice of you not to be bored by an old man like me." Girl. "OH, I LOATHE YOUNG MEN-THEY LEAVE ONE ABOUT SO."

FLAT BATTLES.

I .- THE BATTLE OF THE BELL.

Some weeks ago a battle-royal began over the question of who should answer the front-door bell of our small flat in the afternoons when the maid was not there. You see, it might turn out to be something quite exciting, like a registered letter; or it might prove to be merely an inquiry for the last tenant but one, or a man to test the gas-stoves and take the geyser's temperature.

The trouble was that one could not tell beforehand, except on a few occasions; and then Frances, I'm sorry to say, was apt not to play quite fair. What I mean is that, if from the sittingroom window she happened to see a Harridge's Stores van drawing up outside and an interesting-looking package being taken out, she always dashed into my study at the first tinkle and told me not to bother about household affairs, dear, and she'd answer the horrid bell, and I could get on with my nice writing. She then firmly shut my study-door, and I only heard all the

rustle of unpacking, and the little "Oh's" and "Ah's." I gradually got so curious that I found it impossible to do any work and was quite relieved when up the shavings.

On the other hand, when at the sound of a bell Frances loudly rattled a couple of glass vases in the next room, at the same time calling to me to answer it because she was busy doing the flowers, I knew that she had chanced to observe from her window the Vicar making towards our flat with an "Ah-Mr.-Apple-so-glad-to-catch-you-now-aboutthese-poor-benighted-heathen-who-soneed-our-help" look in his eyes. The result in that case was that I returned to my study five bob the poorer, while Frances asked in an innocent voice, "Was that the laundry?"

Of course, when our maid Ahlice happens to be in, it is her duty to answer all bells, while Frances waits with the sitting-room door ajar. Ahlice likes answering bells, which is just as well, for we are rather in awe of her.

But in Ahlice's absences the battle excitement, the "Sign 'ere, Mum," the of the bell grew at last so acrimonious

that we had to come to a definite agreement. All bells on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons were mine, and all bells on Tuesday, Thursday and Frances at last called me out to gather | Saturday belonged to Frances. This was to be scrupulously adhered to; I was to deal with everything on my days, even if it was the butcher requesting me to take on my charge a piece of raw beef. On the other hand Frances was responsible for everything on hers, even if it was a subscription. This latter, I fear, meant that either the collectors went empty away or else that they managed to touch Frances' heart to the extent of making her burst in on me and touch my pocket.

Sunday we made an open day; who-ever got to the door first was the winner-or loser, according to the result. The idea was to give a bit of zest to Sunday; normally, I think, a dull day

in London.

These rules served their purpose well. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays I was able to pursue my occupations in my study completely undisturbed, except, of course, for shouting to Frances when the bell rang what the day of the week was, and just opening my study door slightly to hear who was at the door, and merely settling any resultant problem which Frances might bring to me, as she generally did. Otherwise I was hardly bothered at all.

Then I got into trouble. It was on a Tuesday afternoon, and so Frances was on bell duty, when, looking down from my window, I noticed a man with a note-book hesitating at our steps. I don't know why I got it into my head that he was a reporter; no reporter has ever yet come to interview me, but it doesn't stop me expecting one. I was quite convinced from the look of the fellow that he was from The Weekly Blurb, come to tell me that, on the strength of my being a humorous writer, his several thousand readers were clamouring to know my views on "The Early Minoan Civilisation." Or it might even be for a contribution to the symposium on "How to Settle Labour Disputes," to which Suzanne Longlimb, Jackie Gluecan, Gene Tummy and Hetty Buttall, the well-known experts, had already contributed such trenchant articles.

Anyway, I committed a crime. I answered a Frances Bell. As a matter of fact the man was from a dressmaker and he wanted to see Frances; and it was something fearfully private which even a husband is supposed to know nothing about till the time to pay comes.

Frances descended like a whirlwind and began to speak rapidly. She continued to speak, about fair play and common justice, and it being her day, and so on. I thought also, as I returned to my study, that I caught the word "idiot."

I learnt my lesson. On Frances' next day, Thursday, I was in my study and determined to stay there. Bells rang, and I could hear Frances leaving what she was doing and answering them in what seemed to me a very marked manner. I merely gave "busyman" coughs as she passed my door.

And then came one she didn't answer. It rang again, but I was going to be the blue-eyed boy this time. It rang four times, each time more insistently, and still Frances would not go to it. I could hear no sound from her and guessed at last that it was a trick, a bait to tempt me out to my undoing. I resolved not to be caught. I stayed firm, hoping maliciously that it was someone Frances wanted to see very particularly.

At the end of ten minutes the bell had rung twenty-seven times. At the end of a quarter-of-an-hour it was ringing continuously; evidently the person outside had gone to sleep against it.



Little Girl. "I should like some nice fireworks, please—jumpy ones; but not too dangerous as I 'm an only child."

My patience giving out before the battery did, I yielded and went to the door. Outside in the cold was Frances herself. She began to speak rapidly. It appeared she had just stepped out to post a letter and the door had blown to behind her. She continued to speak rapidly. This time I was quite positive the word "idiot" came into it—several times.

We neither of us now answer any bells, so, if you call on me when Ahlice is out, you'll simply have to wait till she comes in.

A. A.

"The Deuce describes Fascism as a new authoritative, but not absolutist, State."

Provincial Paper.

The Duce he does!

Things That Could Not Have Been Expressed More Prettily.

"They (the publishers) promised to insert a slip in future editions acknowledging the sauce of passages quoted."—Evening Paper.

"Between 5 and 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon a thief stole a large quantity of silver from the dining-room of the Royal George Hotel, Newmarket, but unfortunately some valuable old silver was overlooked in his hurry of getting away."—New Zealand Paper.

We deprecate this tendency to carp. It may have been too heavy.

"Butchers.—Wanted, a young Man, able to kill and deliver with cycle."

Advertisement Column.

He would of course want a carrier for the second accomplishment.

WORKING THEM OFF.

(With Apologies Everywhere.)

THE sheaves, the golden sheaves, are gathered in. Autumn grows nearer to winter, and the smoke o' the bonfires "Ba goom, lad, if the dost I'm is blue in the air. Yet still from the through wi' it an' arl!" publishers' offices come books innumerable, crowding our shelves and covering our desk, often interfering with the coil of our telephone apparatus, as thick, in fact, as leaves in Vallombrosa, or, for all we know, even thicker, as we only visited the place on a Polytechnic tour in spring, when there was more dust than leaves. There lie in front of us at the moment about a hundred unreviewed volumes. It is very annoying. But something must be the room without a shovel.

We propose therefore in this article to deal as rapidly as possible with one

or two books of various kinds for which no place can be found in our ordinary reviewing columns, but which are taking up so much room otherwise, confound them! that there is no place for a visitor to sit down.

Travel and adventure are not wanting in the pile, and here is Colonel Richard Gloop with us again in a beautiful book profusely illustrated with photographs. With My Gun in Ogogoland is a veritable masterpiece, whatever that may mean, and the picture of the charging elephant on p. 431 will

safety of the intrepid hunter, a terror fortunately relieved, three pages earlier, by the words, "shot through the head, he fell like a stone.'

The portrait of Colonel Gloop with his foot on a dead rhinoceros is also good. It is the more to be regretted that so noteworthy an addition to the literature | larly severe on the pink. of shikari should be marred by a misprint, and that too in a vital place. On p. 501 we find the words, "with my magnificent elan." The word "elan" should surely be "eland"?

Turning to more domestic memories we welcome the second volume of Sir Joseph Bagworthy's Fifty Years of posed of green and purple cube Municipal Life in the North, in which a harlequin's cap on her head? many of his speeches, delivered on the occasion of important civic crises, are reprinted verbatim, and improved rather than marred by the retention of rough Doric usages, such as "jannock" for can discover, has been left a million "fair" and "hoist" for "elevator." pounds in a will, and, fearing lest the Amongst his most memorable utter-

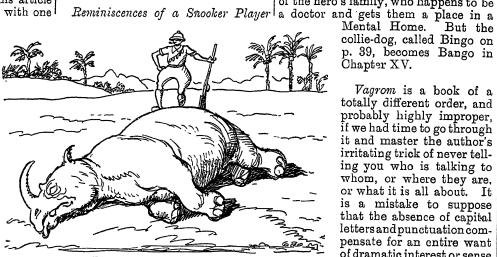
ances must be counted the words in which he gave his vote against the amalgamation of the Electrical Tramway Systems of Stubbenhall and Pudseain-the-Clough:-

And the first two lines of his Ode on the Proposed Visit of King Edward THE SEVENTH to open the new Municipal Waterworks in 1903:-

"Thrice hail, KING EDWARD! Gracious monarch, hail!

Long reign in loyal England, and ne'er fail!"

The visit, however, appears to have been unfortunately postponed, owing to a defect in the dam, and when it actually took place Sir Joseph was no done or else we shall be unable to enter longer Mayor, and the ode was not delivered.



"WITH MY GUN IN OGOGOLAND."

fill many a heart with terror for the will also find a place, we hope, on Lollington ("Pom") will doubtless read many a shelf. How many of the old taverns of the eighties, still dear to the heart of veteran cueists, have been pulled down to make room for modern drapery stores, restaurants and cinemas! We gather that Mr. Gargle is a redoubtable antagonist, being particu-

> The wrappers of a vast array of novels and detective stories form the usual irritant to our optic nerves. What is that man doing, pointing a gun at me from the cover of The Stolen Ruby? And why on the cover of Wilderness should there be a woman entirely composed of green and purple cubes, with

We will pick out The Shadeless Tree, by Dorothy Gubbins, and open it at p. 234. The plot of this story seems excellent. The heroine, so far as we pounds in a will, and, fearing lest the hero shall love her for her money alone, adjust these machines.

presents it to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Almost simultaneously the hero wins the Calcutta Sweep and, in terror lest the heroine shall love him for his riches rather than for himself. throws the money into the sea. All now seems to be well, but just as the pair are about to be united comes the catastrophe that the hero's new play is the hit of a West-End theatre, whilst the heroine is offered a fabulous salary as a film-star at Hollywood. Once again the cloven hoof of money steps in, and there is the dire possibility that filthy lucre may be substituted for romance. The heroine, however, turns down the offer, whilst the hero gives all his royalties to a Hospital for Cats, and the two young people are in desperate penury once more. They are saved from actual starvation by an old friend of the hero's family, who happens to be

p. 39, becomes Bango in Chapter XV.

Vagrom is a book of a totally different order, and probably highly improper, if we had time to go through it and master the author's irritating trick of never telling you who is talking to whom, or where they are. or what it is all about. It is a mistake to suppose that the absence of capital letters and punctuation compensate for an entire want of dramatic interest or sense of style. Friends of Pomona

Vagrom with interest, but the general public will probably feel with ourselves that no book ever dropped with a milder splash into the pond of contemporary literature.

We have no time for more, and we now notice with regret that we have neglected to include the prices of the books and the publishers, but they may be obtained on personal application at our office or, better still, by putting a notice in the Agony Column of The Times. We have done our bit. The evening shadows are falling, and we must leave rapidly for the Embankment or we shall miss our usual train for Hither Green. EVOE.

That will show you how nicely they

[&]quot;In order to reduce the weight the aeroplane was carrying, Mrs. — with great reluctance left behind two evening gowns she intended to bring with her to Europe."—Daily Paper.



Visitor (being shown over redecorated club). "I suppose you've replaced all these in their original positions?"

R.I.P.

["The last cab-horse plying for hire at — has been shot."—Press.]

of our local cab-horse,

Who entered into peace some days ago, though this is the first I've heard of it;

He was a queer beast to look at—in colour you might call him a drab horse,

And if anyone says that's shoved in for rhyme, don't believe a word of it.

Of our once numerous pre-taxi hirelings he was the last survivor,

And was much esteemed as a curiosity by the entire community;

I don't deny that small boys used to yell "Cats-meat" after him, to the warm indignation of his driver;

And, having the old gentleman at a disadvantage, unless he had luck they did it with impunity.

That was a smart turn-out in its palmy days, top-hat, good cab, and a beast both active and willing,

And was always gone for by train-arrivals who knew what was what;

Many a fare shelled out an extra tanner or even a shilling Merely for the joy of seeing our hill taken at a trot.

But taxis came and fares got fewer and he got discouraged and less energetic;

The cab grew shabby and so did the cabby (bother that rhyme) and he (the latter) stopped wearing a rose;

Pardon me if for the moment I drop a tear to the memory | They used to wait emptily at the station—upon my soul it was rather pathetic-

And slope emptily away; and how they stuck it so long, goodness knows.

Progress, that's what it is, progress; it was the taxi that settled the horse and his Jehu;

And in time no doubt the taxi itself will be cut out by something;

Aeroplanes, possibly; I don't know; anyway, Eheu! Time flies; we shall all come to it; life's a rum thing.

It would be rather a lark if we stuck up a statue of him in the station-yard (Horatio in his harness, dicky in both his knees);

It wouldn't cost much; Mr. Stubbs, who does our monuments, is handy with his chisel;

But I doubt if you'd get our residents to fork out with ease, And it's a pity to start that sort of thing and see it end · in a fizzle.

But honour to his owner (the driver) who, when the time had come to put an end to him,

Didn't kick him off to Belgium—make him walk that last most melancholy of planks;

Didn't even have him pole-axed like cattle, but behaved as a gentleman and a friend to him;

Had him shot like a friend and a gentleman, and for this DUM-DUM. he has our thanks.

TO MUFF OR NOT TO MUFF.

"I HAVE," she told me, "a very bad headache to-day. Yesterday morning I had to meet Aunt Elizabeth Jane in Bond Street."

"I thought," I said, astonished, "that your Aunt Elizabeth Jane never

left her native village."

"It's the first time she has this century," she answered, "but she has been reading a lot about America and what Prohibition has done for Chicago, and, in it. I expect it would be going someas that made her think she would like to study the country, she has come to stay in Bloomsbury for a time."

"This craze for foreign travel," I said, "seems to affect everyone now-

"Of course," she went on, "I knew she would look a little old-fashioned, so I put on my very newest news, and I don't think I was even much surprised to find she was carrying-what do you | things as well-and she was carrying think?"

I searched my mind for the most fantastically out-of-date thing I could imagine.

"Last year's best seller?" I sug-

"A muff!" she said with a kind of tragic triumph.

"Good heavens!" I said. "How

quaint!"

"You call that quaint?" she demanded with a bitter indignation, though indeed I thought I had hit upon the very word.

"And did she," I asked wonderingly, "carry the thing the whole length of

Bond Street?"

"No. I did. Aunt Elizabeth Jane had been buying things all the way from Bloomsbury to Bond Street, and she gave me the muff to hold."

"Thoughtless," I said; "distinctly

thoughtless."

"And it was a muff," she went on moodily, "that looked-well, like a muff."

"No, not really?" I protested.

"Exactly like one," she insisted. "Of course we met simply everybody."

"Oh, you would.

"I had the air," she said morosely, "of being a thousand years behind the times. People probably thought I had just escaped from the Ark. They came out of the shops to look. One man tried to sell me a picture post-card of the Albert Memorial."

"It must have been a trying experi-

ence," I agreed.

"Yes," she sighed. "I met one of the Brown de Jones girls, and she laughed. And then I saw Blanche, and when she saw us she simply walked straight away across the street, right in the midst of all the traffic. It seemed

practically certain death; but I suppose she thought anything was better than having to meet a woman she knew | November lowers without; from dripcarrying a muff."

"It must have looked," I agreed, "quite antediluvian or, I suppose, even

Victorian?'

"Both, both," she said. "However, when we got to Piccadilly I escaped, for luckily Aunt Elizabeth Jane wanted to go somewhere, and so I stopped the first bus I saw and put her and her muff where, don't you?"

"Undoubtedly it would be."

"So I made up my mind," she continued, "and this morning I walked down Bond Street again, very slowly, so that everyone could see I had no muff. And what do you think was the first thing I saw? Ever such a famous woman -- a peeress and an authoress and ever such a lot of other a muff, and a muff that looked like a muff too. I tried to hope it wouldn't count, because of course with very famous people you can't ever be sure, can you?"
"It is indeed," I declared, "their

speciality that one can never be sure

of them.

"Only," she sighed, "just behind her were two girls from the Chorus of Hit'em in the Eye, at the Jolly, and a leading mannequin, all carrying muffs. Everyone was so excited. I saw Blanche rush across from the other side of the street, right through all the traffic. It seemed practically suicide; but I suppose she thought anything was better than missing something so really new. Of course the Brown de Jones girls were there, both of them."

"With muffs?"

"With a muff. Their mother's, which they had been able to find put away somewhere. They were walking along together, each with one hand in it, and when they met me I'm certain they smiled."

"That," I said heatedly, "was a

"You can imagine how I felt. I had the air of being a thousand years behind the times; and there was poor dear Aunt Elizabeth Jane very likely still in that bus going somewhere. And goodness only knows when she'll get back to Bloomsbury so that I can borrow her muff again."

"But," I said, "you could have reminded them all that yesterday. . . . "

"Yesterday," she sighed, "muffs were hopelessly out. To-day they are in. To-morrow—well, can you wonder that I 've a headache?"

I assured her that I could not.

E. R. P.

IN PRAISE OF CRUMPETS.

ping bough

The last sere leaf falls fluttering to the mire;

Foul vapours cloak the sun's wan wintry brow;

Pull down the blinds, my boy, and poke that fire,

Switch on the light and kindly press a bell;

A cup of tea will suit me very well, And let them know I'll certainly re-

A dish of crumpets. Ha! my palate now

Feels the sharp titillations of desire And in my bosom rich emotions swell, Poetical and urgent. Pass the lyre.

> Salute the peerless crumpet With hautboy and with trumpet, And let the cymbals add their din As Mary brings the crumpets in.

> Produce a drum. I'll thump it In honour of the crumpet, And twang with unrestricted fury The wild melodious harp of Jewry.

My cat and dog are glum pets When I eat all the crumpets, And savage bouts of raucous rage Possess my parrot in his cage;

But they may like or lump it, I cannot spare a crumpet, But must perforce devour the lot, So aptly do they touch the spot.

(Forgive, my faithful dumb pets, My ruthless greed for crumpets, But they are part of Nature's plan To meet the deep-felt needs of man.)

So greet the comely crumpet With lively toot of trumpet, And let sweet cymbals add their din As Mary brings the crumpets in.

A drum, a drum! I'll thump it To welcome in the crumpet, And pluck with rare ecstatic fury Loud concord from the harp of C. L. M. Jewry.

"What did they know of the perils of we pioneers, blazing the trail through Piccadilly?"—Evening Paper.

Us ask you.

"THE PRESIDENT .- I think 'Punch's' remark that the law is an ass stands good all the world over."—Trade Periodical. Now when the Dickens did we say that?

"Sir — made two notable pronouncements at Gwaun-cae-Gurwen, where he opened a new colliery yesterday."—Evening Paper.

Not bad. There are lots of people who couldn't pronounce it in three.



Grocer. "THE NEXT TIME THAT PAL OF YOURS COMES IN HERE FOR TWO-PENNORTH OF MIXED NUTS, DON'T GO SHOVING IN A COKERNUT-D' YER SEE ? "

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

XII.—THE SUPERFLUOUS BARONET.

Trix darling, star of my night, hope of the Dukeries, Magnet of the Midlands, my heart's thanks for your historic letter and my dear I quite agree he sounds too adequate for words darling, well best of and one mass of heartiness, my dear luck my sister soul, as for me I'm "as shouts at you at breakfast when a girl's you were" stiff, all the same I've come not conscious, and also he's what I call to the conclusion that I must be the a chronic handler, you know my dear destinies would twine again etc., hownation's lode-star because my dear simply can't keep his hands from pawing I've had the most unwomaning adventure and slapping, well my dear by the end little dentist and my dear he simply is ture and really my dear if I can make of a week-end every man in the party is the Gallahad of dentistry, because my a Baronet lose all control in a place black and blue with friendly buffets and dear he has the most dog-like eyes and

like that well where are the limits don't you agree darling?

But of course I haven't told you, well I forget if I 've mentioned a rather septic Baronet I met at the Antons some time ago, my dear too surgical, well he's a financier or a shareholder or something

they say once at a golf-club he split an Alderman's liver out of sheer cammaraderie and as for women well what with elbow-pinching and head-patting I felt more like a fox-terrier, my dear that sort of thing makes me want to scream aloud when it's the wrong man doesn't it you darling?

Well my dear I lived through the week-end but I never thought our ever yesterday I went to my flawless

really my dear you do feel that it hurts him far more than it burts you which I think is so right, and really when Pottler disintegrates one of your teeth it's more like a caress, only of course I'm Nature's coward and I never admit that I've not been hurt till ten days afterwards because I do think if a girl does the Spartan mother act they only take advantage of you, so my dear I always make the most heart-rending little yelps and internal moans my dear long before he hurts me just to remind him that I

rule he doesn't hurt me at all, however this time as it happened I had a rather agonising time, because my dear it was one of those indecent teeth right at the back and I could tell by the reserved way in which he picked it to bits that it wasn't exactly a museum piece so I merely closed the eyes and whimpered mouldily now and then my dear too pusillanimous I know but you are aren't you? Well at last he laid down the pick and shovel, and my dear do you know that collapsing moment when he lays down the pick and shovel and puts the hugest grindstone on the whirly-whirly machine well my dear the moment he lays down the pick and shovel I always begin the most bright conversation, because my dear the whirly-whirly, well rather than that my dear I'd talk to anybody about anything, so I always tell him all my secrets and really my dear I think it's the Christian thing to do, because I do think that young dentists must have the most monastic lives, well emotionally don't you think, because my dear you can't imagine anyone who spends the whole time poking about in other people's mouths having any sort of romance well

can you darling, my dear do dentists normally again, and my dear every marry and if so who, I suppose the only sort of passionate outlet is when they stop some perfectly arresting girl's front teeth, and I'm quite sure my poor Pottler is merely starring for affection so when I tell him about my virginal affairs I do think perhaps he gets the least little second-hand kick out of it you see darling, because he merely toys with the whirly-whirly and agrees with everything I say, my dear too unanimous, and I rather fancy he's rather attracted. However at last he ruthlessly attached the grindstone and my dear I simply lay back and suffered, because my dear he always says that I

whenever anything complex has to be done he has to fill the mouth with those inequitable blobs of dry cotton-wool and put two pumps in it, my dear whatever you do don't have a wet mouth, Mr. Haddock says it means something but he couldn't remember what, but from what I can make out it 's as bad as wet hands, well my dear he thrust the whirly-

APE OR ANGEL?

THE ARCHBISHOP ENVISAGES A COMPROMISE.

second I was quite satisfied that he was just going to hurt me, so after ten minutes of this my dear I simply yelled, well just then the Secretary woman came in, my dear too Vestal, and said that some Countess had come without warning, so Pottler put something too whiffy on my wounds and sent me out to recuperate while he looked at the other sufferer.

Well my dear I crawled back to the waiting-room and merely drooped over some disheartening funny paper, my dear jokes about dentists and everything, too morbid darling, and of course I was feeling quite ethereal, well if you want have the most degradingly wet mouth and | proof I simply hadn't the spirit to pow- | grams!

der the old nose, when in walked the redundant Baronet Sir Charles Chase if you please!! Well darling I didn't exactly effervesce with greetings but I wasn't particularly aprehensive, because my dear you would think that if there's one place that might be a sanctuary from the Passions and everything it would be a dentist's waiting-room, and you whirly inch by inch into the very dome would think that if a girl was ever safe of a girl's head, and my dear I had the in this city of wolves it would be when shivers all over from the dry cotton- she was merely moribund with the wool and my dear my mouth felt so whirly-whirly and feeling like one huge wasn't made for suffering and then as a collique that I thought it would never shut antiseptic, however life is the world's

conundrum as I expect Shakespeare said because my dear that's just the kind of thing that obsolete man did say, but anyhow Sir Charles Chase anchored beside me and began the most enthusiastic paw, and not only that, well I'll tell you when we meet, my dear too affectionate, well I was repugnant but cool darling because my dear scenes are quite alien to me, however there was no squashing him, my dear too resilient, and I was just about to utter a girlish scream when fortunately in came the Secretary to fetch me, well my dear I saw she'd seen quite enough to make a Secretary talk so of course I told Pottler the whole harrowing tale, and my dear he was too contrite because he said he had one or two clients who were quite liable to turn romantic in the waiting-room, and he ought to have prevented it, well one lives and learns, but my dear I could see my poor Gallahad was merely incandescent with chivalry and suppressed rage, and my dear he was utterly tender with my tooth and everything and never hurt me at all, but my dear what he did to Sir Charles Chase when he got him in the chair I can't imagine but

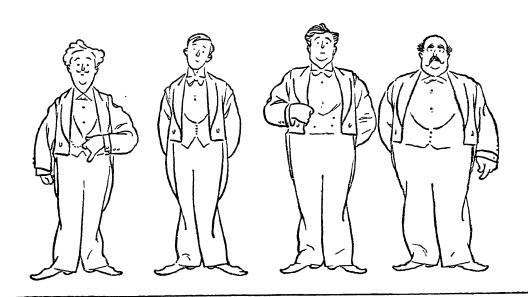
it's quite fun trying, and the only thing that worries me somewhat is do you think Sir Charles Chase always, or is it that I look that kind of girl, my dear be cruelly frank, your injured little Topsy. A. P. H.

"The referee was loudly oboed after the game owing to some of his decisions not meeting with the approval of a section of the crowd.'

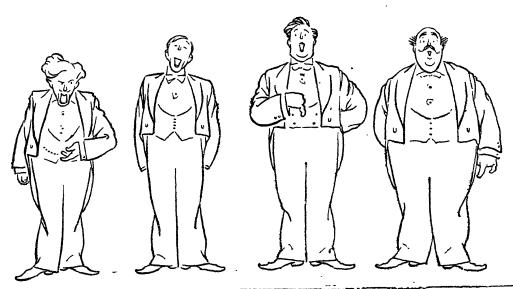
Provincial Paper. Don't let him complain of that. He might have been saxophoned.

"An exhibition of mushrooms has just given place to an exhibition of cryptograms at the Musée d'Hygiène."—Daily Paper. Alas, there are no vitamins in crypto-

THE QUARTETTE.



"AH, HERE WE HAVE THE QUARTETTE . . . ALTO, TENOR, BARITONE AND BASS.



Fongasse

No, I BEG YOUR PARDON . . . BASS, BARITONE, TENOR AND ALTO."

THE KNIGHT.

ONCE there was a knight who was very fond of going about rescuing damsels in distress. And one day he went into a forest where there were generally some, but he rode a long way and couldn't find one, there was only a rich merchant tied up to a tree by some robbers, and he was shouting out very loud for somebody to come and untie

Well the knight did untie him, though he was in rather a hurry, and the merchant said thank you, now will you

you on your horse and when we get to my house I will give you a nice glass of wine, I opened a bottle of it only yesterday and I didn't drink more than half.

So the knight said well I do call that stingy, if I hadn't come you might have been tied up to this tree all night.

And the merchant said well as you did come we needn't talk about that, but if you don't want any wine I can finish the bottle myself. I shall be glad of it because I don't feel very well after what those robbers did to me.

And the knight said well you don't deserve to feel well, I suppose you don't know of any damsels in distress near here do you, because I have wasted quite enough time over you and 1 want to rescue one.

And the merchant said no I don't, and if you don't take me home on your horse I shall buy up your castle and all your lands and ruin you.

Well the knight didn't much like that but he said if you

varlets to put you in a dungeon, I don't like you and now I am going away.

So the merchant had to walk home and the knight rode off into the forest, and presently he did come across a damsel in distress, and she was very beautiful with long hair down below her knees, which was a good thing as most of her clothes had been taken away by the robbers, but that didn't matter much because she had plenty more at home, and the knight put his cloak round her and she sat behind him on his horse and he took her to his castle.

Well the damsel was really the daughter of the rich merchant, and when the knight found that out he said if I wasn't so kind-hearted I should tell my varlets to put you in a dungeon, is, but I can do it now, and if I want but I am really rather in love with you to I can torture him too can't I?

so I won't do that, but if you don't mind I will hold you as a hostage.

And the damsel said no I don't mind, look very nice in your armour.

Well the knight was pleased at her saying that and he said there is going to be a tourney soon and I should like to have you as my lady and wear your glove in my helmet.

And she said well all right, but you must send for my tirewoman because I haven't got a glove here, and she must bring me some other clothes too.

So the knight did that, and the tire-

"Well, you had better stop here for the present."

come near my castle I shall tell my anout it, and if the knight didn't daughter, I have got a very nice castle send his daughter home at once he would ruin him the next day.

Well the knight didn't like that but the damsel said oh don't worry about father, I like stopping here and I will make it all right with him after the tourney, I think I will now go to my

So she went to her bower and the knight called his reeve to him, and he told him about the merchant saying he would ruin him.

And the reeve said well it certainly is rather awkward, why not seize hold of the merchant and put him in a dungeon, it is a pity you didn't do that at

And the knight said well perhaps it

But when he told the damsel about this she said I would rather you didn't torture father if you don't mind, because I am rather in love with you too, you he can be quite disagreeable enough as it is and that would only make him worse, but I don't mind your seizing him, and I can talk to him in his dungeon, I dare say he will be glad to see somebody sometimes.

So the knight seized the merchant and put him in a dungeon, and the damsel went to see him, and he was quite disagreeable about it, and he said if he wasn't let out at once his chief clerk would ruin the knight the please take me home, I can ride behind woman said that the merchant was very next morning, because he had told him

what to do if he didn't come home by supper-time.

So then the knight was rather frightened, but the damsel said to her father how are you going to ruin him?

And the merchant said why I am going to buy up his castle and all his lands, because 1 have got much more money than he has.

And the damsel said well but supposing he doesn't want to sell his castle and all his lands. what shall you do then?

Well the merchant hadn't thought of that, and the knight hadn't either, so neither of them knew what to do next, but the knight said well you had better stop here for the present, but perhaps I will let you out if I win in the tourney.

Well the knight did win in the tourney, and he wore his lady's glove in his helmet, and she was very pleased and she said he could marry her now if he wanted to.

So the knight went to the merchant and he said what

and you have got a lot of money, so I think it would be a good thing for both of us.

Well the merchant was in a very bad temper, because he was tired of his dungeon which was damp and had some rats and toads and snakes in it, and he said I shan't let you marry my daughter, and if you don't set me free at once I have thought of another way of ruining you, I shall go to the judge and he will take your castle and all your lands away from you and give them to me, because you can't keep merchants in dungeons now, there is a law against it, besides the judge is a friend of mine and we go to jousts together.

Well the knight was frightened at that, but the damsel said oh I will speak to father, and she went down into the



MANNERS AND MODES.

"LOOK, HENRY, YOU SEE THAT SKIRT? IT'S LOWER AT THE BACK THAN AT THE FRONT. THAT'S THE VERY LATEST EFFECT."

dungeon and she said to her father why are you so silly, if you go to law it will cost you a lot of money, but you have only got to say that I can marry the knight and then you can go back home at once and be comfortable, I am sure you must be tired of this dungeon by now, but you were always so obstinate.

But the merchant wouldn't listen to her, and she said to the knight well I think the only way is to try a little torture, but I would rather you didn't hurt father too much if you don't mind because he can be quite nice if he likes and it will be much better if we can all be friends afterwards.

Well the merchant didn't give way at once, and he said to the knight I shouldn't torture me if I were you because if you do the judge will make it all the worse for you, and I shouldn't wonder if he didn't have you drawn and quartered or something like that.

And the knight said of I am tired of all this talk, I will torture you first and we can see what happens afterwards.

So then the merchant gave way, because he didn't think he would much

like being tortured, and the knight married the damsel and they had several children.

And what was nice about the merchant was that he didn't bear any malice about the dungeon, but he was proud of his daughter for marrying a knight and he often came to stay at the castle and brought presents to his grand-children. But once when they wanted him to play at tortures with them he said well, dears, I think I would rather play at Hunt the Slipper. A. M.

THE "JUMPS."

(Before any first drive.)

On, fidgety work to wait it is Where the tops of the morning hum; Oh, clattering clean-cut partridges,

When, when do they mean to come Swish over the strip where the fir-trees fret.

Quick-flickering, lot on lot? Now, is there time for a cigarette? There's not—oh, I hope there's not.

The man on my left lifts playful gun And threatens a skylark's gore; The man on my right enjoys the sun And fondles a Labrador;

But I, 'tis now on my shooting-stick And now on my feet I am,

And now I'm praying, "Oh, do be quick!"

And now I'm saying, "Oh, dam!"

Did but they come like the meteor-storm, The storm of the stars that race, Did once I prove to myself my form

With a prompt quick-crumpled brace That fall, that fall as Lucifer fell, Afar through the empty blue,

I could say to my doubting self, "All's well;

You'll do, my lad, you'll do."

The man on my right, it seems to me, Has tilted his old hat's crown, He's up on his legs and watchful—

see!
And his Labrador lies down;
The man on my left's attentive—say,
That lifted eye and chin,

Has he caught a whistle from far away, A silvery note and thin?

Oh, I hate this having to wait all day—Will never the drive begin? P.R.C.



Manageress (to customer who wants a gown altered quickly). "I'm afraid it's impossible, Modom. We're absolutely undulated with orders."

ANYHOW ESSAYS.

III .- DID SHAKESPEARE GO TO CHURCH?

RATHER an important point, because, after the Bible, his plays are the most quoted works in the English tongue.

Operating by suggestion on the ordinary mind.

How much he might have said about the churches and didn't!

"Bare, ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang.'

Clarissa says frankly that he was a pagan. The man who wrote-

"Golden lads and girls all must, Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust,"

had no other view of man's destiny than Professor A. E. HOUSMAN-

"... at the inn of night for aye." We are such stuff, in fact, as dreams are made on.

But Charles says No; impossible to tell. The times made it risky to express sectarian views. It was as much as a man's ears were worth to talk about these things in a play. SHAKESPEARE'S religion was the Throne. Besides, playactors were low people. Sober-minded men distrusted them. They only played to the Court and the mob.

I suggested that perhaps also they travelled on Sundays. Play-actors do. I remembered once at Bristol . . .

was resting and went home to Stratford for the week-end he probably went to church at Stratford, quite simply for social and political reasons alone.

I do not see it quite so drably as that. I take you to 1596.

The thing had begun at breakfasttime. But he had not committed himself. Her people were going, of course, and Judith. Judith was going with Ann. Susanna could also be depended upon. She had a new dress. But was he going or was he not? The Lucys would be there of course, in the squire's pew. A murrain on their insolence! It was all so long ago. . . .

"As I for praise alone now seek to spill The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill."

That was Love's Labour's Lost. Crude stuff certainly. Still it did come entirely out of his own head.

Was he going or was he not? JUDITH was ready, was she, and

Susanna too? They had their boots on. Very well. He would let them know in a minute or two.

Such hard pews.

"Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine.

With sweet musk roses and with eglan-tine."

That was better.

The HALLS would be coming to lunch. and there was boar's head.

No, Ann, I think not this morning. I have a play to write.

Well, and had he not? The Taming of the Shrew. That would take him at least a morning to think out. He would scarcely get it written before Tuesday. And lucky if he got five pounds from HENSLOWE for it when it was done. It was all very well for these women.

They had not started yet. JUDITH had lost her Prayer-Book, had she? This new Book of Common Prayer. Excellent writing, in places. Especially that part where . . . Was that the front-door? Ah well.

Insufferable, after all, to have to listen to that man they had now in Stratford church. A time-server if there ever was one. Stratford had been growing more puritanical every day since he was a boy. But the parson kept in with the squire.

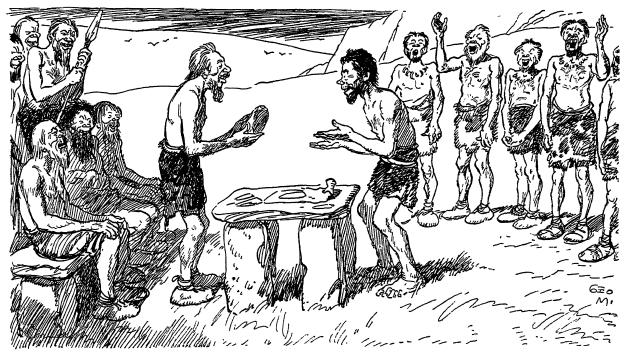
It would be interesting to know what the QUEEN really did think about it all. Or Burleigh. Burleighhadn't wanted the QUEEN to give a knighthood to that fellow Drake, so people said. Drake was a bigot, if you like. But popular. These Cecils were always queer.

The Taming of the Shrew. Act I. Scene i.

Thank heavens there was some old Charles said that when SHAKESPEARE | stuff to work over. GREENE'S. Good

HAIL, BABY BUNTING!

[General Smuts and General Hertzog have arrived at a compromise on the question of a national flag for the Union of South Africa.]



THE PROMOTION OF EDUCATION IN EARLY TIMES.

THE LORD EUSTACE PERCY OF THOSE DAYS PRESENTS A FLINT MEDAL TO THE DISCOVERER OF THE FACT THAT TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR.

fellow, GREENE. Better start with the Induction right away.

Scene i. Before an Ale-house on a Heath.

After all they used to have better theological discussions, when you come to think of it, down at "The Mermaid" in the old days, than one ever got in Stratford church. Not only theology, of course. Theology and other things. Poor old Christopher!

It was doubtful whether he would ever have done as well as he had done without Christopher to help him. Richard III. That was almost pure Marlowese . . . Brave days, brave days . . . George Chapman was a lad. . . .

The Taming of the Shrew. Induction. Scene i.

Ann was always complaining that he never seemed to put any doctrine into his plays. She said that there was no propaganda in them at all, except on behalf of the Crown. As if it was a dramatist's business to introduce propaganda into his plays. Later, perhaps, when he got old, and turned to tragedy. . . .

Not that it would have been very difficult to put some doctrine into the historical plays. Pistol or Falstaff might have had a go at it. They had dragged in almost every subject under the sun. And the pit liked topical allusions, anyway . . .

"Babbled of green fields."

Well, well. They were very pleasant things to remember when one died.

The new learning. . . . The new religion. . . . Science. . . They were all very difficult indeed.

The Taming of the Shrew. Induction. Scene i.

Here they were, back again already. That was JUDITH's voice in the garden. "Doesn't he ever go to church?" How like her mother the child was growing up! But prettier than SUSANNA...

ing up! But prettier than SUSANNA...
Confound those HALLS....

Very rough, of course, but that is

the kind of way I see it. There are no anachronisms, I think, and in this respect I am more punctilious than SHAKESPEARE himself. But Charles says that I do not understand Elizabethan life at all, or the ecclesiastical situation, or the minds of Elizabethan literary men.

And Clarissa says that he was a pagan. Pagan, indeed!

A man, she says, to whom it never occurred that a priest was wanted at the Court of *Macbeth*, not to mention the Court of *Hamlet*, must have been wholly without the religious sense. . . . Especially, perhaps, at the Court of *Macbeth*.

But the point did occur to him.

"More needs she the divine than the physician."

Well, then, why didn't SHAKESPEARE bring in a divine?

Hang it all, he would have worked overtime. He would have had the star part and *Macbeth* would never have got into the limelight at all.

One other thing. . . . When SHAKE-SPEARE retired to New Place at Stratford and was quite an old man, the town had become so puritanical that it even paid money to the players not to perform there. So the record says.

Did that annoy Shakespeare?

I doubt it. For we have also the record in the Stratford Chamberlain's account.

item For one quart of sack and one quart of clarett wine, given to a preacher at the Newe Place xx pence.

We would pay rather more than twenty pence to have that sermon preserved. . . . There was no brawling, I surmise.

But the old boy must certainly have gone to church on that day. Ann also, and Susanna—now Mrs. Hall, the doctor's wife—in her very best Jacobean ruff. And Judith, a charming girl, like Rosalind. . . . Evoe.

"Young gentleman requires bedroom and breakfast in Wembley Park."

Adut. in Local Paper.

It's a good year for mushrooms.

"He said that Mr. — had certainly left his footprints behind him in the shape of the billiard-table."—Provincial Paper.

This is exceedingly bad for the cloth.

THE NEW LOTOS-EATERS. III.—THE BATH QUESTION IN THE Sahara.

I rorger who was the lady who described Florence as the place where you couldn't buy a decent hat; but Esmeralda and I remember quite a lot of places in Tunisia by the baths we did or didn't have there. We realised when we got to the South that we had reached the land of thirst, and that water was not lightly to be used for mere luxury purposes, such as perpetual cleansing. We also realised that it is just possible to be clean without having ten gallons of hot water a day in which to soak yourself. There are even English tourists (completely emancipated ones) who, having learned this, do not bath when they

we should not like to be among those, because most embarrassing things are liable to happen to them.

Inour Kairouan hotel the clerk came bounding up while we were talking to two people we had made friends with, and presented them with their bill.

"Madame had two baths, I think," said he innocently (they had been staying in the hotel a week), "and Monsieur had three. Is it not?"

"Yes," said Monsieur, crimson to the roots of his hair, in spite of his extra bath—and we left them, in sheer humanity,

a pitiable picture. We knew that what | half-an-hour, and who listened, awe- | in an attitude of despair. they would have given anything to explain to us was that they really did wash on their bathless days.

But Esmeralda did not pity their public ignominy. "Bathrooms," said she, "are built all the world over almost entirely for the English. Consequently it's the duty of every British citizen, when he sees a bathroom, instantly to have a bath in it, and not wash meanly in his room to save ten francs.'

One of the most unexpected baths we had was at Medenine, in the extreme South. The picture of the rhofas (native) dwellings scooped out of the solid stone), of the endless steppes, and of those pretty Bedouin women who seem to use | five o'clock we went off to have a game their blue veils just as coquettish Victorian ladies used their fans, to hide their faces or not, according to their fancy-all this has become dim in our minds. What we never shall forget is the gorgeous bathroom we only discovered just at the end of our visit.

It was evidently almost too beautiful for use, in fact, only one or two bold spirits had ever bathed in it. But when we found it out we instantly ordered a bath (the hot-water supply would only run to one a day), and it was generally felt by the whole hotel that this was no ordinary occasion. No fewer than three times that day did a beaming Arab come and ask us for further data as to the exact moment and conditions of the ceremony.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle. It was today that Mademoiselle wanted her bath, was it not?" said Ali deferentially to Esmeralda, as we sat drinking our morning coffee outside. He had put on—was it by accident?—his fête-day clothes, and he certainly put the question at that moment to impress two might bath, but merely wash. Still, passing tourists who had stopped for outside to hear the splash that should



Host. "By the way, the Channel swimming season's over, you know."

stricken.

"Yes," said Esmeralda kindly. She was a little less kind about it when Ali came to ask her the same thing at lunch, to impress some more tourists. But Ali, a genial Mussulman who had already divorced six wives and had the easy charm of all genuine rips, was in nowise abashed. He even embroidered the question.

"And would Mademoiselle like a peignoir or a bath-towel? Bon, a bathtowel! All shall be in perfect readiness. Even now is the water being heated!"

He sped off joyously, but the thought of that bath weighed on his mind. At of tennis, but presently a flying figure bolero dasĥed after us.

bath at six?"

the thing was getting on our nerves. I fatal consequences.

We were both expecting at any moment to see the whole personnel of the hotel arrive to lead Esmeralda bathwards.

As a matter of fact, a guard of honour was drawn up outside the bathroom door when she eventually reached it. There were Ali, the Master of the Ceremonies, several lesser Arab sprites, the wife of the hotel-keeper who had brought the baby to see, a stray tourist who had been bidden to the proud spectacle, and the hotel-keeper himself, who wanted to point out a few things we mightn't have noticed, such as the cork bathmat (where no white woman's foot had ever trod), and a very chic sponge-rack. It was with difficulty that Esmeralda, having exchanged many politenesses with the congratulatory crowd, managed to eject them. Even then they all waited

> announce that the bath had been well and truly entered. .

From the Hôtel des Colonies at Gabes, that friendly and Bohemian spot known only to a few knowledgeabletourists, but to all the Saharian officers, I took away the memory of a very sad spectacle—the result of a bain manqué. The plump and genial proprietor was himself manipulating the geyser in the bathroom and my bath was just ready, when an urgent messagesummoned meelsewhere.

Saiyada stood staring at the bathful of water

"I've no time to have it now," said, "but you can put it on the bill."

"That would not be honest," said Saiyada sadly.

"Then one of the other English tourists will be only too glad to have Try them and see."

For a moment he looked hopefully at the shut bedroom doors all around us, as though deciding whom to go and knock up with a request to come and bath instantly. Then he shook his head.

"No," he said, "no English came last night, only French people. But rather than waste it," he added desperately, "I will have it myself!"

I left him standing there, trying to nerve himself for the effort. If anyone in white pantaloons and an orange is passing that most delightful way I should greatly like to hear if Saiyada "The ladies will not forget—the is all right, for, as chance willed, we did not see him again. And it would com-"No, Ali," we said patiently. By now fort me to know that there were no

AMELIORATIVE MUSIC.

(By a Psycho-Harmonist.)

The announcement that a concert of classical music has been recently held at one of our principal convict prisons and was much appreciated by the inmates has met with a mixed and not altogether favourable reception. Indeed the view has been expressed that, while well-conducted citizens are expected to pay considerable sums for the privilege of listening to classical music in concerthalls, it is a somewhat strange anomaly that so refined a form of entertainment should be gratuitously given to those who have been incarcerated for violating the laws of the land.

Other critics take a different line. The extreme upholders of modernity contend that it is an aggravation of the penalty which offenders have to endure for their misdeeds to subject them to the misery of listening to the dreary and obsolete compositions of antiquated and forgotten musicians. It amounts, so they argue, to a torture which may render the unfortunate listeners desperate and confirm them in their lawless ways. Classical music may have charms to soothe the savage breast, but not the sophisticated emotions of the modern criminal, who is often a person of considerable education and artistic feeling. Prison music should not be reactionary, but in keeping with the enlightened methods which mark the compositions of STRA-VINSKY, KORNGOLD and Schönberg.

There are other critics, a dwindling number, so wedded to the past as actually to regard it as a desecration of the genius of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner and Brahms that their works should be discoursed before an audience of criminals!

Even stranger than the attitude of these austere fanatics is that of another group, who maintain that it may prove a most dangerous incentive to the commission of crime if it leads to confinement in institutions where high-class music is an integral part of the daily routine.

Without attempting to dogmatise on a subject so beset with difficulties, we may, I think, lay down some general humanitarian principles and rules which should govern the programmes of prison music:—

All composers who take undue liberties with keys ought to be taboo.

Instruments of percussion should be used as frugally as possible.

The oboe, in view of its unfortunate suggestion of the hobo, should be excluded from the orchestra.

The music performed should be cheering, soothing, encouraging, but not too arresting in its appeal.



Molly (weary of sermon, in very audible whisper). "Mummy, if the church caught fire, would he stop then?"

IN THE ESTUARY.

The white swan said to the cygnet,
"Listen! Oh, listen to me!
It's capital here when the tide's at

flood,

But when it ebbs it leaves nothing but mud,

And the river becomes distinctly dud, So let's swim down to the sea."

The white swan said to the eygnet,
"Listen! Oh, listen to me!
The sea's beyond the bold red bluff,
Which isn't too far, though far enough,
And I'm perfectly sure it won't be

So let's swim down to the sea."

The white swan said to the cygnet,
"Listen! Oh, listen to me!

It's a lovely day with no prospect of rain;

The chance may never occur again, And we might see some fishermen hauling a seine,

So let's swim down to the sea."

The white swan said to the eygnet,
"Listen! Oh, listen to me!
We ought to be off for it's now halftide

And it's glorious on the ebb to ride, But the slack I never could abide, So let's swim down to the sea."

The cygnet said to the white swan, "Listen! Oh, listen to me!
You always think that you know best, But it isn't long since I left the nest, So I'll stay here for a bit of a rest;

You swim down to the sea."

CROSS-WORDS AGAIN.

A PUBLIC meeting to discuss the present situation in Crosswordia was held at the Caxton Hall, under the presidency of Lady Joynson-Hicks.

In opening the proceedings the Chairman said that there were two proposals before the meeting—one was "That in the short ones. (Groans.) There was the opinion of this meeting cross-word puzzles should now cease," and the be so, but that did not alter the effect, other was "That in the opinion of this meeting cross-word puzzles should

would ask speakers to be as brief and concise as

possible.

Mr. Bernard Shaw said that of all forms of misapplied energy that which was expended on these imbecile puzzles was the least admirable. He was abashed (Loud laughter)-well, he was enraged, when he saw his fellow-creatures applying what ought to be their minds to this nonsense.

Mr. John Smith said that the cross-word puzzle was an education. Mr. SHAW doubtless had all the words he needed; but there were less fortunate persons whose vocabularies were sadly limited until the cross-word fashion set in. He himself had learnt much from his efforts to solve these problems. (Cheers.) In fact he was not sure that a continual course of them was not more enlightening to the mind than a term at Oxford. At any rate one could imbibe one's information without being sartorially grotesque. (Cheers.)

Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER said that he agreed with the last speaker. He had himself contributed to the

puzzle by constructing one with nothing but literary allusions in it. It was so difficult that he had lost many friends | completely tired. (Cheers.) through it.

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE said that a cross-word puzzle was the only thing he could not write. He had tried, but they beat him. Indeed he looked upon a man or woman who could construct them as a separate and wonderful species of genius. (Applause, in which Mr. Drinkwater took part.)

Lord Balfour said that he was astonished to learn that new crossword puzzles were ever set. He thought there was only one, indefinitely repeated.

have been a greater crossword fan, as he understood enthusiasts for these problems were called, than himself; Lady Oxford said that the chief but that was some time ago. Latterly trouble with cross-word puzzles was not be invented. (Cheers.) words occurred so often.

appear in every paper for ever." She of to-day's date to point to a single tion should be "one who begins arailway Landel Speed

Scene-Lodge of Scotch forest, acquired, with all appurtenances, rather late in the year by a financial gentleman.

Financial Gentleman (who has arrived overnight, to Keeper). "What ABOUT A FEW DEER TO-DAY?'

Keeper. "It's no' the time of year for staags, Sir." Financial Gentleman. "Well, What have you got?"

educational value of the cross-word puzzle out of the thousands still being printed that did not contain combinations of letters of which everyone was

> Mr. A. E. W. Mason said that it was this very familiarity which Dean Inge objected to that gave him satisfaction. Old friends were best, and he liked to come again and again upon an Eastern ruler in four letters, an article in three, and an exclamation in two. It gave him a sense of stability in a world too prone to change. Even the punctual reappearance of prepositions cheered and fortified him. As for their venerable acquaintance, Ra, it had brought the only sunshine his life had known hisses.)

Dean INGE said that no one could during the past summer. Let crossword puzzles go on for ever, was his sentiment.

he had felt that something new should | the words but the definitions. The care-The same lessness of the ordinary maker of the Especially puzzles was a matter for tears. When a word of nine letters beginning with E a very good reason why this should and ending with R was defined as "one who enters a train" she could lie face which was one of dreary monotony. He downwards on the carpet and howl. In would defy anybody reading a paper | fact, she did. (Sensation.) The defini-

journey," " one who leaves the platform behind "-anything with a little thought and obliqueness. She would like cross-word puzzles to go on but she would make it compulsory for men of wit and inventiveness to define the words. Anyone might make the puzzles, but others should be called in to be ingenious in the definitions. There should be a Censorand Emendator, and she would suggest Father RONALD KNOX for

the post. (Loud applause.)
Lord DARLING said he would gladly vote for the elimination of cross-word puzzles from all papers if he could trust editors to put anything better in their place. But as the space thus saved would probably only be used for even worse rubbish he would vote for the puzzles to remain.

Miss Edith Sitwell said that she never rose from the completion of the solution of a cross-word puzzle without feeling a better woman: larger, nobler. (Loud cheers.)

The POET LAUREATE said that when one thought of

all the beautiful and stimulating things that were being written, and then found people poring over cross-word puzzles, one was rendered profoundly unhappy. If there must be cross-word puzzles let them be solved by those other newspaper pests, greyhounds. (Sensation.)

The Chairman, having summed up, put each proposal to the meeting in turn. The result being a tie, she said that it was her privilege to give a casting word of four letters beginning with V and ending with E, and in the exercise of this right she would throw in her lot with those who wished crossword puzzles to go on. (Cheers and E. V. L.



Guest. "I'M AFRAID I'M TERRIBLY LATE."
Hostess. "YES. ALL THE BEST PEOPLE HAVE GONE."

OCTOBER IN ARDENNES.

THERE were ten days of October that were golden days and good:

There were two fellows spent them as wise fellows should, Tramping through a country that was made for walking men,

The friendly hills of Belgium and the kind Ardennes; And oh! the bonny countryside, and oh! the bonny days, The russet Autumn weather, the blue October haze.

A pair of Scots a-wandering; and straightway from the start

The little hills of Belgium took the exiles to their heart; And the little Belgian rivers, the Ourthe and Lesse and Laume,

Showed them pictures straight from Scotland to make them feel at home—

The red rowan-berries, the birches slim and grey, As it might have been by Athol, as it might have been on Tay.

East away from Dinant the river valleys run, A hundred little fairy glens, enchanted every one,

And golden-brown the woods stand up so peaceful and so still

You hear the Good Folk whispering from hill to coloured hill, As once it was in Arcady, or so the sages tell; As yet it is in Scotland, as these wanderers knew so well.

East away from Rochefort, by Saint Hubert to Coo,
There's a sleepy happy country too sweet to hurry through;
And these two idlers dallied while the days went slipping by,
Till the dusk came down one evening and the full moon rose
on high

And they knew their time was over and the days of dallying done,

These two friends at parting—of whom myself was one.

Yes, a harvest moon came o'er the hill as round as it was red.

And the whole world waited on it and the evening breeze dropped dead,

And the music of the woodlands and the rivers seemed to cease,

And we two stood to watch it and were utterly at peace, Up at Beausaint by the Calvary, at Beausaint in the wood, That last Ardennes evening that stays with me for good.

For moons shall rise and moons shall set and many moons I'll see

Shine out o'er many countries, but I know how it will be— When a full moon rises round and red, then back my heart will go

To Beausaint up above Laroche and the woods about Lavaux, And the sweet Ardennes country in its Autumn colours clad, And the good pal who walked with me and the golden days we had.

H. B.

AT THE PLAY.

"HOME CHAT" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

MR. NOEL COWARD'S latest bagatelle is in parts as amusing and impish as anything he has given us, but he seems to have only roughly flung it into shape and have withheld the honest labour which would have made it all of a piece (a piece of delightful incredible nonsense) instead of all at sixes and sevens, with a heroine who takes herself seriously, weeps solid tears and points morals in a setting which makes such solemnities impossible.

When Janet Ebony, wife of Paul, novelist, on her way to Paris from Cannes, found her charming friend, Peter Chelsworth, deprived of his berth by some assertive old woman, she quite naturally offered him the vacant place in her own wagon-lit, and Peter as naturally accepted it in the simple comradely spirit in which it was offered. All would have been well if that hadn't been one of the nights on which the express had elected to crash badly. Janet, in her exquisite robe de nuit, escaped from the "telescoped" carriage, but Peter was "pinned under the wreckage,"which had embarrassingly whisked off the bifurcated portion of his pyjamas. This had probably diverted the French journalists who had freely interviewed

Paul and Paul's mother and Paul's soul-mate, Mavis, and Peter's mother and Peter's fiancée, Lavinia, knew all about it from the papers, and drew the appropriate conclusions. Perhaps Janet couldn't reasonably have blamed them for that (she did, in fact, very vehemently), but what she couldn't stomach was Paul's bland and understanding forgiveness. He shall have something to forgive! So Peter, infuriated by the pained incredulity of his own betrothed, agrees to instal Janet in his St. James's flat, himself sleeping in a nearby hotel, but tactfully turning up for breakfast in time to give to the various visitors the necessary impression of shameless guilt. Aridiculous situation, really, leading nowhere, as Peter's friend, the imperturbable

Major Alec Stone, who sees through the deception, commonsensi- | begs for the favour of a divorce. A | at bay rather than shut out; there cally points out.

Peter, but with Alec, an experienced consoler. She returns to explain the new escapade. All her friends, now know-



STRAINED RELATIONS-IN-LAW. Mrs. Ebony . . Miss Henrietta Watson. Mrs. Chilham . Miss Nina Boucicault.

ing that Peter is reconciled and married to his Lavinia, refuse to believe her. They even assume that they have previously misjudged her. Paul confesses

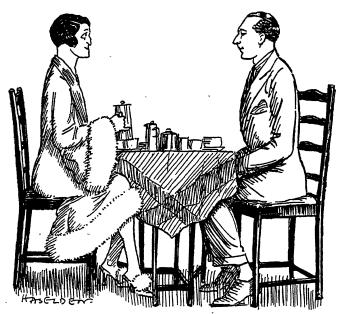
family gossips naturally assume, with been skilfully kept on the superficial plane. But when Janet began to come to life and indulge in real emotions we began to be critical and incredulous, and the effervescence went completely out of the champagne.

Miss Madge Titheradge (Janet) was delightful, firing off her author's quips with such gay audacity until the mood changed and her part was thrown out of gear. Mr. ARTHUR MARGETSON (Peter) played with an easy assurance and lively humour till similarly embarrassed. Miss Henrietta Watson as the severely moral and ugly-minded mother of Paul, Miss NINA BOUCICAULT (a little hampered by nervousness) as the vague and gently cynical mother of Janet, Miss Marda Vanne as the craftily possessive Mavis, Mr. GEORGE RELPH as the flabby Paul, were all agreeably competent. But the two outstanding performances seemed to me to be a little sketch by Miss Helen Spencer of the simple downright Lavinia, which was charmingly natural (I admit that simple naturalness was out of place, but take it as it came), and the quite admirable bizarre Major Alec Stone of Mr. GEORGE CURZON. If the piece had been throughout played (and written) in the mood of that short encounter in Peter's flat, we should have had something to be wholly grateful for, instead of something the two innocent victims, so that when viously misjudged her. Paul confesses to wag our heads over. And yet they arrived in due course in Chelsea, his desire for union with his Mavis, and Mr. Coward's failures are more amus-

ing than most people's successes. That, however, is not an admission which should give him much comfort as an artist.

"THE KINGDOM OF GOD" (STRAND).

Señor Sierra's The Kingdom of God is, like The Cradle Song, a tragedy of the human soul that has chosen the difficult way of personal sacrifice for a spiritual ideal. The action of The Cradle Song takes place behind the grille of an enclosed convent and shows us three phases of the life of a nun whose ordeal was the stifling, or, more fairly, the spiritualising, of her maternal instinct. In The Kingdom of God the heroine is one of those white-coifed sisters whose lives are spent in active ministration to the needs of the old, the sick and the despised. The world is held



ROBBING PETER OF HIS CHARACTER TO PAY OUT PAUL.

Janet Ebony MISS MADGE TITHERADGE. Mr. ARTHUR MARGETSON. Peter Chelsworth

cowardly denouement.

Janet, now for the first time deep in | An effectively elaborate and shame- narrowness of outlook; there is the love, proceeds to Paris, not, as the less piece of topsy-turvydom if it had relief of hard work, the tonic of fellow-

is less obvious peace and also less

perpetual but renewed freely year by year. But the spiritual conflict cannot be avoided. It is merely fought out on a different field.

The action of The Kingdom of God is also presented in three phases. The first scene is set in an almshouse for



THE NUT-CRACKER AND THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Gabriel Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN. Trajano Mr. DAVID HORNE.

old men; the second in a Magdalene's Home; the third in an orphanage. Through each moves the simple, gentle, generous Sister Gracia, grand-daughter of an aristocrat, daughter of a wealthy Deputy of Liberal opinions, a

some with wandering wits, some hypocritically subservient, some childishly swaggering and rebellious, nearly all highly unsatisfactory. But they are all pathetic and therefore lovable, and the generous girl has little difficulty in winning this first phase of her battle by resisting her mother's determined attempt to take her back to a gay and comfortable world. It is characteristic of Señor Sierra's balanced method-the propagandist (if indeed he be one) never stifling the conscience of the artist—that it is the Christian mother, not the Agnostic father, who fights against the girl's vocation, though the surrender costs him more than it could ever cost the shallow Maria Isabel. "You believe in your call. You must follow

ship with suffering; the vow is not it," he says out of the sincerity of his unfaith.

> In the Maternity Home—ten years later—the conflict is more desperate. Here the misery, ugliness and despairing bitterness of life are manifest; doubts as to the wisdom and justice of God gather and are unresolved. And, besides, the grave young doctor who has now for three years watched her ordeal—her gradually clouded spirits, her failing health—offers his love and a share of his work, which in its own way is as devoted as her own. It is obvious to us that her heart is strongly drawn to this man, but she has made her choice of service, she will not withdraw her dedication and (supreme peak of her heroism) she is strong enough not to betray to him the agony of her sacrifice.

> Forty years later she is the sister-incharge of an orphanage, where through the callousness of the lay-governors her charges go hungry, to her unmeasured yet now not bitter indignation. She has acquired the serenity that comes of conflict, the authority born of self-conquest; some of the old gaiety has returned; she still does not understand, but believes (heroic faith or splendid illusion?) that the Kingdom of God can be built on this earth—by those who have suffered.

It seems to me that this is an even finer play than The Cradle Song. It goes deeper; has more vigorous and varied movement; is lightened with a humour that is admirably in place. But it cannot be honestly claimed that its difficulkindly tolerant Freethinker. Here the ties of presentation, no doubt consideryoung Sister is a postulant on trial. The ably greater, have been as successfully Miss Barbara Gott's Sister Dionisia; old men are complaining, not over clean, overcome. The humour of the opening I Mr. S. Warmington's sincere love-pas-

passages was too heavily stressed and largely evaporated in the stressing. The casting was not always adequate. There were admirable individual performances — Miss GILLIAN SCAIFE's Sister Gracia in the second and third Acts (in the first the impossible was



THE LAST STAGE. Sister Gracia . . MISS GILLIAN SCAIFE.

demanded of her); Miss BARBARA EVEREST's grave quietly authoritative Sister Manuela; Miss BEATRICE FIL-MER's sketch of the matter-of-fact, slightly disillusionised Sister Christina;

> sage (Doctor Enrique); Miss Dorothy Massing-HAM's portrait of the worldly Doña Maria Isabel; Miss NATALIE MOYA'S Lillu, Mr. James Whales's Cuban Liborio. Perhaps one was expecting a Spanish fire which cannot be lit in our English bodies. But Miss KATHLEEN O'REGAN did make something fiery-tragic of the betrayed Margarita.

The play was listened to with rapt attention. It was sincerely done, and the intrinsic interest of its subject-matter and treatment made defects of presentation seem relatively unimportant. The settings by Mr. James Whale were admirable, the lighting was interesting, and it need hardly be said that Mr. and Mrs. Granville-Barker's text was smooth and natural in phrasing.



THE FOUNDLINGS STRIKE FOR PEPPER IN THEIR SOUP.

THE SAD CASE OF SOUTH LONDON.

THE action of the London County Council in rejecting the proposal to establish a Zoological Gardens for South London, at the Crystal Palace or in some other appropriate place, in Labour representatives, cannot be allowed to rest or be regarded as a final

and irrevocable fiat.

The preferential treatment so long accorded to certain districts of the Metropolis has already been broken down. Residential areas in the West-End are being steadily converted to subserve the interests of the majority. Park Lane is no longer the playground of plutocrats. At the moment motorbuses no longer invade the Mall, but they will return. It is impossible that tirely agricultural these days. the Zoological monopoly enjoyed for a hundred years by Regent's Park should be allowed to continue. The very name suggests a continuance of monarchical privilege wholly alien to the democratic spirit of the age. And if nomenclature is to be allowed to carry weight, we cannot overlook the fact that East Dulwich (S.E. 22) has a Lordship Lane, that Peckham and South Norwood have each a King's Road, and Walworth a Queen's Row.

Moreover we live not only in a democratic but in a decentralizing age. Local and regional patriotism is a feature of our life, and in this context the example of Penge cannot be too highly com-mended. The "shopping week" which has lately been celebrated in that popular and populous neighbourhood was noteworthy for the eloquent appeal made by the authorities. It was the duty of the people of Penge, so they urged, not to be lured by the glamour of London, but to rally to the support of local enterprise. In other words, Penge farà da sè. This spirit is fine and it is capable of zoological as well as commercial application. The Crystal Palace has much to recommend it as the site of a new Zoo. But it would, in Mr. Punch's opinion, be far wiser to correct the colluvies gentium of Regent's Park by establishing not one but a number of local exhibitions, in which, by a judicious segregation of different types, all jealousies and quarrels might be avoided and due regard shown for the scenery of the various localities and the character of their inhabitants.

The carrying out of such a scheme or set of schemes would have the additional advantage of providing for each district an inspiriting slogan. Some of them are indeed ready-made, e.g., Elephants for "The Elephant." Others leap readily carrips." to the ear, and, taking them in alphabetical order, we would venture to sug-

Crocodiles for Clapham, Gorillas for Gunnersbury, Lions for Lewisham, Pelicans for Peckham and Tigers for Tulse Hill.

spite of the powerful advocacy of the is beyond question, and the need is urgent. As one of the speakers at the triumphant pedant. L.C.C. remarked, Zoological Gardens in South London would serve four millions of people. The number of South Londoners who have never seen a chimpanzee is, in the present state of theological controversy, so large as to amount to a positive scandal.

THE CARRIP.

Barbara's interests are almost enfarm across the way, and venerates the lightest words of the old farmer and his wife. I am afraid Barbara is beginning to regard her father and mother as contemptible triflers. She is probably right. After all, our conversation is not about real and exciting things, such as turkeys and pigs and Tiny the cart-horse, all the time. Whereas every thing the farmer says is part of a tremendous game. There are several toy farmers in the nursery cupboard, but there are no toy authors and editors and publishers. I hope there never will be.

We have our place, however, as I discovered the other day. Barbara announced to her mother that she was going to be a farmer as soon as ever she grew up. "But," she added, "I shall keep a man with a typewriter in a little house in the garden, and he'll go on writing books all the time on his | fields, so it's not hard to find them." typewriter and earn a lot of money for me." I suspect that this is the real feminine view of authorship, and I am not sure that it is not the soundest view. It has done me good to see myself as a man kept in a little house (my study) in the garden, a man presented with a typewriter and requested, very firmly, to make some money with it.

Such is Barbara in her eighth year. It is like having a mad farmer in the house. This afternoon she insisted upon talking to me about vegetables, just as if I were a constant reader of The Smallholder. My own interest in being hoist with one's own canard. vegetables only appears when they have reached the tureen stage, but I considered it high time I had my own share of the conversation.

"And then," I remarked, "there are

"Yes," said Barbara, but dubiously. Another of these neo-Georgian rake-"Now don't confuse them with tur- hells.

gest: Buffaloes for Balham, Baboons nots. Carrips are quite different from for Brixton, Camels for Camberwell, turnots, though I have met people who never knew the difference. They aren't the same now, are they?"

"No." Still dubious, she was silent for a moment. Then—"What sort of The educative value of the movement | leaves have carri—carrips?" she asked.

To this I returned the laugh of a "They haven't any leaves.'

"No leaves at all?"

"Not a leaf."

This was puzzling. I could see her brooding, with enormous hollow eyes, over these leafless vegetables. "Well, what are they then," she asked-"just roots?"

"Not a bit of it," I replied with great emphasis. "A carrip has no roots. A carrip has neither leaves nor roots. Nor, truthfully speaking, can it spends every moment she can at the be said to have stems or flowers. A carrip has none of these things."

"It must be funny."

"I don't know whether you can rightly call it funny. But there it is. That's why a carrip is so rare."

To this she made no reply whatever.

She was biding her time.

"That's why you never see a carrip about nowadays. It's the rarest vegetable there is. That's another difference between the carrip and the turnot. People haven't actually found a turnot for years, but several times lately they've nearly found one. But they ve never even nearly found a carrip. When they go to look for it, it simply isn't there. And most of them don't evenknow what to look for, which is stupid of them, I think."

"Where do they go?"

"Why, to the carrip fields, of course. And they are always next to the turnot

Barbara turned wide innocent eyes upon me. "Have you ever eaten one?"

"One what?"

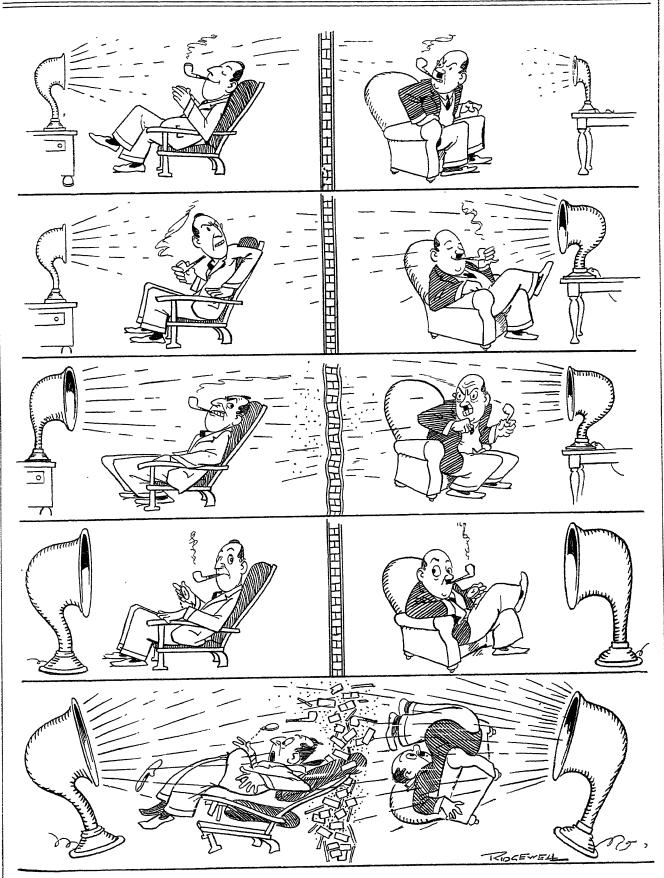
"What you said. A carrip."

"No, I must confess," I said very heavily, "I have never eaten a carrip.

"Well, I have. And"—here she rattled away, breathlessly and triumphantly—" it was a whole one—a whole carrip, and it was long and round and cooked in a pan, and very nice indeed to eat, not too sweet or sour, but just

enough of everything. I loved it."
I pointed out that I was very busy. Apparently there is such a thing as

[&]quot;His tastes and recreations are artistic, Bohemian even. It is said that he works from 10 a m. to 8 p.m., and then goes straight home to bed, where he reads the papers!" Weekly Paper.



THE RIVALS; OR, LOUDER AND LOUDER.



Caller. "When is the best time to see the Manager?" Office Boy. "HARD TO SAY. HE'S SNAPPY BEFORE HE'S HAD HIS LUNCH, AND GETS INDIGESTION AFTERWARDS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A CRITIC of the future, challenged to arrange Miss Mar-GARET KENNEDY'S three novels in chronological order, would probably, on the score of actual effectiveness, sandwich her latest volume between The Ladies of Lyndon and The Constant Nymph. Yet, though, or because, Red Sky at Morning (Heinemann) lacks the dynamic inspiration of its predecessor, the quality of its writer's criticism of life is in many ways more apparent. The Sangers, I feel, took possession of their pythoness. She holds their successors, the Crownes, in the hollow of her hand. Once more she depicts a tragedy of souls divested, by an accident of heredity, of the restrictions and resources of convention. Norman Crowne died an unconvicted murderer, and his children, William and Emily, were brought up with their cousins. Charlotte and Trevor were citizens of the world; they carried out the high impracticable plans of the Crowne twins with their own earthy amendments. Yet when William and Emily became the spoilt darlings of society, Trevor and Charlotte were painfully endeavouring to shape post-War lives under the eye of a pre-War mother. William's failure as a dramatist, however, betrayed the callous morbidity of the world's interest in the twins. Emily realised that you cannot change the world; you can only change yourself or quit the stage altogether. She chose the former course. William $\dot{W}illiam$ floundered childishly on, allowed himself to be lured by a woman of Trevor's demi-monde into marriage, and suffered

hard-bitten circle, but it strikes a depressing note of reality, and this effect is also conveyed in the ultimate horror which crowns the lives of its principals.

The life of "George Sand" has the fascination of a frontier territory which has changed sides and possessors in a series of campaigns. You may view her as a wife and mother excessively preoccupied with illicit love-affairs, or as a great romantic continually gravelled by domesticity. She was certainly a daughter of the people, the grandchild of a Parisian bird-seller; yet the gesture with which she stood by her disreputable mother's family was worthy of the descendant of a Marshal of France. Time has curiously reversed the enchantment of her story. A score of years back the gallant adventures of AURORE DUDEVANT, begun at twenty-six in the Paris of 1830, would have seemed less preposterous and also less pathetic than they do now. Writing as a rule eight hours a day to keep herself and the affinity of the moment—Jules Sandeau, De Musset, PAGELLO, LISZT or CHOPIN—instructing an adoring young tutor how to deal with her daughter's croup while she herself cooked, sewed, washed for and usually nursed her lover, her story has shifted its centre of appeal from the manly to the womanly. "I am no longer a garçon," she said when she settled down at Nohant among her peasants. One is tempted to wish she never had been. This verdict is confirmed by the faded absurdity of the earlier romances, whose plots are resumed in Miss Elizabeth Schermer-HORN'S biography, The Seven Strings of the Lyre (Heine-Trevor's scheme for the establishment of an artistic colony MANN), à propos of the liaisons which gave rise to them. to divert a congenial plan of his own. The settlement, a They should not, perhaps, have been dwelt on, seeing that poor flimsy thing, cannot compete for interest with Sanger's later and better work is scarcely noticed, and the character of the book is avowedly uncritical. It presents its heroine's life as a documented romance, and succeeds best when it keeps closest to the animated compression of that ideal.

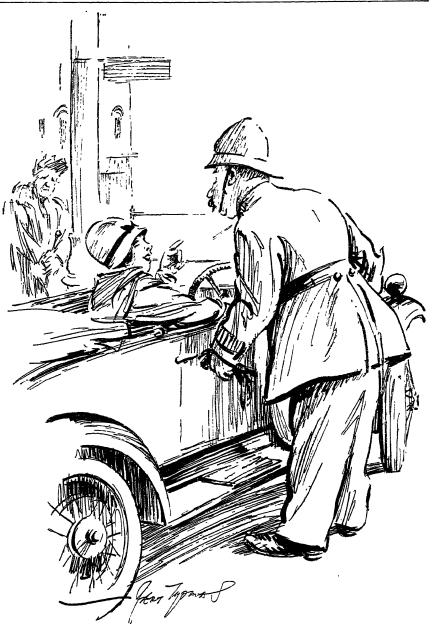
On feathered (and on furred) life There's been a book or two; Realities of Bird Life By EDMUND SELOUS-The last of this unstinted, Perhaps too frequent, flow-Is note-books, bound and printed (From Constable and Co.)

In woods when winter's fleeting And April's in the air; On flats when tides retreating The mud-banks leave bare, With too much love of loving, With too much wealth of words, The author's sat a-shoving Much detail down on birds.

Now, while 'tis interesting To note one's pretty friends At mating or at nesting, At odds or at ends, A bird-book should, I take it (And say in sorrowfulness), Do more than this to make it A genuine success.

I am inclined to rate Mr. J. A. Spen-DER'S autobiography, which is called Life, Journalism and Politics (CASSELL), as one of the best books of its kind that I have seen for the last twenty years or so. It has all that "economy of emphasis" characteristic of the author's leading articles in the old Westminster Gazette, the paper which he made into an influence quite incommensurable with its very modest circulation. Plenty of interesting stories may be gathered by the curious from these pages, for SPENDER met most of the interesting men of his day, and not only the politicians; and he seems to have been one of those men who are designed by Nature to become the recipients of others' confidences. But it is as an autobiography that the book stands—

the autobiography of a great editor who was, at all events in his earlier stages, an unsuccessful journalist. Young Spen-DER began writing notes and short articles while still at Balliol; then, sore with the comparative failure of a second in Greats, he accepted an offer of two pounds a week to help his uncle, Mr. WILLIAM SAUNDERS, with The Eastern Morning News at Hull. It makes curious reading, the story of how he was "dismissed for incompetence" there (and later by Mr. Passmore Edwards, of The Echo); how he went to interview John Morley at Elm Park Gardens, and was earnestly advised to go back to the provinces and learn the business of a journalist there before attempting to storm the citadel of London. But in January, 1892, his opportunity suddenly came through the illness of Mr. E. T. COOK's assistant on The Pall Mall Gazette. A few months is almost more interesting. Title-page and foreword later The Pall Mall was sold, and The Westminster founded, to receive upon its sea-green bosom the wandering staff story from the diary of an aunt, Miss Emily Bell Street



Constable (suspiciously). "LET ME SEE YOUR LICENCE." Flapper. "AH, THIS IS WHERE YOU GET STUNG. I'M TOO YOUNG TO HAVE ONE"

whose standard had suddenly been transferred to the enemy. The rest of the book is practically the story of the paper, with occasional flashes of light thrown upon political and European complications. But to most readers, I suspect, the earlier pages will prove the more interesting.

The new fashion in novels of having half the characters frankly portraits of real people has been carried a step further by Mrs. FAGAN, who has illustrated Things Were Different (Constable) from photographs and paintings. Very charming some of them are, notably the frontispiece of "The Three Beautiful Miss Bells," though, as the perfect embodiment of a period, "Mollie, Lady Mansol," with gushing inscription and autograph all complete, both suggest that Mrs. FAGAN has merely compiled the

TON, but the events recorded include a trial for murder which seems too recent either to have escaped my memory and those of several well-informed people whom I have crossexamined about it, or to make a possible theme for fiction. It is just such a personal history as a clever, shrewd, sentimental Victorian lady might have written, with flashes of fun and of sentiment and details of her early days dwelt on with evident enjoyment. Emily's youth in a small country town, her school-friend, Mollie, her journey to India and her love for Jack Mansol, the tragedy which divided them, her disapproving affection for Mollie and, in spite of all, her pretence of cheerfulness, the pathetic note on which the book closes—"Time cannot mend a broken heart"—are all splendidly in character. If it is an authentic diary the story is a touching piece of self-revelation; if it is a "fake," though very cleverly done, it scarcely seems worth while.

There are seven-and-sixpenny books that ought to be three-and-sixpence (if that) and three-and-sixpennies that

put The Curse of the Reckaviles (METHUEN). It is by Mr. WALTER S. Masterman, author of The Wrong Letter, a detective story which won for him a certificate of complete bewilderment from Mr. CHESTERTON. I have only one complaint against Mr. MASTERMAN; he has perpetrated a cruel libel on Scotland Yard. His young police-officer, Fletcher, should not have been allowed to fall in love with the heroine. This is never done. It is the worst offence, short of discovering the murderer, that a professional de-

tective can possibly commit. Nevertheless this is an engrossing tale. thriller is all the better for a family curse, so long as the curse is kept within bounds. It must not be used to get the author out of a tight place or to provide a solution which he cannot compass by natural means. I therefore record with pleasure that the bold bad Earl of Reckavile fell to no ghostly hand. When you have read the book to the end, and not before, you will know who killed him. You will guess many things right on the way, but not that. Mr. CHESTERTON will be beaten again.

Mr. John Easton is a new author, having the courage of at least one conviction: that a tale of perilous adventure needs no heroine. His first novel, Dogface (Allan), has an entirely male cast and, but for a sudden reference by one of the characters to his "sainted aunt," no sex interest whatsoever. Dogface himself is a vile and mysterious creature living in the wilds of Thibet and from that stronghold organising a Russo-Chinese Bolshevist conspiracy for the conquest of India and the world. We need not take the

some hours of his leisure will have been pleasantly beguiled. But I wonder how long Mr. Easton will be permitted to write stories without heroines.

Miss D. K. Broster's romance, The Gleam in the North (Heinemann), deals with certain incidents of that lesserknown phase of Jacobite intrigue which followed upon the final disaster of Culloden; and it has for its central figure the last man to pay the extreme penalty for his loyalty to the lost STUART cause. The book, which is founded upon historical material unearthed by the author, is remarkable among its kind in two important respects. In the first place, it is a "period" novel whose characters are people first and "period" figures afterwards; and it is also (what is perhaps more unusual still) a Scottish "period" novel in which the language throughout is such as to be easily comprehended of the mere Sassenach. It should be added that it is a thoroughly interesting and readable story, and that its situations, especially the rather gruesome climax of might well be seven-and-six. In this latter class I would | Doctor Cameron's tragedy, are all the more effective by reason

of the restrained and even quiet manner of their telling.

Not being a novelhog, any tale that I am to read at a sitting has to be extremely attractive and of no great length. The Nuptials of Corbal (HUTCHINSON) is both. Admirers of Mr. RAFAEL SABATINI know how exciting and excellent a story he can tell when he takes the French Revolution for its background, and in this romance he returns to that turbulent period. Mademoiselle de Montsorbier, a young and beautiful aristocrat, is

"No, I MEAN THE THING HE'S WHEELING." the heroine, and Citizen-Deputy Chauvinière plays the part of villain with subtlety and determination. Illustrated in colour and charmingly produced, this book reminds me that we are within purchasing distance of Christmas. Anyone in search of an inexpensive and acceptable present should find in Mr. Sabatini's story of Cléonie de Montsorbier a happy solution of his quest.

I am more impressed by the ingenuity than by the ingenuousness of The Undesigning Widow (MILLS AND Boon). She was suffering from overwork and resting in a Devonshire cottage when Miss Dolf Wyllarde introduces her, and I in my innocence thought her a harmless and rather pathetic little woman. And then came a May morning on which, instead of feeling like seventy, she remembered she was only forty-three. It is wise, I think, to beware of widows who cast off twenty-seven years with such despatch. At any rate Sunny Errol, in her rejuvenation, was as dangerous as she was pathetic, and when she began once more "to talk with her eyes," a deplorable habit which conspiracy too seriously; it is the adequate excuse for the even her sister denounced, I was not a little fearful for the expedition "over the passes into the unknown" undertaken men with whom she held these ocular conversations. Miss by the two gallant Englishmen, $Andrew\ Clampett\ ext{and}\ Ralph\ ig|\ ext{Wyllarde}'s\ ext{study}\ ext{of}\ ext{feminine}\ ext{character}\ ext{is}\ ext{clever}\ ext{and}\ ext{penerical}$ Merriton. A surprise awaits the reader as to the identity trating, but unless they are fitted with blinkers I have no of the villainous Dogface; and before he comes upon it desire to meet women of the Sunny Errol type in the flesh.



CHARIVARIA.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR mentions that he speaks to everybody in a train unless they look particularly grumpy. Travellers who look particularly grumpy little realise what they miss.

At the annual banquet of the Cycle and Motor-Cycle Manufacturers' Union Sir Harold Bowden revealed the fact that the first person who ever cycled to the Pyramids was Lord BIRKENHEAD as a boy. The Pyramids have had an eventful history. * **

finest collection ever made. Nothing they don't.

approaching them has yet been produced by the Opposition Press.

Mr. L. S. AMERY has backed the winner of the Melbourne Cup. And yet there are people who complain that the Government is lacking in vision.

A film dealing with the London drainage system is to be made. It is extraordinary how our young dramatists have overlooked so obvious a theme.

During the hearing of a case at Westminster Police Court a man struck his wife in the face. He shouldn't have done that. After all,

what do people have homes for?

A leader-writer in a Liberal paper mentions that news from Montreal inhave decided to return to their Indian | sense of filial duty. gods. What kind of god did he expect them to turn to? Mr. LLOYD GEORGE?

The decision of these Indians to renounce Christianity is believed to have been a precautionary measure prompted by rumours that the Higher Clergy were scalping one another.

"Big Bill" THOMPSON, Mayor of Chicago, is not a self-made man, we read. Then his parents must have been greatly to blame.

A Skegness nonagenarian, who celebrated the seventieth anniversary of his

Dietists of both schools will agree, however, that Skegness is so bracing that | He didn't say if he has a goose that this proves nothing.

It seems that the gaming laws are not contravened at greyhound races if the bookmakers keep moving. Electric bookmakers are bound to come.

A club for asthmatics is to be formed. There has long been a want of some place where they could meet and exchange wheezes. * *

A comedian has caused a theatrical Mr. Baldwin has declared that he he considered himself overpaid. What still thinks Grimm's Fairy Tales the makes some comedians so funny is that

"'Oo won, Guv'nor?"

"I regret to say that Capablanca was beaten at the forty-third move."

At a meeting of the Brentford Guardians attention was drawn to the fact aged parents in the workhouse. Even walves, but a bit heavy on petrol, I fear.' motorists, it seems, are not without a dicates that Indians of the Six Nations | motorists, it seems, are not without a

> We have been unable to obtain confirmation of the rumour that Dr. Barnes is preparing a further ecclesiast cal bombshell in the form of a proposal to divide the bishoprics into Sees and Tennessees.

> A photograph has been published of a French athlete playing diabolo with his feet, while standing on his head, on a platform of the Eiffel Tower. That, if we remember rightly, is not the correct way to play diabolo.

wedding last week, never tasted white his constituents that on his pond at alcohol as beer does. Not parents who bread till nearly twenty years ago. home he has a diving duck that re- know anything about beer, we think.

minds him of Mr. Philip Snowden. reminds him of a taxpayer.

Complaint is made of the inaudibility of Oxford lecturers. Many undergraduates are said to be incapacitated by ear-strain.

Sir NEVILLE LYTTELTON informs The Times that he remembers Mr. GLAD-STONE speaking of the appearance of Ivanhoe, and that "I devoured it, lying on my stomach on the hearthrug" wers his exact words. This should set at rest the long controversy as to Mr. GLAD-STONE's attitude in that matter.

In Chinese theatres, we read, two eggs will secure admission to the pit. In this country one tomato will sometimes secure ejec-

> The experiences of a stout woman tenant who got wedged in the pantry door of a house provided by a Surrey urban council and had to be rescued by a neighbour draws attention to one of the disadvantages of these ready-towear houses.

tion from the gallery.

A criminologist writing in The Daily Mail says that we are a most unobservant people. Quite so. It must be years since a pedestrian, after being rolled over by a charabanc,

got up again, shook himself and said, "That, I believe, is a thirty-horse-power that people in motor-cars visit their Dreadnought, balloon tyres, sleeve

> The council of the Lawn Tennis Association propose to debar amateurs from writing articles for pay in the Press. Happily the Press Association has no such rule.

Languages are now being taught by the aid of the gramophone. We have heard of men who have learnt quite a lot of language with the help of the instrument next-door.

With reference to the popularity of ginger-wine at children's Christmas parties a brewing expert says that parents would be surprised if they realised that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has told it often contains five times as much

THE CHAPERON RETURNS.

"CHAPERONS," announced Phyllis, "are coming in again." "Then the Great War really is over," I sighed. "Nearly

all the institutions which perished finally and irrevocably during Armageddon have crept back. Stiff collars, the topper, Conservative Governments, spats and finally chaperons. When did they arrive?"

"Several of our smartest debutantes have recently been

noticed with them."

"Are you speaking from observation or are you quoting

'To-day's Gossip'?"

"I haven't actually seen one," admitted Phyllis. "When they're seen everywhere they won't be coming in, will they?"

"Having tasted freedom," I said, "I am surprised you should want to recall the restraints of chaperonage. Surely you remember——"

"I hardly go back as far as that," said Phyllis. "In fact I'm a little vague about the duties of a chaperon."

"According to the best novels of the period," I explained, "she existed to protect her young, to ensure that no partner of her daughter danced two waltzes with her in succession without declaring his intentions."

"Were dancing men so plentiful in those days?" asked

Phyllis incredulously.

"On the contrary, the dice were loaded against them, with the natural result that they had prior engagements.

"Poor girls," sighed Phyllis. "We can always fall back

on our Lizards."

"Chaperons will try to stamp out the Lizard. What is more, they will frown on short skirts, the Eton crop and the cocktail. The foundations of modern life will be un-

"Cf course I can see that chaperons will be rather a nuisance," she admitted. "But if they're in I must have one, mustn't I?"

"I shall feel discouraged if I am asked to declare my

intentions."

"Don't worry. My chaperon will be perfectly disciplined."

Phyllis wore a frock with an engaging crinoline effect. She curtseyed prettily in greeting me and turned down my suggestion of a cocktail.
"Is this," I asked, "reform?"

"I must live up to my chaperon," she said. "Then you've dug one out?"

"I wish you wouldn't use this modern slang. There she is. A little lonely, poor old dear. She doesn't know anyone, of course, but she's been three times to the buffet."
"Doesn't know anyone?" I exclaimed. "Then where

did you find her?"

"I advertised," she cried triumphantly. "If we have professional partners, why not professional chaperons? And professionals are so much easier to control."

"She looks disgracefully young."

"They do, at her age. But she's not so young as she's painted. Heavens! if she isn't dancing."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because she was engaged on the explicit understanding that she should fulfil the duties of a chaperon exactly as you described them. And there 's a gossip-writer here to-night. I could cry."

"Be consoled," I said; "this crinoline thing is rather

"Yes, it was designed to go with my chaperon. The only chaperon in the room. And then she ___ Look! she's got a balloon. Oh, it's too bad!"

"Phyllis, old thing," I said, "you made a mistake in

engaging a professional. You should have brought your

"Mother refused. She wouldn't give up the Charleston."

"But haven't you a dear old aunt who could have acted?"

"Aunt refused too," sighed Phyllis. "Too busy. She's scouring London to find a chaperon for herself."

TO MRS. GAMP IN ELYSIUM:

[Suggested by Mr. Baldwin's recent declaration that, after paying due honour in another world to "good Sir Walter" and "Jane," he would like to "go into a corner" and hold converse with Mrs. Gamp.]

WE know there is, in some far nook of space, A wondrous high-walled place Where Rosinante feeds with Sancho's ass On clover-speckled grass;

Dominie Sampson dwells within those gates, And Crusoe and Miss Bates, And Monsieur Jourdain and Yseult the Fair, And lo! thou too art there.

Thou too art there; thy pattens clink upon Bright paths of azure stone, And thy umbrella hangs upon the wall With Gram and Durandal.

Now leaning o'er a "parapidge" of gold Thy profile we behold (We had not thought of this, yet who dares doubt That it has come about?).

Surely thou hast thy russet tea-pot still. And "cowcumbers" at will; The spicy groves will yield thee store enough Of choice and fragrant snuff.

With Mrs. Harris and her Voiceful Nine Thou mayest sit and dine, While she, if ever things should "go contrairy," May still breathe, "Send for Sairey!"

And surely the perfection of thy bliss Beyond the stars is this: That Mrs. Harris is no figment now, But quite as real as thou.

D. M. S.

"The directors of the German Dye Trust, who held a meeting at the Leuna Works yesterday, have issued a colourless communique." Financial Paper.

Acting on the old motto, "Never Say Dye."

"Wagner made his own music live and has been an inspiration to many a composer since. . . . He pronounced his name Varg-ner." Weekly Paper.

Slightly rolling the first "r" in his more joyous moments.

"Contract for supplying boots for members of the city police force was awarded to Johnston's Big Shoe House."

British Columbia Paper.

So the joke about the policeman's feet has reached B.C. We thought it started there.

From "Eight Prize Posers":—

"From where was the title of the novel 'If Winter Comes' taken? From Keats's 'Ode to Autumn.' "-Sunday Paper.

Season of mellow mists and fruitfulness, If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind? Meanwhile there seems to be a dreadful mess In the sub-editor's instructive mind.



THE END OF THE SILLY SEASON.

THE PRIME GARDENER MAKES A BONFIRE OF THE RUBBISH.



Defeated Pugilist (to Trainer). "That's from that editor bloke. Wants me to tell 'im 'ow I lorst. 'Ow would yer say 'sock in the jaw' in a thahsand words?"

FLAT BATTLES.

II.—THE KITTEN SKIRMISH.

Frances said that it was lost on the roof and had come in through our kitchen window (which opens on to the slates) in search of food and sympathy. I said | it?" I could not imagine any London cat considering itself lost on a roof, and added that it probably belonged to one of the adjoining houses. Frances retorted that there were twenty-one adjoining houses on our side of the square, and that, though conceivably it might have originated from one of them, it wouldn't have come into ours if it had known its way back. And anyway, she added, she knew it really was lost, because it was mewing so piteously. When I suggested it was her duty to try to find the owner, she simply said, "What-when the poor thing's lost and starving? You men are so callous." At which I dropped the it from the nasty cold roof." subject and returned to my study.

Frances spent ten minutes in the kitchen trying nobly, I gather, to persuade the kitten that it was half-starved, while the animal toyed politely militant tones. "It'll stay, because it with simulated interest.

with whatever she gave it without actually going so far as to eat it. She then gave up and came down to lunch. The kitten followed her, and here our real argument began.

Frances said: "What shall we call

I answered briefly, much as Hotspur answered Glendower: "You can call it

what you like: it won't come to you."
"Of course it will," said Frances,
"won't you, kittums? Kitkitkitkitkit!"

She made a noise at it like a carburettor stammering, and it ran in terror under the Chesterfield.

Frances, put on her mettle, left her lunch and spent seven minutes wooing the kitten from its dugout with the corner of a napkin.

"I bet it doesn't stay here," I said at the end.

"Of course it will. It's come to live here because a nice kind lady rescued

"It will have run away by this evening," I repeated, and nearly added, "Back home," but wasn't brave enough.

likes people who feed starving animals." She reached down and offered it a bit of bread soaked in gravy. The starving animal ran eagerly at it and bumped its nose on it, for it was too young to be a judge of distances. It then rubbed the morsel with its left ear and the back of its head, knocked it out of Frances' hand, patted it twice as if hopeful that it might run about, and finally left it on the carpet.

I murmured something about starvation being a horrible death, and Frances glowered at me. "I shall butter its paws," she announced at last, "and then it will stay."

"Why butter?" I said alertly. Wouldn't seccotine be better?"

Frances reached for the butter-dish in an intense silence.

She picked the kitten up and buttered its paws with some difficulty owing to the animal's protests. fact she buttered the whole kitten fairly thoroughly. Then she dropped it on the floor. It fell, as usual in these circumstances, butter side down.

"What does it do now?" I asked

"It-er-licks the butter off," said Frances without conviction.

"Then it'll have to hurry up if it wants any," I replied, surveying the kitten's tracks on our blue carpet.

"Oh, it'll stay all right now," remarked Frances airily. "I shall call it Tibbles. Tibblelibblelibble!" she added in the high soprano women use on these occasions; whereupon the kitten made a determined but unsuccessful attempt to leap out of the window into the upper air.

"Why, it can hardly tear itself away,"

I remarked.

"Did the horrid man frighten my Tibbles?" said Frances, who is nothing if not a woman.

"No, he didn't," I said stiffly.

"He looked at my nice kitten with his ugly unbrushed hair."

I hurriedly smoothed it down.

"Nasty man, isn't he?" went on Frances, resuming her conversation with the kitten.

"Meh!" went the kitten, achieving half a mew. It wasn't in very good voice, but Frances, with some partiality, took this to mean "Yes," and continued:-

"We wonder, don't we, Tibbles?"

The kitten was understood to say, "What do we wonder?"

"We wonder why he will wear that horrid blue tie with his brown suit."

The kitten, to the ear of faith, replied that it considered the blue tie too foul for words.

I fingered my neck-wear and felt uncomfortable. A woman conversing with an animal or a baby can always score off a man.

"Meh!" went the kitten suddenly.

"What?" said Frances, affecting not to have caught the idea.

The kitten repeated.

"Yes," said Frances, "I agree. I think he ought to throw that tie away. It doesn't match."

I rose with dignity. I was beginning to feel de trop.

"Darling!" said Frances suddenly.

I paused, mollified.

"What, dear?" "Oh, I was talking to Tibbles," said

Frances loftily. "Well, talk away," I answered rather ruffled. "I expect you find him an ideal conversationalist, because he can't talk back. And anyway you won't have him long. He'll be off when you let go of him.

"He's going to stay for ever and ever," began Frances. And then the door-bell rang. Ahlice the maid was

by name Fluffie. I returned to the been no trouble.



Joan. "Mother, how shall I dress Augusta? She simply hasn't the figure FOR SHORT SKIRTS."

sitting-room and, Frances protesting, picked up Tibbles, née Fluffie, and handed him back.

"Thank you," said the lady from next door suspiciously. "I can't imagine how he got into your flat. I put him out on our roof to get a little exercise, out, and as it was my day I answered it. | because he had just eaten such a lot of There was a lady without, who asked | fish, and I didn't think he could ever if by any chance we had seen her kitten, | get over the parapet. But I hope he's

"Not at all," I said, fingering my tie. "I've been listening to his conversation with great interest. Let me tell you, however, he has a poor eye for colour.'

I returned with Frances to the sittingroom, murmuring "Poor lost starving kitten!" to myself.

"Red fox stole."—Advt. in Evening Paper. We see nothing very unusual in that. They 're always doing it.

ANYHOW ESSAYS.

IV.—THE TRUTH ABOUT HOLLYWOOD.

Hollywood are entirely wrong. It is instinct and speaks perfectly now. not a place of hectic luxury and flaunting vice. Far, far otherwise.

For some time I had feared a flat with Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON'S Alice warm feeling round the heart.

in Movieland it has come.

Bright lads and lasses from all parts of the habitable globe leave home to go to Hollywood. Hungary. Italy. Sweden. Germany. England. Spain. Douglas Fairbanks loves to browse has read "every worth while book, old This is true. Mrs. Williamson admits in history. "He goes back into the or new, under the sun." There are not

it. They like the notion of going on the screen. There is Money in the thing. There is Fame. But they don't value Money or Fame very much. Hardly at all, I think.

Quite clearly, on the evidence of the book, it is the literaryandartisticatmosphere of Hollywood that draws them more than anything else.

WOULDN'T IT PULL YOU?

Wonderful girls they have to be to get a chance of making good, with "eyes large as napkin-rings, lashes an inch long, a mouth shaped like a heart, an irresistible nose or a complete assortment of dimples." But I guess education is what they are after. They only seek Fame and Fortune, not to mention love and luxury, by the way.

And the same thing applies to the handsome, virile, magnetic young men. Culture, however much they may disguise it, even from themselves,

is the goal. For all the "zenith stars" of Hollywood are literary women

or literary men.

Film stars read books about architec-They browse in garden-books. They pore over two-volume tomes on the subject of old furniture. They are celebrated for their learning and their quick wit. Practically speaking, they are highbrows. . . .

> LET'S HAVE A LITTLE LIPSTICK FOR THE SOUL.

And I wonder that they are not more nervous about having this known.

You can talk poetry and romance with MARY PICKFORD in several languages . . . one of which is bird language, because "she has a canary bird are filled, but not crowded, with more out for yourself. . . .

Most of the vulgar notions about bird language, which Mary learnt by the leading bookworm."

But she speaks French and Italian I wonder, on the English stage?

just as well.

She likes to succeed in everything disillusionment of this kind. And now she does. It gives one such a nice

Doug too is a bit of a don.

Shopman. "WELL? Shopboy. "PLEASE, SIR, AM I STOSED T' CALL A PERSON WHO WANTS A PENN'ORTH O' CANARY SEED?"

period of his pictures, whatever it may be, and lives there till the film is finished." . . . Happily he does not have to go far, for most periods of history are kept on tap at Hollywood....

"Pola Negri is a reader of books before anything else, but they must be the right books. When she has found a book she loves, even if she has spent a hard tiresome day at the studio, she will take the book to bed with her and lie awake all night reading it. What she loves to do doesn't tire her."

She spends these studious vigils in a bedroom hung with rare old-gold | S.A., you are as nothing. brocade. .

Marion Davies knows "all of English history since the YEAR ONE.'

that must go with her wherever she speed, or Mary won't travel." She talks First editions are a craze with the élite to the bird and the bird talks to her in | in Movieland, but Bebe Daniels is easily

Who is the leading lady bookworm,

SAY, BABY, WHERE DO YOU GET OFF ON VOLTAIRE?

Mr. ADOLPHE MENJOU has read most of the books worth reading, and another

> many eminent literary critics who, even when elderly, are able to say as much as that....

The marvel is that the Zenith Stars can find so much time for orgies of the intellect, for they have many cares. Besides their work and their recreations they are most of them landowners at Hollywood, having several houses and large estates.

They also have to worry about their Fan Mail. It is true that they have secretaries to attend to their Fan Mail, but if their Fan Mail is falling off in quantity it means that they are losing hold on the public, that they are going down....

They have to attend the movie-theatres at Hollywood, and to take care that they are mobbed when going in. they are not severely mauled and pulled about by admirers that is another bad sign. . . .

And most of all they have to preserve their S.A. Nothing can be done at Hollywood without S.A.

S.A. is not exactly the same as Personal Magnetism, but it is some-

thing rather like it.

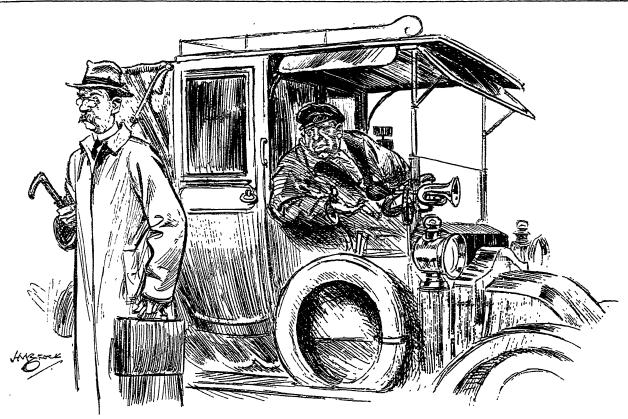
If you have seen actors and actresses on the screen whose names you cannot remember, who made no lasting impression on you, the people at Hollywood would tell you the cause. . . .

"THE POOR FISH HAS NO S.A."

If you have beauty and wealth and wonderful garments and health and cheerfulness at Hollywood yet have not

You are a Calamity, a Dud.

And if you think I am going to tell sh history since the YEAR ONE." you what S. A. stands for, you are "The bookshelves of Bebe Daniels very much mistaken. You must find



Taxi-Driver (to fare who has given no tip). "I should say pound-notes slip through your fingers as easy as fly-papers!"

And then there are troubles with Rivals. . . .

And then there are troubles with Directors, every one of whom is a dynamo, and probably a temperamental dynamo at that.

And trouble with Scenario Makers, and Producers and Cutters, and Continuity Men.

It's a weary life, you would think, for Hollywood stars. Even though they use understudies when only their back view is required.

But they never falter.

Bright, gracious and witty, they spend their time in Venetian and Tudor palaces, improving their minds. They ring the bell for the English butler. He comes in.

"FETCH ME 'THE CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON.'"

He brings it in on a silver salver, bows and retires. . . .

You must have seen that happen many a time on the screen.

But does the public want to know all this?

Will it not shatter their dreams to learn that Doug Fairbanks and the world's sweetheart are always swotting away at the Early Fathers or reading Goethe aloud to the canary?

Does it fit your notion of GLOBIA SWANSON to think of her humming the Norse eddas to herself or mugging up the list of Merovingian kings?

Was it wise for the Film Stars to confess all this?

Does it do any good to their S.A.?

When I go to the movies or the quickies—that is the name of the more patchwork kind of film—I want to see Magnetism, Beauty, Virility, Grace.

YES, SIR.

I don't go to see a lot of blessed bookworms condescending to leave their libraries for a moment in order to improve my intellectual tone. . . .

Haven't I got the programme and the sub-titles to read? EvoE.

Knowledge Comes . . .

A few extracts from essays written by children after a lecture entitled "The Relation of the Royal Navy to Empire Trade":—

"The supremacy of our Navy has more than once kept us from infection."

"Whenever there are not any wars the Navy are active."

"Australia grows a quantity of apples, pears, peaches, frozen mutton and other things which are sent to the colonies."

"Canada grows beautiful red apples and other tinned fauits."

THE WATCHMAKER'S SHOP.

A STREET in our town Has a queer little shop With tumble-down walls And a thatch on the top; And all the wee windows With crookedy panes Are shining and winking With watches and chains. (All sorts and all sizes In silver and gold, And brass ones and tin ones And new ones and old; And clocks for the kitchen And clocks for the hall. High ones and low ones And wag-at-the-wall.) The watchmaker sits On a long-leggéd seat And bids you the time Of the day when you meet; And round and about him There's ticketty-tock From the tiniest watch To the grandfather clock. I wonder he doesn't Get tired of the chime And all the clocks ticking And telling the time; But there he goes winding Lest any should stop, This queer little man In the watchmaker's shop.

EXPLORING ALL AVENUES.

I.

The proprietor was showing his senior clerk an advertisement he intended to display.

"What do you think of it, Mr.

Biffin?" he asked.

The old clerk gulped hard and lied courageously.

"Very good indeed, Sir," he answered. The proprietor fixed him with a glar-

ing eve.

"Are you saying that," he demanded, because it is the truth or because it is the right thing to say?"

For a second the subordinate hesi-

tated.

"Surely, Sir," he murmured, "you do not differentiate between the two."

The Editor of Snip-Snaps regrets that the enclosed contribution is unsuitable for his publication.

II.

A little-known story is told of a curate, now vicar of a populous parish, who once silenced the redoubtable Archbishop Temple. The Primate had described a scheme he intended introducing and asked the young man's opinion of it.

"Splendid, your Grace-splendid!"

was the immediate response.

"Do you say that," growled TEMPLE, "because it is the truth or because it is

the right thing to say?"

"I am surprised that your Grace should acknowledge any difference between the two," was the guileless rejoinder.

The Editor presents his compliments and regrets that the enclosed is not suitable for *The Evening Trumpet*.

III.

I looked in vain through Mr. Poppicock's Life of Dr. Johnson for a characteristic incident that illustrates the great man's integrity and wit in repartee. Johnson had warmly complimented a gentleman of his acquaintance on a maiden effort in literature when the recipient of his encomiums injudiciously asked—

"Do you make these flattering remarks, Doctor, because they are true or because you consider them the right

things to say?"

"Sir," replied the famous lexicographer sternly, "no honest man would differentiate between the two."

The Editor of O. K.'s Weekly regrets he cannot make use of your contribution, which he returns with compliments and thanks.

IV.

Boys and girls should find inspiration in a little story from the youth of GEORGE WASHINGTON. One day he was out visiting with his father when the latter praised the paintings of his host.

"Mr. Washington," inquired the artist, "do you really mean the kind words you say or are you just saying

the right thing?"

Little George turned frank surprised

eyes to his father's face.

"Father," he asked wonderingly, "can there be any difference between the two?"

The Editress of The Pets' Periodical is greatly obliged by the offer of the enclosed MS. and so much regrets she is unable to make use of it.

v.

The monk Papula, the seven-hundredth anniversary of whose birth is being held this week at Bumblebeigh, was a stalwart unflinching man who did not fear to speak his mind in the presence of kings.

A servile courtier was making a flattering remark to HENRY III. when the

King stopped him.

"Sayest thou that in sooth, Sir Knight," he snapped, "or because it be

courtesy so to say?"

"An England were ruled righteously," commented the bold monk, with his flashing eyes on the monarch's face, "verily they twain would be one."

Church Chimes. Returned with the Editor's regrets.

VI.

At the —— Club the other day I scored rather neatly off the cantankerous Earl of ——. I had taken the liberty of congratulating his Lordship on a speech he had made the previous week, when he turned on me in his well-known brusque manner.

"Are you saying that," he said gruffly, "because it is the truth or because it is the correct thing to say?"

"I do not recognise any difference between the two," I said promptly, and left him speechless.

The Editor of *The Daily Hoot* can use your par. with some slight alterations.

From "Lady Polly's Prattle" in The

Daily Hoot:-

"Oh, my dears, I must tell you this. At dinner the other evening I made a really truly growly belted earl squirm. I had told him how much I liked a little speech he had made, when he turned on me in his most growly belted early manner.

"'Do you say that, Lady Polly,' he snorted, 'because it is the truth or because it is the correct thing to say?'

"'Not being an earl,' I replied in my honeyest voice, 'I don't recognise any

difference between the two.'

"You should have heard the titter that went round the table, my dears; and at the first opportunity his gruffiness made a hurried exit. But don't you think it served him right?"

VOX ROTARIANA.

Now is Trade no more a traffic Proper to the teeming mart, But Beneficence seraphic And a function of the heart Oftrevealing in its dealing the profundity of Art.

Gone the wary circumspection
That encompassed it of old,
For a brotherly affection
In the seller for the sold
(When one has it) is an asset more
dependable than gold;

While the Service which has pressed her

Stamp on high commercial zeals, And the business deals of yester-

day, transfigured to Ideels
Seem to notify a motif that abundantly appeals.

House of This and House of Tother From their proud palatial haunts Vie in beatific pother

To supply my little wants

With the fussing and discussing of a
dozen maiden aunts.

And the very hint of dross, it
Has an inharmonious sound,
So they ask for no deposit
When a customer is found
(Scenting squalor in the dollar and pollution in the pound).

Both the higher and the humble
Are as one upon this head,
Yet, methinks, I hear a grumble
That, when everything is said
For its working, there are lurking files
upon the ginger-bread.

"He delights in serving freely,
I, that he shall serve me free;
So our aspirations telepathically must agree."
Thus will reason for a season the
delighted creditee.

delighted creditee.
Till his Tailor, with a bill that
May have run a year or less,
Making hay of the goodwill that

Lives to cherish and to bless,
Urges "payment" for the raiment "to
avoid unpleasantness."

Another Sex Problem.

"----s Ltd. . . . req. Certified Masseuse Bath Man."-Advt. in Provincial Paper.



Anxious Inhabitant. "Pulling the road up again! But you've only just repaired it." Workman. "My mate went an' left 'is tools behind, Sir."

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

XIII .- THE NOBLE ANIMAL.

Well Trix dear I do think the horse is the most unbalanced and fraudulent object don't you, and that reminds me, masses of thanks for your celestial letter and it's quite angelic that you may be coming to London, but no darling I do as if he was merely evading her, so that not think that Mr. Haddock would suit you, well of course it's too prohibitive to express in words but what I mean is well for one thing I should hate you to have the weeest whiff of unhappiness spiritual note, and my dear don't think and really he is the most equibiguous I'm being the least bit uncongenial

I'm warning you off or anything female because really my dear I 'm wildly lukewarm and honestly my dear he spends the whole time introducing me to nice friends of his whom he'd like me to marry, my dear too Christian, and sometimes it really looks as if he really liked a girl and other times it merely looks what with one thing and another one simply never knows where you are, but what I meant about you darling, well with all his faults he does strike a rather man, well for instance, but don't think darling but my dear there are people because as a matter of fact I'm not

who are obviously incompatible aren't there?

Well for instance I was going to tell you, you see after my scene with Uncle Arthur about the stags' heads and the shooting and everything, well whether it was something I said or what but this time they asked Mr. Haddock down here. because really my dear he's the only man I know who can look at a cockpheasant without wishing he had a gun, and well Uncle Arthur said that since we were both so keen on dumb animals we'd better go horse-riding together, which was rather unworthy perhaps Mr. Haddock was exactly born in the saddle, however they chartered two anamic creatures from Wratchet-inthe-Hole and this afternoon off we

Well my dear Mr. Haddock had a sort of black creature and I had a blonde, my dear the complete image of Catherine Tarver with the same ten-andsixpenny auburn and the same sloppy eye, but my dear they both looked Nature's lambs only as Mr. Haddock said for sheer hippocrisy there's nothing not he has the most corrupting influence on them and nearly always they do

wore the most irrelevant clothes, my dear grey flannel trousers and black shoes and a pair of Uncle Arthur's gaiters and my dear I do think that horses feel it if you don't dress up for them perhaps, well as long as we were in the grounds they behaved like nuns, but my dear the moment we were on the road they developed the most congenital habits, well my creature had that adolescent trick of tossing its head back and flattening a girl's nose if you're not very careful and my dear the whole time it was wanting to eat, and Mr. Haddock's horse

was quite incapable of trotting or walking it merely ambled and my dear whenever he said "Gee-up" or made those plebeian tongue-sounds which my dear every horse is supposed to understand it simply stood on its hind-legs and walked round in circles waving its fore-paws and my dear looking too self-satisfied, well Mr. Haddock retained contact all right and really my dear he looked rather Cadogan but all the same we decided to cut out encouraging noises with the result my dear that we simply crawled and the sensual horse was determined to eat.

Well Uncle Arthur had warned us not to go through Wratchet-in-the-Hole because it was market-day or something frantic, however Mr. Haddock seemed to have a particular craving to go through Wratchet-in-the-Hole and call

street of W.-in-the-H. my blonde beast went mad, and my dear it gravitated to the nearest shop and put its head in at the window, because my dear there was went hacking or hocking or whatever no glass and my dear if it had been a greengrocer's one could have understood it but what was so perfectly uncanny and humbling, my dear it was a fish-shop and what do you think it merely removed the hugest tin label with Fine FRESH HADDOCK on it and lolloped down the street with this redundant object in its teeth, well of course the entire population of W. followed us, my like a horse and he said that lambs or dear I blushed all down my back but worse far worse was to come, my dear you won't believe me but it went straight



Father Wolf (setting off). "I WISH YOU'D WRITE A STIFF NOTE TO THE LAUNDRY. THIS SHEEP'S CLOTHING HAS SHRUNK ABOMINABLY."

its fore-knees and dropped the Fine FRESH HADDOCK at his feet!!! And then my dear it got up and walked on in the most fraternal manner as if nothing had happened, well of course the policeman stopped us and he took the names my dear when it came out that Mr. Haddock's name was Haddock it all looked too utterly felonious and improper, well when at last we got away Mr. Haddock said I know what, these horses have been in a Circus, and it turned out afterwards that's just what been one of those morbid mathematical alphabet and everything, and they say whenever it sees large print it loses control, and Mr. Haddock's horse used to do that superfluous hind-leg waltzing through Wratchet-in-the-H., and my told us that the creatures had abso- your true friend Topsy.

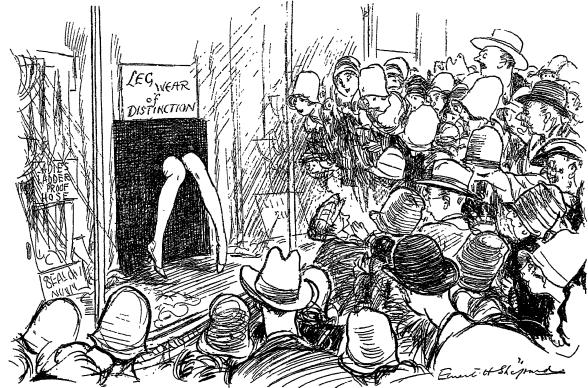
Nature's horse-woman, and I doubt if dear the moment we were in the main lutely no vice which was perfectly true but my dear I do think that a horse's parlour tricks can be just as anti-social as its vices don't you?

Well after this we ambled along the road some way without a crisis and talked and Mr. Haddock as usual said I ought to get married and I said why and he said because I was Nature's ray of sunshine and he knew herds of distracting bachelors who would simply tumble for me; so I said come to that why don't you get married yourself, well my dear he shook his head and looked too significant, my dear the complete secret-sorrow expression and I was just going to press him because I was sure he wanted to be pressed something perfectly malignant and un- up to a policeman on point duty out- when as luck would have it he sighed expected, well my dear of course he side the Town Hall and knelt down on loudly and his horse stood on its hindwhen as luck would have it he sighed

legs again, my dear this is gospel, so after that we kept off all delicate subjects, well when we got to the Greens' place at that moment Mrs. Green herself rode out of the gate on the most expensive-looking horse and my dear she's the loveliest girl, I loathed her at sight, and my dear she looked at me like something under a stone, and suddenly it flashed across me that perhaps Mr. Haddock had a hopeless passion for her, well of course my dear I felt too inopportune so I took my horse along the hedge and let it eat while they talked, well my dear

they murmured and all went well but when my meretricious horse had eaten half the hedge it cocked up its head and saw a large No TRESPASSERS board stuck in the hedge and my dear without a moment's hesitation it merely plucked and addresses of everybody present, and it out of the hedge and cantered back and knelt down and deposited it in front of Mrs. Green (!), my dear too pointed, I was wrapped in shame, well of course after that I declined to have any more truck with the animal so we left the horses there and came home in the charmer's car, well my dear all the way more we crawled my dear the more my they were, my dear my creature had Mr. Haddock was perfectly lethargic and broody, so my dear you do see what horses which pick out the letters of the I mean about your happiness darling because if it's a question of a girl's happiness I do not think that he's a fraction more reliable than that ruddimentary horse, and my dear in this life act when the band keeps time with it isn't enough to be a noble animal and on some friends of his so we went them, my dear too wearing, well they'd have no vices, so you see what I mean





PUBLICITY.

AN ENTERPRISING HOSIER DRAWS INSPIRATION FROM A TIME-HONOURED FORM OF EXPOSURE.

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

-THE FAIRY GIFT.

ONCE there was a fairy who used to fly about and give people fairy gifts, and one day she flew into the diningroom of Miss Flock's school when nobody was there, and they were just going to have dinner and there were a lot of grapes on the sideboard, because Miss Flock believed in giving children plenty of fruit, it saved doctors' bills.

So the fairy touched one of the grapes and she said whoever eats this grape will know more than anybody else in this school, and then she flew away because she had other things to do.

Well the time came to eat the grapes, and Miss Flock said to Diana Willing who was the head girl now Diana you divide the grapes up equally and you must all eat your grapes slowly because they are rather expensive and you wouldn't get them at most schools.

So Diana divided the grapes up quite fairly, because she could be trusted to do that, and the one who got the grape that the fairy had touched was Joyce Saunders who was only eleven and the youngest girl in the school, and her father was a member of parliament and she was rather a favourite with Miss Flock.

Well when they began to eat their grapes Miss Flock said Joyce you seem to have a few more grapes than the others I think you might give one to Polly.

So Joyce said oh yes I should like to Miss Flock, and she gave the grape that the fairy had touched to Polly, who was Miss Flock's parrot and was sitting on his perch near the

and took the grape in one of its claws cage Mary and put a tablecloth over it. and began to nibble at it.

grapes and Miss Flock told them about Magna Carta, because she believed in improving conversation, but the girls didn't care for it much, it was too much like lessons.

So when Miss Flock had told them all she could remember about Magna Carta she said now I wonder if anybody can tell me the date of that.

And before anybody could speak the parrot held up its claw and said 1215.

Well they all laughed at that and they thought it was rather wonderful but the parrot must have heard somebody saying it, and Miss Flock laughed chain off my leg.

too and she said to the parrot I shall have to make you teacher of history Polly.

And the girls laughed at that because Miss Flock liked them to laugh when she made jokes, and the parrot imitated them laughing and made it seem rather rude, and then it said Flock you're a silly old fool and you wear

Well Miss Flock did wear a wig but she didn't like people to know it, and she got very red and she said to the girls don't listen to what Polly says, I bought him from a sailor and now his bad language is coming out. And then and she bundled it into the cage and she said to the maid who had just come shut the door.

The Parrot. "Who kissed the postman this morning?"

But the parrot screamed at her and Well nothing happened for a little it said if you do that I shall bite your time but they all went on eating their | finger to the bone, who kissed the postman this morning?

Well the maid had kissed the postman that morning but it was quite proper because she was engaged to him, but she didn't want Miss Flock to know about it yet, and Miss Flock was very shocked and she said what is this Mary, girls go out of the room and | peck at their toes. get ready for lessons.

And the parrot screamed out yes you go and get ready for lessons, I haven't had any lessons but I know more than any of you, and I know more than you Flock you skinny old vulture, take this

Well the girls were very shocked and they couldn't make out what had havpened to the parrot and Miss Flock couldn't either but she was very angry at being called a skinny old vulture and directly the girls had gone out of the room she said to the maid throw this tablecloth over his head and then you can put him in his cage, and if he doesn't learn to be more polite we will drown him in the pond.

So the maid did that and the parrot was very angry and it tried to bite her through the tablecloth and it did get in one little nip but it didn't hurt much

Well of course the parrot was quite sensible enough since it had eaten the grape to see that things couldn't go on like that, so the next time it saw Miss Flock it said look here old turtle dove 1 'm sorry I lost my temper this morning but you know you wouldn't like it yourself if they fastened a chain to your leg now would you?

And Miss Flock said well perhaps I shouldn't but then I don't happen to be a parrot, I always thought you were a nice bird but now I see you are not and I am going to sell you.

Well the parrot was really rather glad to find that she wasn't going to drown it, but it didn't quite like the idea of being sold to somebody else so it said oh I shouldn't do that if I were you, and Miss Flock said why not?

And the parrot said well because I could teach history and geography and all those things in your school, and I shouldn't want any money for it, I don't care about money I like nuts.

Well Miss Flock thought that table, and the parrot said scratch a poll in to clear away put the parrot in his was rather a good idea because she liked saving money, so she arranged with the parrot that it should have its chain taken off and have plenty of nuts, and the parrot promised not to call her a skinny old vulture or anything like that before the girls. And it took several classes in the school and it did it very well because it knew more than anybody else in the school, and if any of the girls didn't behave properly it used to jump off its desk and waddle up to them and

> Well that went on for some time, and Miss Flock got plenty of new girls in her school because people were interested in having them taught by a parrot, and they said it was very wonderful.

> Well at the end of the term they had a prize-giving and plenty of people came



CONSCIENTIOUS MUSICIAN KEEPS BENEFACTRESS WAITING TILL HE'S FINISHED THE TUNE.

time the parrot had got rather tired of teaching in the school and it said to itself I really don't see why I should take all this trouble for a few filberts, and I don't see much good in knowing more than anybody else, but I'll just wait and see what happens at the prizegiving

Well the prizes were given away by the uncle of one of the girls who would have been made a member of parliament if the other gentleman hadn't won, and he made a very good speech to the girls, and he said he wished he was a girl himself so as to be taught by Miss Flock, because if she could teach a parrot to be so clever no wonder she could teach girls.

And everybody clapped and then they called out for the parrot to make a speech.

And the parrot imitated them clapping and calling out, and when they laughed at that it imitated them laughing and made it sound very rude, and it ended up with crowing like a cock and saying pretty Polly scratch a poll and scratching at itself for fleas.

Well Miss Flock grew quite red and dear?

to it because of the parrot, but by that | she said Polly behave yourself, and the parrot said hold your tongue Flock, your toes are coming through both your stockings and you're too lazy to darn them. And it said to the gentleman who had given away the prizes I wish you'd keep your fleas to yourself you oily old penguin, and started scratching at itself again.

So that was the end of the parrot teaching at the school and Miss Flock had to sell it, and when it went away it said something so rude to her that it wouldn't do to write it down. when it went to its new place it didn't talk much more than an ordinary parrot, but it remembered a few rude things to say when it wanted some more nuts.

"To taste these delicious Russian Lampreys is to sympathise with King John. 2s. 6d. a tin."—Advt. in Darly Paper.

Yes, poor John. His great-grandfather perished of a surfeit of this delicacy.

"For entertainment a young girl performed the famous 'danse du venture,' which won much applause from admirers of this form of terpsichorean art."—Provincial Paper.

But rather risky, don't you think, my

AUTUMN'S SPLENDOURS.

Don't miss the autumn's splendours," In tube and train we're told; Out, walkers and week-enders, Campaigners of both genders, To wood and weald and wold, Where leaves are lavish spenders And prodigal of gold.

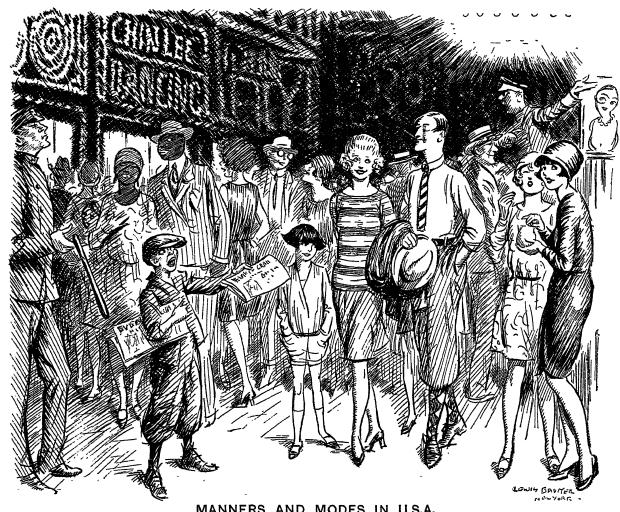
But toes that toast on fenders Are not to be cajoled; Home-keepers and hearth-tenders Will make no more surrenders To wet and mud and cold; Nor can dead leaves be menders Of hopes that summer sold.

Our Delicate Advertisers.

"KENNEL NOTICES. For Sale.-Two lovely Fox-Terrier Girls of high degree, seven weeks old. Rs. 30 each."—Ceylon Paper.

"Burglars who climbed to a room from tombstones in an adjoining churchyard and broke into a music shop in Guildtord High Street, cut a large hole in the safe and got away with £0. The money represented the takings at a concert at Guildford on Saturday alternoon." Evening Paper.

This seems to us rather a gloomy little tale.



MANNERS AND MODES IN U.S.A.

THE LIGHTS OF BROADWAY.

(By Mr. Punch's Representative on the spot).

THE SISTER.

Unlike each other As kids can be, Though he 's my brother, Are James and me; And they don't know whether That's why we two Get on together As well as we do.

For I love roses And woods and stars. Bu: I hate noses Of motor-cars; We both love candy And we both love buns, But I'm not very handy With howitzer guns.

And I like dreaming By the nursery fire And to see things gleaming That I desire; But he likes morning, And he rides a bike.

And he's fearfully scorning Of the things I like.

And he runs much faster, And his knees are brown, And he doesn't want plaster When he tumbles down; And he knows about flying And why they stall, And he never starts crying At nothing at all.

But I'm the inventor Of 'majnative games Which nobody can enter But only James; They are frightfully clever, And they don't seem true To anyone whatever Except we two.

"As she stepped ashore, her face lit up with a smile and walked to her hotel."

Daily Paper.

It is hard on these occasions not to lose one's head.

A SOUND REFORM.

THE decision of the Government to appoint a Minister of Biography (with portfolio) will secure the unqualified approval of sane authors and respectable publishers alike. Subscribers to circulating libraries and readers in general will also regard the new Ministry as a blessing and a boon.

The case of Mr. A. J. Budkins, of Islington, who recently died of apoplexy on discovering that QUEEN VICTORIA was not considered beautiful, or even tall, by certain eminent statesmen in the early part of her reign, will be fresh in the public mind; and a similar catastrophe has now befallen an old gentleman in Lancashire, who, on meeting suddenly, after a large and varied tea which included lobster, the sentence, "DISRAELI whispered in the ear of the aged and austere Mr. Bright, as he helped him into his overcoat, 'After all, Mr. Вкіснт, we both know very well what brings

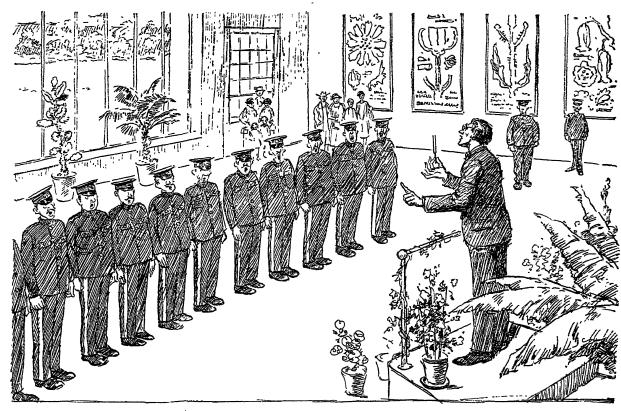


IN THE MOVEMENT; OR, THE NEW DENTALITY.

SOVIET WOLF. "WHAT'S THE IDEA?"
BRITISH LION. "OH, ALL THE BEST PEOPLE ARE THINKING OF HAVING SOME OF
THEIR TEETH DRAWN."

SOVIET WOLF. "THEN I'M WITH YOU." (Aside) "IT MIGHT GET ME BACK INTO SOCIETY."

[The Russian Soviet is proposing to take part in the next Disarmament Conference.]



UNKNOWN SIGHTS OF LONDON.

Constables of Kew Gardens receiving musical instruction in order to improve their rendering of the "All Out" crx.

into a coma, from which he has not yet, alas! emerged.

Nor has the large angry crowd which, some years ago, broke the windows of a bookseller's shop in Eastbourne with its umbrellas, after perusing Mr. Lytton STRACHEY'S Eminent Victorians, ceased to terrify in retrospect the less excitable members of one of our most beautiful seaside resorts.

It is contrary to public policy that the idols of popular esteem should be constantly shattered without supervision or direction from the Government of the day. Nor is the suppression, or even the burning on November bonfires, of indiscreet memoirs a sufficient remedy.

Few publishers are likely to refrain from biography when they perceive a hitherto unexploited gold-mine in the corpse of an eminent person lately dead, and a mass of letters still remains unthumbed which, in the stately words of Tennyson, may easily prove

" Noteven Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean."

It was indeed only with the greatest difficulty that a young biographer was restrained the other day from publishing a letter which showed that one of

you and me here: ambition,""—passed | habit of drinking tea out of his saucer with a loud sucking noise.

The intention of the Government, we understand, is to divide the lives of all eminent persons, living and dead, into three classes, numbered in accordance with their desirability from the publishing point of view, and designated as under-

- 1. Available for Calumny.
- " Faint Praise.
- " Butter Only.

No life will be released from the third classification into the second, or from the second into the first, without the direct permission of the Minister of Biography. But, in order to obviate political bias, an independent tribunal, representing every variety of party, notion of morals and sectarian belief, will in the first instance consider and report upon the application for release.

Relatives of the deceased will be called in evidence. But the testimony of butlers, chauffeurs, lady's-maids, domestic servants and gardeners, unless still retained by the family, will be barred.

It may be pointed out that the suppression of scandalous details with regard to living persons in divorce cases and other actions before the Courts has our stateliest national figures was in the already begun to whet the appetite of

the earnest reader for curious anecdotes regarding the dead, and the manufacture of biographies threatens to become as important a national industry as that of soap, chocolates and pills. As great a need surely exists that the health of the commonweal should be preserved from danger in the former case as in the latter.

American biographies, or those translated from the German or French, will be scrutinised with especial care, the French in particular being guilty of a deplorable levity in their treatment of Victorian idealism, which they seem to consider, in the words of a modern littérateur, all guff.

Time, however, the great healer, lessens the shock of disillusionment, and it is felt that not much harm will be done if lives are permitted to pass by decent gradations from category to category, teaching the great lesson which a poet has enshrined in the memorable quatrain:-

> Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, Leaving in our desks behind us Not much evidence of crime.

May we suggest in connection with the new Ministry that a post might be found this time for one of the more responsible amongst our younger men? EVOE.

SAN GUIDO.

ALL went well on the memorable evening, and certainly the Little Boy enjoyed himself hugely.

The Catherine-wheels whizzed gloriously, and by the exercise of astonishing dexterity his father once got three of them going simultaneously from one match. True he burnt his fingers smartly in the process, but he thrust them so hurriedly in his mouth that his | think we might say Daddy, don't you?" explosive exclamation, "Oh, dabbit!" sounded as harmless as the most solicitous mother of a Little Boy could GUY FAWKES." desire.

The crackers were satisfactorily noisy, the squibs spluttered nobly, the Roman candles were indubitably the finest ever manufactured, while the volcances and coloured-fires transformed the little garden into a very fairyland of enchantment. As Master of Ceremonies Daddy surpassed himself, and when a cracker, jumping into the turn-up of his right trouser-leg, burnt a large hole he behaved as if the occurrence were a great joke. As for the Little Boy, he laughed till tears of pure happiness trickled down his chubby face.

In the intervals the Little Boy struck a whole box of Bengal-lights unaided, and with such assurance that his mother sighed, picturing him already on the threshold of manhoodwhich is the funny thought that sometimes overwhelms these ridiculous mothers of Little Boys of four.

Finally the climax of the sublime evening arrived, and the Little Boy, striking yet another match, gingerly ignited the bonfire. The flames leaped and crackled and the sparks shot out magnificently. The three watchers regarded it almost re-

verently. Suddenly and much too soon the guy toppled and fell forward from its perch. With thrilling heroism Daddy snatched it from the flames and replaced it on the top of the pile, sustaining a singed eyebrow and two scorched fingers in the act. In that moment did the Little Boy stand exultant on the topmost peak of the Mountains of Bliss.

Later, when the ashes of the bonfire were cold and the Little Boy was in bed and presumed to be asleep, his parents heard a small voice calling

Mummy! Mummy!"
"Good Lord! Still awake?" exclaimed his father.

"Mummy," said a sleepy voice, "who was the best man that ever lived?"

"My dear," protested Mummy, intensely relieved. "What a difficult question to ask at this time of night!"

"But, Mummy, who was?" persisted the sleepy voice.

Mummy reflected. "Well, after this evening, I really

"No," replied the Little Boy decidedly. "Not Daddy. I fink it was

his mother, and flew upstairs. "What atonality, were not without a certain is it, my darling?" cadaverous charm. M. Epaminondas Hypsilanti, who sang a number of ballads in the familiar trochaic tetrameter catalectic metre, has intelligence, but needs more nasal resonance in his middle registers, where the voice is a little woolly; and his intonation is at times defective. Otherwise the excellence of his intentions redeemed, in part at least, his failure in achievement.

Mr. Orlo Odstock.

In one respect at least Mr. Orlo Odstock, who gave a recital at the Podolian

Hall on Thursday, is unique among modern pianists in his successful exploitation of the extreme sonorities of the keyboard. The tone that he extracts from the highest notes in the treble alternately suggests the squeak of a bat and the most devastating shrieks of a delirious superpiccolo. These gifts enabled him to impart wholly new and unexpected significance to the compositions of standard composers. He played a pastorale by SCARLATTI so that it sounded like Gershwin; a nocturne by Chopin in his hands acquired a stertorous rubato suggestive of a wilderness of saxophones. In short, Mr. Odstock is a demonic, I had almost said a pandemonic, player. He may not always inspire approval of his methods, but he cannot be ignored. He lends colour and excitement to the musical atmosphere as a petrol-pump to the drab landscape of a village.



JOSEPH'S COAT (SECOND-HAND).

[Sir Alfred Mond has declared himself in favour of regarding the British Empire as an economic unit, much on the lines of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's Imperial Zollverein proposals of 1903.]

MUSICAL CRITICISM À LA MODE.

A NEAR-EASTERN CONCERT.

THE Anglo-Klephtic Music Society gave its first concert last Friday at the Pallikar Hall, in Greek Street, Soho. We have become familiar of late with the work of modern Thessalian ballad-writers, but the names of Papadiamantopoulo (1770–1834), Marigo Colocotronis (1790–1841) and Panagioti Papoutsiaki (1812–1837) are practically unknown to London amateurs. They were represented by several short instrumental pieces for a quartet of shepherd's pipes, ranging in compass from the piccolo to the bassoon, which,

MADAME LODDY LUBROVITCH.

The Bessarabian lady who made her début at the Slovakian Hall last Saturday is a distinctly promising if somewhat elusive singer. Her voice is not of the rich "plummy" contralto

quality, but it is fairly full, and reminds us at different times of a bass clarinet. a mirliton and a Klaxon motor-horn. This variety is not without its merits, but we cannot help feeling that it conduces to that elusiveness already hinted at. And yet she has solid qualities on which she can draw at times with excellent effect. In a song by Borodin, "The Ploughman of the Steppes," she attained a fine plantigrade breadth of phrase. Notable also was the remarkable variety of facial expression which she has at her disposal. One could hardly believe that it was toe same person who sang the Papuan Love Song, the Siberian Serenade and Bobolinsky's "A chill. I knew he would," shrieked | though somewhat disconcerting in their | "Ode to the Anopheles Mosquito."



PRIDE OF RACE.

Scotsman (watching Continental Troups of Acrobats). "Losh, Maggie, I never saw the like o't in a' ma life." His Wife. "Jook, A'm thenkin' they mun be Scots."

THE EMERGENCY POUND.

WHEN we acquired our "forty horsepower" Cliché, secondhand and rather rattly, I made up my mind that we must be ready for emergencies, and accordingly I put in a side-pocket of the car a one-pound treasury note. I told my wife what I had done and added. "Remember, Audrie, the pound must always be in the car."

"What's the pound for?" Audrie

wanted to know.

"It is intended to get us home in the event of a breakdown," I replied. "It may prove to be a very pleasant help in time of trouble."

you better make it two pounds?" Audrie said.

"I'm sorry, but one pound is all I can afford at the moment. Heaven knows the Cliché has cost me quite enough as it is."

"How can the pound always be in the car?" Audrie wondered. "If its time comes and it's taken out, why then it's gone, isn't it?"

I was patient with

"At the earliest possible moment another pound must be substituted. Obviously, if a reserve fund is to be of any use we must have it as it were constantly on tap."

"I don't like the idea of carrying all that money about loose."

"It isn't 'all that money,'" I returned. "It's just a pound. And it isn't loose. It's quite tight—as English money nowadays nearly always is, my

"Well, don't blame me if it disappears," was Audrie's unsatisfactory reply, my pretty humour having escaped her.

Days slipped by and we had plenty of opportunity to test the Cliché. What a car! The gears were ghastly; the forty horse-power rating was a myth; the nippy acceleration so necessary to not to steal it. manœuvres in close traffic was nonexistent, and radical big-end trouble set in before the completion of our first five hundred miles. A day out with Cliche, and very often a night out as picion. well.

For the periodical heavy liabilities

inadequate to meet, recourse was had to the greater elasticity of my chequebook, and as a result of this practice a few weeks found us with an overdraft,

"Though our motoring misfortunes have so far been on a large scale," I said to my wife, "I still cling to the idea that we may at any time sustain trouble of a cheapish kind for which the pound can be utilised, so do not, Audrie, touch the pound."

Audrie at this made such a significant face at me that I suspected her of having already touched the pound, and that it maddening?" evening, choosing a moment when I "If we were a long way from home thought she was busy, I crept into our things to me." it mightn't be nearly enough. Hadn't bijou garage, stumbled over the car and l

EARLY PRACTICE; OR, PLAYING AT PEDESTRIANS.

felt for the pound. There it was. While I was identifying it by the light of an electric torch a slight noise caused me to realise that my wife had come into the garage after me.

ously and furtively when you thought | pocket in search of it. I wasn't looking. So that 's what you're after, is it? Oh, Herbert!"

It was awkward that Audrie should have arrived just at that moment, and I had difficulty in persuading her that I had come to inspect the pound and

"Don't protest so much if you're innocent," she said coldly. "Put it back and come to bed.

I obeyed, with an uneasy feeling that the Cliché was a day out with the I should be for some time under sus-

It was during that night that a most thus incurred, which the reserve was burglary, resulting in the abstraction yours truly Snide Ike."

of the Cliché, and naturally the pound went with it. I had neglected to lock up the bijou garage after my inspection. and the Cliché had been a gift for somebut with the emergency pound still body, except that I wondered how on intact. I refused to broach it. engine, a feat that I could practically never do myself. The whole affair was most startling, and Audrie was quite upset.

> "I heard a car in the night," she kept saying, wild-eyed and excitable, "you know how one does, and it was ours all the time. Oh, Herbert, what shall we do? We aren't insured. Isn't

"Keep calm," I answered, "and leave

I went and saw the police. The police were affable and interested, but beyond assur-

ing me that the theft was almost certainly the work of Snide Ike. the renowned carsnatcher — suspected, from information received, of being in the neighbourhood — they professed themselves, for the moment only, baffled. Should anything of importance "transpire" I would be duly notified.

The following morning, as it happened, something of the greatest importance "transpire," and I was notified of it by Audrie. I came down to breakfast, to be greeted by my wife rushing in and shrieking-

"It's back, it's back! It's in the garage. Come and look. Quickly!"

I went and stared. There once more in the garage stood the Cliché, looking mouldier than ever. My first thought "Caught you!" she exclaimed. "I was, however, for the pound, and hursaw you sneaking in here very mysteri- riedly I plunged my hand into the side-

Alas, I found not the pound but a small piece of paper, which I took out and unfolded. What was this?

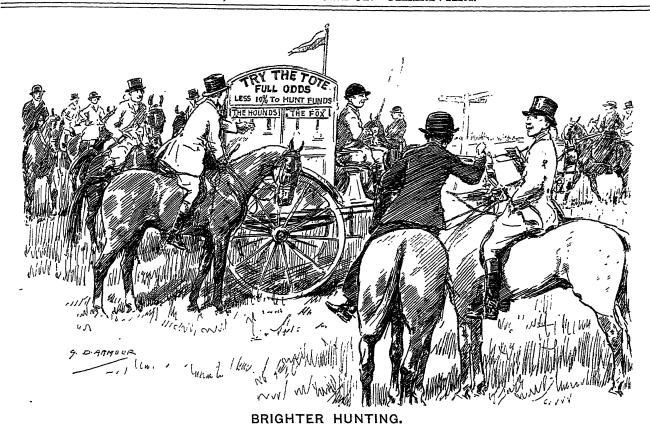
"Is it the note?" cried my wife excitedly.

"It is a note," I replied, "but unfortunately not a treasury note."

"Oh, don't be funny," implored Audrie, dancing with impatience and irritation. "What does it say?"

This was what the note said—an illiterate document and, as it seemed to me, in execrable taste:—

"Dere sir i thank you for the pun extraordinary event occurred, to wit a note i can get some change out of that



She. "There ought to be a good scent to-day. I'm going to back the hounds."

He. "Everybody's doing that. You'll only get about ten to one on. I'm having my little flutter on the fox."

LAUS ASINORUM.

[''Scott's little finger is mightier than the thigh of any one among us men and women who are writing novels to-day. He may have been primitive in technique as compared with some moderns, just as Beethoven may have been primitive beside certain modern writers of music, but I have only heard one ass in my life hold Beethoven less than the living. He was an actor.''—Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Joining those who never fail or falter In their fealty to good Sir Walter, Eden Phillpotts, further illustrating Fashionable modes of hero-baiting, Says he knew one asinine detractor Of Beethoven, and he was an actor.

Actors, as we see, in many quarters
Have no lack of strenuous supporters,
Both among the classes and the masses;
Why drag in the blameless race of asses,
In pursuance of the old convention
Which denies them honourable mention,
Singling them from out the brute
creation

As a butt for special denigration?
For the ass, considered justly, sanely,
Though his voice is harsh, his gait
ungainly,

Wins from those endowed with clearer vision

Admiration rather than derision. Little donkeys are delightful creatures, Most engaging in their ways and features. When mature, though somewhat less alluring,

They are patient, faithful, much-enduring;

Frugal feeders, working for no salary, Never playing to the pit or gallery, Carrying countless children on their

(Ere the sands were turned to motor-tracks),

Kicking up their heels, yet who so steady

Or so safe a mount for youth as "Neddy"?

Yet ungrateful man, their cruel master, Favouring animals that travel faster—Spite of Lonsdale, who benignly fosters Their association with the costers—Talks of "silly asses" and imputes Nobler qualities to fiercer brutes. Poets, men of letters, seers and sages Have maligned them sadly through the ages;

And I mind me only of two others, Since St. Francis, hailing them as brothers:

Coleringe, who in quaint and homely fashion

Spoke of them with pity and compassion;*

* "Poor little foal of a despiséd race."

To a Young Ass.

Mrs. Browning, eager to remind us— Lest our pride and selfishness should blind us—

When the prophet, rightfully impeded, Beat his ass, an angel interceded.

† Aurora Leigh-Book VIII.

Our Hardy Pioneers.

"In selecting the car for the job I decided that preference must be given to one built to meet Colonial requirements. Bearing in mind the nature of the roads to be travelled on, I considered a ground-clearance of at least 92 inches, and more if possible, to be absolutely necessary."—Weekly Paper.

From a leaflet describing a golf-course in Switzerland:—

"Annual Subscription to be taken from Secretary, other Subscriptions from the Professional. Except on Sundays, when they should be taken from the Restaurant."

And how does one get the monthly medal? By bludgeoning the caddies?

"Retired Colonel, seen lots of life, full of stories, willing to visit Invalids and Elderly People of either sex and entertain them with quips and merry jests for moderate remuneration."—Advt. in Morning Paper.

We too have an elderly friend in the same line of business whose fee is only sixpence weekly.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GIRL FROM COOK'S" (GAIETY).

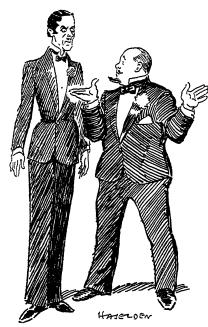
THE stage is a great educator. I thought I knew my Monte Carlo, where this musical comedy is set, but I found I had a lot to learn. The atmosphere of the Casino had always impressed me with its resemblance to that of a cathedral; if anyone (except the ministrant officials) spoke above a subdued and reverential whisper he seemed to me to attract adverse attention. I now learn that at the roulette-table everybody is free to discuss his luck at the top of his voice without being made the object of remark.

There was something strange too about the scenery of Monte Carlo. Westward I failed to recognise the sheer rock of Monaco; eastward I missed Cap Martin, and could not trace Roquebrune, clinging to the mountain-side, though it may have been there but outside the scope of my oblique vision, seated as I was in an outlying stall known as K. 1.

Again, The Girl from Cook's (Miss Eva Sternboyd) was an unfamiliar figure. I cannot remember to have encountered any very strong female element among those who have attended to my needs in a Cook's office, whether at Paris (as here) or elsewhere; certainly no lady who was followed about all over the premises by a platoon of male serenaders. Indeed she was a most original girl. I admit that there may have been something normal in her passionate desire to visit some of those exotic scenes which it was her business to recommend to clients; but it must be unusual for a girl at Cook's to spend a good part of her working-time in the composition of a story designed to secure a prize that should furnish the means of foreign travel. Even she herself was surprised (and pained) when she discovered, not till after she had squandered the proceeds at Monte Carlo. that the competition was faked by an admirer who had himself found the money for her jaunt.

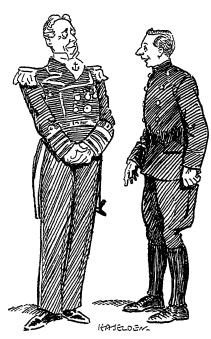
However, this main theme (as indicated by the title, which, in deference to tradition, had to have a "girl" from somewhere in it) did not provide the main interest, which centred in the activities of a certain Alfonzo Alonzo Higgins, Consul (at Paris) of Peroova, one of the less-known republics of South America. This gentleman (Mr. W. H. BERRY) supplied the penurious President of Peroova (Mr. EDMUND GWENN) with accommodation for the indulgence of his rather florid tastes, and in return was made successively Consul-General, Head of the Army and Head of the Fleet. These honorific

offices naturally entailed the wearing of some deafening uniforms and decorations, to all of which Mr. BERRY did more than justice.



A DARK HORSE AND HIS OWNER. The Secretary of the President of Peroova. MR ERNEST THESIGER. The President . . . Mr. Edmund Gwenn.

But it was not quite so simple as all that. There were complications arising out of the President's wish to secure



THE MONTE CARLO MASQUERADERS. Alfonzo Alonzo Higgins (as Admiral of the Peroovian Fleet). . Mr. W. H. BERRY. Baron Anatole Levoux (as his Chauffeur).
MR. BILLY LEONARD.

an opulent bride, either Marie (Miss MARGARET CAMPBELL), daughter of Alfonzo Higgins and privily affianced to an anglicised French Baron (Mr. BILLY LEONARD), or, alternatively, Stella, The Girl from Cook's, widely reputed to be a millionaire on the strength of her lavish methods at Monte Carlo, and attached to another anglicised French Baron (Mr. ALEC FRASER). In the end the couples were sorted out to the satisfaction of an audience not too difficult to please.

There was little doing at first. We had to content ourselves with the information, not very fresh to those who frequent Monte Carlo, that "Life is a game of chance," or else that "Missing an opportunity is worse than missing a train." But with the advent of Mr. But with the advent of Mr. BERRY things began to get a move on. To him fell the bulk ("bulk," I think, is the word) of the fun; broad, without licence, and embellished, in default of subtlety, with a generous allowance of

facial buffoonery.

Mr. Edmund Gwenn, as the President of Peroova, though his energy and ferocity were inexhaustible, had comparatively little chance of being as funny as he can; and, as his Secretary, Mr. ERNEST THESIGER, barely recognisable in an incredibly black wig and pair of eyebrows, had practically no chance at all. Mr. BILLY LEONARD, as one of the anglicised French Barons, had more opportunity but didn t always look as if he knew what to do with it.

Miss Eva Sternroyd, in the title part, was perhaps a little too mild and gentle for her boisterous environment. Her voice has more quality than quantity. Indeed the notes of Mr. ALEC FRASER (the other French Baron) were the only ones that penetrated with any volume to the obscure locality of K. 1.

The lyrics (by Mr. GREATREX NEW-MAN?) were above the average in their kind. I got a little tired of one of them, "You tell him"; but there was a trio, "You'll never get what you want unless you go after it," that went very well; and so did "Glorious Land of Hope," topical song (given by Mr. BERRY) with a passage profanely interpolated from ELGAR'S "Land of Hope and Glory."

The ladies of the Chorus (I can never bring myself to speak calmly of the males in this sort of ménage) were shapely and well-drilled; and apparently they were having a much gladder time than I. The best individual performances were the "Speciality Dance" and the "Dancing Speciality" (if you know the difference) of "HOLLAND and BARRY" (sic). I don't know why they had no Christian names to show which was the woman and which was the man; but they both danced with a really extraordinary blend of grace and acrobacy. those who like that kind of thing, in tric Dance Speciality" given by "LEE and Moore"—no Christian names again.

Altogether the audience (how changed from those old Gaiety days, and how much more mature in age, if not in intelligence!) seemed to get just what they expected. So that's all right.

"HIT THE DECK" (HIPPODROME).

There is in Hit the Deck more coherence, which does not much matter. and more genuine humour, which does, than in the general run of musical comedies. Moss' Empires Ltd. bring us this pepful extravaganza from New York by arrangement with FIELDS AND YOUMANS INC. Mr. FIELDS has made the book (out of a play by HUBERT OSBORNE), and Mr. Youmans the spirited tuneful music; Messrs. Weston and Lee have anglicised the business with more thoroughness than is usual, though perhaps the discipline on board H.M.S. Inscrutable still remains a little too informal.

Charming Looloo Martin, daughter of a sailor, keeps a very magnificent and her dancing is spirited and daintily hostel by the Plymouth Docks and has accomplished. The part of Bill Smith

render to the charms of any one honest maiden. And anyway Looloo is too well off. If and when he marries he wants to be the provider and the boss. He accepts Looloo's well-cooked supper and her innocent eager kiss in the most casual manner and disappears on a long cruise; is discovered again by the elaborate device of a dance given by Looloo on the Inscrutable, with the Captain's gracious and unlikely permission, to all the Smiths of the Navy in port; is pursued to China, where bandits are being troublesome and Naval detachments are protecting British interests—excellent if transparent devices for the provision of a varied scene-and is at last gaffed and landed by the patient Looloo on the steps of the magnificent coffee-house against a highly-idealised background of Plymouth quayside cottages.

big enough, is true and sweet. It would



"LUCKY BIRD!"

Magnolia . . . MISS ALICE MORLEY.

fixed her resolute affections on a certain is developed with much more consist-A.B., Bill Smith. Bill is the most ency and detailed characterisation than reluctant lover in the annals of the sea; this business of musical comedy generor perhaps, as is tactfully indicated, is ally allows, and was excellently played of too polygamous a disposition to sur-by Mr. Stanley Holloway, whose very agreeable, plausible and smart body

Miss Ivy Tresmand makes a very agreeable baritone did full justice to There was also good entertainment, for attractive Looloo. Her voice, if not quite Mr. Youmans' melodies. The two duets between the lovers, "I'm Always Happy

Miss Alice Morley (Magnelia, Locloo's coloured servant) is an accomplished comédienne and diseuse. Her duet with the parrot (a chatty bird, which, if a litt!e casual in the matter of its cues and a little disdainful of the audience, did its work very well) was particularly successful. I doubt if the cleverness and magnetic force of her Hallelujah Chorus and the irresistible swinging rhythm of the melody itself will disarm our suspicion that this is an unsuitable and regrettable business. The comic "spiritual" is surely only tolerable when its humour is unsophisticated. As it stands it will be an offence to many.

I liked the broad nonsense of Mr. SIDNEY HOWARD'S Battling Smith and Mr. DICK FRANCIS'S subtler but equally diverting Mat Barlow. Mr. BILLY Rego endured the frequent buffetings of his two friends with admirable fortitude. An excellent comic trio. In a step-dance Messrs. Rene Dawes and GEORGE PIERCE carry the art of hitting the deck to a point of accomplishment that is frankly incredible.

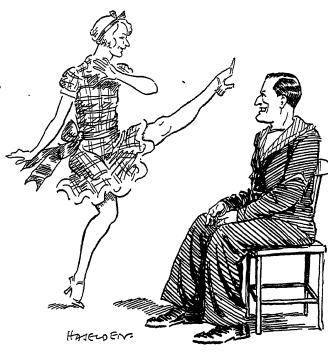
The chorus of sailors, admirably drilled and looking much less unlikely than the usual chorus of men in gents' summer suitings-indeed making a

> —deserve all praise. The chorus of ladies in the Chinese scene showed no notable trace of Orientalism. but sang with tuneful vigour and swayed with spirit to the compelling but too-often repeated rhythm of the afore-

> mentioned "spiritual."
>
> A lively likeable show, mounted with a lavish realism which has no art nonsense about it.

"THE RED UMBRELLA" (LITTLE).

The authors of The Red Umbrella, BRENDA GIRVIN and Monica Cosens, have invented a pleasant enough figure of fantasy—a young girl, Whimsy Drew, so desperately frightened of real people (always excepting her old nurse, Martha) that she retires into a world of her own imagining, and holds protracted and fantastic conversations with a Miss Sweetapple and a Mr. John Junket, whom she has in-



AN UNDEVOUT LOVER.

. . . MISS LYY TRESMAND. . . . Mr. Stanley Holloway.

cidentally married. When real folk from the crude outer world force themselves, as they do in surprising numbers, into her remote cottage, she flies to her bedroom or, if fairly cornered, hides behind a golfing umbrella.

But it is not sufficient to invent such a kingdom of fantasy. It is necessary to contrive by subtle preparation and the most delicate handling some means whereby we of the audience may enter it and accept its conditions and illusions, at least for the moment, as plausible on the chosen

It seemed to me that the authors entirely failed to work the necessary magic. The extreme crudity of the background, the rather doleful nature of most of the humour, and, I think one must in justice add, the unconvincing production, made any such magic impossible. Miss Whimsy, unless we take her to have been intended for a child of, say, fifteen (by stage) reckoning), which, seeing that she was ardently wooed by a middle-aged doctor, is not likely, seemed not so much fey as half-witted.

Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, disdaining cheap effects of mushy sentimentality, is in danger of making no effects at all. It will be a considerable disservice to her if managers persist in casting her for parts where she can readily exploit her interesting mask, coiffure and charmingly austere smile. I feel sure that a bout of revue or Elephantine melodrama, in which she could really let herself go, would be a sound discipline for her. She will become prematurely muscle-bound. Of course she can count on a certain following of again" attitude of mind incident to healthy children. Exacting grown-ups will become impatient.

Miss Mary Rorke's old nurse - a part which, being detached from the crude plot and movement and humour of the whole, could be judged on its own merits was a charming piece of work. Mr. CHARLES CARSON, skilful and tactful actor, seemed to me to be struggling for plausibility in vain.

It is an exacting natural law of the serious theatre that a play is as sound as its weakest part. When the weak moments are as frequent as in this little play the rest of it that matters, the charming isolated little strokes of fantasy and characterisation, stand no chance at all. And whatever indictment may be brought against our London stage by stern critics there is, at the worst, a certain standard of accomplishment and technical proficiency. This production falls very definitely below it.

EVERY HOME A ZOO.

THE General Purposes Committee of the London County Council has done a great public service in making known, through its report on the proposed establishment of a Zoological Garden at the Crystal Palace, how really inexpensive are even first-class examples of exotic fauna.

It comes as a revelation that one can pick up a pair of flamingoes for from eight to ten pounds. This brings the possession of wild creatures within the possibility of some of the humblest homes. There is no reason why the average suburban house should not have its pair of flamingoes basking on the front doorstep in the warmth of our winter days, and finding a sheltered sphere of usefulness in flanking the piano in the drawing-room during the summer months.

There are pelicans also of all grades, ranging from two pounds to twenty pounds per pair. One must exercise a little discretion in buying pelicans for the home. It might prove a false economy to buy the cheaper kinds, which are apt to be somewhat fierce about feeding-time and could not safely be left with young children. But for twelve pounds you can secure a very reliable pair of pelicans, fully guaranteed to give every satisfaction; for the cry of the pelican is even more penetrating than the yelp of a house-dog, and the pelican's feathers make admirable pipe-cleaners. Its pouch, moreover, can be put to a variety of uses in the modern small-roomed flat.

There is this to be said for a pair, that there is always a good chance of simple souls who have that "Do it one remaining should the other disappear. A single specimen does not possess this advantage, but in other ways it may well be preferred. Take the camel. This costs from fifty to eighty pounds. It makes an ideal threeseater, one on each hump and one between, or, alternatively, one on the hump, a second in front, and a third behind, according to whether the camel has one hump or two. Thus for considerably less money than the cost of the new Ford you can obtain a mode of progress, stately and striking, with a much smaller petrol consumption.

> While a young lion may cost as much as one hundred pounds, one can be bought for twenty pounds. No good purpose is served, indeed, by paying a high price for a young lion for household use. Quite a cheap one would be fully sufficient for the small home. Why a tiger should cost a minimun of one hundred pounds is difficult to understand. Our advice to the cautious buyer would be to wait until the market

for this animal becomes easier. We would rather recommend an elephant, even though its price is as high as five to eight hundred pounds. Many a man spends far more on a motor-car who would find an elephant much less troublesome.

RHYMES OF AUGUST INSTITUTIONS.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION. THE proud distinguished B.M.A. Exerts a wide unchallenged sway, And guards from hint of blot or slur The pages of the Register. From Harley Street's expensive zone To regions of a humbler tone Where mild benevolent G.P.'s Shyly collect their modest fees Its name is held in gravest awe And every word it speaks is law.

Attentive to the public weal It works with unremitting zeal To keep the nation well assured That no one will be wrongly cured By any sort of means that shocks Its notions of the orthodox. And, though its mind is largely set On subtle points of etiquette, The simple and untutored laity May go their ways with care-free gaiety,

Aware that they may well extract Much comfort from this very fact; For every youthful medico Is rigorously trained to know That strict deportment saves more

lives Than stethoscopes or surgeons' knives, And germs of every known variety Detest professional propriety.

In solemn conclave year by year Its members meet from far and near.

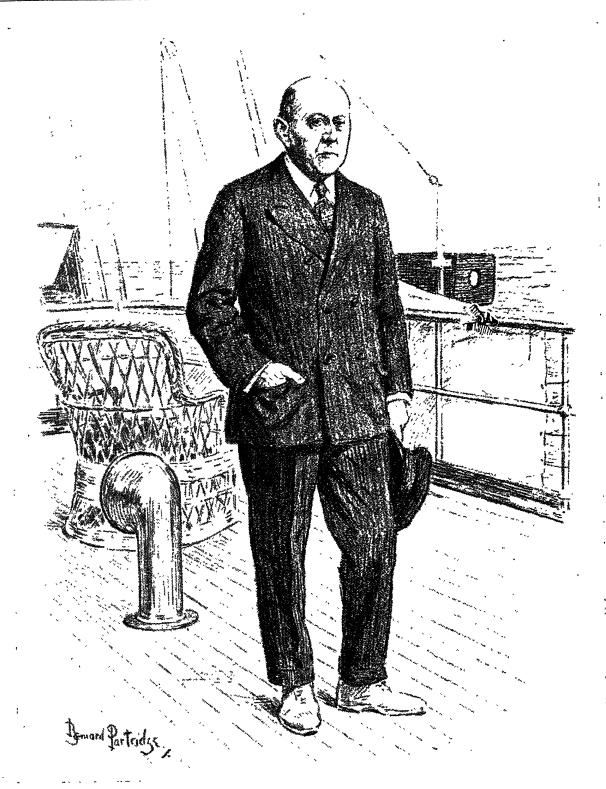
With learned and portentous mien They talk of national hygiene, Filling our souls with sore disquiet By casting doubts upon our diet, Chilling our blood until it freezes With dreadful tales of new diseases, Whose very names, when heard or

Will drive a strong man to his bed. But when at length the speeches end They feel the impulse to unbend. These grave severe frock-coated men Reveal their jovial natures then; They slap each other on the back And oh! the lively jokes they crack On subjects such as housemaids'-

knees, Lumbago and appendices.

And that is all I dare to say About the august B.M.A. Lest all unwitting I offend; I know they'd get me in the end.

C. L. M.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

LV.-LORD INCHCAPE.

THOUGH he's a Scot (from near Forfar),
That's merely incidental;
His leanings are Peninsular
And even Oriental.



Lady Bountiful (who is taking villager in her car up to London). "I'M SURE YOU LIKE THIS BETTER THAN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE?" Vilager. "That I don't! You can walk about and stamp yer feet in a railway kerridge."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

No one reveals England more benevolently to herself than M. André Maurois. His attitude towards us is that of Christopher Robin towards a lovable and ridiculous Winnie-the-Pooh. "A Bear of No Brain at All? Nonsense! The Best Bear in All the World!" says Christopher Maurois. And, heavens! how pleased we are. Of course he knows us better than we know ourselves; in fact our immunity from successful introspection is obviously one of our charms for him. And never has he displayed the knowledge and emphasized the charm more happily than in his Disraeli (LANE). The fact that this "picture of the Victorian Age" has Dizzy for its hero is not so important as it would seem. The enigmatic Jew is almost as much an enigma at the end as at the beginning. Yet, thanks mainly to his sense of ces précieux petits détails qui réaniment l'histoire, M. Maurois has compelled that great and eccentric figure to convey every quality conveyable by pose and gesture. He has done more for some of his circle, either because he appreciates the bouledogue in them, as in the case of PEEL and Bentinck, or because his spirit leaps to meet their consummate humanity, as with Dizzy's Mary Anne. And he has undoubtedly read the riddle of England, the England whose greatness is derived "not from its natural resources, which are mediocre, but from its institutions." He has even distinguished "the subtle poetry of a British Budget!" Personally I think he is right in attributing the impermanence of DISRAELI'S policy to the fact that it is aristocratic, whereas the temper of England is essentially

find his book delightful; and its English translation, by Mr. Hamish Miles, stands the test of reading aloud.

The disadvantages of working on a time-honoured literary formula, instead of inventing a new one, are precisely those of adapting an old house to your requirements instead of buying a site and building. You take over so many amenities ready-made, and as a set-off you are continually divided between the righteous and unrighteous exactions of the house and your own notion of what is fair and fit. Mr. CLIFFORD BAX, in adopting the method and mood of the Italian novellieri, has handicapped a welcome revival by retaining, quite unnecessarily, the ugliest features of his originals. A sort of gamin indecency and a particularly doltish cruelty were undoubtedly in the sixteenth-century air, and the Italian short-story writers were infected by these vices in inverse proportion to their immortal merits. But I cannot feel that these elements are legitimately distillable from our own age, and their omission would unquestionably have rendered Many a Green Isle (HEINE-MANN) a pleasanter book and a more coherent work of art. The title suggests the subject of debate in a cosmopolitan house-party where the guests take it in turn to describe their supremest hours of happiness. An elderly woman charmingly depicts a brief release from the squalor of a rash marriage. A non-political D'Annunzio almost comically recaptures his prototype's intense manner of describing marital and extra-marital relationships. A mother recounts the ruse by which she recovers the love of her son, imperilled by the boy's too flattering image of her divorced husband. This contribution, "The Haleyon," strikes me as middle-class. But, whether you quarrel or concur, you will the happiest of Mr. Bax's efforts to adapt the new vintage

to the old fiaschi. There are eleven of these, all told, and for genial variety and fanciful grace the best are hard to beat.

Lord GREY OF FALLODON says in his new book, "No one can write of the nightingale with intimacy; to attempt to do so would be an impertinence; as it were to say that Homer was one's favourite poet;" and when I come to write of The Charm of Birds (Hodder AND STOUGHTON) I find myself approaching it somewhat as though I were Lord Grey and it Philomel. This newcomer however is the third jewel that its author has given to literature and, inasmuch as the subject must necessarily make a more all-round appeal than either Fly-Fishing or Fallodon Papers, it may well prove to be the work for which he will be best loved; for somehow one doesn't associate mere popularity with Lord GREY's books. The Charm of Birds has, he says, no scientific value, and his few "observations" have been made in search of pleasure and not of knowledge. He mentions the months and tells us of them with mastery, naming incidents of the birds appertaining to their songs and habits, their happinesses, family life and recreations; and in so doing conveys to us something of a personality which, when we shut the book, we feel the better for having been with. Were I asked which chapters had most delighted me I think I'd reply January and March-"early song" and "increasing song"; and if the inquiry were then of the pages that I had found most interesting I should name those "on taming birds," taming them in their own woods and wilds; only isn't "taming" an ugly word for the winning (won by mealworms though they be) of charming trusts and friendships? This happy book (and it is beautifully decorated by Mr. ROBERT GIBBINGS) comes to one, as did the singing-wren that flew over the au-

The combination of guide-book and story must be by this time a recognised branch of the novelist's art. Mrs. EVERARD Cottes possessed a cunning hand at this sort of dish: she could season you a tour in the East as well as anyone. Then came the famous firm of WILLIAMSON who specialised in out-of-the-way parts of Europe, and substituted motor transport for railway and steamer. Perhaps, one of these days, we shall have our romance of the air, with famous pilots coming to the assistance of adventurous young ladies who have attempted a flying holiday—but for that the times are hardly yet ripe. In the meanwhile here is Miss Sybil Ryall telling us, with a pleasant mingling of humour and sentiment, the story of a sudden holiday in Touraine, undertaken on the spur of the moment by Nina Linton and Mattie Bird. Nina is the moving spirit in the enterprise. It is she who absentmindedly, dreaming of truffles (for the firm of Simson and Fratt, who employ her blue sea, where all the houses are palaces and the taxi-

thor's fishing cottage on a summer morning, "like a blessing."



Preoccupied School-Teacher (vaguely noticing a hand raised). "YES, MY BOY?"

romantic spirit in the secretarial department) when she should have ordered ten, thereby hastening her resignation from the firm. She too buys the little two-seater which is to carry the pair on their fateful journey, and learns moreover to drive it, and obtains her permis de conduire in due course from an old gentleman in a very tight frock-coat who reads as though he had been drawn from life. Also she tells the story, and meets M. Castenet, that gallant disperser of troubles, and goes through the usual hot and cold fits, finishing at last in the good old fashion and in a very creditably-written scene. In fact, it must be admitted that the forgetful Miss Linton gets all the fat, while her companion, wearing spectacles, provides the guide-book information and occasionally a touch of comic relief. A Fiddle for Eighteen Pence (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a readable specimen of its class and better written than most.

In Mallorca the Magnificent (FABER AND GWYER) NINA LARREY DURYEA tells of that fairy island, girdled round by foreign travel, blunders into ordering a thousand cases of a belt of pink almond-blossom, between blue mountains and

IN PRAISE OF THE TOTE.

[Among the merits of the pari mutual system the following should be particularly noted: (1) If you win you are not taking the money of a working bookmaker but that of your fellow-profligates; (2) the Tote can't run away. To those who complain that the bookmakers' occupation will be gone the answer is that the services of some of them will be considered and that the services of some of them will be considered and the theory of the can't be considered. still be required, and that the rest, by operating on the totalisator, should still be able to get a living out of a less-instructed public.]

Times have been when I, a heavy winner, Underwent remorse and said, "Will my bookie go without his dinner?" And my tender heart has bled

As I seemed to hear his little children crying out for bread.

When I felt my trouser-pockets bulging I would ask, with eyes grown dim, "Am I really right to be indulging

In a cruel joy and grim?

What is fun for me (so thoughtless) may amount to death for him."

But a Thing that has no human feeling, Wears no private tum or throat, Stirs no thought of hungry infants squealing When it drops a ten-pound note-That is different; that is why I have a leaning toward the Tote.

> If you say that still the spoil I scoop'll Come from someone, I agree; But I shouldn't nurse the faintest scruple,

I should have my conscience free, If I merely drew the surplus increment of mugs like me.

As for bookies who in loud palaver Curse a cold machine that shunts Honest people from their trade in favour

Of these new exotic stunts,

Let them take the higher status of an amateur that punts.

If they claim to have, by use and cunning, Better eyes than ours to tell

What's the chance of any horse that's running, They should still do pretty well

Out of us, the childlike public, with a pari mutuel.

Lastly, I prefer (a natural penchant) Betting-mediums that stay

Where I left 'em, as they do at Longchamps,

Which is why I long and pray For a Tote that's fixed in situ far too tight to get away.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"As soon as the death-rate is higher than the birth-rate the man in the street will realise that population is declining because the number of those . . . passing away is greater than the number being born."

Sunday Paper. "Excellent Winter Shootings in Argyll, compromising Woodcock, Snipe, Pheasants, Wild Fowl, etc., to Let."—Sporting Paper. No wonder birds are shy in Argyllshire this year.

"The event was attended by a fashionable company, who were ushered to pews designated for them by tail spiky gladioli, caught at the base with silver ties."—Canadian Paper. A great improvement on the usual ushers.

"A Liverpool reader tells how, on her honeymoon at New Brighton, her wedding-ring, in the inside of which her name was engraved, slipped from her finger from a boat into the sea. Twelve years later her little daughter, who was digging in the sand, rushed to her and said, 'Oh, mother, look what I have dug up, it's a ring.' You will gross that this was the wedding-ring lest twelve wears before the guess that this was the wedding-ring lost twelve years before the child was born."—Weekly Paper.

No, we confess that we should never have guessed that the infant was so precocious.

CHEERING-UP CHESS.

In a recent report of a chess match in a daily newspaper there appeared a significant passage. Referring to a Mr. Marshall it told how "his king's position was disrupted and Vidmar, playing directly for the white monarch. won the American champion's queen in exchange for a rook, and forced his resignation."

Now the substitution of the picturesque word "monarch" for the more usual "king" may seem of little account to the devotees of another great game. Inured as they are to such rich variations as "netted the pillule" or "defeated the custodian," both indicating that a goal was in fact scored, the departure may even strike them as hesitating and colourless.

That, however, is not the impression it makes on those of us who have been used to seeing our most brilliant efforts described solely in such austere terms as these:-

> WHITE 13. P x B Q to KB3 14. R to Ksq B to R5 (ch)
> 15. K to KKt2 Kt to K6 (mate)

In the use of the word "monarch" we see the dawn of an era in which the royal and ancient game of chess will become widely popular as a result of the activities of journalists using the methods which have proved so successful in other fields of sport.

As a faint indication of their possibilities I venture to translate the fragment given above. The occasion, it may be supposed, is the final of the great international knock-

out trophy competition.

The protagonists face each other across a board in the centre of the stadium. One of them is Mr. Sidney Evans, the British hope in the tournament, the other is Signor

Giuoco Piano, the famous Italian master.

"At first it seemed that the thirteenth move was unlucky for Sid. One of his prelates had been left exposed to the attack of a private of the line and his lordship was sent back to the box by Piano. But the features of the Pwllheli player were imperturbable, and the anxious crowd felt that there was still hope when, after forty minutes' deliberation, he countered shrewdly by moving her ebon majesty one square to the right.

"Three-quarters-of-an-hour later the Italian's face fell as he realised that he had only fifteen minutes in which to reply. The referee had almost counted him out when he hurriedly slung a fortification to the vacant headquarters

of the white monarch.

"Excitement reached fever heat as, with scarcely twenty minutes' hesitation, the Briton slanted his remaining ecclesiastic up the board to put the episcopal hoodoo on his opponent. The game was as good as over, and the future champion proceeded to administer the coup de grace by galloping a dusky cavalier within striking distance.

Fortunately it is not difficult to impart to such accounts the spice of variety. When one remembers that there are twenty-nine alternatives to the word "knight," and nearly as many to the names of each of the other pieces, one realises that it would be possible to describe a prolonged game without tiresome reiteration. It is to be hoped that chess journalists will not delay in carrying out this much-needed reform nor falter in the search for synonyms.

[&]quot;I remember years and years ago being taken as a little boy to the Crystal Palace to listen to august men, but I either went fast asleep or emerged at the end from the pages of a magazine."—Daily Paper.

This would not have happened, of course, if August Manns had been conducting.



"PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW."

OH, EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS WEST, AND IT'S HARDLY A MATTER FOR MIRTH WHEN TWO STRONG MEN PART FACE TO FACE AND GO TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

After Kirling.

[Sir John Simon will shortly be going to India as Chairman of the Statutory Commission on Indian Reform. Later on, Mr. Lloyd George proposes to take a holiday in Brazil.]



FLAT BATTLES.

III.—THE FURNITURE CAMPAIGN.

THERE are (or were) two schools of philosophic thought in this flat about the position of our sitting-room furniture—the Ornamental school, led by Frances, and the Utilitarian school, led the Chesterfield as a Chesterfield if it is by me. This latter of course is the only in front of the fire because that is where sensible one.

The Ornamental, or Frances', school holds that furniture is primarily decorative and an embellishment of the room. and should therefore be arranged with artistic care in those parts of the chamber where it is seen to best advantage. Each piece thus has its "place.' It follows then that those who want to use the Chesterfield, for instance, must go to the window where the Chesterfield is, use it, and come back again. This is sheer Determinism, being a practical illustration of the theory, maintained keen controversy in the household. by Frances, that the actions of man (i.e. me) are directly dependent on environment (i.e. the position of the Chesterfield).

other hand, clings to the belief that after I had finished using it.

positions in space in which experience has shown it is most likely to be required. There is a touch of pragmatism in my philosophy: I only recognise those truths which are definitely correlated to actual facts of existence—my existence, to be exact; in other words I only recognise I always like to sit on a Chesterfield.

To sum up, Frances does not like the look of the things where I wish to use them, and I do not want to use the things where she likes the look of them. By "things" I particularly refer to that infernal Chesterfield. Frances objects to its taking up the space in front of the fire all day; and I object to sitting in the window with a Boreal breeze at my back. Nor do I enjoy shifting it laboriously to the fire every time I want to sit on it. As you see, there is matter here for much

My first attempt to bring Frances round to my point of view was by the reductio ad absurdum method. I very carefully and very exactly put every My school (the Utilitarian), on the stick of furniture back in its position her hand clings to the belief that after I had finished using it. When I

place in the window, if I had merely got up to light a spill for my pipe. This was quite a success, as on one occasion Frances was sitting on it at the time, and I ascribed my action to force of habit engendered by her training. The sitting-room daily looked like a pantc-mime scene, "Will Evans and George GRAVES move in."

Frances stood it for some time, and just when I thought she was going to give in she counter-attacked, also on reductio ad absurdum lines, but at the other extreme. For a whole day she left everything in the flat exactly where it was wanted and used. She left doors open because one only used them to pass through, and one couldn't do that if they were shut, could one? She left food on the table; she left the lid off my tobaccojar; she left gas and electricity on, to save the necessity of lighting them again. In short, life for both of us became so impossible that we called an armistice to all reductiones ad absurdum.

I began my next attack from the æsthetic flank. I pointed out to Frances that the Chesterfield looked ugly under the window. Then I got in one or two furniture is made principally to be used, was sitting on the Chesterfield in front trusted friends to point this out to her, and should therefore occupy those of the fire I even pushed it back to its because Frances has never paid any

serious attention to what I say, not since I said "I will."

This worked fairly well. Frances' confidence and we then entered upon a period of chaos. The Chesterfield, being on castors, was "tried" by Frances in every place in which it would fit, and in several in which it wouldn't. In fact it whizzed about the flat so much that I never knew where it was going next. I even used to have to look round very carefully before I sat down in case Frances had suddenly decided to try it in the bathroom. I found I had started something and I wished I hadn't. Short of capitulation I saw no way of stopping it.

It was Ahlice (the maid) who quite unexpectedly stopped it for me. She gave notice. She said she had once gave notice. She said she had once "done for" a furniture-remover, but she'd never known anything like this, and she couldn't possibly sweep with things moving about, and she'd been thinking she'd have to go anyway, and her invalid mother wasn't strong, and her gentleman-friend wanted her on Thursdays and . . . There was a lot more, but, not being a quick thinker, I couldn't follow her train of logic and so

retired from the field.

Frances at last persuaded her to stay by promising that she should arrange the Chesterfield herself. In other words the question has been decided under threat of direct action (Ahlice) and by the appointment of an Arbitration Court (also Ahlice).

If we have any argument now about the position of the furniture we refer at once to Ahlice and don't bother to consider the philosophical aspects of the matter. And Ahlice I fear, must be an Epicurean Nominalist. Her notions (those she has) are mere abstractions of mind (if any) and are directed towards the attainment of her personal pleasure. Thus the Chesterfield is now midway between the fire and the window, so that Ahlice can get a clear run round it each morning with the carpet-sweeper. A. A.

RHYMES OF AUGUST INSTITUTIONS.

THE ROYAL AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY. THE Fellows of the R.Ae.*S. Are brainy almost to excess, And in their zeal for mathematics Perform such mental acrobatics That one must ask in some alarm, May not these efforts do them harm? Deplorable would be their fate If, in the heat of some debate, Their vast but finely-tempered brains Gave way beneath these heavy strains



"Well, Daphne, and what are you going to do when you grow up?" "OH, DIET, I SUPPOSE."

And helter-skelter, willy-nilly They poured out into Piccadilly Waving their arms in frenzied glee, Muttering dreadful formulæ, And shouting to the passer-by, "You are a circle! I am π !"

But fears of such a dismal kind Must quickly vanish from the mind Of one who has the luck to see This brave distinguished company Assembled formally to greet The hero of some daring feat. They're absolutely at their best When primed to toast an honoured guest;

The tables groan beneath the fare And everyone forgathered there Tempers his natural air of dignity With mellow smiles and bland benignity. At length the ceremonies reach Their climax in a graceful speech

Well phrased by Sempull's worthy Master,

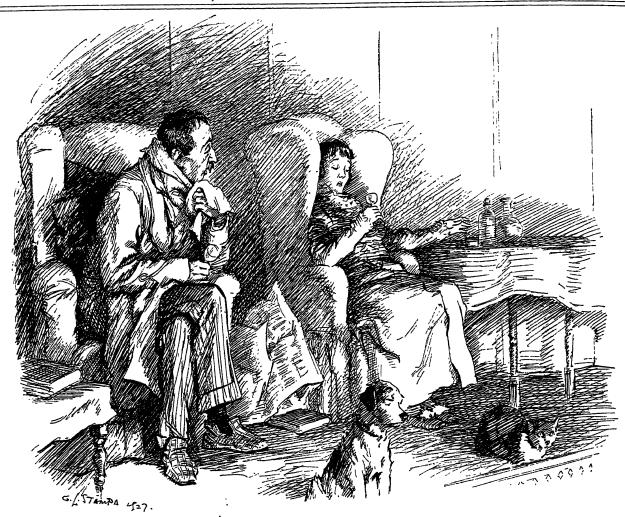
And louder pop the corks and faster.

This fact is true beyond dispute— Receptions are their strongest suit; And, though they certainly combine To shoot a very powerful line In aeronautical technique, Their records would be grim and bleak Without the rich conviviality That warms their acts of hospitality. Hence, when they gather to discuss (Assisted by the calculus) The subtler facts of aviation They win our thoughtful admiration; But this, I would most strongly stress,

Must every time be rated less Than those rare pleasures they afford While seated round the festive board.

C. L. M.

^{*} The author is not responsible for the official use of this dreadful abbreviation.



"AFTER YOU WITH THE QUININE-DECANTER, MY DEAR."

ANYHOW ESSAYS.

V.—On DINING OUT.

Yes, I know. I am going up to dress in a minute. . . . When you say that the strong distaste for dining at the Hoppertons' that has filled me all day simply means that I am an unsociable owl, you mistake not only the curious and subtle reactions of my rather interesting psychology, but also the complicated nature of the social fabric in which we form an insignificant part, as it were, of the woof.

I wasn't barking. I said "woof."
There are days—I could go through
my diary, if I kept one, and show you the days-when nothing could have pleased me more than to dine with the Hoppertons—— (You did say white ties, didn't you?) — days on which, on waking up in the morning, I have practically said, "This is a good Hopperton day. There is a Hoppertonian feeling in the air. We shall be en rapport, Hopperton and I, Miss Hopperton and I. Even possibly Mrs. Hopperton and I.

people at all times.

Probably Aristotle said that, or else of these queer trades. it was St. Paul. . . . Anyhow, I say a kind of rosy contentment about meeting them would permeate the very recesses of my soul.

For instance, if they were coming here to dine with us to-night. Five miles, in a fairly thick fog. . . .

I think I told the taxi people twenty minutes past.

Always to have people dining here pleases me. Even to have them dropping in pleases me. If I were rich enough I would have thousands of people dropping in every night. Ι would keep open roof to all.

What did you say?

with a cast in his eye who looked didn't get in, isn't he? rather like a man who cleans leaves out of gutters, who came yesterday after-

But this is not one of those days. noon. . . . But he may have been a We cannot feel sociable in respect to all wuzzer or a gymbler or a bogie boy people at all times.

. . . I didn't ask him. England is full

Practically the whole of the compliit now. Given the hour and the place cated fabric of society, of which I spoke and the Hoppertons all together and a moment ago, may be said, in a mystical sense, to have been constructed for the creation in the fulness of time of the cross-word puzzle. . . . If Providence had not foreordained the crossword puzzle there would have been no wuzzers and no gymblers to fill up the difficult squares.

> A gymbler is a man who makes chronometer fittings on a lathe.

I suspect Hopperton's grandfather of being a gymbler in a small way of business . . . and not a good gymbler at that . . . He has always had to me the air of a man who is secretive about his family origins. . . . No, I do not know whether the man | That is to say, if I have got Hopperton came about clearing the leaves out of right. He is the man who stood for the gutters. . . . There was a man some place or other in the North and

But on which side?

Not knowing a thing like that is apt

to cast such a gloom over a dinner-

I remember a man saying at dinner in this house, "I wouldn't go inside the House of Commons if I were paid a thousand pounds for it." . . . And he was sitting opposite to a lady whose whole life was devoted to preparing her husband's speeches and then listening to them afterwards in the Gallery, to see if he put the "ers" in the right places. . . .

That was your fault that time. You ought to have warned the fellow before we began.

There was nothing for it but to upset the salt and then pour claret on it to

remove the stain. . . . It would be rather fun, wouldn't it? to wear a pink tie fastened with a clip to the stud, and maintain an air of perfect self-composure throughout the whole evening. . . . Except when it sprang into the soup. And when you think of Dizzy going out to a dinner in a yellow waistcoat and red breeches and rings over his gloves, it does seem as if a good deal of colour has gone out of life in these days.

No, that wasn't the taxi.... It was next-door. I expect ours has lost its way in the fog.

And talking of Dizzy. . .

Why not reserve all this flow of conversation for the Hoppertons?

The fact is I can't. I never know how to begin. . . .

There are people who can come into a room and say quite calmly, in cold blood--

"The great DISRAELI once . . .

Such is the magnetic power of their presence that all eyes are turned instantly upon them, all ears listen eagerly to the story which they recite in a manner so charming that they instantly become the sole raconteurs of the evening; all other voices give way as the screech-owl or the red-necked phalarope gives way before the nightingale. . . . And that in spite of the fact that the story was not really a story about DISRAELI at all, but about Dr. Johnson, and that they looked it up in a book of anecdotes before they came out.

But I once knew a man who did better than that. He learnt up all these stories and then told them about himself, changing the places and the times, and he really was a success. .

Until he died through a fishbone.

No, he didn't really die, but it stuck in his tongue just in the middle of a frightfully good thing that belonged to SIDNEY SMITH or TALLEYRAND, and he had to leave the table.

After that he became a theosophist and ceased to dine. . . .



Householder. "MURDER! THIEVES! POLICE!" Burglar. "Come, come, LIDY! WHICH IS IT?"

if he goes slowly. . . . People who live in Chelsea and challenge one to dinner in November don't seem to realise that they are asking one to undertake an Arctic Odyssey for the sake of two glasses of champagne, three D'ORSAY by THUCYDIDES. anecdotes and a cigar.

But I admit that a woman feels the again. weather more severely round the knees.

I take it that now, if all goes well, we shall be not more than twenty minutes late. . . . With his hereditary instinct as a gymbler, Hopperton will needed is cocktails in taxicabs. . . . The man thinks he can find the way already be feeling worried, I suppose,

holding his fine old lathe-turned chronometer in his hand and looking out at the blank wall of fog . . . and repeating to himself for the twentieth time an anecdote invented about the Count

Oh, bother this fellow! he's stopped

The trouble about the Home Office is that they don't appreciate the true necessities of Metropolitan vehicular traffic at all. . . . What is really

Evor.

MAJORITY BIDDING.

"I OFTEN long," she told me a little wistfully, "to go back to the days when life was slower, simpler, saner,

"So do I," I declared with enthusiasm-"to those far-off legendary days when the dials of taxis told the correct fare even to those who were never good at mathematics; above all, to the days when no one either swam or did not swim the Channel."

"Oh, but," she explained, "I didn't mean as far back as all that. I only meant the good old days before Tom came back from the club and said it was the duty of every English home to give majority bidding a trial. We've never played bridge since."

"But surely," I said, "it would be all right to give the thing a trial."

"Oh, we want to," she assured me earnestly.

"Well, then, why not?" I asked.

"Because," she explained, "as soon as ever we sit down, Tom always wants to tell us what he thinks about it, and my partner wants to tell us about its merits and disadvantages, and Tom's partner wants to tell us about its advantages and its drawbacks, and I play patience. And then, just as I'm getting the cards to work out at last, Tom | cally; "but you have not told me how on sweeps them all together and starts dealing, only by the time he's finished every one's forgotten whether they had decided to play values or majorities, and it all starts again—with the majorities it, and if they don't they don't." telling how they played a rubber that very week in the most remote village in England, where nothing else had ever been heard of but majority bidding, except by the oldest inhabitant, and he had just died, and the values telling how they had played that very afternoon with close friends of someone who knew a member of the Portland Club by sight, and who thought that value bidding alone existed. "But I'm getting rather good at patience," she added, brighten-

ing up a little.

"For my part," I declared, "I am all for value bidding. For I know, as so few do, that four diamonds beat three spades, but that five clubs are beaten by four hearts, and it is a little hard to see that rare exquisite knowledge threatened with extinction and those who understand the finer points of the game put upon a level with the veriest novice. Besides, how often have I not bid five diamonds over four spades and heard no voice raised, since even those working it out on paper are never sure enough of the result to claim a penalty. But after all there's only one rule at

or majority."

"To play the right card?" she asked. "Some one told me that once."

"A very good rule," I admitted, "but not the first and highest-which is, scowl at your partner before he has time to scowl at you, for thrice is he armed

who gets his scowl in first."

"Tom never," she told me proudly, "never grumbles at my play; even if I revoke or think it's still the same trumps it used to be, he never minds. Of course," she added, "we aren't often partners, because he always says it's bad form for husband and wife to play together. But he told me himself, even if we were, it wouldn't make any differ-

"Of course it wouldn't," I agreed. "Every one who plays cards must expect to put up with his share of bad

"Why," she added, "when we were partners at Blanche's the other night, and I made a revoke or two, because Blanche had simply the newest thing in frocks you ever saw and I was planning how to make my gold brocade just like it, I knew it was really, truly the toothache made him stop playing, because," she said triumphantly, "before we began he told me he felt it might come on almost any minute."

"Poor fellow," I said sympathetithe whole you find people like majority

bidding.

"According to the cards they hold," she explained. "If they win they like

"The pragmatic philosophy," I mur-

"Is it?" she asked doubtfully. "Tom says it's like being asked which cocktail you prefer and drinking them both to find out."

"And that," I said, much impressed, "is a philosophy even sounder than

pragmatism.'

"Only," she went on, "some people have quite fixed ideas. Major Wilkins won't have it at all, because he says Mussolini's so splendid and has shown up majority for what it's worth; and Blanche, who is most frightfully advanced, won't play anything else, because she says it 's a democratic age, and what the majority of players want for trumps they ought to have."

"But surely," I protested, "you explain to her that majority bidding hardly

means that?"

"Oh, yes; and she says, if it doesn't, what's it called majority bidding for? So Tom tried to explain again, only Blanche got interested in my patience, and Tom got quite huffy, and altogether But after all there's only one rule at it wasn't a very successful evening. bridge, whether you're playing value And then there's Mrs. Brown-Jones, who insists on majority bidding because

that's the way they play it abroad, and what's the good of a League of Nations if you don't support it? And there's Lady Jane, who says the Empire ought to be sufficient to itself and keep the alien out. And there 's a woman I met yesterday who lost the best cook ever known, a cook who enjoyed preparing late dinners and could make toast without burning it, and never wanted a night out, all through majority bidding."
"How did that catastrophe come

about?" I asked.

"She found out the other servants played solo whist."
"I don't quite see," I said hesitat-

"Well, you can't have majority bidding at solo whist, can you?" she asked, and when I had to admit I supposed you couldn't, she added simply:-

"Well, then, that was why, wasn't?" E. R. P.

PEACE PROBLEMS.

LET's make a village On the nursery floor Of the cardboard boxes And not have a war; Let's make a village With a river running through, A river made of paper And chalked bright blue.

You can build a garage And I'll make the shops, And you can draw the white lines Where the traffic stops; And all the Highland soldiers And the sailors from the Fleet Can be only just the people That walk about the street.

And we won't have a station there If you don't mind, 'Cos the engines are a nuisance And they're hard to wind, But I shall put the farmyard Where the station ought to be, With tables in the farmhouse And all my crockery.

And I shall make a cinema, But you can build the church, Though I can't find a clergyman However much I search, Unless you use a cowboy Or one of these hussars That are going to the pictures In their motor-cars.

There's a bridge across the river That I've taken from the troops, And I'm going to write advertisements

Of chocolates and soups: And this is the policeman, But what a fool he's been; He's holding up the waggonette In which I put the Queen.



THE BALD MAN'S BURDEN.

Hairdresser (about to begin operations). "I SHAN'T BE TWO SECONDS, SIR."

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

XIV.—DARKEST ENGLAND.

Well Trix my poppet I 've just spent a week-end in the North well only Liverpool but my dear I can't tell you, well it seems my litterary fame is propagating youknow I'vedone another set of Beauty articles for Skindew and I got an introduction to the Editor of Undies which I always buy because my dear I dothink it's too accomplished the way they mix up culture and camiknickers drama at the Reppertory Theatre and he tell you at once that he's Nature's and everything and really my dear said while I was about it I might have bachelor so don't nourish fond illuswhen you've read a single paragraph a peep at the state of culture and cami- ions though of course I didn't know

feel as if you'd been to Church, well the Editor of *Undies* is the most familike little man, and he said have you ever done any dramatic criticism because our man Alister has just gone into an institution (my dear, too squalid, he didn't tell me but they say that Alister has suddenly turned into a hen) well I said that was the one branch of litterature I'd never attempted and he said that was too suitable and would I go up to Liverpool and do a cottage hearth my dear a born magnet but I may about bed-wear in Undies you really knickers in Liverpool if there were any. that then and my dear I nearly tele-

Well my dear off I went expenses paid and everything, my dear too professional, and my dear I stayed in the most voluptious hotel, nothing but long mirrors so that you can see yourself from all angles at the same time and my dear I find that I look too expensive sideways about fifty mirrors away. Well Mr. Haddock gave me an introduction to a Director or something of the Reppertory Theatre a Mr. Marvell,

bring the banns, because my dear he's the most organic misery of a man with the most appealing wisps of orange hair | my dear the most circular little ex-Mayor across the dome and always at the of Liverpool and the Colonel of Cotton point of death, my dear the sort of man or something and a narcotic Member of who's never happy unless he's too overworked and is just going to have treble pneumonia, of course he simply cries aloud for a Mother and I've always said that the Mother-sense is the biggest thing in me really, don't you agree himself being perfectly Celtic about darling?

Well I found him in the stalls having a "lighting rehearsal" or something frantic, it seems they have to practise what coloured lime-light they 'll turn on and everything, and it seems the man

Theatre is always stonedeaf, well I know Mr. Marvell said That's the whole secret of the Reppertory Movement. because I made a note of it, though of course he was so utterly pulverised with acting and rehearsing and everything and my dear he had the cold of the century so it was sometimes quite difficult to know quite when he was serious, but my dear absolutely congenial with it all, well of course it was too educational to watch a producer at work, they do it this way, Mr. Marvell sat huddled in an ulster with his smellingsalts poor dear and said the oddest things to a

man standing on the CENTRATE ON THE QUESTION OF BOARD.

stage, my dear things like Battens and | Mayor who simply yearned for me and | perches Charles and Flood your floats Charles and Take out your ambers Charles, my dear too scientific, well Charles said to somebody off the stage Take out your ambers Henry and Henry shouted up to somebody in the "flies" or something which from what I can make out are somewhere absolutely upstairs, Tell him to take out his ambers George, and then simply worlds away you heard George yelling to the deaf man who turns on the lights Take out your ambers Bert, and then all the lights everywhere would go out or else the whole stage would be merely flooded with an amber radiance, and my poor Mr. Marvell tore all his hair out and said bitter things about the Reppertory Movement.

Well of course I'll send you what I write about the rustic drama which my dear was too satisfying all cows and

graphed to Mum to fly to Liverpool and | chapels and everything disarming, and | afterwards we had a quite digestible little party at this prolific hotel with Parliament and all their wives, well they were all too civic and intense and really my dear I've never felt such a poor wee London cousin before and my Mr. Marvell was thoroughly enjoying the Reppertory Movement and his obscene cold, and of course my dear I was starving to dance with him only at last the poor lamb fell fast asleep and was taken to bed by an Editor, and my dear all the light seemed to go out of Liverwho turns on the lights in a Reppertory pool and I danced twice with the ex- they say that if a young man takes you



BED AND BOARD.

"FATIGUIN', I GRANT YOU. BUT IF SIMPLIFIES MATTERS. ONE CAN CON-CENTRATE ON THE QUESTION OF BOARD."

my dear he dances like the sweetest little Tank.

Well the next day was Sunday and my dear I do worship Liverpool and the docks are too creditable, and my dear the Mersey, and of course the Cathedral, but really my dear Sunday in Liverpool, my dear I can't tell you, the whole town perishes, my dear nearly a million of Britons the ex-Mayor said and do you know the whole of the Sabbath there's not a note of music, not a band, not a mouth-organ, not even a cinema, well of course the haut ton merely evacuate the city on the Saturday and play golf, but my dear anybody who's got nowhere to go has simply nowhere to go, well I tottered down about eleven for breakfast and my dear I was the sole soul in the whole hotel but there's the most darling Italian waiter who comes from Como only his nose always bled so he

went to Switzerland and his nose bled there, so then he went to Algiers and Egypt and the West Indies and everywhere but his misguided nose STILL bled so he was just going to die my dear and my dear he came to Liverpool to die, which was utterly reasonable I should have said, only his illogical nosestopped bleeding at once and he's lived here happily ever after for twenty years.

Well it's all very well for Italians but I went out into the streets, and my dear it was like the Black Death, a few stray souls merely snaking along against the walls because my dear nobody dares to stand out in the open on a Sunday because of the deposit from Manchester, my dear too industrial, and

out he has to bring three clean collars in a parcel and changes them hourly, well my dear I was just going to fling myself into the Mersey and drift out into the Irish Channel when suddenly I saw my dear Mr. Marvell merely crawling about. all by himself my dear and muttering things well it was so sensational to see anybody alive that I had a moment of girlish abandon and I said O Mr. Marvell do come and lunch withme. Wellofcourse he was perfectly forgiving because my dear he is England's gentleman, but I could see he was unmanned, and after a few sad words about the Reppertory

Movement he simply evaporated, my dear I could have cried, of course I've since heard about his being Nature's bachelor but I do think it was the mere idea of anybody having conversation on a Sunday in a Lancashire town that shocked him, and my dear I do think there's something unChristian about Sundays in the North because what the episcopal difference is between golf and the pictures I simply can't conceive, however I shan't see Mr. Marvell again that's certain, so that's another White Hope gone west, however to-night I'm going with Mr. Haddock to see a man leap into a cistern in flames, so farewell now, your chronic spinster Topsy.

Our Erudite Educators.

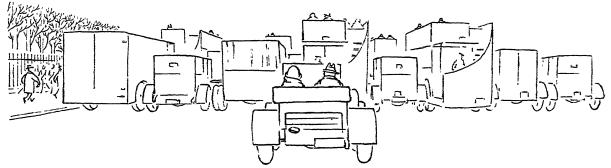
"IN 1814

Napoleon was meditating designs on these islands; Nelson had not yet fought Trafalgar."

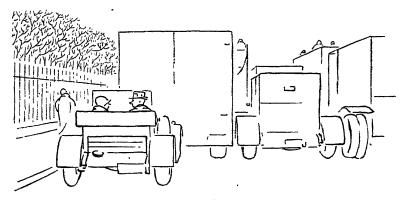
Theatre programme.

A BLOCK IN THE TRAFFIC.

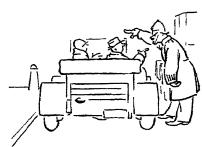
Jougusse



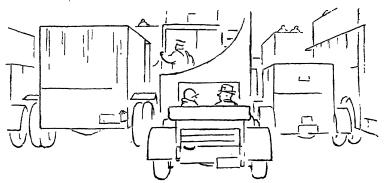
WHEN YOU COME UP BEHIND A LLOCK IN THE TRAFFIC-



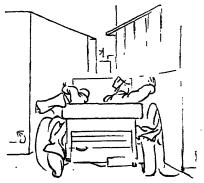
DON'T DRIVE IN NEXT TO THE KERB-



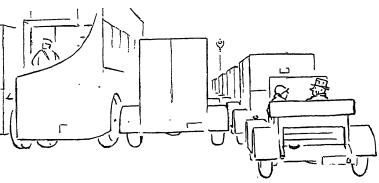
OR YOU'LL GET INTO TROUBLE FOR NOT WANTING TO GO UP THE SIDE-STREET ON YOUR LEFT.



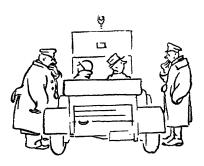
DON'T GET ANYWHERE IN THE CENTRE-



FOR THAT'S WHERE YOU SWAP MUDGUARDS.



BUT ALWAYS MAKE FOR THE EXTREME RIGHT; YOU WILL BE PERFECTLY SAFE THERE—



AS IT'S ALMOST ALWAYS THE TAIL-END OF A TAXI-RANK.

THE CALIPH.

Once there was a caliph who was fond of dressing himself up as a private gentleman and going about among his people to know what they were saying about him. And he used to go into the bazaars and once he won a Persian kitten in a raffle, but he didn't want it so he gave it to the clergyman's little boy, at least he was what they called a muezzin and he had got up the bazaar to buy some new hassocks for his mosque.

Well one night the caliph was going through the streets and he saw two thought they had better run away, and oh I believe it is the caliph and his

men who looked like cameldrivers or something like that and they were making arrangements to murder him.

So he went up to them and he said I think it is a very good idea murdering the caliph and I should like to know all about it because I might help. But of course he didn't mean it and they didn't know who he was.

So they told him all about it and they said the only difficulty is getting into the palace because there are a lot of guards there and they would want to know what we came for, and if we told them of course they wouldn't let us in.

And the caliph said oh that will be all right, I am one of the guards myself and I will let you in.

And they said well it 's lucky we met you because if we hadn't

I really don't think we could have done it.

So the next night the caliph sent away all the guards from the front door of the palace and when there was a ring at the bell he opened it himself, and he was dressed as a guard so

So he said oh here you are, do come in, the caliph is just finishing his supper but if you will wait in here I will come and fetch you when he is ready. And he took them into a little room off the hall which was used for keeping turbans and yashmaks and all those things in, and then he went away and locked the door, but they didn't know he had locked the door.

Well they waited there for some time, because the caliph had gone to his harem to tell some of his wives about it, because he was allowed by his religion to have several wives as long he kept them all locked up, and he thought they would like to know how clever he had been.

rather tired of staying in the little room off the hall, and there was a large photograph of the caliph there, and little to complain of. they didn't notice it much at first beelse to look at and they wanted to look at something like people waiting at a dentist's because they were rather nervous, so they looked at the photograph, help us murder the caliph.

"AND THE CALIPH SAID OH THAT WILL BE ALL RIGHT."

of course the two murderers didn't know then they found the door was locked stolen two pet camels of the caliph's he was the caliph. was the caliph, so they dressed themran away.

> So when the caliph had finished telling his wives how clever he had been and what he was going to do next he little room off the hall, but the murabout it.

Well the turbans that the murderers had stolen had some very expensive jewels in them, and when they found | plenty of money. that out they said well it isn't so bad

Well the murderers began to get better than murdering the caliph, they might have caught us and put us in a dungeon, but now the caliph has very

But they thought they had better cause they were used to seeing it on run farther away so they stole two postcards, but there was nothing much good camels and went off into the

desert.

Well the first oasis they came to there was a caravan there, and they hadn't sold any of the jewels yet so the and then one of them said it is very people of the caravan thought they much like the guard who is going to must be very rich and important because of their turbans and they talked Well the next thing was that they about them, and then one of them said

> Grand Visitor, because he likes going about dressed up as somebody else, and it would be a good thing to give them some nice presents and say how much we like the caliph and wish we had one like him where we live, and then he will be very pleased with us when he gets back.

> So they did that, and the murderers were rather surprised, but they took the presents and went on to the next oasis the next morning.

> Well by that time the caliph had sent some soldiers after the murderers and they met the caravan, and when they found out what had happened they said well you had better give us some presents too or else we shall tell the caliph that you mistook a murderer for him and I should think he is almost certain to put you all in dungeons and I don't suppose you will like that much.

> Well there were several soldiers and it took nearly all day to arrange what they were all to have, so by the time they were ready to go on again the murderers had got a good start, especially because they had

camels, so the soldiers never caught selves up in two of his yashmaks and them and when they got back the caliph turbans and got out of the window and was angry with them and put them in dungeons.

Well the murderers got to another town and they sold the jewels and the camels for plenty of money but they sent somebody to unlock the door of the hadn't got quite enough to live on comfortably and they had to think of derers had gone and he was very angry | a way of making some more money. And then one of them had a good idea. and he said let us go back home, I have thought of a good way of making

So they went back home and this is after all because we can sell these jewels | what they did, they went out at night for plenty of money and it is really and talked to people, and then one of



The Man. "That's a pretty face."
The Woman. "Yes-but they're not being worn like that."

them would point to the other one and whisper I suppose you know that is really the caliph dressed up as a common person and I am his Grand Visitor. And then the people would want to please the caliph and they would give both the murderers money and pretend they didn't know who they were but were only doing it because they were so kind-hearted, because the caliph liked his people to be kind-hearted.

Well that went on for some time and the murderers made quite a lot of money, and then the caliph found out about it and he was very angry indeed, and he said he would give a large reward to anybody who caught them. And they heard that, so one night when the real caliph and his Grand Visitor were going about dressed up the murderers caught hold of them both and they said ah now we have got you and we are going to take you to the caliph and get the reward.

And the caliph said leave go of me what are you doing, I am the caliph, and this is my Grand Visitor, but they said oh yes you always say that, but we don't believe you and you must come along with us.

So they took them to the caliph's

palace and then of course everybody said they had made a mistake and they pretended to be very surprised, and they threw themselves on their faces before the caliph and asked him to forgive them because they said they had only done it because they loved him so much and didn't like to think of wicked people going about pretending to be him.

And the caliph did forgive them and gave them the reward, because he liked to be fair, but of course he didn't recognise them or he wouldn't have done that.

And now they had quite enough money to live on comfortably and they gave up being wicked altogether, which was a good thing, but they thought they had better go and live somewhere else in case of accidents.

A. M.

A Special Matinée of Mavana, an African drama by Mr. Frank Worth-Ington, will be given at the Victoria Palace Theatre, on Tuesday, November 29th, at 2.30, in aid of a good cause—the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association (County of London Branch). Tickets may be obtained from the Countess of Ypres, The Ivy House, Hampton Court.

MY DOCTOR.

My doctor's a capital fellow;
He may not possess a degree,
But his counsel's as shrewd as it's
mellow,

And there's never a hint of a fee.

Each day he attends to my diet,
For he's keenly aware of the food
That will cause me internal disquiet
And the kind that will do me most
good.

He can gauge more or less to a minute
The amount of repose I require,
The rules I must follow to win it
And the time when I ought to retire.

To a pipeful he's able to ration
The smokes I can safely consume,
And is prompt to encourage my passion
For inviting fresh air to a room.

For my health I am hourly his debtor; Though for ills he can offer no cure He believes that prevention is better, More simple, attractive and sure.

In his forties a man must grow wiser
If he wouldn't be laid on the shelf;
And this medical friend and adviser,
Between you and me, is myself.

A. K.



Ethel. "I reckon they ought to put monkeys on the dogs to give it a little 'uman interest."

"ENGLAND EXPECTS-"

For many years, while all the rest of us have been concerned with business, politics, pleasure, fashion and aimless living from morn till night, without any directing purpose or emotion, there has been a quiet gentleman named MACPHERSON going about accumulating one of the most extraordinary assemblages of articles ever brought together on a single thread. Mr. MACPHERSON'S controlling passion has been the sea. Day after day, unceasingly, ever since he came upon a print of one of the old clippers and was fascinated by it, Mr. MACPHERSON has been amassing pictorial and literary records of ships and sailors, of everything that has to do with "the mother and lover of men, the sea, and especially the sea as Britannia knows it. Old maps, old atlases, charts and books-he has them all. The collection represents the life-work of one whole-souled enthusiast. There was nothing like it before, and there can be nothing like it again.

Although you and I may have been unaware of the MACPHERSON Collection, which runs to nearly twelve thousand items, all students of our nautical history, in any of its aspects, have known of it and have known too of its owner's generosity. No British book on the sea could be rightly illustrated without recourse to this marvellous store of riches, which anyone may see from ten to five on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays of each week at 9, Henrietta Street, off Cavendish Square.

So much for the past and the present. Now for the Circumstances having made it necessary that Mr. MACPHERSON should sell, there is a chance of the Nation acquiring this unique property. The collection Under the cartoon that faces that has been valued, if broken up for the auction-rooms, at where their gifts may be addressed.

something in the neighbourhood of £120,000; and there are American collectors waiting to purchase it entire. But Mr. MACPHERSON, with the public spirit that has always inspired him, has agreed to let his own country have the first offer at £90,000; of which £25,000 has already been subscribed and paid as earnest money. That is to say, the required sum to ensure the country's possession of these incomparable and glorious records is only £65,000.

A home has already been found for them, and a home worthy of its trust: no less than that beautiful palace at Greenwich which Inigo Jones built for James the First, and Charles the First presented to Henrietta Maria, and which for centuries has been known as Queen's House. It stands, flanked by long colonnades, close to the river and its shipping, between the Royal Naval College and the Observatory in the Park. Long the property of the nation, it has been used by the resident officers; it has now been ceded by the Admiralty to be for evermore the Museum of the Sea which has made England what she is, under the title of the National Naval and Nautical Museum. At the moment the noble façade of Queen's House is obscured, but the Office of Works is about to restore it to its original dignity and comeliness. Relics of the highest value have been promised by the Admiralty. Nothing can prevent this new National Naval and Nautical Museum from being the most notable institution of its kind in the world; but if the Macrherson Collection were added it would be more than a museum: it would be a Bodleian as well. That would indeed be the crowning touch; and Mr. Punch calls upon all his readers who of their island heritage are conscious and proud to help to secure it.

Under the cartoon that faces this page they are told DAMCID.



"ENGLAND EXPECTS—"

[IT is hoped that through the generosity and patriotism of the public it may be possible to secure for the Queen's House at Greenwich—which is about to be made into a National Naval Museum—the MACPHERSON Collection of sea-pictures, the finest and most comprehensive in the world. This collection has been offered to the British Nation for £90,000, being three-fourths of its value, and the sum of £25,000 has been already received from one anonymous donor. For the remaining £65,000 appeal is being made to all those who take pride in our traditions of the sea. Cheques made payable to "Punch," crossed "a/c Macpherson Fund," and addressed to the Secretary of "Punch," 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, will be gratefully acknowledged by him and by the Society for Nautical Research. For further details see opposite page.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, November 8th.—Members

their hearts were still in the Highlands a-chasing the grouse or the haggis, or whatever it is one chases at this season of the year, their corporeal entities seemed quite pleased to be back in their nice clean warm House. One Member arrived at 4.30 A.M., but this exhibition of legislative gluttony was unique. There was no scramble for pride of place.

Only one Member seemed not to share the general sense of satisfaction over work meritoriously resumed. Mr. KIRKWOOD had evidently come back determined to be thoroughly disagreeable to everybody, including the SPEAKER. His peevishness was amiably ignored. The Lords, who usually meet a day or so later than the Commons, presumably by way of advertising the sober and dispassionate nature of their deliberations, also reassembled to- "REGRETTABLE, BUT NOT CALAMITOUS."—Lord BIRKENHEAD. day in order that Lord BIRKEN-

HEAD might ask leave to introduce the Bill which is necessary in order to permit of the Statutory Commission on Indian Reform functioning before

its appointed time.

Lord OLIVIER invited the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA to disclose the Government's intentions in respect of the aforesaid Commission, at the same time condoling with him over the fact that, owing to the indiscretions of some person or persons unknown, everybody knew all about it already.

Lord BIRKENHEAD agreed that the leakage of information was "regrettable" though not "calamitous" and intimated that the address of the babblers was not Fleet Street, London, but Coral

Strand, India.

Quite a fair number of Questions, none of them of a strictly hilarious nature, were asked in the Commons, but all the answers were eclipsed by one delivered by Sir Austen Chamber-LAIN, who was asked by some misguided Member to say how things were jogging along in China. These utterances of the Foreign Secretary on the state of affairs in China constitute a real menace to international peace. Every time he produces a fresh one, the emergence of a new provisional Government or so, or the outbreak of a couple of fresh | MR. A. M. SAMUEL WELLER MAKES HIS wars between hitherto unadvertised war-lords, makes the answer about five of "We shan't be bankrupt and we shan't make thousand words longer than the last. our fort'ns."—Pickwick Papers. war-lords, makes the answer about five

In another six months or so one of two regretfully, and immediately found himresumed their labours to-day quietly tically readjust our present methods of pleased, he told her, with the Betting but, on the whole, cheerfully. It any of Parliamentary procedure.



"WHO LET THE CAT OUT?"

Mr. Day started an electric hare by | tribunal to refuse to certify as proper imasking the CHANCELLOR OF THE Ex-CHEQUER how much of the Betting-Tax yield came from dog-racing. "Inconceivably little," replied Mr. Churchill



FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE TREASURY.

things will have to happen. Either self tangled up with Lady Aston, the we shall have to annex China or dras- House's electric Pussyfoot. He was

pleased if the yield had been twice as much. .

Amiable cheers from both sides of the House greeted Mr. A. M. SAMUEL when he rose to give his first reply as Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

The proposed business of the Session was discussed on Mr. BALDWIN'S motion that Government business do have precedence. Leaders of the Opposition and others mentioned matters they thought should be discussed, and the PRIME MINIS-TER replied that they would try to find time for certain of them but could say no more for the present. It seems likely that coal, unemployment and Tangier will all be discussed, in addition to subjects for which

days have already been promised.

The House took the Report stage of the Landlord and Tenant Bill. An amendment was promised by Sir WILLIAM JOYNson-Hicks which will enable a

provements those which interfere with or destroy the historical or architectural features of the premises, or which consist of unsightly structures erected to the detriment of attractive surround-

Wednesday, November 9th.—It is a long way from Canterbury to County Antrim, but Mr. RONALD MCNEILL'S heart was always right there. Beside that dark dumb river runnin' on beyond the Embankment, where the air is fairly moidhered wid the bummin' of the politicians, he wove the patient web of national finance; but his thoughts were in the hilly places where the Glendun is a sparkling burn and the air is never moidhered with anything except brickbats on the "twalth" of July.

To-day as Baron Cushendun he took his seat, if one may so put it, among the cushioned 'uns, whence he will presently proceed, not to the rocky windswept road that runs to Ballyvoy, but to the glens of Geneva.

To Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, who asked if the cruisers voted for this year had been held up, Mr. BRIDGEMAN replied guardedly that they had not been laid down.

Sir ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND explained the Unemployment Insurance Bill, which he described as "remodelling the whole system of unemployment insurance."

The Blanesburgh Committee, the gested that one-and-sixpence per man renounced his motion for papers. "tote" the Government would be a sufficient weekly contributed in the Commons Sir A. Holbrook facilities for the Bill.

tion to meet all demands. The Government, which apparently fails to find trade moving in anything besides cycles, thought it would not be prudent to reduce the present amount of the weekly contribution.

Mr. HAYDAY led the Labour attack on the Bill, which he condemned as doing nothing to "remove the hunger and depression that the unfortunate unemployed and their families were endur-ing." The Government, he claimed, had paid thirtyfive millions less than its proper one-third of the contributions since 1911, and it should make up the twentytwo million pounds' deficit now outstanding.

Captain MACMILLAN pleaded on behalf of progressive Conservatism that

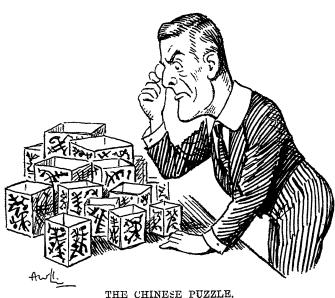
generous view of its social responsibilities," to which Mr. R. R. Wilson kind heart with the actualities of the urged the PRIME MINISTER to visit the situation would prove a formidable one.

Mr. MERRIMAN, in profound ignorance of the attitude of the modern young woman, trained or otherwise, to the despised regimen of slop-pail and basting-spoon, amiably hoped that the Government would establish centres for training unemployed women for domestic service. The debate was adjourned.

Thursday, November 10th. - Lord WESTER WEMYSS—one refrains with difficulty from writing it "Nor'wester Wemyss"—turned their Lordships into temporary Sea Lords by raising the question of the Geneva Conference. While fayouring naval disarmament all round, he said that there could be no common basis of a disarmament scheme as long as we remained bound by the Declarations of Paris, and the United States and Japan were not.

Lord STANHOPE and Lord BALFOUR both told their noble critic that we had no power to renounce the Declarations of Paris, and that was that. Lord Balfour added the purely philosophical hope that "this country would be West Ham Socialist School some after-seldom at war." Lord HALDANE agreed noon. We shall never know whether that we should "get into trouble" if we renounced the Declarations, and, "speaking for himself," said ditto to observed that he never made engageevernment.

Lord WESTER WEMYSS, learning that Minister explained, had taken the view the Government will not renounce the announced that if next Session the that "trade moved in cycles" and sug- | Declarations of Paris, accommodatingly



Sir Austen Chamberlain. "There seems to be no end to this

the Government should take a "more asked the PRIME MINISTER to grant facil- more criticism than defence, an excepblasphemous teaching to children. Mr. retorted that the task of mating the BALDWIN said time could not be found promptings of Captain MacMillan's for it. Thereupon Mr. Will Thorne



ONE OF BRITAIN'S BULWARKS.

Lord Haldane (in the debate on Naval Disarmament). "When they came to dis-ARMAMENT THEY HAD TO BE ON VERY SURE GROUND . . . THEREFORE HE WAS SATISFIED WITH THE POSITION THAT THE GOVERNMENT HAD TAKEN UP.

he expected the P.M. to be horrified or edified, because Mr. BALDWIN tactfully ments on Sunday.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer House by a free vote approved the "tote" the Government would provide

> Sir C. KINLOCH-COOKE complained on behalf of Wales that neither leek, daffodil nor the traditional leg of beefadvertised the Cymry on the new coinage. Mr. CHURCHILL replied that there was no intention to represent different parts of the United Kingdom in the design. The oak on the sixpence was an Imperial emblem.

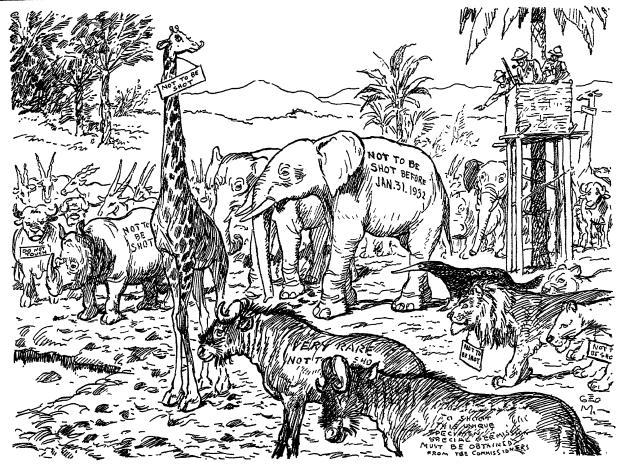
> For some reason nobody rose to suggest that, as the sixpence is a coin immemorially associated with Scotsmen, the appropriate decorative emblem was not the oak but the thistle.

> The House continued to debate and finally passed the Second Reading of the Unemployment Insurance Bill. On the whole the Bill came in for a deal

ities for a Bill to prevent seditions or tion being the Member who drew a tearful picture of the queues of boys and girls of sixteen lined up for the dole. Criticism was to the effect that the Bill did not attempt to prevent unemployment, did nothing for the young people just reaching employable age, did not charge the Government with its full and fair share of the contribution, threatened the unmarried (whose dole it curtails) with lives of erime and immorality, ignored the most important findings of the Blanesburgh Committee, and in general was as vicious and footling a measure as Labour Members had learned to expect from a Tory Government.

To these criticisms, as voiced by Miss Bondfield, Mr. Greenwood, WHEATLEY and (more mildly) Mr. HANNON and Mr. T. J. O'CONNOB, Mr. BETTERTON replied mildly, pointing out that the Bill did not pretend to do all or any of the things it was criticised for not doing. Mr. Tom Shaw, who spoke late, said that neither he nor his colleagues could make head or tail of the Bill or knew what it was all about. This seemed unkind to his colleagues, several of whom had, in speeches of lengthy criticism, conveyed the idea that they thought they knew quite well what it meant.

"Personality, according to the dictionary, means personal estate."—Scottish Paper. Not according to our dictionary.



THE PRESERVATION OF BIG GAME. WHAT OUR SPORTSMEN WILL SOON HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

BALLAD OF THE ALBERT HALL ECHO.

When the Albert Hall was opened by VICTORIA THE GREAT 'Twas a very showy function and a high affair of state; There were rows of silver trumpets and an admirable band, And the Monarch was attended by the noblest of the land.

She descended from her carriage and was marshalled to her throne,

And she viewed the hall's proportions and its decorative tone, And she questioned, "Can you beat it?" and the courtiers answered "No";

Then she waved to the conductor and she bade him have a go.

And a mighty music issued from those instrumental jaws, But—the fag-end was repeated when there should have been a pause;

And the QUEEN exclaimed in anger, "If Our hearing isn't wrong

There's an echo in the building; bring that architect along."

And the architect came trembling and declared upon his gosh 'Twas the fault of the conductor; but the statement didn't wash,

For the sycophantic courtiers made remarks behind their hats.

And HER MAJESTY'S reply was the equivalent of "Rats!"

Then she called the executioner who followed in her wake And she had the traitor's head off, so to put it, in å shake; But, before his promising career was permanently checked, He confided in the headsman to the following effect:—

"I have raised this goodly structure as the product of my brain;

I endowed it with an echo, and an echo shall remain;
As for this one, they could mute it in an hour or two at most,
But it won't be half so simple when they're dealing with a
ghost.

"I myself will be the echo. From a spot in yonder wall As a ventriloquial bogey I will haunt this blessed hall; They can thunder out their bravest, they can bellow, they can bleat.

But they'll find me'ware and waking half a bar behind the beat."

Then the headsman had his head off and HER MAJESTY went home,

And they started on experiments with sheeting in the dome; And the wisest acousticians came around from near and far, But a mocking voice eluded them, too late by half a bar.

So they made a monster chorus and an orchestra to match, And they thundered oratorio with vigour and despatch; But for all they've tried to drown him they have never

failed to find The inevitable architect some half a bar behind.

It is fifty years and upwards since the curse came home to roost,

And all manner of suppressions have been vainly introduced, For the echo never falters; and I fancy, after all,

If they want to lay the architect, they 'll have to scrap the hall.

Dom-Dom.

THE VERY LATEST THINGS.

transition lies before me as i write. i have read a complaint somewhere recently that mr. punch is not sufficiently ruthless, not sufficiently wide and rude in his grasp of british existence. But it shall never be said that so far as the english language and english literature is concerned he does not try to keep abreast of the roaring stream.

Mr. James Joyce starts off then in the current number of transition, the standing there."

'Mama, a man is standing there.'
The mother arrives. Really, a man is standing there." organ of the surrealists (published, I

frankly admit, in paris):-"O tell me all about Anna Livia! I want to hear all about Anna Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia? Yes, of course we all know Anna Livia. Tell me all. Tell me now. You'll die when you hear."

This is disappointing. This is not at all like Mr. JAMES JOYCE in the latest phases of his style. However, he improves as he goes

"New Hunshire, Concord on the Merrimake? Was her banns never loosened in Adam and Eve's. And were him and her ever spliced Flowey and Mount on the brink of time make wishes and fears for a happy isthmass? O, pass me that and oxus another! Don Dom Domb domb and his wee follyo!'

That is good, and there is much more of it, free from the tiresome shackles of the Oxford Dictionary, and indeed of the shackles of everything else, so far as I can see.

Kurt Schwitters has a fine passage at the end of "Revolution," to which he gives the title "Concluding Song":--

"They must be curious trees indeed, where the big Elephants go walking, without bumping each other, without bumping each other, without bumping each other,

without bumping each other, without bumping each other, without bumping each other!"

No sane critic, it seems to me, can deny the truth underlying these haunting words.

Equally powerful, though in a different way, are the lines:-

"And now follows the beginning of this story again.

The child was playing And saw a man standing

'Mama,' said the child. The mother:

'Mama,'—'Yes.' 'Mama.'—'Yes.'

'Mama, a man is standing there! '-- 'Yes.'

there!'-'Mama, a man is standing Yes.' there!'-

'Mama, a man is standing Where? there!

'Mama, a man is standing Where?

a man is standing there.' ' Mama, Where is that man standing?' 'Mama, a man is standing 'Where is the man standing?' there.

'Mama, a man is standing What are you talking about?' there.'

'Mama, a man is standing there!!!'
'Let the man stand!'

Few, if any, of the writers in transition

and i for one find myself in cordial agreement with his remarks.

And then, of course, there is GERTRUDE STEIN. There is always GERTRUDE STEIN. Stein. Gertrude. Stein. Ger-Gertrude. Stein. Gertrude.

"Whenever she pleases," say the editors, "Gertrude Stein contributes what she pleases to transition, and it pleases her and it pleases us."

It pleases me.

"More in the meantime more and in the meantime.

Next.

Not next.

And so next. When they went away and say and say that they went away. And not next. And as next. And as next and as they went away and say and say and as they went away and as next.

Next next they went away and say and say and they went away and next next. And next and they went away and say."

In all our Anglo-Saxon literature there is no writer who so consistently gets a left hook to the reviewer's jaw as Gertrude Stein.

transition has had a poor reception, I understand, in the United States of America, to which great nation the majority of its authors belong. The third number was found by Mr. FULLER, manager of the Old Corner Book Store at Boston, "to contain material in violation of the Massachusetts law.' The fourth was turned back by the Philadelphia Customs officials on the ground that it was copyrighted material. The fifth was held up needlessly for weeks by the post authorities of New York. The sixth was confiscated because it was improper. This is the eighth.

lose effect through under-emphasis of It has not done me much harm, and I hope its producers will admit that mr. punch is always ready to give a Third Act of his new play, which has frank hearing to the latest emanations the simple title A Pair of Drawers, and of modern thought in the mother

> I forgot, by the way, to quote THEO RUTRA, who writes-

This dies iræ clirrs in brass Lide stupefiant sea Words bell in larms and herds of grass Thine name they shry to me.

Mine nerves are pollen of your share Flames bloom and anodeen Thine rhythms vibre from calvaire Quirl troymer vaticeen."

I quote him now.

EVOE.



THE BROTHERS BALANETTI, THE WELL-KNOWN ACROBATS, PASS A FOOTBALL GROUND.

dramatic detail.

Mr. CARL STERNHEIM presents the Third Act of his new play, which has Mr. WALTER LOWENFELS asserts

"A Room

is a pastoral on a syrinx or a forest of magnolias in bloom exotic, with somnolent sables; until a window emits dawn, and dimensions, and chairs, and tables.

A Room is a measure of the years since Buccolos the Janitor invisible trilled his radiator pipes with steamperforming the miracle of fire to banish his flock's awakening-dream.

A Room corrupts reality."

ODDS AND EVENS.

I was calling on Anne with the object of asking her to be my wife. I had never proposed to her before, and had no idea what the result was likely to be. The odds in these matters are always about ten to one against—that is, if the man happens to be myself.

I found her sitting in front of the fire. She was well wrapped round with rugs, and at her side was a jugiul of some steaming liquid which smelt partly of cinnamon and partly of eucalyptus.

I do not claim to be abnormally quickwitted, but I summed the situation up at a glance.

"Anne," I said, "you are not well. You have a cold.

Her only reply was to sneeze three times in succession with great vehemence. In consequence of her ailment her eyes had somewhat lost their usual brightness and her nose was unmistakably red. Yet she looked adorable -she cannot help it. I was not sure whether or no it augured well for me that, though she must have known she was not looking her best, she had yet consented to receive me. Was it, I wondered, that she loved me to distraction; that, even at the risk of my affection cooling, she could not bear to let me go away without seeing me? Or did it indicate merely complete indifference to my opinion one way or the other? I could not tell. I decided to find out before committing myself too deeply.

"Anne," I said, when she had finished sneezing, "ought I to be here? Are you well enough to see me?"

"Are you likely to catch my cold?" she answered, replying, woman-like, to my question with another.

"Not unless you drop it," I said cleverly.

Anne smiled. She appreciates wit. was nice of you to come."

"Does that mean you're glad I came?" I asked eagerly.

Anne opened her eyes very wide.

"Of course," said she.

"Why are you glad?" I pursued.

"Because I like you," she said simply. I moved my chair a shade nearer to her.

"Anne," I said, "I—that is, will

Then I paused. For an anxious look had passed into her eyes, her face had become strangely contorted and her hand was groping about for her pockethandkerchief.

" I continued doubtfully. "Anne—

"Atishoo!" said Anne.
"I love you," I explained.
"Atishoo!" said she.

"Atishoo!" said Anne.
"Darling!" I cried.

Girl (who keeps very tame pigeons). "Oh, do stand up straight and turn this way and look pleasant. I'm trying for the Bird Lovers' competition."

" Atishoo!"

to find with it.

"Will you marry me?" I swept on, "Then please stay," she said. "It for I was determined that nothing should stop me finishing my proposal. I do not propose easily, and if thwarted am apt to lose the thread of what I am saying.

"Atishoo! Atishoo!"

"Yes, but will you?" Then, as she waved her hand at me to show that she had not yet finished sneezing, I had an inspiration. "If you sneeze an even number of times," I suggested, "I shall take it to mean that you will marry me. But an odd number will mean that you won't. Now, Anne, will you marry me?"

"Atishoo!" said Anne.

I waited, and I flatter myself that I successfully concealed the agitation which had hold of me.

From a letter addressed to a correspondent who is a doctor (and not, as you might think, a vendor of alcoholic liquor):--

There was a ghastly pause. I aged

It was a forced laboured sneeze.

Connoisseurs might have denied that it

was a sneeze at all. But I had no fault

To Window-dressers.

"Refined window offers gentleman comfort-

Birmingham Paper.

visibly. Upon Anne's face had come a strained, almost despairing look. Then-

"Choo!" she managed.

able home; highly recommended."

"Dear Sir,—Will you please send me another Bottle has I have not been filling up to the mark for the last week and oblige.



"I HEAR POOR OLD SMITHSON HAS PASSED AWAY. HE WAS NINETY-FOUR.".

"YES, HE NEVER REALLY RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK THAT THE MODERN GIRL GAVE HIM IN THE 'SEVENTIES."

WHAT'S IN A TITLE?

THE young novelist is much to be pitied. To begin with, every person he meets is a novelist, young or old, and there will soon be more novelists than seaders. New publishers arise each day, but new subjects never. However, let him not worry about subjects. Next to the paper-wrapper the title is the most important thing; and here at least the age can claim an original discovery, the quotation-title trick. Let the beginner go to one of the large bookshops and study the titles of the cultured novelists. It is no longer fashionable to call a work Passion, The Moon of Asia, Tom Jones, Two in Pyjamas, or by any name that suggests a particular theme. The thing is to take a remark from another printed book, extract two words from the middle of it, and there you are! The remark itself may or may not be relevant or prolound, but the chosen words should, if possible, convey no meaning at all, for this keeps the public guessing.

Sir James Barrie innocently began it all with Dear Brutus; and then there was If Winter Comes. Later imitators have found it necessary to hunt their titles in remoter fields. Mr. Aldous

HUXLEY is an adept at the game, with Antic Hay, Those Barren Leaves, etc.; and then there are Told by an Idiot, Go She Must, Dusty Answer, and others.

At any rate one heavy load is now removed from the beginner's mind, and to make his life yet easier I offer berewith a few good titles distilled in the accepted manner. A Dictionary of Quotations is a very useful thing.

For first novels about nothing in particular.

Farewell the NEIGHING STEED and the shrill trump.-Shakespeare.

O that this too, too SOLID FLESH would melt! Shakespeare.

Of no MEAN CITY am I.-Kipling.

Shades of the prison-house begin to close Upon the GROWING BOY. - Wordsworth.

Heard melodies are sweet but THOSE UNHEARD Are sweeter.—Keats.

With BEADED BUBBLES winking at the brim Keats.

TIS BETTER to have loved and lost.—Tenny son.

We needs must love the highest when we see it NOT LANCELOT, nor another.—Tennyson.

This barren verbiage, current among men, Light coin, the TINSEL CLINK of compliment. Tennuson.

You speak like a GREEN GIRL Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Shakespeare.

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp, And crook the PREGNANT HINGES of the knee. Shakesneare.

THUS CONSCIENCE doth make cowards of us all.-Shakespeare.

You are my true and honourable wife, As dear to me as are the RUDDY DROPS That visit my sad heart - Shakespeare.

So SHINES a good deed in a naughty world. Shakespeare.

For a history of the Liberal Party.

The SMALLEST WORM will turn, being trodden on.-Shakespeare.

For a history of the Conservative Party. This isn't the time for grass to grow; Consider, GOOD COW, consider.

Nursery Song. For a film featuring Mr. Ivon Novello. And when he falls he falls LIKE LUCIFER. Shakespeare.

For a work of fiction by Lady ASTOR. Lives like a DRUNKEN SAILOR on the mast. Shakespeare.

For a biography of Mr. Winston Chur-

If I quench thee, thou FLAMING MINISTER. Shakespeare.

For a Musical Comedy. And sweet red SPLENDID KISSING mouth. Swinburne.

For a history of Socialism.

Let the great world spin for ever down the RINGING GROOVES of change.—Tennyson.

For a Public Man's Diary.

The GAUDY BLABBING and remorseful day Is swept into the bosom of the sea.

Shakespeare.

For a lecture on Evolution, etc.

Do not as some UNGRACIOUS PASTORS do. Shakespeare.

Science advances with GIGANTIC STRIDES, But are we aught enriched in love and meekness?-Wordsworth.

For a detective-story.

FLAT BURGLARY as ever was committed.

For a shocker-drama.

Present fears Are less than HORRIBLE IMAGININGS.

For a play about a chauffeur.

Thou STRONG SEDUCER, Opportunity. Dryden.

And all the little birds had laid their heads Under their wings-sleeping in FEATHER BEDS.-Hood.

For a theatrical novel.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, little star.

For a Travel Book.

Jane Taylor.

Chaste Snowdrop, VENTUROUS HARBINGER of Spring.-Wordsworth.

For a work by Mr. EDGAR WALLACE. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were DONE QUICKLY.—Shakespeare.

For a Book of Memoirs.

How ill WHITE HAIRS become a fool and Jester.-Shakespeare.

For the Life and Letters of Mr. Sidney

I am the VERY PINK of courtesy.—Shakespeare. For a gloomy novel.

When he himself might his quietus make With a BARE BODKIN . . .—Shakespeare. Out, out, BRIEF CANDLE! Life's but a walking shadow.—Shakespearc.

For a book on the Whole-meal Contro-

Gets him to bed crammed with DISTRESSFUL Bread.-Shakespeare.

For Miss Ruth Elder's inevitable book. On the BAT'S BACK I do fly After summer, merrily.—Shakespeare.

For Dr. Logan's book.

'Tis a NAUGHTY NIGHT to swim in. Shakespeare.

For a book on Determinism and the Will. Adversity's SWEET MILK, philosophy.

For a psycho-analytical work.

We are SUCH STUFF As dreams are made on.—Shakespeare. _ A. P. H.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The twist had nine knots in it, each knot 'made by a person of the opposite sex.' Since this is a tale about a young man, these persons of the opposite sex must have been women.' Evening Paper.



Little Girl. "Please, I want camphor."

Old Highland Storekeeper. "WHAT IS'T YE CAM FOR?"

Little Girl. "CAMPHOR."

Old Highland Storekeeper. "CAM FOR WHAT?"

Little Girl. "JUST CAMPHOR."

Old Highland Storekeeper. "Oh, CAMPHOR! WHY DID YE NO' SAY CAMPHOR BEFORE?"

EPITAPH

FOR A POOR MOLLUSC AND MUGWUMP. SINCE Blank lies here, it may at last be said.

Without a hint of malice, that he's dead;

How strange to think poor Blank must here arrive

To prove that yesterday he was alive! W. K. H.

"A QUICK-CHANGE ACT AT WEMBLEY DOG RACE TRACK THAT CAN BE REMOVED WHEN WANTED."

Evening Paper. And what do they do with it when it's

not wanted? "Frederick G. --- escaped with a few nuts when his motor-cycle combination turned

three somersaults. We are not told what became of the other parts of this combination.

THE FUTURE OF THE ROUND POND.

COMMUNITY DANCING.

Skipton.

I AM surprised, nay astonished, that among the various suggestions for brightening and beautifying the Round Pond, no mention has been made of what is the most obvious and philanthropic method of meeting the most urgent need of the community. Needless to say I refer to the draining of the Pond, the covering of it in with the dome of the Albert Hall, and the conversion of the floor into a stately Pleasure Palace where community-dancing could be carried on at all hours. A writer in The Star-a paper which has played such a splendid part in the competitive tarantulation of social life—has commended the enterprise of a fashionable club in promoting facilities for the indulgence in this elevating pastime:-

"The idea is to induce members or their friends to bring their cars direct to the club on their way home from the Sunday drive to Oxford or Brighton, or Southend or through the Chilterns, and to let the motor-parties dine and dance in their ordinary clothes. It is a sensible project."

The writer errs, if at all, in underestimating the value of this admirable contribution to the rationalising of Sunday observance. But the privilege should not be confined to the members of a club. The new Rotunda, as we envisage it, would provide gratuitously not only for the needs of those who have neither the time nor the inclination to dress for dinner, but for those who do not possess a car or even a dress-suit.

(REV.) PETER PROLE.

A SHAVIAN SHRINE.

The Dump, Wheathampstead.

The erection of a statue in the centre of the Round Pond would not only immensely add to the amenities of Kensington Gardens, but it would afford a welcome opportunity for honouring one of our national worthies whose claim to marmoreal immortalization has been hitherto unaccountably neglected. It is a strange reflection on our curious apathy in this regard that there is at the moment no statue of Mr. BERNARD SHAW in London or indeed in any of our great cities. I feel, however, that the suggestion has only to be broadcast to meet with universal acclamation. He may not be, as he has modestly observed, ready yet for Westminster Abbey, but he is surely ripe for the nent, or (b) constructing the island and Round Pond. And the name of JACOB EPSTEIN simply bounds to the mind as substance. The resources of applied august a theme. As regards treatment occasion.

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A GLASS HOUSE FOR GENIUS. Tusculum, Great Yarmouth.

The whole world, as a great Sunday journalist has recently observed, knows far too little of its greatest men. Only recently the spectacle of a famous novelist passing along the crowded pavement of Whitehall unrecognised and unacclaimed by those who hang upon his words and purchase his books by hundreds of thousands, brought home to me with poignant force this great tragedy of modern life.

Why not avail ourselves of the vacant centre of the Round Pond to remedy this crying scandal? I would suggest that a suitable lodge should be built on an island, in which a succession of our greatest writers should take up their abode for a week at a time, so as to familiarize the populace with the lineaments of genius. The walls should be of glass so that the occupant would be independent of the weather, while a megaphone would enable him to recite selections from his works or deliver from time to time addresses on subjects of topical interest.

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A PERTINENT QUERY. Bellagio, Ponder's End.

Can any of your readers tell me why the Round Pond was so called, whether the name was given because of its shape or in commemoration of someone whose name was Pond? I seem to remember a well-known impresario called Major Pond, an American, and there was certainly an operatic impresario named Signor Lago. Can it be that Major Pond was an ingenious pseudonym for Lago Maggiore?

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[Under this heading The Times announces a meeting of medical officers of health to take action within the L.C.C. (General Powers) Act, 1927, against the pigeons whose pecking operations are said to be responsible for damage to many of London's public buildings. The offenders are estimated at 6,000, a number which it is proposed to reduce by 2,000. capturing the birds in nets and returning them, if practicable, to their owners. The Act gives power to seize, destroy or sell or otherwise dispose of pigeons in excess of the number considered reasonable.]

THE apes at Gib., explorers state, Are strictly rationed down to eight: For kittens barrack-cats indent Within a fixed establishment: But pigeons, like the human race. Increase and multiply apace, Distinctly lukewarm in the cause Of Stopesian or Malthusian laws. And those who ignorantly see No harm in these Columbidæ, And even set themselves to praise Their innocent and graceful ways, Beyond a doubt have never heard The truth about this baleful bird, Which revels, in and out of season, In torts, malpractice and misfeason, And hides beneath its Quaker hues The most iconoclastic views, Thinking that Gog and Magog's Halls. The Mayoral Mansion, old St. Paul's, The towers where Parliament is met, The grasping House of Somerset, Exist through man's indulgent freak To pamper its erosive beak.

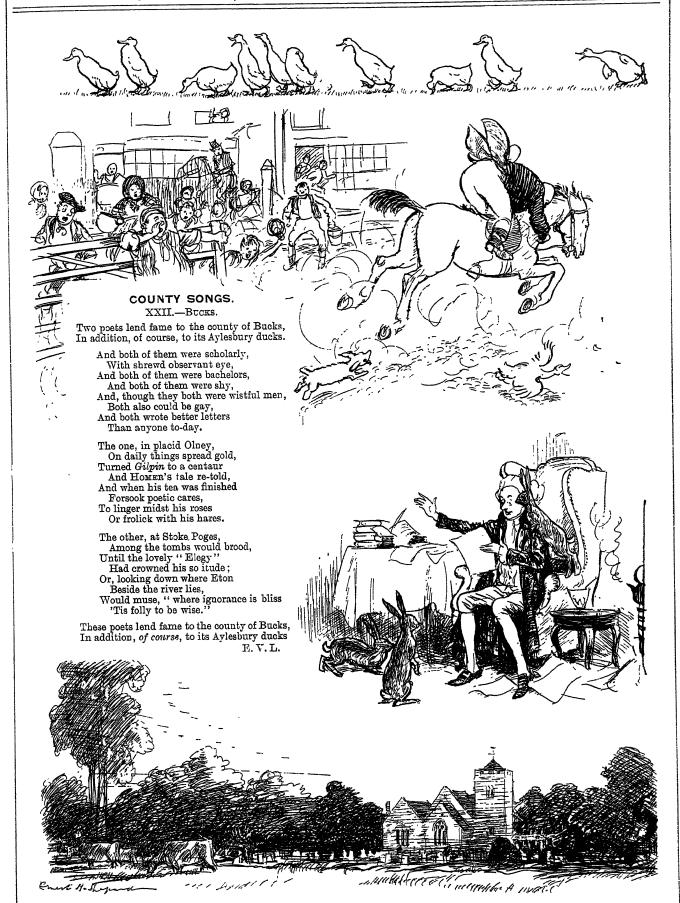
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"WORRY FOR MOTORISTS. NEW ROAD LEADS TO JAM." Headlines in Edinburgh Paper. "Then why worry?" says Smith minor.

"Shortly after 11 p.m. Agnes the road in answer to a call from Royal Infirmary suffering from head in a motor car. She was taken to Oldham the other side and was knocked down by juries."

North-Country Paper.

Considering what had previously happened to the poor girl, we cannot too the only artist fit to render justice to so science ought surely to be equal to the strongly deprecate the action of the juries.



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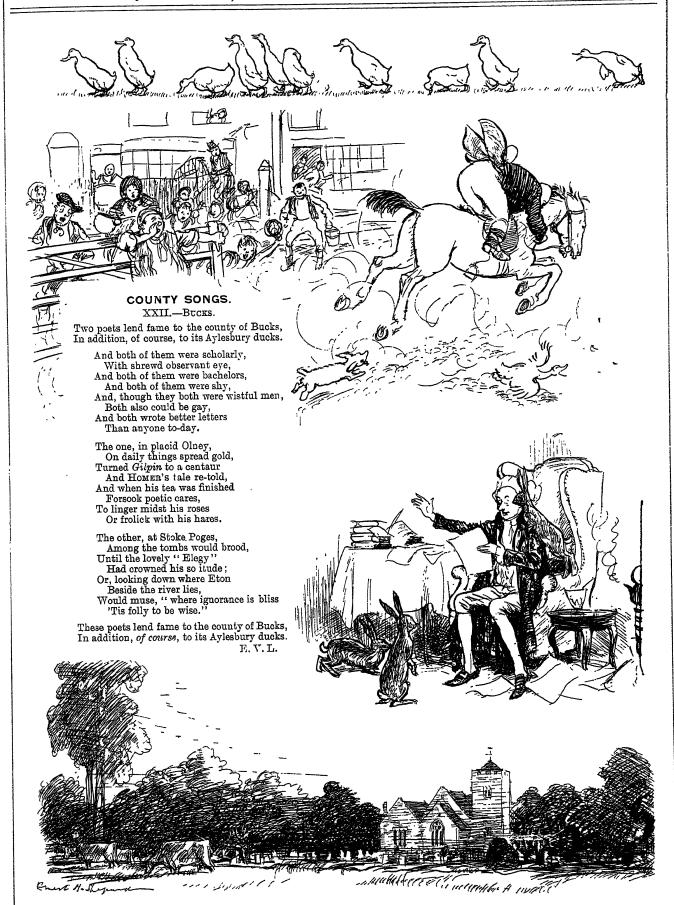
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MANNERS AND MODES IN U.S.A.

AN IDYLL ON THE BROAD WALK, CONEY ISLAND. (By Mr. Punch's Representative on the spot.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is courageous of Miss Mary Johnston to abdicate, even temporarily, her dominion over the historical novel, but I doubt if her admirers will rest content until they see this re-established. The romance of mere appearances is no doubt becoming increasingly suspect with thoughtful writers, but I do feel that Miss Johnston makes a mistake in rushing what appear to be very hastily-trained supernatural levies to the assistance of the visible world. The scene of her new story is an imaginary island called Eldorado; its time, nineteen-hundred-and-blank. There has been a second Great War, and a continental Dictator, of whose dictatorship Eldorado is an appanage, has forwarded a political exile to dwell among the unsophisticated inhabitants. It is pure caprice in the great man to allow Richard Kaye the run of the island when all his fellow-Liberals have succumbed to something stronger than castor oil; but Kaye's compulsory hosts—a community which might have stepped out of the pages of Evangeline—are delighted to find that The Exile (BUTTERWORTH) is to be treated as a man and brother. The account of his pastoral settlement, with a man-servant, a cow, a dog, chickens and bees, is full of practicable charm. But his meeting with two beautiful young women, either of whom might have crowned his felicity, is complicated by vague perceptions, on his part and

rarefied, are perhaps suited to the conditions their creator describes as finally arriving on the mainland—a "world whose parts are becoming spiritual and interpenetrative." But imagination is, I think, more usefully employed in bodying forth the forms of things unknown than in removing the fleshly limitations of ordinary men and women.

Nowadays it is, as I've noticed, not uncommon for an artist to be an author as well, and, in collaboration with himself, to combine both his fairy-godmother's gifts for his own benefit and that of his publishers and the public. Mr. Donald Maxwell, author and illustrator in colour and line (I prefer the latter) of The Enchanted Road (METHUEN), can better such ambidexterity by one, for he is also his own poet, and the lyrics he interposes, after the fashion set by Mr. KIPLING (or was it CHARLES KINGSLEY in The Water Babies?), add very considerably to the attraction of an unusual book. The enchanted road of the story (only, pace the jacket, there isn't a story!) starts at Cannon Street and, by courtesy of the P.L.A., passes through Dockland and the Blackwall Tunnel and, finding sermons in stones and good even in gasometers, it takes us, Clio and Mr. MAXWELL for company, into Kent. Leisurely, via Gravesend and Dartford, we come to Rochester and so to Lower Upnorthe last moorings of the Fleet's leviathans ere they become razor blades and so on. Whence, pilgrims and strangers, we tramp the Weald to Wouldham and look at the quarry theirs, of encounters in a previous life. Their relations, thus wherein the picked landing-parties of Zeebrugge underwent scaling drill, and so, by Boxley and Leeds Castle and its curfew, we come to the Valley of Dreams. You must guess as to the latter place; Mr. Max-WELL won't be explicit and I cannot be, but through the valley is the way to the "Castles of Kent," i.e., the oasthouses, the hop-vine's incense, the lost waters of Langley and "all the Kentish hills." And here, for practical purposes, our road ends-if, as Mr. Max-WELL asserts, an enchanted road ever can end. Maybe he's right, for I can imagine this book of kindly and uncommon knowledge of common things abiding as a sort of Cotswold Village for all lovers of the writer's pleasant country of Kent.

We get (from Cassell's) in the book, The Mystery of Uncle Bollard, A very oily type of crook Who in the end, of course, is collared; We get a pleasant millionaire, The uncle whom the title features, And furthermore we get a pair Of lovers, quite engaging creatures.

We get dud pearls that fakers raise In islands in the South Atlantic And sell as genuine in ways Mildly exciting and romantic; But with it we get all too few Vestiges of the skilful weaving Which Mr. Stacpoole hitherto Has used in yarns of his conceiving.

There is a curiously shrunken quality about literary accomplishment nowadays. Take the case of criticism, which in its prime enjoyed an Augustan compass "from grave to gay, from lively to severe": how few of the available stops are pulled out by the contemporary executant. A dissertation on this theme, "Reviewing-Ancient and Modern," is one of the most interesting of Mr. E. H. Lacon Watson's new essays, a series which may be divided into meditations on current literary topics and Lectures on Dead Authors (Benn). Personally I prefer the former class. All things being equal, it seems to me a more grateful task to debate subjects whose issue is yet undecided than to reanimate the dry bones of history. Besides I think Mr. Watson's genius is more analytic than picturesque; at l

any rate his "Developments in Modern Journalism" and "The Literary Agent" strike me as owing their appeal to the austerer virtue. This is not to say that the remaining pieces lack charm, whether of subject or handling. "Fuller's 'Worthies'" displays the first and "Literary Aunt Sallies" the second. I am delighted to find "The Author of 'Sandford and Merton'" brought blinking into the daylight after recipients of the traditional tierce of canary. his long hibernation; but I should like to assure his entrepreneur that so far from being "never, strictly speaking, a Tommy and the exemplary sub-histories of Mr. Barlow are put him in charge of estates worth half-a-million of money.



Moneylender. "But, my dear Sir, I vill lend you up to ten tousand pound on note of 'and alone." Client, "WHICH HAND?"

still current coin in at least one nursery I know. Both topical considerations and biography enter into the article on "Poets Laureate," which concludes with the suggestion that a deft writer of light verse would be the properest man for the post. One of Mr. Punch's own exponents of the art and the late Mr. Austin Dobson are indicated as suitable

Luke was a crook. That is not a very good rhyme and popular children's book" the adventures of Harry and it seems a worse reason why Theophilus Bird should have

dull." (He is not the

first to have noticed

that The Decline and

Fall of the Roman Em-

pire is a better title than The Rise of the Dutch Republic.) But really there was no pill

to be sugared. For the

most part it is the tragic

side of reconstruction

that inspires Mr. BART-

LETT's pen, the minor

destructions that are

no less "exhilarating'

for being but the inci-

dents of a larger pro-

cess. Occasionally he

is frankly funny, as in

"Stojanka the Peace-

maker," an account of

a Balkan frontier dis-

would have done it, and I consider this a weak point in The Kingdom of Theophilus (LANE), which, however, being by Mr. WILLIAM J. LOCKE, is of course a lively and ingenious story, full of people and incidents. Theophilus Bird got his Miss Wavering of The Grange, Moorstead, who left them to him because she disapproved of her niece Evelina's public activities (Mrs. Bird being an M.P. in posse and soon to be one in esse), of her nephew Luke's financial volatility, for which, at the time of her death, he was his Majesty's guest, and of Luke's daughter, Daphne, as an objectionably modern young woman who smoked. Theophilus wanted to keep Luke out of mischief—which was hopeless—because he was in love with Dapline; and that, in view of the fact of Evelina, was pretty hopeless too. So there you have a situation with which Mr. Locke is very competent to deal, and he deals than the situation itself is the way in which the people con- that the pill of reconstruction needs a good deal of sugaring.

cerned develop under its influence: Theophilus, the colourless and impeccable civil servant, acquiring strength of mind and the knowledge of good and evil; Daphne growing from a highspirited girl to a clearsighted woman; Evelina, the arid perfectionist, becoming arrogant and bitter-and human: Luke degenerating from a brilliant adventurer into a desperate shark. All these people are real, and one watches their comedy turning to tragedy with concern. But Mr. LOCKE likes to send his readers happy to bed; so, when at last Theophilus sets forth for his kingdom. Daphne goes with him as consort, and neither Luke nor Evelina is left unconsoled.

Easy-going as Theophilus was, I do not believe that he record unsurpassed in its kind. With the vexed questions which, in the course of those conquests, he raised and left behind him, as is the way of Napoleons, his biographer deals lightly, being well content to take it that his king could do no wrong, an assumption which simplifies matters riches under the will of his wife's aunt, the redoubtable for the eulogist. He does indeed quote, discreetly, from among the many bitter sayings that were directed against his hero, yet with the best will in the world to accept his argument, and fully admitting the justice of very much that he puts forward, I still find Mr. Wilson's method of advocacy unconvincingly complacent.

Topsy-Turvy (Constable) is a collection of thirteen stories illustrating various aspects of "Europe Under Repair." have called them stories rather than sketches, because their author, Mr. Vernon Bartlett, has chosen to invest most of them with what magazine editors call "human interest." with it very competently indeed. But even more interesting | He has done this deliberately, almost cynically, believing "Destruction is so exhilarating," he says; "reconstruction so

Grandson (who has offered to take Grandma for a walk). "Officer, can you tell me the nearest way to the Old Deer Park?"

P.C. (unfamiliar with the district). "Can't say exactly, but you can leave her here for a few minutes if you won't be longer than that."

pute so nearly true that the reader has to be warned against it in a footnote. In all these tales, I suspect, there must be a good deal more fact than fiction; and yet (if those who class Geneva and reconstruction with rice-pudding will believe me) there is not a dull moment in any of them.

Mr. R. Macnair Wilson's latest book, Lord Northcliffe: A Study (Benn), loses in persuasiveness from being too unbrokenly enthusiastic. It is as yet almost impossible for any person of Lord Northcliffe's own period to regard him with entire impartiality, seeing that it was his essential quality to make all the world agree or disagree with him, violently and perpetually, and quite often to do both at one and the same time. Yet none will now be found, I think, to deny him qualities of patriotism and courage which were enormously serviceable to the Empire at need, or a capacity for affairs that could on occasion be applied disinterestedly. No review of the War would be complete that did not contain extended references to his share therein, and such references must very often bear witness to the soundest foresight and judgment. The present writer would seem to claim for him something like a monopoly of these qualities. Apart from the War, Lord Northcliffe's positive achievements, though none perhaps was quite so remarkable as that attributed to him by Mr. Wilson of "crossing the equator from east to west," were still almost incredible, the simple recital of the stages of his Napoleonic conquests

It is comforting to read a tale of school-life that is neither strenuously realistic nor aimed to emphasise the defects of our public-school system. In Jeremy at Crale (CASSELL), Mr. Hugh Walpole is neither an alarmist nor a propagandist; he is content just to tell a story, and he tells it excellently well. I admit myself a victim of the Jeremy habit, but even those of us who have so far resisted his spell will find that this record of one term at a public school is packed with sound observation and entertaining adventure. Mainly built on an ineradicable antagonism between Jeremy and another boy it tells us of the feud that threatened to destroy the prosperity of their house. It is a fine feud, but even more engrossing is *Jeremy's* struggle to get his school football colours, and I have never read more exciting accounts of matches than those to which Mr. WALPOLE has here brought a whole-hearted enthusiasm. They deserve to become classics. Let me add that Uncle Samuel greatly increased the pleasure in journalism, familiar history though it may be, forming a which I drew from this third book of Jeremy.

CHARIVARIA.

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS'S mother relates, in an evening paper, that she made a practice of teaching her children to say "No." It is only after they leave their mothers' care that so many Ministers contract the habit of saying, "The answer is in the negative."

In view of Lord ROTHERMERE's championship of the Magyar cause, a "Hats off to Thanet" movement in Hungary is anticipated.

Mr. G. B. Shaw has stated that his earliest literary sensations, as a boy, were The Pilgrim's Progress and The Arabian Nights. In later life he is believed to have been profoundly im-

pressed by the works of Mr. G. B. Shaw.

In our opinion the alleged uneasiness in Europe is largely due to too much rattling of the olive-branch.

We gather from a fashion article that luminous bags are to be the mode this winter. At the risk of appearing old-fashioned we have decided not to wear them.

A sailor charged with being intoxicated is reported to have sworn at a policeman for twenty minutes without stopping. It was a good thing for the constable that the man belonged to the

Silent Service.

At a meeting of the Taw and Torridge conservators the question of supplying water-bailiffs with Alsatians was considered. The idea seems to be to increase the local angler's chances of a bite.

The Guardian suggests that the public should decline to reward child carolsingers who are obviously incompetent and whose only object in carolling is to fill their pockets. Hitherto we have been actuated by the belief that these little ones were doing their best with the sole object of giving pleasure to householders.

The proudest man in Holborn to-day is the telephone subscriber who claims to have got the first automatic wrong number.

"Many have tried, but no one has succeeded in fooling Signor Mussolini," declares a contemporary. Will Dr. LOGAN take this statement lying down?

An exhibition of works of art by bankers has been held. It is characteristic of banker-artists that they are especially careful not to over-draw.

Dr. HRDLICKA, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, is a much-talkedof man in anthropological circles just now, especially among those who know how to pronounce his name.

Among the ailments that are conveyed from dogs to man we note the collectors, we hasten to give assurances inclusion of insomnia. Some people of our moral support for any public get it from the dog next-door.

Mistress. "THE GASFITTER MAY CALL WHILE I'M OUT. JANE." New Maid. "THANK YOU, M'M; I'LL TELL HIM."

gallons, representing an annual business of over eighty million pounds, was produced in the United States last year. Italians should be proud of the fact that it was Columbus who made this possible.

A Conservative M.P. has won a prize at a ball in his constituency for the best-looking bachelor. The Party feeling is, however, that it would be a mistake to attach undue significance to these minor successes.

According to Protessor F. E. Parsons, there are Londoners who have the blood of palæolithic man in their veins. There is some talk of an "Old Pals" movement to bring them together.

Marovasarhely High School, Budapest, library will therefore continue open as has forbidden the scholars to wear neck- usual.

ties. It is not stated if this will affect the wearing of Old Marovasarhelyan colours.

"I saw two interesting people at luncheon yesterday," says a gossipwriter. Gossip-writers ought to lunch where interesting people are more numerous.

In consequence of the complete failure of the honey harvest in North Yorkshire and Durham it is feared that many Tees-side hives will close down.

With reference to the projected reduction in the number of Income-Tax farewell tribute that may be contemplated.

> Now that Army Tanks have demonstrated that they can use Surrey commons without doing serious damage there is some talk of getting a picnic party to undergo a similar test.

Mr. SICKERT, A.R.A., who occasionally writes to the papers, has mystified some people by his alternate use of his baptismal names. His pictures, however, are easily identified, whether he paints as Richard or in Waltercolours.

A bag containing Ice-cream to the extent of 321,729,000 | bottles of poison was stolen from a doctor's motor-car at Ealing the other day. It was the more inexcusable in

view of the fact that they were labelled "Not to be Taken."

There are one thousand seven hundred and fifty registered clubs in London, an increase of sixty-five on last year. Husbands are looking forward to the next spring-cleaning with quiet confidence.

Coal dealers are not at all satisfied with the condition of the coal industry. When we saw our man delivering coals the other day he looked very black about something or another.

"BIG BILL" THOMPSON, Mayor of Chicago, has announced that he will M. Dutulescu, the new Dean of not visit England. The British Museum

VOL. CLXXIII.

"SI VIEILLESSE SAVAIT."

My Uncle Victor cannot understand why I do not instruct my wife to take what he calls a "besom" to Ann, our daughter, now aged seventeen; and Ann, on her part, fails to see why we support even the occasional society of her great-uncle, whom she declares to cried Uncle Victor, finding a happy inbe neither ornamental nor useful, and too hirsute to be sanitary. "He hasn't even the decency to be rich," she observes. "If he were I could understand you and Mum, with your pre-historic ideas about life, wanting to keep in with him, especially as he farewell to a white-haired lady; evi-isn't married. But, although he 's bad-dently they were "breaking up." They hand, did youtempered and grouses at you and me and his bedroom when he stays here and the food we give him and the view and the weather and everything, just as if he were a rich uncle out of a book, he hasn't a bean. So why do you do it?"

It is of course impossible for us to explain to her, or even to admit to each other, that we endure Uncle Victor because he does not seem to have altered by a hair since he cast a blight upon our wedding-day, and therefore makes us feel young. She could not be expected to credit even a temporary illusion to that effect in the minds of parents aged hearily forty-six and forty-two. We can only weakly agree with what she says and illogically invite him for his usual visit.

Uncle Victor, who undoubtedly possesses a notable liver, is equally definite in his views about Ann. He lives in a university town, amongst other old bachelors, and in this atmosphere has preserved the prejudices of his youth surprisingly inviolate. "Like a toad in a stone," says Ann. "Only a toad has the decency to stay put, and not to come out and criticise." He thinks that we are deplorably lax with Ann, and naturally we cannot convey to him the memories of infantile quaintness, bruised knees, measles and childish joys and sorrows which make up for us the absorbingly interesting personality in which he sees only a rackety young woman, with no notion of the sanctity of legs. So the battle between the old school and the new goes on, trampling over the helpless bodies of us neutrals.

'Your grandmother would never have sprawled like that when she was a young girl," Uncle Victor attempts to admonish.

"I'm sure she wouldn't," agrees the inx. "If she had she would have looked like a badly-packed parcel, and something would have been sure to

At the end of last summer term I met my daughter in London, and on

our way North we picked up Uncle Victor. No sooner had he settled himwas on and raged furiously.

After a while we drew into a wayside station.

"Now that is what I like to see," still some young women who retain a haze of smoke behind. little respect for their elders.

The object of his approbation was a party of school-girls bidding a decorous climbed into the coach and poured along the corridor. Although there were several seats vacant in our compartment they disregarded these, preferring to overflow

an empty one beyond us. "Neat, workmanlike and modest," commented Uncle Victor, after the black and blue figures, under pink faces and straw hats with a school band, had streamed past him and the train began to move again. (He was seated with his back to the engine, the only position tolerable to his interior economy; I stood outside in the corridor to stretch legs cramped by a journey which had started very early, and we both looked down upon Ann, who commanded from her inner corner-seat an oblique view of the activities further down the carriage.) "No paint, no powder, no silk stockings. It is a pleasure to see young girls who are content to be young girls."

I felt a sudden stealthy kick, and became aware of my daughter's fixed gaze, staring up the corridor. Turning my head, I was in time to see a school straw hurled out of the window with a contemptuous gesture, and a rakish red cloche carelessly substituted by its late wearer. Furious activity was apparent amongst Uncle Victor's modest maidens. Suit-cases were opened, garments passed from hand to hand; one damsel produced a cigarette-holder about a foot long, and brought it into action with the ease of long habit.

"Now, if you were sensible enough to take example from them, my dear child, "Uncle Victor rambled ponderously on. I scarcely heard him; both Ann and I were staring fascinated up the corridor. A surprising metamorphosis was overtaking Uncle Victor's wholesome British girlhood; part of it one could only guess at, but a good deal of it one saw.

"Good heavens!" cried a voice, "are we coming into a station? I've scarcely anything on. Let me into the compartment, you in there. . . . "

In ten minutes a smartly sophisti-

cated party of young women was completing its ensemble with powder-puffs self in the train than Ann's costume and lip-sticks behind Uncle Victor's unattracted his attention, and the war conscious back, and he was still embroidering his theme. Ann was watching him in sinister silence, with an eye that glittered; I knew that she was reserving herself for a crushing blow. But the train went on and on, and she did spiration on the platform. "What a not deliver it. Eventually we changed. difference! Thank Heaven there are leaving the vestals and their drifting

Ann is rather difficult to corner, but in due course I did it. "Now," I said, when we were alone, "explain. Why, with the enemy delivered into your hand, did you—?"

She looked up, looked down andheavens above!—blushed.

"Oh, well," she said shamefacedly, "must be losing my grip, I suppose. But he was so pleased, poor old thing, at having scored off me—did you notice his hand was positively trembling? I was just going to let him have it, but I-well, I hadn't the heart somehow. It sort of hit me in the eye-he's so dashed old and solitary. Sounds soppy, doesn't it? Got a gasper?"

Perhaps Uncle Victor was right after all in thanking Heaven that we still have some young women who retain a little regard for their elders.

DINING FOR CHARITY.

[The latest pronouncement is that vegetarianism is one cause of the high cost of boots and shoes, the decreasing demand for meat having diminished the number of cattle raised and so produced a comparative shortage of

When first I felt impelled to play A vegetarian's part, I boasted in a blatant way About the change of heart That bade me utterly abhor The habits of the carnivore.

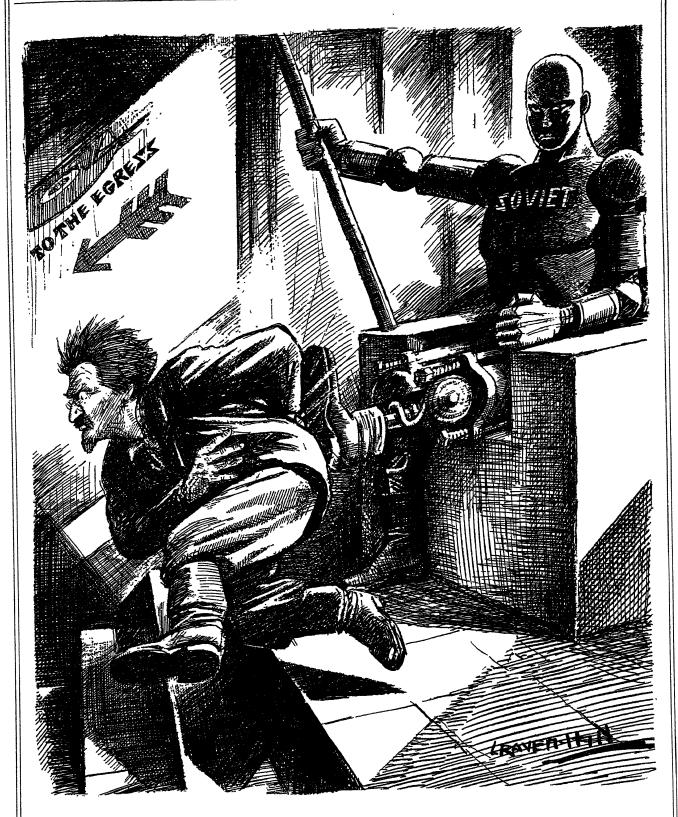
Such boasting was an error, but 'Twas done beyond recall, And when the charms of bean and

Ere long began to pall, I simply did not dare to go And seek the fleshpots of Soho.

Though with the notion I might flirt,

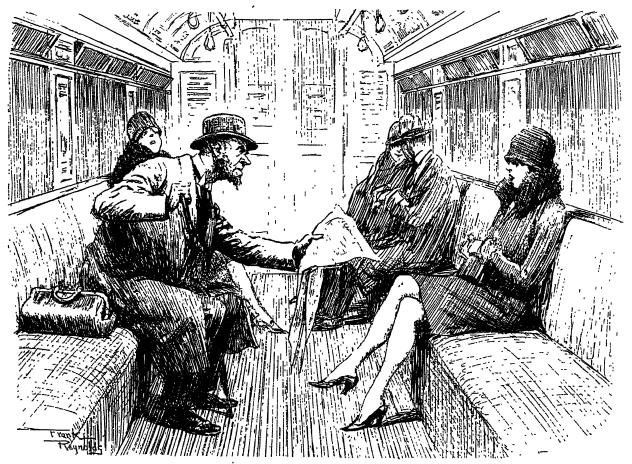
I feared a ribald tribe Of friends I 'd striven to convert Would gather round and jibe And hail with most unseemly glee My prandial apostasy.

But now, relapsing, I can take A braggart tone once more About the sacrifice I make In pity for the poor, Intent upon decreasing their Expenditure on pedal wear.



HOIST WITH HIS OWN ROBOOT.

COMRADE TROTSKY. "WHY DID I HELP TO MAKE THIS MACHINE SO EFFICIENT?"



- "WILL YE TAK' THE PAPER?"
- "THANKS. I DON'T CARE FOR READING IN THE TRAIN."
- "MAYBE. BUT WILL YE KINDLY COVER YER KNEES WI' IT? A 'VE NAE WISH TO CONTEMPLATE THEM."

ANYHOW ESSAYS.

VI.—THE IMAGINARY MAN.

I continue to toy with the idea of an invented man.

I could not create him by myself, of course. He would have to be the hobby of a millionaire—a millionaire newspaper-proprietor, I suppose.

For convenience he would also, I think, be an American.

Our object in creating him would be a stunt. But a stunt how notable, how superb!

There was a time when, London being smaller, the ordinary citizen used to rub shoulders with the illustrious, to cheer them or throw stones at them as they passed in their stately coaches to Parliament or the play.

That time has gone. . . . I travel, for instance, quite often on the Underground with an ex-Prime Minister, and always I am conscious in the lift or the compartment that practically no one has recognised him except myself. There are no sly glances, no nudges, no half-smiles. . . . It is, in fact, more than probable that most of the passengers

are reading paragraphs about his personal appearance in their daily papers as we rattle along, or even looking at his photograph. But they do not recognise the man himself. . . .

It is one of the curious results of continuous Press publicity that princes and potentates can walk about almost anywhere unrecognised. It does not occur to anybody that they exist at all in places where the Press has not announced them to be. . . .

My invented man would live in the Press alone. . . .

He would have addresses. He would have a banking account. For certain purposes, indeed, he would have a dummy paid to impersonate him, but wearing the disguise of whiskers, or a small imperial and a moustache. This impersonator would have a complete alibi. . . Belonging to a humble walk in life, he would be chosen for his magnetic eyes and bold firm features. He would have such a face as is possessed by the gentlemen who advertise cigarettes, collars, or the purchase of furniture on the instalment system. His duties would be fairly light. They

would consist almost entirely of being photographed. . . .

My invented man, on the other hand, would have a wonderfully varied life. Connected with large and important manufacturing interests (or, if you like, the director of large and important industrial concerns) in the U.S.A. he would be one of Society's eligible bachelors, he would represent Big Business, he would have foibles, eccentricities, a golf handicap, favourite restaurants, button-holes and hats. . . .

He would have addresses. He would but whether he could own race-horses are a banking account. For certain I am not sure. . . .

We could not, alas, gethim into a good club. But in the Court and Personal columns his comings and goings would be noted from time to time. . . .

We should paragraph him with the greatest assiduity everywhere.

Under his faked photograph he would write articles with a facsimile signature at the end.

He would also write books. . . . He would form companies. . . .

He would frequently telephone. . . . If sufficiently muffled about the face,

I imagine that he could broadcast to the world. We should not use our ordinary dummy for that, unless he happened to have a particularly good voice. But in any case the matter of his lecture would have been prepared and typewritten for him. . . .

Our reporters, our flâneurs and menabout-town would meet him at nightclubs and talk to him about his losses at bridge and the bets he had recently made. . . . Our lady-writers on the fashion-page would find him full of charm ... satiric ... witty ... an admirable host. . . .

It would please me, and I think it could be done at a price, if he exhibited a picture in the Royal Academy next year. He should certainly have his

portrait there. . .

Rumours would get about, but I think we should be strong enough to defy them. The overwhelming pressure of his reported activities would stifle the demon of doubt. His name should appear on Committee-lists. . . . He should be the Honorary Vice-President of this or that.

He would give largely to charities. He would subscribe to a party-fund. He could not be invited to stand for Parliament, even if we naturalised him, for I do not think we should allow our dummy as much rope as that. . . .

We might, of course, mention casually that he was in Parliament, without stating his constituency, but unless we could square the Whips they would be certain to blow the gaff in The Times . . . and even with their connivance he could not make a speech in the House until such time as gramophone-records are permitted to act in lieu of personal attendance. . .

Granted his admission, however, he could easily pair. . .

Could he be knighted? I really cannot say.

He could change now and then his name, hyphenating it or making some addition to it. . . . And this, I think, would go far towards establishing his objective reality.

He could be fined for exceeding the speed-limit in a motor-car. There would not be the slightest difficulty

about that. .

On the Lido, at Cannes, at Monte Carlo he would have a glorious time....

I should be inclined to allow him a

yacht. .

If my friend Tillotson had no objection I should like to make him one of those People who are Behind Things, who Sit Quiet and Pull the Strings.

He should certainly have his name taken, and be fined, for attending fashionable night-clubs. . . .

In the person of his photographic



REVISED VERSION.

Mother (to love-sick Son). "HASN'T THAT YOUNG WOMAN GONE YET?"

dummy he could occasionally distribute prizes or lay a foundation-stone....

But he could not die. . .

There is something rather fascinating in the notion of creating a man who could not die.

He could, however, disappear; and that, I think, is the way in which, when we were thoroughly tired of the fellow, we should get rid of him in the end.

We should get a good deal of amuse-

ment out of the labours of the Big Four at Scotland Yard. .

His hat, his umbrella, his note-case, his correspondence, his keys, his watch —we would strew them all over the place.

He would be numbered among the

inexplicable mysteries. . . . But we should certainly have to make him disappear; for if he did not disappear there might be a conspiracy to elect him our dictator....

FLAT BATTLES.

IV.-THE MILK MÊLÉE.

This all happened some time ago, soon after we had moved into the flat and before we had grasped the full routine.

Everymorning (aboutdawn, I gathered from all accounts) a bottle of milk with a cat-proof top was placed outside our flat door. Some while after, when our Ahlice was up and about, she opened the door, took this bottle and the newspaper in, pint had been delivered at our door as She said Frances had been a little rude gathered up the letters and put everything on the breakfast-table. During

this I was always at hand in my bedroom in case anything went wrong and Frances wished for a little advice. I called this decentralisation of labour and organisation in the home. When everything was satisfactorily decentralised and organised, I got up, assured that the day was nicely in train and that the time had come for me to take a hand in it.

I must admit, by the way, that I never knew even that much about the milk for some time. I was not, so to speak, good at knowing anything that went on at such an incredible hour. I used to think that the milk just appeared, like manna, on our breakfast-table. To me it was one of those mysterious things which you know must be done some time, but which you never see being done-like a policeman sleep-

ing in bed.
Then I suddenly increased my range of knowledge by hearing Frances on the 'phone talking about milk. When first I gathered that she was speaking to a cairy I instantly thought of cows in a green field, of pails of frothing swirl-

ing milk, of fresh butter and fresh dairymaids, and the thought that Frances was connected up by telephone to all this affected me so deeply that I nearly took my bowler hat and went for a walk in Kensington Gardens. It came as quite a shock to learn later that the dairy was the big red-brick building at the corner of the next street, which I had always thought was a public-house.

Frances went on to talk quite angrily about pints and half-pints of milk. I gathered there was some sort of row on and tip-toed back to my study before I should be dragged in. It was a vain hope. Barely five minutes later Frances came to me saying the dairy had been rude to her and asking me to go round and settle the matter.

the sort of man to let his wife be insulted by a mere dairy. I strode out, later because it had occurred to me, halfway down the street, that it would be as well to know what the quarrel was about. Frances told me that, although we ordered a pint of milk to be delivered every day, this morning we had only received half-a-pint. All inquiries had her life, and I sympathised. She said only elicited a curt statement that a the hours were cruel, and I sympathised. usual, and that it was our fault.

THE PROPERTY OF

Elder Brother. "Bobbie, Bobbie, where did you learn THAT DREADFUL WORD?" Bobbie (aged four). "Why, I've used it for years."

ing sentences in my mind as I went: bottle was there. The affair almost "Do you imagine that I and my wife savoured of magic. I mean, for a pintcan live on half-a-pint of milk? ... or, "When a lady rings up politely to ask you..."; or, better still, "Why the can't you do your job and be civil about it? I suppose you thought you only had a defenceless woman to deal with?"

I decided on the last. It seemed to have more pep than the others. But I didn't use it. The trouble was that I myself hadn't thought that when I got to the dairy I should have only a defenceless woman to deal with. I had expected a man, a small man with a blonde milk-stained moustache. Instead there was only a fair young thing with red lip-stick lined.

I seized my hat at once. I was not frightfully upset about it. She said mistakes would occur, and one was always so busy, and you wouldn't believe breathing fire, and came back a moment | how difficult some dairymen were, and when one was at it from morning to night.... Well, I gathered that those girls in dairies have rather a rotten time of it. I didn't know they worked so hard till she told me. I felt awfully sorry for her. She told me all about to her on the 'phone, and I just stopped I set off again, revolving a few open- myself in time from sympathising.

I told Frances all about it when I got back, and Frances, after telling me that any girl could twist me round her finger, said she herself hadn't been rude at all. The girl had sworn that a pint of milk had been delivered for our flat, and Frances had simply called her a liar. Nothing more; no rude-

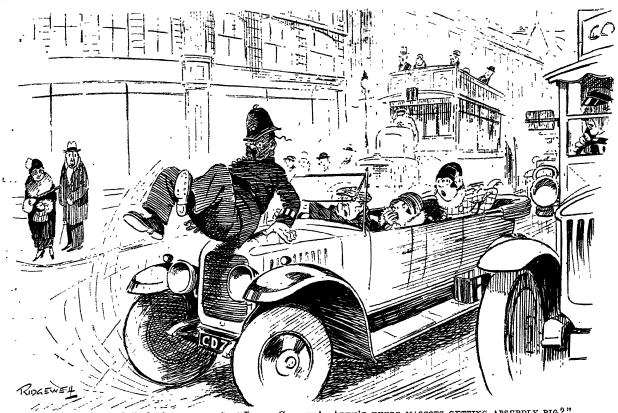
ness.

Next morning there was again only a half-pint. This time Frances herself went with me at once to the dairy. That poor girl didn't get much sympathy this time. Women are pretty hard on husbands, but frightfully hard on one another.

The mystery, however, had only deepened. The dairy-girl told us that she had crossquestioned the milkman the previous night. He had definitely stated that on each of the last two mornings he had left us a full pint-bottle and was prepared to swear on oath that he had not made a mistake in the door. Indeed, the dairy-girl told us, he actually had sworn with several oaths. Yet when Frances had opened

bottle of milk standing outside a door to dwindle quietly to half its size is, to say the least, peculiar. It was at last resolved, on protestations of innocence all round, to see what happened next day, and the conference broke up.

On her way home Frances determined that if this state of things continued she would have to form a Milk-Consumers' Self-Protection League. In the meantime suspicion ranged from a prowling night-hawk, who crept upstairs to milk-snatch at dawn, to a policeman yielding guiltily to a sudden thirst after his long night's vigil, and then getting the habit. Our Ahlice of I told her our trouble and she was course said it was the cat; but she has



Short-sighted Lady (on pavement). "LOOK, GEORGE! AREN'T THESE MASCOTS GETTING ABSURDLY BIG?"

been in service some time and has become fixed in her ideas.

That night I could scarcely sleep. Several times in the early dawning I thought I heard noises as of milk-thieves or cat-burglars, and I was up at an early hour to know the worst.

The worst had happened. On our mat was, for the third time, only a half-

pint of milk.

As soon as we could we went round to the dairy in force. On this occasion the milkman himself was present. A heated argument began. The dairy gave us to understand that a squad of milkmen under police protection had reconciliation which did credit to both brought our pint bottle to the very sides, and the meeting dissolved in an door-step. We gave the dairy to understand that we had slept all night at human kindness. our door.

At this point common-sense stepped in. Someone said, "Which door?" The milkman replied, "Front-door, of course." Frances said in a small voice, "Oh, then you don't bring the milk up to our flat door?" The milkman stared at her disgustedly and remarked that that was our housekeeper's job. He then threw new light on the matter by telling us that the housekeeper had been ill for some days and that her sister, who was staying with her, had been taking up the milk for the respective flats each morning. . . .

At this juncture into our midst sailed

another customer, the invalid lady from our first-floor flat, fresh from a bathchair.

She was angry. She had a complaint—I should say another complaint besides her physical one-and it was about her dealings with the dairy. She discussed both complaints for some time for 1960) is the fantasy that the Moon and without stopping. Then she went out. Quite simply her trouble was that she only ordered half-a-pint of milk and for the last three mornings someone had been delivering a pint at her flat door.

Her exit was followed by a scene of atmosphere redolent of the milk of A. A.

From an old cookery-book :-"When this is done, sit on a very hot stove and stir frequently." Who wouldn't?

From a railway announcement:-

"It should be noted that this being a special train it will start exactly to time at both ends." Nothing is said about the middle of it.

"The success of the Mock Lord Mayor's Banquet . . . offered overwhelming proof of the many friends the school possesses Local Paper

We understand that the Mock Turtle brought down the house.

"PUNCH" AMONG THE PROPHETS.

A Correspondent writes:—

"Has your attention ever been drawn to a prophecy in Punch's Almanack for 1861? Under "Astronomical Information" (from an imaginary Almanack was laid out as a People's Park under Act I. of Edward VII., 1899. Not a bad shot, forty years before the event, for the actual date of King Edward's accession. And, as even in 1901 there was an idea that the King would take the title of ALBERT. Mr. Punch's prescience in 1861 is again remarkable.

"I am, however, inclined to wonder why in Victorian days Mr. Punch escaped a charge of lese-majeste for assuming the death of the QUEEN at the age of eighty. He would have been more circumspect in 1561.'

"Although the response to the appeal for £2,500 to save the Glamorgan County Cricket Club from distinction has been by no means generous . . ."-Welsh Paper.

But can it be saved from distinction after beating Notts?

"In Italy an appeal has been sent out asking men to be more warlike in their attire, and to wear their arms openly. This country may follow suit."—Sunday Paper.

Our women have already carried out .: | the latter requirement.

rolling bass.

THE AMERICAN MUSE.

JAMES K. JALLOFAT.* (After Mr. VACHEL LINDSAY.) James K. Jallofat ran a big factory None of his thousand hands was refractory; All his maidens, he knew, were serene, Machining his collars with modest mien Shaping him shirts to bring him in dollars, Cutting him overalls, folding him pants, Humming like bees and running like ants, Sitting like cats and patiently purring While the great Jallofat wheels were whirring.

Sadlu.

A soft

roice.

But he went down to the Devil. He spent money like dirt himself, With pomposity. But he wore a Jallofat shirt himself, A snowflake streaked with the blue of Delf; A Jallofat collar, cream Jallofat pants, A quality vest with the Jallofat crest, A Jallofat suit and slip and spats, And the nattiest thing in Jallofat hats. He moved like a god where the Jallofat ants, With heads bent low and nimble hands, Banded his goods with Jallofat bands. He moved like a god with obsequious men Bowing and scraping, prompting him here, Prompting him there, with now and then A sidelong glint and a signal sly As the great Mr. Jallofat waddled by With small bright eyes, with hands that waved

In a sinister whisper.

Their jewelled fat over items saved, James K. Jallofat, Shirt-King Jallofat, Waddled his rounds with his bob-tailed hounds Through the factory, into the grounds. But he went down to the Devil.

He went his rounds and came to the shed

Reep as light-footed as possible.

Where his shirtings were dyed with blue and red, With mauve and yellow and puce and green And infinite delicate shades between. And the great man coughed with the acid steam As the Manager murmured, "This is the cream." They hurried him round and hurried him out Ever so tenderly, most obsequious, While a blue-dyed shadow beside a vat Called to a red with a sneering shout, In a ribald "That's old Jallofat, that's the old rat; They knew better than let him speak wi' us."

shout.

But meanwhile, out in the light of day, Something suddenly seized J. K. With awe-A horrible twinge, a burning spasm,

emphasis.

A plunging fall in a flaming chasm, And a harsh voice heard in a savage yell,

crescendo "James K. Jallofat, go to Hell, of denuncia-Get you down to the Devil!'

Breathlessly. With frightened eyes in a yellow face, One of a crowd that rushed pell-mell, James K. Jallofat went to Hell, Down, down to the Devil.

Scared and panting he reached the place, Fumbling for his greenbacks in his crocodile case; And there in the throne-room, there he sat,

With a great deliberation

The Devil himself in a Jallofat hat, In a crimson topper, with crimson pants, ghostliness. And a crimson vest with the Jallofat crest. Watching his visitor like an inquisitor,

* Showing the influence of negro sermons, Labour propaganda and jazz music upon a sensitive poet's consciousness.

Sinful Old Nick he solemnly stirred A Jallofat vat with never a word. Then spoke he to Jallofat, "Here, old boy, Heavy

You'll soon get tired of this little toy. Stir it and stir it and stir it and then Keep on stirring it over again. And don't go offering me your dollars

Or I'll set you cutting a million collars, Stitching the buttonholes one by one In a damnable piecework that 's never done.

But I like your style, and I like your face; A more friendlu You'll soon get used to this little place, bass. A sort of a factory where none is refractory.

Sit you down, settle down, sit you down there As offering a drink. And stir it up bravely, my millionaire, Exultantly.

Stir it up, and stir it down, Down, down with the Devil, Up, up with the Devil,

Down, down with the Devil."

A NATIONAL CALAMITY.

On reading a newspaper advocacy of new and more worthy premises for the National Gallery I had been particularly impressed by the point that the present building is

not fire-proof.

That very night I was in the Haymarket, I think, when I became aware of the clangour of countless fire-engines and the rushing feet of crowds that swept me with them to a sight that deserved to be immortalised in paint. Never had Trafalgar Square known such fountains as those that played from a hundred hoses upon a National Gallery from which defiant tongues of flame were darting. Not Trafalgar fight itself had produced more baleful smoke than that which rolled round Nelson until it seemed to me that he

reeled upon his column.

Yet among the throngs that surged up against a wall of policemen I regretted to note that the scene had a merely spectacular value. For all the sentimental interest that was aroused it might have been Harridge's Stores or the Foreign Office or Euston Station that was being gutted. A voice remarked that some of the pictures in there were hand-painted in oils and would burn like grease-paper. Another observed that it was fortunate it wasn't the Royal Academy. There spread a rumour of incendiarism by Bolshevists disguised as art students, or vice versa, and a young man in the costume of Chelsea seemed likely to be roughly handled when my attention was diverted by a party of experts from the Arts Club, who became frantic in their conflicting exhortations to firemen grimly engaged in a losing battle.

"The Italian Primitives first!" "Rescue the Rubenses!"

"Velasquez at any cost!"

Two of these cultured gentlemen had even come to blows when a roar from the multitude proclaimed the futility of controversy as the cupola crashed in upon the cinders and ashes that were all that remained of the world's most priceless collection. . . .

"I dreamt most vividly last night," I said, "that I saw the National Gallery burnt down.

"Oh, that would be a pity!" said she. "I suppose it would be even more difficult to restore than Madame Tussaud's?"

"I could catch a glimpse of part of her profile against the light of the window; a small straight nose and pointed chin below a pair of scarlet lips were all the hat permitted me to see."—Sunday Paper. We should have pried no further.



Girl. "OH, GRANDPAPA, ISN'T THIS MURDER CASE THRILLING?" Grandpapa. "AH, MY DEAR, MURDERS ARE NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE IN MY YOUNG DAYS."

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

XV.—THE FRESH MIND.

Trix darling I've made the most voluminous error I've alienated the Editor of Undies and now I don't believe I'll ever be a dramatic critic, horror an economic girl has got to face, well my dear you shall hear what happened and judge for yourself, well I told you he's been giving me little commissions to test a girl's mettle didn't I, and the other night he rang

smith I darling) and go to the first night no dinner and no cigarettes so I merely of a play called Othello, well my dear swooned into my seat and prepared to I'd $j\bar{u}st$ dressed as it happened but not for Hammersmith which it seems is half-way to Bath darling and quite insanitary, however that's the sort of well when I tell you that I had no dinner and the taxi took me right across England, my dear at Hammersmith they talk pure Somerset, well of course I was madly late and I merely

enjoy the new play.

Well after all this agony what was my horror, well when I tell you that it was the most old-fashioned mellodrama and rather poor taste I thought, my dear all about a black man who marries a white girl, my dear too American, and what was so perfectly pusillanimous so as to make the thing a little less incompatible the man who acted the up in a great state my dear two minutes to cocktail-time and said could I fly knees, all in the dark, my dear too unstraight off to Hammersmith (Hammer-popular, and I had no programme and the whole time they were talking about

how black he was, my dear too English. Well of course the plot was quite defective and really my dear if they put it on in the West End not a soul would go to it except the police possibly because my dear there were the rudest remarks, well this inane black man gets the moment they're married, and my dear she's a complete cow of a woman, my dear too clinging, only there's an obstruse villain called Jaeger or something who never stops lying and my dear for no reason at all that I could discover, my dear it was so unreasonable that every now and then he had to have the hugest solilloquies, is that right, to explain what he's going to do next, well he keeps telling the old black man that the white girl has a fancy-

man merely laps it up, one moment he's Nature's honeymooner and the next he's knocking her down, and what I thought was so perfectly heterodox he was supposed to be the world's successful general but my dear I've always understood the sole point of a real hesoldier is that they're the most elaborate judges of character and always know when you're lying, and if this black man couldn't see through Jaeger it's too unsatisfying to think of him winning a single battleagainst the Turks. Well for that matter

play who had the embryo of a brain and whatever he said they all swallowed it, but my dear I do think that a really professional liar like that must have had years of practice and you'd think anyhow Jaeger's wife would have known something about it, but oh no my dear she went on like the others as if Jaeger was George Washington, well so it went on and at last the black man smothers the girl, my dear too physical, but of course if any of them had had the sense of a Socialist it would never have happened, because my dear simply to the subaltern Look here they say you've been taking my wife out, is there anything in it, and he would have said Not likely General, I've a girl of my own, which he had though my dear the young man was Nature's fish and only a half-wit would have sus-

well then the black man would have said Well Jaeger says you have, and then there would have been explanations and everything, but of course it never occurs to the black man to talk to the subaltern, he merely goes and bullies his wife, who merely crumples inanely jealous about his anamic wife up, poor cattle, but if only she'd said Look here less of it what's your evidence, oh yes and I forgot there's the most adolescent business with an thing was a fraction unhealthy and embroidered handkerchief, my dear saditious, don't you? the wife drops her favourite handkerfriend, well my dear they 've only been it was the wife's because she always my dear this morning the Editor of Unmarried about ten days but the black were it, but instead of taking steps he dies rang up, my dear it's too wounding



Wife. "You've never worn that tie I gave you for your birthday." Husband. "Well, you see, Dear, We've never really had a hot enough day for it this year."

in the *public* street while the black man is watching, and when the black man his wife's handkerchief instead of how did you get it he merely goes off and murders his wife, my dear too un-

Well my dear when a play is perfectly hypothetical from beginning to end I do think a play is a little redundant don't you, even if it's very well written, but all the black man had to do was to say my dear this was written in the most floppiest puns, my dear cashier and Cassio, too infantile, and my dear the crudest pantomime couplets at the end of a scene, pected him of an anti-conjugal thought, which sounded rather marvellous I

must admit but my dear meant simply nothing, but everyone else seemed to think it was too ecstatic so perhaps they'd had dinner, well at the end there was the most unnecessary slaughter and the entire stage was sanded with bodies. because the black man having killed his wife Jaeger killed his too because she argued, my dear too Harrovian, and really my dear I thought the whole

Well at the end there were the most chief which the black man gave her reluctant speeches, and dahlias and and Jaeger's wife who adores her and everything, and I stayed for a bit in looks after her clothes picks it up, but case the author appeared, because 1 my dear instead of giving it back to thought it might be one of those primithe wife she gives it to Jaeger who puts | tive women, and then I rushed home and it in the young man's room, and my wrote down just what I thought about dear the young man must have known it and really I was rather proud of it, but

> it seems the whole thing was written by Shakespeare and it's quite well-known, well of course my dear I've scarcely looked at the man, so I said to the Editor Well you said you wanted a freshmind didn't you, and he said Yes of course but you mustn't have a fresh mind about Shakespeare, because it isn't done so there we are, well I rang up Mr. Haddock and asked him to buy me a Shakespeare because I want to see if it's true, well he's been in and he gave me rather a lecture because he said it's a bad

this Jaeger was the sole person in the | merely gives it to his own girl and asks | sign if a girl can't appreciate great her to take out the embroidery, my dear | tragedy because he said Aristotel or some too likely, well she gives it back to him | sedimentary Greek said that tragedy was better than comedy because tragedy was about fine people and comedy was man sees another girl giving the young about mean people, well I said tragedy must have changed since Aristotel then saying Hi that's my wife's property because this play was about one absolute cad and one absolute half-wit and one absolute cow, and then suddenly my dear I had emotion-trouble and merely burst into tears, my dear what is the matter with me I'm always liquidating these days, however Mr. Haddock comforted me, my dear too understanding, and after a bit he sat down and read amateur style, my dear never using one some Shakespeare to me, which was word if it was possible to use three, and | rather flower-like I thought, and really my dear the oldest quotations and the my dear on a comfy sofa in front of a good fire with Mr. Haddock and some hot-buttered toast a great deal of Shakepantomimecouplets at the end of a scene, speare sounds quite meritricious, so try and immense floods of the longest words it Trix, your cultured little Topsy.

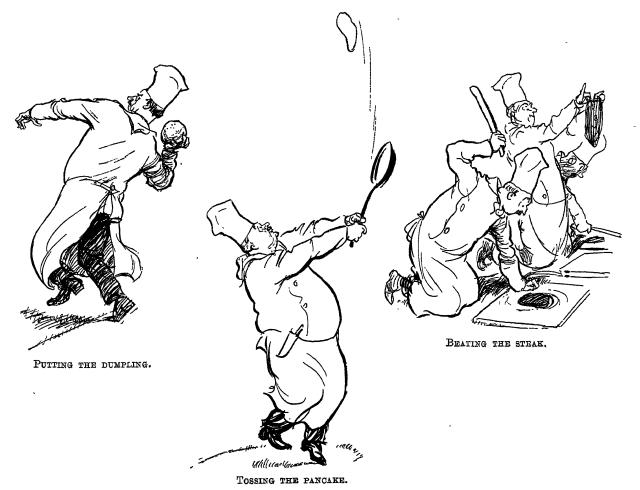
A. P. H.

HOW TO BRIGHTEN OUR FOOD EXHIBITIONS.

OLYMPIC CONTESTS BETWEEN GASTRONOMIC ARTISTS OF ALL NATIONS.



THE POACHED-EGG-AND-SPOON RACE.



SIMPLE PEOPLE.

THE ACTOR.

ONCE there was an actor called Clarence Filagree and he was in love with the Lady Rosamond Pink, but when her father Lord Pink heard about it he said oh this won't do at all, I can't have actors falling in love with my daughter I can only have Earls and people like that, and he wouldn't even let her go and see Clarence Filagree act.

And Clarence Filagree said to him well I don't see why I shouldn't marry was at first but he said to himself I will his money. And the policeman was so

your daughter, my father isn't an Earl but he might easily have been a clergyman if he had wanted to, and when I am dressed up as an Earl I look more like one than you do, because you look more like a market gardener.

And Lord Pink said it doesn't matter not looking like an Earl if you are one, and market gardeners are very respectable people, but you are very rude all the same and I don't want to see you any more.

Well the next thing was that Prince Wobski came to see Lord Pink and he said to him I hear you have a daughter called the Lady Rosamond, and I should like to see her if you don't mind because if she is pretty enough for me I might marry her but I can't promise.

And Lord Pink said well are you rich? and he said oh yes very.

So Lord Pink said well I'll call her in, but she may not want to marry you and if she doesn't I can't make her because fathers don't do that in

England.

And Prince Wobski said oh well where I come from they do, but I expect she will want to all right, so call her in.

didn't like Prince Wobski at all, he had too many whiskers and he said he couldn't possibly shave them off.

And the reason why he couldn't shave them off was because he was really Clarence Filagree dressed up, and Lord Pink would have recognised him.

So that didn't act, and the next time he came dressed up as a private gentleman with the toothache and he didn't have to wear whiskers because his face was swollen.

Well he told Lord Pink that he was going to be an Earl when his father died, so Lord Pink said he was all right but the Lady Rosamond couldn't bear

private to her because Lord Pink was there, so he made faces at her to show that he was really Clarence Filagree, but she only thought his toothache was worse and she said she couldn't possibly marry him. So that didn't act either.

So then Clarence Filagree dressed himself up as a taxicab driver, and he waited outside where Lord Pink lived till the Lady Rosamond came out and took him, and he didn't tell her who he







SHE DIDN'T LIKE PRINCE WOBSKI AT ALL."

many people and then I will get down and she called a policeman to take him and tell her who I am and ask her to to prison. run away with me.

So he drove off rather fast and he couldn't drive very well so he had several collisions and the Lady Rosamond began to get frightened, and she isn't where I told you. But he went on faster than ever so as to get where there weren't any people, and then she began to scream, so a policeman stopped Clarence Filagree and took him off to

ache, and he couldn't say anything at the theatre in his pocket and he made himself look quite different with them, so the judge said to the policeman you must have taken up the wrong taxi-driver, you are always making mistakes like that and you must pay this man for doing it, it will be a lesson to you.

Well Clarence Filagree was glad he wasn't kept in prison but he thought it wasn't quite fair to the policeman, so he waited till he came out and then he told him all about it and gave him back

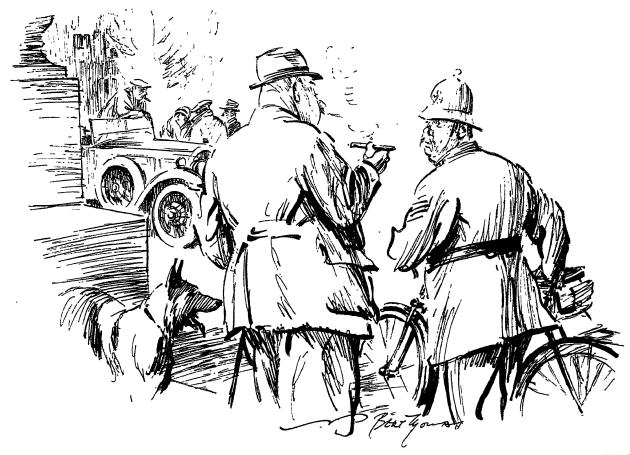
> pleased that he asked him to come home and have tea with him, and he had a very beautiful daughter called Maggie, and the actor would have fallen in love with her if he hadn't been in love with the Lady Rosamond. But he wasn't quite so much in love with her as he had been because he thought she had been so silly not to recognise him, and because she had screamed out and had him sent to prison. So he told the policeman about it and he said I'm not sure that I wouldn't rather marry Maggie, and I suppose you wouldn't mind because an actor is better than a policeman, but I think I must have one more try for the Lady Rosamond and we'll see how it turns out.

> And the policeman said oh very well, and Clarence Filagree went away and he dressed himself up as a crossingsweeper and went to sweep the crossing near where Lord Pink lived. And presently the Lady Rosamond came out for a walk with her little dog, and the dog bit Clarence Filagree on the leg, and he hit the dog with his broom-handle so as to make it leave off biting him, and he didn't hit it very hard

So Lord Pink called her in but she | drive her somewhere where there aren't | but the Lady Rosamond was very angry

Well the policeman was Maggie's father, and he told the Lady Rosamond that the crossing-sweeper was really Clarence Filagree, and she said well I don't care who he is and I am sure my put her head out of the window and father Lord Pink wouldn't like me to she said where are you going to, this marry a crossing-sweeper who is cruel to dogs, so I shan't have anything more to do with him.

So then Clarence Filagree said well I don't believe she loves me very much, and Maggie is prettier than she is so I don't really mind, and if you will ask Well he didn't like that much but he me to come and have tea with you the look of him because of his tooth- had the things he painted his face with again I will propose to Maggie after it,



Very Rich Man (discussing recent Burglary). "It's true they only got away with a car belonging to one of my guests, but it's the principle o' the thing I objects to."

I won't before because I am rather hungry after sweeping this crossing.

So he did that and Lord Pink sent them a large plated soup-ladle for a wedding present because he was so pleased at the way things had turned out. And Maggie was a very good wife to Clarence Filagree and she wouldn't let him spend much money so they grew quite rich.

SKYEWARD-HO!

[Mr. SETON GORDON, the naturalist, writes to The Times from Skye to state that the cornbunting is still in full song in that island, and that he has just picked a full basket of broad beans in his garden.]

THERE be many who follow, When winter's begun, The flight of the swallow In search of the sun, Or some "bowery hollow"-Escorted by Lunn.

But the world 's topsy-turvey; The Channel's a churn; The weather is scurvy; Our prophets we spurn; And the frail and the nervy Don't know where to turn.

Why South should I ramble? Why pleasure pursue Where the climate's a gamble (Except for the "flu"), And, to end this preamble, Why squander my screw?

For why go fox-hunting, Why join the mad throng Air-stunting or "punting,"
Or pinging the pong, When in Skye the corn-bunting Is still in full song?

Why list to the ticking Of typists' machines, Why suffer by sticking To stale bottled greens When Skye-folk are picking Full crops of broad beans?

The Irish who've raided The Clyde with their hosts Have not yet invaded These fortunate coasts, Where the Scot undegraded His purity boasts.

Those who live 'neath the Coolins, Majestic, sublime, Are not Gradys or Doolans (Oh, pardon the rhyme!);

No Borriaboolans Can thrive in this clime.

So I'm not for Morocco Or Sicily bound, Where blows the sirocco And bandits are found, But for Skye, and the Cock o' The North's native ground,

Where gay is the gillie And winsome his weans; Less weary the Willie, Less dreary our Deans, And November, though chilly, Gives birth to broad beans.

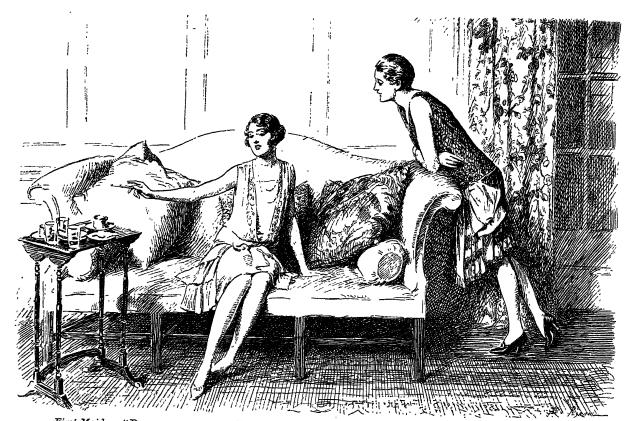
"The increase in the number of cremations during the past year is, of course, most gratifying. . The spade work which has been done in many parts of the country is now showing fair results."—Manchester Paper.

"Spade work" was a bright thought.

"It is not for we of the middle generation to be hard on the younger generation. The middle-aged of to-day deserted the beliefs and practices of their own fathers."

Northern Paper.

Including their old-fashioned notions of syntax.



First Maiden. "Do you know young Penderby?" Second Maiden. "I DARESAY I DO. BUT YOU HAVE TO KNOW A MAN TERRIBLY WELL TO KNOW HIS SURNAME."

HOP.

My morning paper the other day, in an article on the opening of London's first automatic telephone exchange, gave a detailed account of how a subscriber in the Horborn area should proceed in order to ring up the Archbishop of CANTERBURY in the early hours of Sunday morning. "He will get Hop 6593." it said, "by putting his finger in the hole on the dial marked H and that the writer of the article, in his joy moving it to the right as far as it will go, repeating the movement with O and P, and then doing the same thing in turn with the figures 6, 5, 9 and 3. And then he will automatically be connected to the Archbishop's number."

Just so. Or perhaps not just so, for there are rumours that the thing doesn't always work as easily as that. But the point is, what will the Archbishop

of Canterbury say?

Personally I did not carry out these instructions on the Sunday morning following the installation of the new system. This was partly because I was not sure that I could think of anything particularly brilliant to say to an Archbishop in the early hours of Sunday morning,

And this brings me to the point I wanted to make:—Is it right that a widely-read newspaper should encourage its readers, even incite them, in this way to disturb the early morning slumbers of the Primate? Granted that the Granted that the automatic system (assuming it to be all that it purports to be) comes as a blessing to jaded subscribers after years of victimisation at the hands of human (if they are human) operators; granted over the prospect of imminent release from such tyranny, may have allowed exuberance to cloud his judgment and his discretion; nevertheless, may it not be asked, why select the unoffending Archbishop of CANTERBURY for this matutinal try-out? Why not someone really eligible, like the POSTMASTER-GENERAL?

I have not taken the trouble to ascertain how many subscribers in the Holborn area have paid the suggested early morning call on the Archbishop. Nor do I know how His Grace has received their overtures. But merely be regarded as not strictly episcopal, if the first day, at 2 P.M.

I were His Grace and were rung up from Holborn in the early hours of Sunday morning in the interests of telephonic progress, I should most certainly include in my reply the monosyllabic designation of the Lambeth and district Exchange, a word which as a verb and in suitable context can be employed with considerable force.

At the Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, Mr. ERNEST H. SHEPARD is showing his original drawings for Mr. A. A. MILNE'S Now we are Six, and also many illustrations to PEPYS' Diary.

At the same Gallery Mr. CHARLES GRAVE is exhibiting the original Punch drawings which he has reproduced in Bluejackets—and Others.

Both these exhibitions will be open from ten to six (Saturdays ten to one) till December 17th.

A Competition Bazaar and Fair will be held at the Kensington Town Hall, on principle I wish to enter a strong on November 29th and 30th, in aid of one protest against this unwarranted attack of Mr. Punch's favourite organisations, on what is left of the sanctity of private the Surgical Supply Depôt, which assists partly because I preferred to be in bed at life. And I feel bound to add that, over two hundred hospitals. Sir Gerald that time, and partly out of considera- although the expression may perhaps DU MAURIER will open the Bazaar on



SHOULD A PATIENT ASK?

Dr. Simon. "NOW DON'T BE ALARMED; THIS INSTRUMENT IS QUITE HARMLESS. I MERELY WANT TO SOUND YOU."

INDIAN PATIENT. "WELL, WHY CAN'T I HAVE ONE OF THOSE EAR-PIECES AND LISTEN-IN TOO?"

[The fact that the Statutory Commission which has been appointed, with Sir John Simon as Chairman, to inquire into Indian Reform includes no natives has been the subject of protest in India.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

November14th. — Mr. Monday, "JOSH" WEDGWOOD wants what he wants when he wants it. To-day he wanted to know whether the British or the Indian Budget would bear the cost of the Statutory Commission. Earl WIN-TERTON said he would convey the information when he moved the Resolution regarding the Commission. Did that mean that the noble Lord declined to answer the question? demanded the indignant questioner. The noble Lord said it meant he would answer it when he moved the Resolution. Mr. WEDGwood failed to grasp the subtle distinction and said so, but he failed to move the noble Lord's resolution to wait till he moved his Resolution before satisfying Mr. Wedgwood's curiosity.

"Josh" got a bit of his own back from the Government in the person of Mr. Ormsby-Gore, who, answering Mr. W. Baker, read out the names of the East African Commission. Mr. WEDGwood promptly demanded to know why the Government had failed to follow precedent and appoint a Member of the Opposition to the Committee. Mr. Ormsby-Gore replied that it was not a political Commission, but on being pushed into a corner by Mr. WEDGwood's relentless inquiry was compelled to admit that the Commission could not report without reference to the subject of political representation. "In that case why is not the Opposition represented on the Commission?" de-

GORE was silent. Both sides came to the discussion of the Cinemato. graph Films Bill, as amended in the Standing Committee, in a spirit of sweet reasonableness. That is to say the Opposition were relatively brief and mild in support of the wholesale amendments that had not a chance of going through, while the President of the Board of Trade was most accommodating in the matter of minor but none the less substantial concessions.

Wedgwood. Mr. Ormsby-

Exit Mr. Socrates Wedg-WOOD of Darkest Africa and enter Colonel Josian Wedgwood of Hollywood. Cal., U.S.A., with a motion to leave out Part I. of the Bill, which prohibits blind booking and block booking. After this motion had been more harmoniously. Vari-

by the Government, including—surely a novel experience for him-one by Mr. CAMPBELL STEPHEN. Then Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER intimated that, if the Opposition would only let him get on



"MEET COL. JOSIAH C. HOLLYWOOD."

with it without making the House sit late or anything like that, he would agree to an Amendment making Part I. of the Act-in effect the whole Acteffective for ten years only. Eight on the British long film followed, all more divisions and a handsome amount parties being agreed, apparently, that of give and take in the matter of amend- nobody would go across the street to manded the inexorable Mr. Socrates ments carried the House on to eleven see a long British film; but a sharp

ous minor amendments were accepted o'clock, when, on Motion to Adjourn, the sale of Honours, as alleged by The Daily Mail against the Government, was discussed with much zest but no knowledge by various Labour Members. "Why do you not bring the Editor of The Daily Mail to the bar?" demanded Mr. JACK JONES, adding thoughtfully, for he does not like to be misunderstood, "I mean the Bar of the House."

Tuesday, November 15th.—The Indian Statutory Commission Bill was read a second time in the Lords, the unanimity of the occasion being enhanced by Lord OLIVIER'S eulogy, the more graceful because unusual, of the Government's disinterested high-minded-

In the Commons it was learned with satisfaction that all the Reservists called up for service in China would eat their Christmas dinners at home, with the possible exception of the last boatload. Mr. MacQuisten rather spoiled this seasonable picture by asking if it was not a fact that the cost of "the article that gives the greatest enjoy-ment at Christmas and the New Year" was twice as much at home as in Shanghai. Scots, of course, eat their plum-pudding on New Year's Eve.

The Film Bill continued to run its even course, the debate concerning itself mostly with Clause 13, requiring the British quota of films to include a proportion of long films. A lengthy assault

> difference of opinion manifested itself as to whether this proved (a) the necessity or (b) the futility of giving them hot-house treatment. A lengthy speech by Colonel Day was somewhat marred by the revelation that he had apparently never heard of the report issued regularly by a committee of exhibitors, in which marks are awarded to each film exhibited at a trade show on its merits as a box-office proposition. These markings, the President of the BOARD OF TRADE explained, show that British films get a higher average rating than foreign films.

> Wednesday, November 16th.—The House of Lords' debate on disarmament produced Lord Cushendun's first speech as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He agreed with Lord PARMOOR that the Foreign Secre-



Pedagogue (lo truant pupil). "IDEALISM I CAN TOLERATE, CECIL, disposed of things moved but when it comes to Lowering the prestige of the school... LORD BALFOUR AND LORD CECIL.

TARY's speech at Geneva had been a "cold blast," but thought it had been a most useful blast. The Protocol was justly popular with many small nations desiring their security to be backed in which it involved the British Em- | MINISTER. pire were too risky to be undertaken.

the reasons for his resignation from the sively prominent on the table.

for breaking up the Disarmament Conference. Lord BAL-FOUR, having reminded the House that his relations with Lord CECIL "went back beyond any period of political controversy,"proceeded to take up the long-forgotten task of dealing with his relation in proper cousinly fashion.

Lord HALDANE, describing himself as an "onlooker" to these Cecilian vespers, said both sides were to blame. The Admiralty should not have retained a veto over Lord CECIL's discretion, and Lord CECIL should not have gone to Geneva without making quite sure that he fully understood the Ad-

miralty's case.

Question-time in the Commons gave no hint of the storm that was presently to blow up. Sir Alfred Knox elicited from the Foreign SECRETARY the information that China and five minor American republics were behind in their subscriptions to the League of Nations. Unlike goose and other clubs the League inflicts no penalty for default.

Mr. Ponsonby pointed out that the Eighth Assembly of the League of Nations had passed a resolution denouncing a war of aggression as an international crime. What

sion? Sir Austen Chamberlain said it was easier to recognise a war of ag-

gression than to define one.

Wars of aggression are not however that the Government is now willing to effect, and reminded the Speaker of "I can only deal with one leader of the define a war of parliamentary aggression. Enlightenment came with the Labour Vote of Censure Motion in fobbed off with Mr. Alfred Lyttelton connection with the coal industry. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD concluded a speech on the best party lines by declaring that the President of the BOARD OF TRADE was not the Minister to answer such and such questions.

Spontaneously or by pre-arrangement the Opposition refused, amid scenes of orderly or, at any rate, wellorganised disorder, to give Sir Philip by British power, but the commitments in uproarious tones for the PRIME

Mr. Baldwin, like Brer Fox, lay low, Lord CECIL explained at great length | all except his feet, which became aggres-Cabinet, which he more or less roundly | PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER rose ingratieight-inch gun controversy as an excuse as ever, urged that the debate should Cushendun. To-day he found him-



Page Boy. "A CHALLENGE, SIRE."

Commander of the Castle. "That's all right, my lad; I LEAVE IT TO YOU."

MR. BALDWIN AND SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER.

was the definition of a war of aggres-| proceed. The Socialists were determined | that it should not unless it proceeded voked further badinage, which became with the Prime Minister. Each time positively sparkling when Lieut.-Comthe President of the Board of Trade rose they bellowed, "Cunliffe shall confined to nations, and it is possible not ring to-night" or words to that an occasion when the Liberals under CAMBPELL-BANNERMAN had refused to be when they expected a reply from Mr. Balfour. Mr. Whitley replied mildly that he remembered the occasion and the right hon. gentleman expect the that the demonstration had not achieved its purpose. As it was evident that the | Ministers?" asked Mr. MAXTON. Socialists were not going to let the de-

bate proceed otherwise, he suspended the sitting, first for an hour and then for the rest of the day.

A foolish affair, reflecting credit on CUNLIFFE-LISTER a hearing and called | nobody but the SPEAKER, and possibly Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, whose tentative risings are proclaimed by all present to have been models of graceful determination.

Thursday, November 17th.—The Upper Chamber threatens to prove no accused of using the six-inch versus atingly. The SPEAKER, imperturbable haven of well-earned rest for Lord

self called upon to defend the Government, the Foreign Minister and the League of Nations against a formidable phalanx of indignant lawyers. Lords Buckmaster, Haldane, Carson and Phillimore all rushed to the assault in the wake of Lord Newton, who insisted on knowing if Roumania had in fact refused to submit the claims of the Transylvanian Hungarians to the Mixed Arbitral Tribunal set up by the Treaty of Trianon.

Lord Cushendun suggested that the question was highly complicated and also subjudice, but their legal Lordships said it was nothing of the kind. Lord Balfour was hurriedly fetched, but even he failed to soothe the "four most eminent ornaments of the highest Court of Justice in the Kingdom," as he ingratiatingly

called them.

The atmosphere of the Commons bore out the tradition that sunshine follows storm. Mr. THURTLE wished to know if the latitude allowed by the Metropolitan Police to medical students' "rags" would also be extended to "the proletariat." "That depends entirely on how the hon. Member behaves," replied the Home Secretary amiably.

A question about ginger-wine promander Kenworthy arose to ask questions about the promised debate on International Peace and Disarmament. Opposition at a time," said the PRIME MINISTER. Lieut.-Commander Ken-WORTHY pressed to know if the First LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY Would make a statement, but got no reply. "How can Opposition to deal with several Prime

The Films Bill was read a third time.



THE INEXPERIENCED YOUNG WIZARD WHO FAILED IN THE PRACTICAL EXAMINATION FOR HIS DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MAGIC BECAUSE HE BECAME CONFUSED AND TURNED THE SUBJECT OF EXPERIMENT PARTLY INTO A BASILISK AND PARTLY INTO A WHEELBARROW.

ENGINES.

(For the Young of all ages.)

All hail, ye singing sailormen! your sanction I entreat
To call a truce from steam at sea, to turn from sail and
sheet;

Be yours the lively Cutty Sark, the trim Thermopylæ, I sing the liners of the land, the clippers of the clay, The great big blazing thundering things that ply the permanent-way.

I sing Pendennis Castle, Cleeve Abbey, Shooting Star, Knight of the Garter, Tawstock Court—God speed them fast and far!

Prince George and Queen Elizabeth, stout Saint Bartholomew,

King Arthur and Sir Lancelot, Sir Galahad, Sir Hugh.

From where Atlantic idly chafes our Channel's rockbound shore,

By sand and cliff, through stone and chalk, these shining monsters roar;

And north through Merrie England by devious roads and

Racing and climbing, steaming through, steady and stark and strong,

Great engines go like emperors; so who will sing my song-

The song of Sansovino, Persimmon, Minoru,

Royal Scot, Earl Haig and Talisman, Sir Gilbert Claughton too?

Over the Midland galloping grounds to where the grades begin,

Like emperors they go forth to war, go forth to war—and win.

Berwick's the Border on the east, Carlisle upon the west, But the new teams buckle to the load and bear it with the best.

And through the Cheviot straths they race, o'er Lammermoor they speed,

By Annan, Nith and Teviotdale, by Ettrick, Esk and Tweed, Where it's collar-work the long long day and hills are hills indeed.

Then hey for Borderer, Waverley, Dunedin, Holyrood, Bonnie Dundee and Thane of Fife and all that Titan brood, Rob Roy, Guy Mannering, Claverhouse—full throttle and away

To link the Solway with the Clyde, to couple Tyne and Tay. Perth drowses on her emerald Inch, but north the line goes

By the grim gates of Drumouchter and the crest of Caledon; And through those gates and o'er that crest the conquering engines strive,

Where the Badenoch blizzards make their home and the Grampian tempests hive—

And the luck be good to the lads who stoke and the master men who drive!

And God speed Clan Mackenzie, Clan Chattan, Clan Munro, Dunrobin Castle and Loch Moy, Strath Dearn and Ben Y Gloe; And all good engines, named or not, as on their ways they

In the mirk night or the radiant day, in storm or snow or sun,

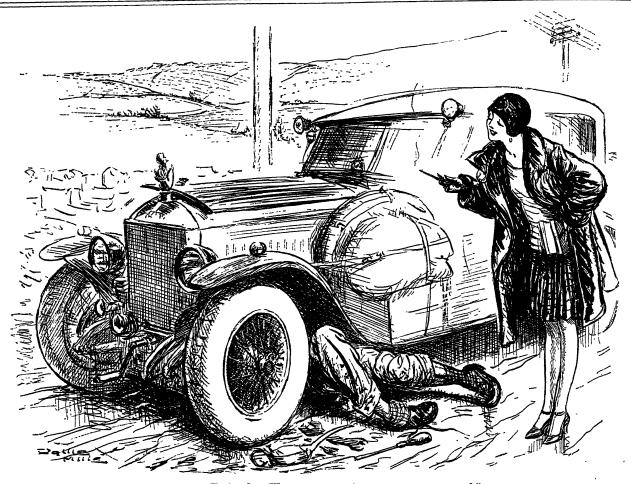
By curve and tunnel, bank and bridge—God speed them every one! H. B.

"Her lips were set together with a terse expression that spoke volumes."—Story in Woman's Magazine.

A typically feminine brand of brevity.

From a notice on a tree in a forest near Bonn:—
"Jagende Hunde werden erschossen."

Gamekeeper (to strange dog who is hunting on his own). "Couldn't read the notice? That's no excuse." Bang!



Helpmeet (to Husband). "Well, and how's my little busy bee?"

AT THE PLAY.

"MR. PROHACK" (COURT).

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S novel, Mr. Prohack, was, as every Bennettist knows -and all sensible men surely are thatis one of his entertaining series of modernist fairy tales, written in his frequently and happily recurring mood of whole-hearted materialism. It tells, with a gusto not equalled by any other panegyrist of Mammon, of the joys of Money-money in large quantities, money to be spent gorgeously on cars and yachts and pearls, on purple and fine linen, on sumptuous feasts and resplendent lodging at the Grand Babylon, money to be doubled by frantic speculation in El Dorados, discovered by fairy god-fathers deep in Oil or hazarded by ambitious sons in Tin. Mr. BEN-NETT has called in his old associate, Mr. Edward Knoblock, to help him to do the cheery romance into a three-act comedy.

The matter arranges itself with easy symmetry into the three panelled frame. Act I. Mr. Prohack, grizzled, comfortably shabby, middle-aged, bene-

official, "terror of the Departments"; over-worked, underpaid and all but overwhelmed by the running costs of his modest Bayswater house. . . Legacy of two hundred thousand pounds. News received with a phlegm which exas-perates the bringer of it—till he has been quietly pushed out of the frontdoor. Then joyous capers. Mr. Prohack will retire from the tedious cramping Treasury and he will have a Good Time.

Act II. The Good Time. Nothing to do and the day too short to do it in, and a confidential secretary necessary to help in the busy doing. The delightful dangerous avenues of flirtation to be explored. But anxieties. A son, precedious financier, who has bought thousands of tons of tin and may be let in for a hundred thousand pounds or so, which Prohack honour will compel the father to pay. The other hundred thousand invested with Sir Paul Spinner. If that goes down Mr. Prohack will face the world with his old smile, get a job and begin again-an unbroken man and imperturbable philosopher.

Act III. All's well. The tin business has gone ill and has to be settled,

hundred and fifty thousand pounds for our modern merchant venturer. The Good Time may go on. Mr. Prohack, convinced that he has never known such loss of peace, such positive misery since he descended into the great pit of Big Money, is also convinced that he is content to stay and wallow in it. And so say all of us!

Mr. Prohack is emphatically a delight. He is a Sport, a Perfect Darling. It is very good to be with him for two hours. He is, not merely reputed to be, a genuine humourist. The First Act is a constant succession of laughtermoving phrases. The Second Act disappoints. It disappoints rather dismayingly, to be frank. The Third restores our content and our entertainment—almost, not quite. All however serves to show the futility of critical generalisations. "A play is only as good as its weakest part." Nonsense. This play is as good, or nearly as good, as the best of it. Or the best of it is so good as to compensate for the worst of it, which is to say much the same thing.

It is, of course, entirely Mr. Prohack's volent, humorous; competent Treasury | but Sir Paul has made a profit of one | (and Mr. Charles Laughton's) even-

The authors have made little pretence that anybody else matters.

Mr. LAUGHTON impishly sporting, we must suppose by arrangement, the crest and moustache of a certain novelist and playwright, most skilfully built up the character of the friendly little man, harassed by narrow circumstances, expanding in the glow of wealth and worldliness, and losing therein much of his charm. Authors of witty lines can seldom have been better served in the

happy delivery of them.

Mr. Laughton's skill lies in the elaborate plausible contrivance of changing moods, the detail of gesture, carriage andidiosyncratic tricks of his characters. I rather wondered why he made his hero's voice so harsh. His little speech at the end proves him to have a softand pleasant voice, which the demands of his "character parts" have hitherto concealed from us, and I see no reason why he should not have lent it to Mr. Prohack. However, that is a small matter. Here is an admirable performance, crowning the excellent work which this young actor has done these two years.

"THE SQUALL" (GLOBE).

I think I never heard so many lies told in so short a space. It began with the Padre Molina's white lie. If that holy man (and stout feeder) had not prevaricated in what he thought to be a good cause we should have been spared a lot of dirty weather. For by his misleading statement, accepted without question as coming from a consecrated professor of the Truth, he put off the fierce gipsy, El Moro, from the pursuit of his runaway woman, Nubi, and secured for her an asylum in a perfectly happy household, where she was soon to work the most devastating havoc in the hearts of the entire male contingent.

There was the honest man-servant, Pedro, happily affianced to the admirable maid, Manuela; there was the son of the house, Luis Mendez, happily affianced to the fair Anita, his father's ward; there was the father himself, José, happy in the love of his adoring wife, Dolores; and all three succumb in rotation before our eyes to the serpentine allurements of the gipsy charmer. We are shown a steady progression of hectic embraces, indistinguishable except for a slight variation of posture or other detail. Herself without passion, the vamp plays on theirs, one after the other, for mercenary motives or out of pure devilry.

A squalid theme, and only relieved by the character of the mother (played with an exquisite dignity by Miss MARY

her knowledge of the shame that her engaging Spanish costumes. own eyes have seen, and so to maintain the sanctity of the family life. Take



A "DEPRESSION" FROM THE SIERRAS. Dolores Mendez. . . MISS MARY CLARE. . Mr. Malcolm Keen. José Mendez . . .

her away from it and the appeal of the play is addressed to much the same type of mind as is attracted by such sordid stuff as Potiphar's Wife.

I shall be told that allowance must



GIPSY LOVE.

MISS ROSALINDE FULLER. Nubi . . Mr. Roy EMERTON.

be made for the high temperature of Spanish blood. There is that, of course; and there is the setting-a very pictur-CLARE), who forgets herself in her esque Andalucian interior, and there are desire to screen her loved ones, to hide those soft Spanish names and those nothing happened; indeed we saw

Thesame series of seductions practised by a gipsy girl on the manservant, the son and the master of a British yeoman household would, you tell me, have been a very different thing and might have seemed repugnant to your nice sense of decency and even of humour. Well, let us leave it at that; let us credit the Spanish authoress, "JEAN BART," with a wise choice of scene, since it is certain that they manage these things better in the Peninsula.

Though Miss MARY CLARE'S was the outstanding performance of the play, Miss Rosalinde Fuller's Nubi was obviously intended to be its most attractive feature. She brought to the part whatever subtlety it admitted; but so crude and elementary a character afforded little test of her powers. The litheness of her body, her sidelong glances and her flashing teeth were sufficiently seductive. The accent she assumed seemed identical with that of another vamp, the black one in White Cargo. But Nubi had only a gipsy's colouring; and one asks if this is to be the recognised accent for all vamps that aren't quite white. (There was much in The Squall, by the way, that reminded one of White Cargo. But there the element of seduction was an essential part of a play dealing with the conditions of life in a country where there were no white women; here its introduction was comparatively arbitrary.)

Mr. MALCOLM KEEN, as the father, José Mendez, gave a very solid performance. Always, but for two momentary lapses, the perfect family man in appearance and manners, he succeeded perhaps a little too well in disguising his consciousness of guilt. He never began to look like a hypocrite, even to himself. But he succeeded also in suggesting the very human possibility (not easily understood by women, though his wife understood it) of a purely physical passion that has no effect on a

man's fidelity to a greater love.

Mr. Wallace Geoffrey's part as the son, Luis, was perhaps the most difficult of all, and he handled it with a quiet courage. He had to tell more lies than anybody else, except the vamp; and he had to do a thing incredible outside the sheerest melodrama when he was asked to steal the maid's savings in order to buy Nubi a necklace, the

price of her body.

The minor parts were adequately played, though the fair Anita of Miss BETTY SCHUSTER was a little insipid and her cropped hair was out of the Spanish picture. Mr. Roy Byford as Padre Molina threatened a rotundity of humour to match his person, but hardly anything of him. Miss MARGOT Sieveking was a vivacious Manuela, and Mr. GEORGE Howe, playing the hobbledehoy Finito, tied to his mother's apron-strings and wearing the lowest brow and the flattest head I have ever seen, contrived to raise one of the laughs of the evening. His garrulous mother (Miss Buena Bent) raised the other.

At the opening a good bit of time was wasted over trivialities and ineffective gossip which contributed very little to the process of creating an atmosphere. But when the "squall" came down from the Sierras-and very realistic it was-the melodrama began to get busy, and in the interval between the First and Second Acts the spiritual barometer had swung all the way from "set fair" to "stormy." As it remained there till within a minute of the end, I cannot think that The Squall, taken figuratively, was a very good title for the play. I should have disregarded geography and called it "The Monsoon."

> "THE WAY OF THE WORLD" (Wyndham's).

The revival of The Way of the World is for the intelligent playgoer a really important event. Miss Edith Evans has never found a better medium for the expression of her fine talent, for the rich exuberance of her method. Adorable Mrs. Millament is alive before us, gaily witty, beautiful, hardly attainable. The conversion, the abject surrender of the tormented Mirabell, is not so much explicable as inevitable. How triumphantly this accomplished actress fills the stage on her first entrance and stirs the house, a little restless and perhaps a little bored with the windings of a too elaborate plot, to a new excitement! What a revelation of character and personality in that brief comment, "That's hard!" on a malicious tag out of Sir John Suckling! How adroitly are her approaches and her withdrawals contrived, how adorable her final surrender and the gay dictation of terms!

Mr. Godfrey Tearle, a gallant and handsome figure, showed what he can do with good material. He played the part with an admirably tactful subordination and a touch of puzzled wistfulness and wry humour that was very engaging. It seems to me that he balanced the character more nicely than his clever predecessor, Mr. ROBERT LORAINE, who declined a little to a heaviness which was not Mirabell.

It is now, on a rehearing, easier to justify Mr. Nigel Playfair's extravagant embroideries. Occasionally they are no doubt tiresome and distracting, but they serve, and I assume are

longueurs which the rather motiveless complications might produce. I still doubt, however, the wisdom of making Lady Wishfort into so exaggerated a



Mrs. Millament (Miss Edith Evans). "Par-DON ME, DEAR CREATURE, I MUST LAUGH-HA! HA!"

grotesque, and Miss Ruth Maitland, I am afraid, fails where Miss YARDE hardly succeeded. She also contrives to make a good deal of her text inaudible



WIGS OF THE WORLD.

Fainall . . . Mr. HENRY HEWITT. . Mirabell . . . Mr. Godfrey Tearle.

by exaggerated twitterings. It should surely be worth her while to obtain a Millicent's just had whooping-cough dispensation from the producer to alter the mood of this part. There will still deliberately devised, to mitigate the be enough pranks and posturings to

keep us grinning. Mr. HENRY HEWITT gave us a finished and plausible portrait of the scoundrelly Fainall, his share in the opening dialogue with Mirabell being particularly well handled. Miss DOROTHY GREEN (Mrs. Marwood), Mr. NORMAN V. NORMAN (Petulant) and Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL (Sir Wilful Witwoud), repeated their former successes—Mr. NORMAN, I think, elaborating and improving upon his already elaborately bizarre sketch. Mr. HAROLD SCOTT gave an amusing burlesque of Waitwell and the sham Sir Roland, and Miss Penelope Spencer danced an irrelevant hornpipe with her pleasant individual touch of oddity.

A performance of Anthony Hope's The Adventure of Lady Ursula, will be given at the Scala Theatre, on Monday; November 28th, at 8.15 P.M., in aid of Guy's Hospital. Tickets may be obtained from the Appeal Office, Guy's Hospital, S.E.1.

CHARACTERS.

I'LL tell you all about all the school And all the girls in my class:-Olive is late for prayers as a rule; She looks at herself in the glass.

Ruth is the one that I like the most, And she is my greatest friend; Jacqueline says she has seen a ghost, But it's only just pretend.

Joan got lost in a bluebell wood, And she's right at the top of the form;

Mary is nice, but not very good-She stands on her head in the dorm.

Joyce is best at geometry, And she's frightfully, frightfully tall; Jenepher once had me out to tea, But we quarrelled about a ball.

Rosemary's people have got a car That goes seventy miles an hour, But Ann's have one that is nicer for, Though it's only eight horse-power.

Rachel laughs whenever she speaks, But she's awfully bad at gym; Pamela blew out both her cheeks And burst them right in the hymn.

Susan has been to Amsterdam, But her home is in Singapore; I swop my butter for Helena's jam, But once it fell on the floor.

Muriel's always losing her comb; Clare has a stuffed giraffe; Pat has a Pekinese at home, And Jean isn't here this half.

And Norah has hurt her thumb. But Ruth is the one I am fondest of, And she is my special chum.

FURTHER DISCOVERIES AT ROME.

(From our Archæological Correspondent.)

Rome, November 20th.

The sensation produced by the discovery of the sepulchral epitaphs of Marcellus and Octavia, son-in-law and sister of Augustus, has been eclipsed by a further find of even more momentous significance.

Contiguous to the tomb of Augustus, but at a much lower depth, a huge marble block has been unearthed bearing the two words:—

ROMULA.

Rema.*

The scepticism which relegated the story of the twin-sons of Silvia, fostered by a wolf, fed by a wood-pecker and subsequently brought up by the wife of a shepherd, to the realms of legend, has of late years yielded to the conviction that after all this romantic narrative was substantially based on fact. It was first given by the annalists Fabius Pictor and Cincius Ali-MENTUS, whom SENECA satirized under the names of Bavius Fictor and Canalis Alimentarius. A fragment of their annals, preserved by STOBEUS, distinctly states that the family of SILVIA included two pairs of twins, and that the domestic tragedy which led to the fratricidal act of ROMULUS was repeated in the case of the female twins, one of whom was slain by her sister propter immanem formæ fæditatem.

On the principle laid down by TACITUS, scelera puniri debent, abscondi flagitia, this terrible scandal was hushed up, and the very names of the sisters were never mentioned or known until the discovery of last week. Hopes now run high in Rome and in Kensington Gardens that further excavations may result in finding their remains, and that the services of Sir ARTHUR KEITH will in that event be retained to examine and report upon their anthropological significance. Meanwhile we must be patient, as progress to the further depths of the tomb will be necessarily tedious, and elaborate precautions are necessary to safeguard the weight of the building above, with its enormous superstructure in the form of a dome equalling in size, though not in design, that of the Albert Hall.

The discovery has lent fresh incentive to the search for the lost Books of Livy, which might throw light on the subsequent history of ROMULA, the shewolf, the wood-pecker, and on the fate of the wicked grand-uncle Amulius, who cast her brothers into the Tiber.

*The lateral strokes of the second letter are in-hand with that promise so faint that at first sight it looks more like an I. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



Waitress (concluding the argument). "Gents takes their 'ats off."

I may add that the discoverer of the MARCELLUS-OCTAVIA inscription, Signor GIGLIO, is not, as has been incorrectly stated, a relative of the distinguished Prince whose career was narrated by THACKERAY in The Rose and the Ring.

"In the English Men of Letters series, edited by J. C. Squire, Dorothy M. Stuart presents 'Horace Walpole,' who is known to the ordinary reader as a man who has had the wisdom to establish his habitation somewhere in the Lake District, there to enjoy life and the writing of books, articles, &c."

Manchester Paper.

He may be seen there any day, handin-hand with that promising young poet, WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Hat-snatchers.

"Many tiles were removed from houses, and several people suffered similarly."

Local Paper.

"—— could rightly claim that their centreforward missed one guilt-edged chance in the second period."—North-Country Paper. But with all these scandals in the football world who could blame him?

"A happy piece of combined brilliance and delicacy is the Hallé Orchestra's playing of Berlioz's 'Queen Bab' Scherzo, from the 'Romeo and Juliet' symphony."

Musical Mirror.

Berlioz must have had a cold in his head when he composed that.

THE NEW LOTOS-EATERS.

IV .- "THE MOVING FINGER WRITES, AND, HAVING WRIT. . . . "

It is always washing-day in an Arab house, just as it is always a windy day in motion-pictures. We know this, because we have by now been to tea with Arab wives in the harems of all classes. And always there seem to be lines strung across the patio, with masses of white pantaloons and gandourahs and shirts damply impeding your progress as you press forward to greet your hostesses. There are also numberless meagre cats, generally a gazelle or two, a few pigeons, and a baby here and there.

It was not thus that we had pictured a harem. To the unsophisticated minds of Esmeralda and myself it was a place of plashing fountains, where negress slaves continually waved peacock fans, and where pearls of the harem reclined on couches heaped with priceless shawls, smiling languid smiles and looking at you with eyes twice as big as a

gazelle's.

The first thing we saw when we came into the Bach-Mufti's housethe Bach-Mufti is a kind of Mussulman bishop, by the way—was a revolving bookcase full of French novels. modern Arab is never happier than when he has been able to buy himself a complete suite in fumed oak; and, as for pearls of the harem, he rarely seems to be able to afford himself more than one wife, or possibly his courage is not sufficient.

The Bach-Mufti's wife billowed forward to meet us, her generous form confined, or anyhow restrained, by a gorgeous striped foutah; but her two pretty shingled daughters wore frocks from the Galeries Lafayette—high-water mark of Tunisian chic! Conversation was not difficult. It never can be while women have husbands, babies and clothes. We discussed all three impartially, and gave eagerlyasked-for advice on the choosing of the last. The ladies noted down carefully in fine Arab characters that pink pearls were still worn and that tango bracelets were the dernier cri. Then they asked how we kept thin and we begged to know how they managed to fatten. And then somebody had the inspiration of dressing us up and tattooing our faces.

A tiny design is most becomingly traced in the centre of each cheek, on the chin and between the eyes. Sometimes these are drawn at random and sometimes they are words or phrases

water, with eau-de-Cologne and with vaseline. Finally our faces were restate. But I thought the ladies wore

I understood the reason the next morning. The room had been rather dark; we had risen with the lark to go on a long motoring trip, and we had dashed off with the merest glance at ourselves in the glass. But when we stopped for lunch it struck us that everybody was staring at us, Europeans with amazement, Arabs with a remarkable lack of respect for the ruling race. We both flew to our pocket-mirrors. The tattoomarks shone out again as if they had been newly-painted on! It seemed like submissive odalisques of the harem.

"They can't be there—or else they are there, and we were hypnotised yesterday when we thought they'd been we look, with tattooed faces, in tailormades? People will be expecting us to

give a show of sorts."

We swallowed, scarlet to the ears, the remains of our lunch, and then we slunk off to do some more washing. We hurt our faces quite a lot, but the odicus marks went off-or went in !and we were able to take a dignified departure. But the same night just to be wise. before dinner they reappeared again. We dined in our rooms, feeling like lepers.

"We must see a doctor to-morrow," said Esmeralda.

"Don't be absurd! He'll think we 're

"I don't care. It's either that or going back to Kairouan to get the Bach-Mufti's wife to give us the antidote."

The next day we submitted our faces to the inspection of a cheerful young doctor. He laughed a good deal. Then he said: "It is nitrate of silver. It is not used so often as kohol, which washes off at once, but doubtless your friends made a mistake."

"Doubtless," I said, but without conviction.

"If you rub at it you will injure your skin," added the doctor. "It will wear off by itself in a week or ten days."

"All right. We must either stay in or buy ourselves yashmaks and go about veiled," said Esmeralda sombrely.

"Perhaps you had better," said the doctor, "because—" and he peered again, very earnestly, at Esmeralda's forehead-"I do not know if you know what is written there?"

"We do not. But it is of no importance," said Esmeralda with dignity, in Arab lettering. But it is much less and we went off, leaving the doctor a good percentage of the young gent smusing when it comes to rubbing smiling a particularly French smile them off. We scrubbed with soap and and ourselves a prey to the worst mis- Well, well; boys will be dogs.

givings. Still, as I pointed out, what is a week's seclusion compared to a stored to their original undecorated life-time's? "We kept on asking them what it was like," I said, as we slipped mysterious smiles when they saw us off. into the hotel by the back way and bolted up the stairs. "And now we know.

> But two things are, as they say, biting us. First of all, we should like to know what is inscribed on our innocent faces, and secondly we should like to know if we were thus indelibly stamped by mistake or on purpose? I am inclined to think, myself, that a fondness for practical joking, usually considered peculiarly Anglo-Saxon, may be found now and then among the

And then there's another thing. It "It's hypnotism," said Esmeralda. is all very well to go out veiled or to remain purdahnasheen—but won't the waiter think it odd when he brings up our morning coffee and finds us reclinwashed off. Do you realise how absurd | ing, hatted and veiled, on our pillows? Or is our national reputation for eccentricity sufficient to account for it? Anyhow, perhaps he can't read Arabic. But yesterday someone came up quite close to see what was written on my chin. We might have had the courage to ask him what it was if he had not instantly gone away, a prey to silent hysterics. Perhaps it might be folly

SIR MELANCHOLY.

(To a Woodcock.)

Brown partridges are jolly; Cock pheasants are a boast; Long-nosed Sir Melancholy, You're like a little ghost That lurks in desolation

Where all the leaves lie sere. But oh! the brave sensation You make when you appear.

A shadow soft and gentle That lifts and shifts at ease. A presence incidental To autumn and the trees. I vow, whene'er so be you Thus play the revenant, That nobody can see you Unmoved—by Jove, they can't.

Nay, even the professors Of shooting-stick and gun Are just as moved as Messrs. Smith, Brown and Robinson; Two words 'll hold 'em gripped, oh, Electrical their shock-See, everyone's a-tip-toe-Mark cock! Mark cock! Mark cock! P. R. C.

"The opening meet of the -— Harriers was very largely attended. The hounds included a good percentage of the young gentry.' Northern Paper.

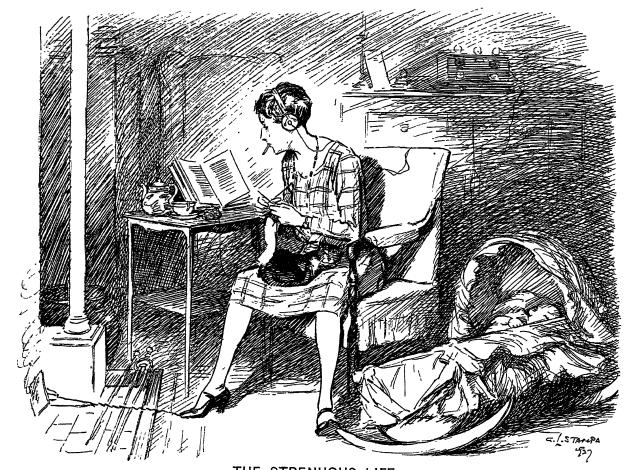


Mrs Laura Knight.

Drawn by Seonge Belcher

With such amazing vigour
She in her manly way
Painted the nude (or figger),
Hot air and types of nigger,
Her name grew big and bigger
And now she's A.R.A.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.-LVI.



THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If I were asked how much biographical information a popular idol owes to popular curiosity, I think I should reply that the vera effigies of himself provided by Mr. EDWARD LEAR in such case met the demand very suitably. That it is ever really useful to check, substantiate and correct the legend of a man's life while that legend is yet in the making I beg leave to doubt; the only event in which such action is perhaps justifiable is the accumulation of damaging myths round the career in question. This, on the objective side. is Mr. Robert Graves' motive for writing Lawrence and the Arabs (Cape). To discourage the others he has been authorised to tell in simple language what he knows about "LAWRENCE OF ARABIA," now Aircraftsman T. E. SHAW. The story has been pieced together from the evidence of eyewitnesses in England and Arabia, letters from LAWRENCE himself, and the material provided by his two books, the privately printed Seven Pillars of Wisdom and its popular abridgment, Revolt in the Desert. The compilation strikes me as careful, candid and legitimately critical; the illustrations of the provided by the second seven when the second seven we have the second seven the se tions, edited by Mr. Eric Kennington, are extremely interesting; and the legend itself is a marvellous series of adventures abounding in heroic detail. Yet the heroic motive is, I feel, lacking in LAWRENCE. He certainly assumed it. He faith did. Mr. GRAVES has noted the Nihilism which re-

in Lawrence; and the "loneliness and lack of reason" which he himself notes in his relation to the Arab movement have, I think, played him false in less historic regards.

For its simple and honest characterisation, its unity of outlook and its enchanting local colour, Miss E. M. WALKER'S God Loves the Franks (Lockwood) strikes me as a first novel of unusual distinction and promise. Its scene, apart from brief excursions by tramway to Paris, is the suburban town of St. Séverin and the School of the Legion of Patriots, an institute founded by Napoleon in the buildings of a Benedictine monastery for the education of his officers' daughters. Here Rose de Marny, orphaned scion of a proud but not conspicuous family, has attained in her early thirties, shortly after the War, the post of surveillante. Originally a child of the Legion, it looks as though she will end her days in its service. Her circle, which displays most of the limitations of a convent without, officially at least, a convent's compensatory horizons, is indicated with delicate impartiality; as is the relation of its predominant types to each other and the This last embraces not only Paris but outside world. St. Séverin, an old town modernised, like Saint Denis, by its industries and cafés, with a great basilica where past and present meet. For Rose's hard-worked and sterling colleague, Denise Carré, for little Simonnet the pupil-teacher, would have died to authenticate it. He did the works of faith that faith might come. But somehow I do not think to a cousin more sceptical than herself—too tardily, howthe basilica is the heart of things; for Rose herself, family and the Legion. But Rose's faith revives on her betrothal ever, and too imperfectly to cope with the moral crisis that sulted from the cancelling out of the Bedouin and European | shatters both their lives. A pair of less sophisticated lovers

flourish on the ruins of their elders' happiness, like green bracken on a charred heath; and the soul of that France whose battle-cry provides a title for the book is symbolised in their survival.

Dogs of Character, only look—
I have the joy of stating
That now I write of a perfect book,
Letter-press, illustrating,
Both being his, the long-installed in
Hearts of the dog-loving—Cecil Aldin.

EVRE AND SPOTTISWOODE bind it up
As would your wise book-backer;
For just you glance at that Sealyham
pup.

And please to read of "Cracker"
(White bull-terrier, span and spicky);
And of "Mick" the wolfhound—of Irish
"Micky."

And just you read of getting a dog,
And just you read of "Tatters,"
And just you study the catalogue
Of all and sundry matters
That boys and girls and women and
men'll

Do well to know when they start a kennel.

And last, just hear a word of me,
A word to the wise and knowing.
Yes? Here, then, is for your £ s. d.
The jolliest dog-book going;
But bear in mind (with its invitation
To tears) that brief little dedication.*

The sub-title of Sir Arthur Sullivan: His Life, Letters and Diaries (CASSELL) reveals the great advantage which the authors, Messrs. HERBERT SULLIVAN and NEWMAN FLOWER, have possessed over all previous biographers—that of first-hand and authoritative documentary evidence. From their frank and, in the main, most impartial handling of their material there emerges a fulllength portrait of a singularly attractive personality, richly endowed with all good gifts save that of health. His work was done, for two-thirds of his life, in conditions that would have reduced nine men out of ten to hopeless invalidism, yet never affected the joyousness of his Muse. He was a charming companion, irresistible in personal contact, a generous friend and a devoted

son, brother and uncle. As one reads the full story of his partnership with Gilbert, which contributed so gloriously to the gaiety of nations, the wonder is that such extremes should ever have met. The ultimate severance was always implicit in two natures so radically divergent—Sullivan, sentimental, emotional, always liking to be liked; and Gilbert, sardonic, cool to frigidity and never able to resist the temptation of scoring off enemies or friends. Yet I am bound to say that Gilbert comes out of the controversy better than his partner. The book, which is finely



THE SIDE TRAIN: NEW FASHIONS AND OLD CUSTOMS.

illustrated with portraits and facsimiles and dedicated to Lady Gilbert, is disfigured by some bad misprints (see page 243, where there are three), and a certain flamboyancy of style; and the musical criticism is distinctly Victorian. Still it is in many respects a worthy act of homage to a great benefactor, and we are grateful to Mr. Arnold Bennett, to whose persistent importunity its composition was due.

If Emily's Quest (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) had been the first novel by Miss L. M. MONTGOMERY dealing with Emily Byrd Starr and her friends that I had read I am not quite sure how much enjoyment I should have got out of it. As

it was I found myself inclined to resent an occasional little figure inserted in the text with a note below referring me to "Emily of New Moon" or "Emily Climbs." It seemed a little out of place in a pretty childish tale of a young American girl's essays in authorship and adventures in love. It would have cost Miss Montgomery very little trouble to make each of the books in which Emily appears self-contained and they would have been much better bargains then for the railway-bookstall. I who knew simple-minded Cousin Jimmy and proud Aunt Elizabeth and wild Ilse Burnley and clever Frederick Kent and many more, of old, quite enjoyed this pleasant chronicle of how the younger folk of Blair Water set to partners and danced off into matrimony, told with a generous use of capital letters. Even a chapter devoted to contradictory reviews of Emily's first novel and her (and, I suppose, Miss Montgomerr's) opinion that "the favourable ones were written by morons" shall not persuade me to be less pleasant than that. But if she is moved to write of Emily again I hope Miss Montgomery will speed her story up a little-she has been very long in getting where this book leaves her. I also hope that she

will use some more new exciting words, such as "kididoes." It seems to mean "capers" and it sounds much more like them.

A group of words which possibly surpasses, in its power to suggest the historic renown of England, any other imaginable combination of equallength, forms the title which Engineer - Commander Benson Freeman is happy to be able to apply to his historical study, The Yeomanry of Devon (THE ST. CATHE-RINE PRESS). One takes up this volume expect-

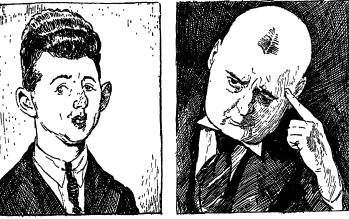
ing it to open with a few perfunctory notes on the origin and early days of a local military formation, and to conclude with a similarly brief comment on its story since 1918, the chapters in between being occupied with a pretty comprehensive sketch of the Great War as waged all over the world. It comes rather surprisingly then to find less than a third of its pages devoted to the grand climax, and one is even disposed to wonder whether, in his desire to emphasise the historic continuity of the force's record before and after the crash, the author may not have gone to an extreme in cutting down the familiar story of the strenuous years. But after all no one is likely to forget the War, and it is really fascinating to be made to realise that the men who fought with such desperate bravery at Beit-el-Foka in 1917, for instance, are in the lineal descent from those who were commended for their "spirited attack on the battery which the smugglers had erected" in 1794. And some of us may have forgotten that once it was matter for pride that "a dozen balls were thrown into the bull's-eye of the target at a distance of forty paces," or may have overlooked the fact that there ever was a time when exemption from the hair-powder tax was a forcible incentive to enlistment. Altogether the author has succeeded well in his main intention of proving that, through all chances and loyal in all

emergencies, one force has persisted, persists and will persist—the Yeomanry of Devon.

Not for many years has any work of fiction made me more thoughtful and disconsolate than C 3 (DENT). Whether a novel is a suitable medium for scrutinizing faults in our educational (or any other) system will always be debatable. but Mr. Ronald Gurner is not the first novelist-and personally I hope that he will not be the last—to use this mode of drawing general attention to grave problems. Here an attractive and promising lad, John Dexter Peverell, with an inherently vicious mother and an ineffective father (of gentle birth), has had to leave his London County Council Elementary School at the age of fourteen, and the problem of employment requires an immediate solution. The dice, admittedly, are loaded against John, but, after making allowances for special pleading, it is impossible to doubt that this grim picture of his downhill course might be drawn from multitudes of models. No one who regards fiction solely as a source of amusement is advised by me to approach this history of John's boyhood; but, although Mr. Gurner writes

with a definite purpose, he is as capable a storyteller as he is a propagandist, and his tale throws a terribly vivid light on a side of life which sensible and serious men and women cannot afford to ignore.

Sir Gilbert Parker's Tarboe (Cassell) is, we are told, a story drawn from real life. Tarboe's father was a Frenchman of gentle birth, and his mother a squaw; and this curious union resulted in a really remarkable son, who was expert in many ways, in some (card-playing, for instance, and lovemaking) a little too ex-



LET ME SHAPE YOUR SEE HOW MY BALD-CAREER!! NESS VANISHED.

THE PERSONAL APPEAL.

It was unfortunate that a little mix-up of the photographs marred the advertisement pages of $\it The Blineington Herald.$

pert for his own and other people's safety. But, even when he was bringing trouble on himself or others, his frankness and peculiarly individual qualities of mind won affection from those companions to whom he revealed his inner nature. It was a romantic life, and, whether it pleases you to regard this story of it as fiction founded on fact or fact subtly seasoned with fiction, I think it will hold your concentrated attention.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe may by the moderns be considered an old-fashioned novelist, but that does not prevent me from admiring his work, for he is a great story-teller who knows his job from A to Z. The scenes of The Winds of March (Murray) are laid in Yorkshire, the wilds and wolds thereof, and its theme is concerned with a great love and a greater hate. Many characters come and go upon the stage—squires, a nice old shepherd, a dwarf, a book-maker (whose views on the Totalisator would have been pungent), and women from the loyal to the perfidious. One of Mr. Sutcliffe's greatest charms is that he loves fresh air and good healthy sport. In this story to go fishing or shooting with Roger Scroope is for the healthy-minded reader to get clean away from stuffy atmospheres and perplexing problems.

CHARIVARIA.

THE discovery of Roman remains under The Daily Express offices constitutes an interesting link between Aug-ustus Cæsar and Lord Beaverbrook. A Frenchwoman and her husband have given an exhibition of La Savate

is busy preparing new silver coins several | Charleston. Aberdonians have written to ask for a few free samples.

damages in respect of two pairs of Oxford trousers which had shrunk when being dry-cleaned. Sunbury seems to be the latest home of lost trousers and impossible pants.

between Argentina and Uruguay the teams engaged in a free fight and the referee was kicked. It is wonderful how these Latin-Americans have caught the spirit of the game.

The Round Pond in Kensington Gardens is reported to be under consideration as a suitable place for a statue. But is it deep enough?

A gossip-writer points out that as a boy Mr. LLOYD GEORGE wanted to be a policeman. So much for the belief that he wanted to be Sir Alfred Mond.

Sir Alfred Mond is shortly to open an exhibition of Light | risk that it might be claimed by some and Heat which will include features designed to demonstrate the medical the burglar who dropped it. value of artificial sunlight. He declines however to share Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S belief in the political value of DERBY can do anything is comparaartificial sunrises.

An agriculturalist writing in a contemporary reports that in all parts of the country the cheese movement is spreading. In view of the traffic problem we think cheeses should proceed in single file.

It is hoped that the publication, in The Cambridge Gownsman, of "A Plea for Brighter Lectures" will have the effect of inducing the University authorities to reorganise these entertainments more on cabaret lines.

Dean Inge's scathing denunciation, at the Goldsmiths' Hall, of modern life, | never did that.

proves that there were grounds for the widespread suspicion that he was not perfectly satisfied with everything.

* * in a London boxing-ring, but we do Since the announcement that the Mint | not anticipate that it will oust the

The feeling in nautical circles with reference to the suspension of the A Sunbury resident has been awarded National Union of Seamen from affiliated membership of the T.U.C. is understood to be that sailors don't care.

After a burglary at a large London stores a dropped parcel was found. In advertising the fact the management In an Association football match does not seem to have considered the

THE COMING WAR IN THE AIR. "GO HOME, YOU OLD PIE-FACED PIRATE!"

unscrupulous person pretending to be

The Lancashire belief that Lord tively little shaken by his recent admission that he is unable to touch his toes.

In view of Signor Mussolini's announcement that he will accept no more gifts, his admirers have abandoned the idea of putting the Earth into his stocking at Christmas.

Now that the Chicago unions are controlled by gunmen it is hoped that shooting will be limited to a fixed eighthour day.

A picture has been published of Mr. G. B. SHAW listening to a gramophone record of his own voice. SHAKESPEARE

The Vice-Provost of Eton has expressed the opinion that, as men have made the world unfit for heroes or anyone else to live in, the only hope is for women to do better. A world fit for heroines to live in is anticipated.

* * *

The Anti-Kissing League of Vienna issues a warning that osculation causes more fatalities than motoring does. In both pursuits there is of course the danger of head-on collisions.

A well-known composer is reported to be seeking inspiration in Chicago. We trust he will refrain from an orchestral rendering of "BIG BILL' THOMPSON.

The report in a daily paper that at a

recent banquet Sir WIL-LIAM JOYNSON-HICKS silenced a howling microphone by throwing a serviette over it is What he erroneous. used was a napkin.

We read of a Romford painter who always sings hymns at his work. This religious habit is unknown among cornet-players.

Judging from a recent photograph in a daily paper, the camera-man forgot to ask Signor Mussolini to look pleasant.

We read that the Cunarder Laconia is taking to America two

crates of haggis. We presume they will be liberated just before Christmas.

"The pedestrian can always assert his right," says a solicitor. That should be a most beautiful thought for him as he is being whizzed along in the ambu-

A contemporary says that people seem to forget their distant relations nowadays. It is of course only a select few who send parcels of nuts every Christmas to the monkeys at the Zoo.

A headline informs us that December will soon be here. This should be reassuring news for those who are apt to doubt their calendars.

"For Sale, Jazz Outfits. Terms: nothing down; the same weekly."—Provincial Paper. We readily accept the vendor's valuation of his wares.

THE FOGGIEST NOTION.

SHE was washed up on the island by a wave of traffic, saving herself by grasping my outstretched arm. Baulked of its prey, the taxi hooted and disappeared in the fog. We were alone on the island.
"Thank you," she said.
Fog is simply wonderful for breaking

down the barriers between strangers.

"Beastly, isn't it?" I asked conversationally.

"Beastly," she agreed. "I wonder when I shall get home."

"It usually lifts about eleven the next morning," I continued cheerily. "After interminable golfing story lives at all, the gallery first-nighters think Richton. At least he gets out there." nothing of a little vigil like that. But then they have a man with a fiddle or a nigger to brighten things up for them. We have no niggers—I mean natives on this island. I really think the L.C.C. ought to do something about it. 'Earphones for Islands' would be a good slogan for the election, don't you think?"

"Do you usually go on like this?"

"Oh, no. In No. 14 bus we never speak. We just crackle the paper and glare at each other. All except Brown. Nothing can stop Brown from telling us how he holed out in one. But this is a desert island."

"I'm waiting for a No. 14 bus," she volunteered. "Hark! What's that?"

"A bus," I replied, peering into the grey mists. "There is no danger. They rarely come ashore in search of pedestrians. If we keep well back we should be safe. The island isn't very big-

"Was it a No. 14?" she demanded. "Impossible to tell at this distance,"

I assured her.

"Then what are we to do?"

"I have already surveyed the island," I continued. "It consists of barren rock and, except for ourselves, it appears to be uninhabited. We are alone."

"In that case," she said, "I had

"What a pity!" I exclaimed. "Desert islands so seldom happen in real life. We ought to make the most of it. Haven't you ever dreamed of a desert island fringed with palms and set in a turquoise sea?'

"Sometimes," she admitted.
"I knew it," I cried.

"Years ago," she amended. "Just

now I would much prefer tea."

"That is always provided on the best islands," I assured her. "A grocer's van may be washed ashore at any moment. Be ready to board her. Just silent work with the knife; no quarter asked or given. Look out!"

I dragged her back as a huge shape trust my navigationlumbered past us into the fog.

"have to go West on a desert island. Of course you could take the north shore while I camped on the south, and I could take tea with you every third

"That would be absurd," she admitted; "an island does make a differ-

"An island is so—so matey."

"Yes," she agreed warmly.

"And how refreshing after a No. 14 her." bus and the suburbs."

"The suburbs are stuffy," she conceded.

"Especially Richton. Brown of the

"I live at Richton."

"Then some day you may meet Brown; in which case you are bound to hear an instalment of his golfing story. Nobody has ever stayed to the finish, except, perhaps, his wife, pcor dear-if he has one.'

"Isn't it time for a No. 14 to come?"

"We shall be rescued presently. Of course we ought to make a bonfire to attract the attention of passing craft. That's always done; but the material for such a fire seems to be absent. It is a very barren island."

"Couldn't we go over to the main-

land?" she suggested.

"It is a pity to abandon our island," I replied. "Here we are free—free of the cramping conventions, the silly babble, the acid gossip of our suburb.

"Quite," she agreed.

"There is nobody here to hore with chatter of camshaft-drives and cantilever springs, of stymies and mashie shots, of high-frequency valves, of slugs and gooseberry mildew, of the bright sayings of the last infant. Above all, there is no Brown, pattern and example for all time of the suburban bore."

"A bus," she wailed, "and we've

missed it.'

"And a pirate," I added. "They infest these seas. We might have had to walk the plank."

"I would risk it," she asserted; "I'm tired of playing at desert islands. I'm going home.

"Don't desert me," I implored. "The awful solitude-

"I must go," she insisted. "My husband-

"I think you ought to have told me about him before you came on my island. We had better abandon it at once, before we become the subject of scandal. There is a train in half-anhour, and a train would be much safer in this fog. And while we wait we might have a little tea. If you dare

"The conventions," I continued, into the unknown. Together we groped imitators.

our way into a tea-shop and stood blinking under its electric lights.

A plus-foured figure rose at our entrance and bore down upon us.

"Quick!" I whispered; "it's Brown. Let us escape."

But I was too late.

"Splendid, old man!" he boomed. "Where did you pick up my wife? Hadn't the foggiest notion you knew

THE MEMOIR.

I was making up a diary, Christabel said, And parts of it were fiery; I was doing it in bed. And parts of it were pleasant, Like when I saw the pheasant; And no one was to read it Till after I was dead.

And bits of it were funny, Though they wouldn't be to you, About politics and money And what men do; And I put in all my wishes And my favourite dishes, And all about the last time

I went to the Z_{00} .

And I left a lot of places Where the pictures had to go, And I put in all the faces Of people that I know (But most of them were grinning), And I wrote at the beginning: My Early Recollections, By Christabel Defoe.

And I meant to make a cover Of azure-blue and pink, And do the writing over Most carefully in ink; But now I've lost my diary And I'm making an inquiry, And where I've gone and left it I simply cannot think.

For it isn't in the stable, Christabel said, Nor on the nursery-table, And it isn't in my bed; And I'd only done a third of it, And every single word of it Was absolutely secret Till after I am dead.

From a recent novel:-

"There came the sound of a light football on the stairs.

'It will be Lorna,' said Raoul. 'I know her

One of these bouncing girls.

"Singing and Voice Production.—A British Lady (First prize winner at the Berks, Ducks and Oxen Musical Festival) has taken up residence here and will receive pupils."

Advt. in Hong Kong Paper. She took my arm and we plunged It sounds like one of those farmyard



OUR "FLAPPERS."

"FLAPPER" IS THE POPULAR PRESS CATCHWORD FOR AN ADULT WOMAN WORKER, AGED TWENTY-ONE TO THIRTY, WHEN IT IS A QUESTION OF GIVING HER THE VOTE UNDER THE SAME CONDITIONS AS MEN OF THE SAME AGE.



Lady (to very shy genius). "I'M SO THED OF MEETING FAMOUS PEOPLE WHO ALWAYS SEEM TO HAVE SOMETHING OBJECTIONABLE ABOUT THEM. SUCH A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU; THERE'S NOTHING ABOUT YOU AT ALL."

FLAT BATTLES.

THE CORNER-CUPBOARD MANŒUVRES.

THERE was an empty corner in our sitting-room which Frances said wanted filling. She mentioned that a pair of old copper candlesticks would look well there, standing on top of something, say on top of a corner-cupboard. Yes, an old oak corner-cupboard with a carved panel and iron hinges.

I made a demurring noise, but Frances silenced me. I did not demur again. The charges for demurrage in our household are apt to run high. It is cheaper to agree.

That afternoon we stopped casually outside an antique furniture shop.

"Why, what a jolly old shop," began Frances. "I wonder if they've got any copper candlesticks?"

They hadn't, but strangely enough there was an old oak corner-cupboard with a carved panel and iron hinges. Frances appeared childishly delighted

"That's the same one, Miss, you was looking at yesterday," when she appeared childishly annoyed.

At this I went outside and had my laugh properly to myself four doors away. Frances is not deliberately deceptive, but she will manœuvre. Her sense of candour has what an engineer would term a high co-efficient of elasticity. Of course she never tells a calculated lie, but if people are sometimes so silly as to assume things she hasn't said, well, she says she was brought up not to contradict.

 ${f Frances}$ rejoined me after five minutes. She looked indignant and said, "He's asking seven pounds for it.

"Isn't it worth seven?" I asked. "Of course it is. That's why I offered him six, but he wouldn't accept."

"Disgraceful," I murmured. "Doesn't he realise we want it?"

"We shall have to bargain," said Frances decisively.

The great bargaining manœuvre started after tea, when Frances went

six pound-notes of mine. She returned later, still with the determined expression, and informed me that the dealer himself had not been there, but his wife had. Apparently the business instinct was stronger in the female of the species, for the old woman had stoutly maintained that the price of the cornercupboard was seven-pounds-ten.

At breakfast next day Frances had an idea for a further manœuvre. "You must go and try," she said. "I don't suppose they'll recognise you. Put on your old clothes."

Half-an-hour later, wearing my thirdbest brown, I crept into the shop. I was immediately pounced on by the dealer's wife. Summoning all my powers of deception, I asked the price of a queer wood-and-brass enigma on a shelf. This of course was mere subterfuge. I didn't want the thing and I don't know to this day what it was—beyond that it was "seventeen-and-six." I shook my head doubtfully as one who had seen in other shops better wood-and-brass enigmas with this find till the old dealer said : out with a determined expression and at half the price, and then very casually asked the price of the corner cup-

The woman surveyed me with a gimlet-like stare which apparently pierced through my old clothes to the possessor of a real opera-hat behind and said "Eight-pound-ten." I thanked her and crept out.

Frances was annoyed. She said I must have been too eager or too innocent or something. She added that any woman always asked a man more because all women knew most men were fools. On reflection she thought it simplest for us to get the thing for seven pounds after all. I was to go back that afternoon and make certain of seeing the old man. I could then have a man-to-man talk with him and see what he said.

I pointed out that I knew very well what he would say. I did a simple sum for Frances on the back of an envelope to prove it. It went like this:—

Question.—Frances is asked sevenpounds-ten for a cupboard by a woman and seven pounds by a man. If I am asked eight-pounds-ten by the same woman, what shall I be asked by the same man?

 $7\frac{1}{2}:7::8\frac{1}{2}:x:x=\frac{1}{15}=7\frac{1}{15}$ Answer.—£7 18s. 8d. R. 5 marks.

It was also apparent, first, that the woman's commission on cupboard-selling in the absence of her husband was $13\frac{1}{3}$ per cent., payable by the customer; and, second, that I must look about twenty shillings more of a fool at a bargain than Frances.

I was very nearly right. I got a crick in the neck and a cold in the head trying to enter the shop when the man only was there, and then was told the price was eight pounds, or just one-and-fourpence more than my answer. But perhaps he was weaker at arithmetic than I. He further informed me that a young lady who had seen it the other day was very keen about it. I could see he was trying to play me off against Frances in a thoroughly deceitful fashion, so I promised I'd look in next day and went back for further orders.

All this gave Frances the idea for a final manœuvre. I was to go and clear the course for her by telling the man definitely I would not pay more than seven. I was then to walk out in a huff. Frances would then dash in and offer seven with finality, which, no longer having two people to play off against one another, he would accept. Anyway one or the other of us would get it.

way, one or the other of us would get it.
Women are very unreliable. Frances apparently made a mistake in zero hour and arrived first. For, when I ambled in, I was told that the "young lady" had bought it ten minutes ago.



Boxer (on being advised to hit his opponent on the point). "Point be blowed! 'E ain't got sich a thing."

I tried to look mortified.

"We've got it then," said Frances when I returned.

"Clever girl," I replied, being all for mutual admiration in the home. "You got it for seven, I suppose?"

"You did, you mean!" cried Frances.
"It was already marked 'sold' when I got there."

I lapsed into silent thought. I had from us. Or rathe once told Frances she was the only girl she is considered bein the world, but I must have been about twenty shilling wrong. There were others, and one of bargain than I am.

them had got that corner-cupboard. I felt annoyed.

My annoyance was not lessened by learning a few minutes later that Frances had spent some more of the money I had given her for the corner-cupboard in buying copper candlesticks to go on top of it. So if the lady who really did buy our cupboard wants copper candlesticks to stand on it she can get them from us. Or rather from Frances, for she is considered by the experts to be about twenty shillings less of a fool at a bargain than I am.

A. A.

ALINE AND THE JURY.

"THERE!" said Aline, throwing over to me some correspondence she had just opened. "Isn't that annoying? Read it."

I picked it out of the porridge. "I am likely to be engaged for some minutes," I said, drying it and handing it back to her. "When I am free, I shall be pleased to give you my considered opinion.'

"I advise you to wait, Aline," said Ursula. "It will be well worth your

while."

Ursula says some sensible things at 'sit." times, but not often. The sisterly respect for my opinion that I am sure she must feel is not always apparent from the things she says.

"I've been summoned to sit on a jury," said Aline.

"On a what?" said Gerald. "A jury," she said. "On Wednesday week. I can't pos-sibly do it."

"The majesty of the law," began Gerald, "brooks no-

"She can't possibly do it on Wednesday week," broke in Ursula. "It's the day we've arranged to call on young Mr. and Mrs. Hayward. We promised old Mrs. Turner that we'd do so.'

"Yes," said Aline, "and it's their second At Home day, so they'll certainly be expecting us to call. Mrs. Turner says they're very nice and very affectionate, and the general impression is that they ve not been married more than a year."

"Now," I said, laying down my porridge spoon with the precision of one accustomed to do things with a purpose, "I am ready. What's it all about? Hand me the document in question."

They pulled themselves together as people do when they feel instinctively excuse whatever?" said Ursula, that there is one present who can tackle "None," I said. "She must sit." the matter in dispute.

"Silence in court," said Gerald, passing me the document. I read it and cleared my throat.

"Well?" said Aline.

"Don't hurry me," I said. I carefully re-read it and laid it on the table.

"Well?" said Aline and Ursula

together.

"Well," I said, "you've been summoned to sit on a jury on Wednesday week." I paused and glanced round the table. The situation looked extremely ugly. Another moment and Supposing Aline had arranged to ad-

gather," I added hastily, "that you are already aware of that fact. Good. That is the first essential. You are fully conversant with the purport of the document. Right. Well, what's the trouble?"

"We can't go," said Aline. "We've promised to call on young Mr. and Mrs.

Hayward.'

"Right," I said. "Now we have all the facts before us. Very good. You ask my opinion. I give it regardless of feelings. You must go."

"To the Haywards'?" said Ursula. "To the court," I said. "You must

П

Futile old Gentleman. "TRYING TO START HER UP?" Motorist. "ARE YOU A DETECTIVE, SIR?" Futile old Gentleman, "No. WHY?" Motorist. "WELL, YOU SEEM TO HAVE GOT A CLUE."

"Do you mean to say they take no

"The majesty of the law," said

Gerald, "is above-

"But that's absurd," said Aline. "Supposing I'd—well, we'll say I'd arranged to play bridge with the Browne-Smythes. I couldn't possibly good reason to believe that you are not scratch that.

"It is certainly a blemish in the law of the land," I said, "but I believe that even in those circumstances you'd have to attend.

"Supposing," said Ursula— "no, indignantly. you wouldn't understand that. I know. the mob might have been on me. "I dress the Women's Conservative Club?" Ministers."

"She'd have to go—sit," I said.
"Undoubtedly," I added after further consideration.

"Undoubtedly," corroborated Gerald. "Supposing I was on my death-bed?" said Aline defiantly.

"That's a nice point," said Gerald; "I think-

Ursula smothered his head with a dish-cover.

"But you're not feeling like that, are you, Aline?" she inquired anxiously.

"I don't know," said Aline. "Any. thing may happen before Wednesday week.

"Pull yourself together, Aline," I said severely. "Your country needs you. Remember the stock from which you are derived."

"But what should I have to decide?" she asked weakly. "The stupid summons doesn't

say a word about that."
"Aline," said Gerald, "the power of life and death may be in your hands. Or you may even be called upon to decide how many thousand pounds the reputation of an actress, shattered through her nonappearance before an expectant public, is worth beyond her weekly salary that runs into three paltry figures."

"Gerald is nearly right," I said, glancing at the sum-"In fact, he would mons. probably be absolutely right, were it not for the fact that you've been summoned to sit in the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division."

I glanced at Gerald, but he was searching in a cupboard for the salt and apparently did not hear me.

"That of course rules out the possibility of a case such as he has described. The subject you have to deal with will be either a case where-er-

something has to be proved, or divorce, or-er-disputes between the inmates of the Admiralty. They'll tell you about it when the time comes."

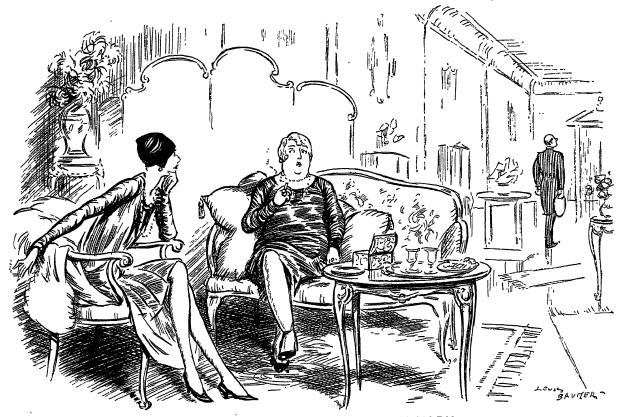
"Do you mean to say they don't give you any time to think it over beforehand?" said Ursula.

even introduced to the parties."

"It's your own fault," said Gerald. "After all, you fought for these rights until you obtained them."

"I did nothing of the sort," said Aline

"You did," said Gerald; "you broke windows and threw bottles at Prime



THE SERVANT PROBLEM IN NEW YORK.

First New York Lady. "You've gotten a peace of a butler, Mrs. Van Crump." Second Ditto. "HE'S THE GOODS. BUT HE HAS TO QUIT." First Ditto. "THAT SO?" Second Ditto. "YEAH. HIS NEW LIMOUSINE IS TOO BIG FOR OUR GARAGE."

"I never threw a bottle at a Prime

Minister in my life," said Aline.
"One moment," 1 said. "I think I see how the misunderstanding has arisen. By 'you' Charles means 'you' collectively. Now collectively you have thrown bottles at Prime Ministers, Aline; you can't deny it."

"Then I have too," said Ursula.
"You have indeed," I said. "For a time both of you behaved disgracefully, you know.'

"We did," said Ursula, trying in vain to conceal her pride in the confession. "He's right; I'd forgotten it."

"And now that you have won your rights, and justly so," I said, determined to consolidate the ground I had gained, "you must act up to them."

"I'm quite prepared to do my duty," said Aline; "but what about young

Mr. and Mrs. Hayward?"

"Wait," said Gerald; "I have a device to make all well. The jury must be sat upon. So, ipso facto, must the notion of calling on the Haywards on Wednesday week. Very well, then, write to young Mr. and Mrs. Hay-

"To Mrs. Hayward," said Ursula; "not to both."

"Very well, then," repeated Gerald, raising his voice slightly. "Write to young Mrs. Hayward, not to both. Say you would like to have called on that particular day, but are prevented, and that you will be delighted to do so on another occasion."

This was really very good for Gerald. We accepted his solution there and then, and he and I went about our world's work and left the ladies to their fate.

A fortnight has passed. Half a moon has waxed and waned. Twice_seven nights have come and gone, and Father Time scythes on unperturbed. The same parties are seated round the same table. . . . *

"Come on, Aline," I said; "out with it. You know what Gerald is dying to hear. Let the answer precede the question."

Aline smiled.

* This paragraph was written by Ursula. She says that all modern writers use this curious language to reopen a subject after a lapse of time. .The author disclaims all responsibility.

"The Haywards never answered our note," she said.

"Not a word," said Ursula.
"Well, well," I said; "never mind. Though you may have lost friends, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you did your duty."

An appropriate silence ensued.

"I suppose you want to know about the jury business?" said Aline.

I looked at Gerald. "He does," I said. "Many exciting cases?"

"Only one case," said Aline.

"You were lucky," I said. "And what was that? Arson? Burglary?" "Probate, Divorce and Admiralty,"

sneered Gerald. "Of course," I said. "I'd forgotten.

And which of the three was it?"
"The second," said Aline solemnly.
Gerald tried to conceal his excite-

ment. "Very gruesome circumstances?" he remarked casually.

"No," said Aline; "not gruesome, but sad, very. Such a young couple.'

"You'd better tell them, Aline," said

"I will," said Aline. "Their name was Hayward."

ANYHOW ESSAYS.

VII.—BARE LEGS.

This is an age of Great Denunciations.

During the past ten days, in public speeches or in the columns of the Press, I have heard or read diatribes against-

Bungalows WomenAllotments Science Hunting Sorcery Football WarBig Shops and FREUD. Monkeys Children

But there were many, many more. Indeed, after solemn consideration I have come to the conclusion that the only safe subjects for praise are-

Electric Light Oranges Advertising Pumas Eucalyptus and Sleep. Photography

About ten days ago a man got up in a theatre and protested against Bare Legs. One would have thought that it was rather late in the day to protest against these things.

His actual words, according to my information, were, "I protest against this exhibition of bare legs as being both barbaric and disgraceful. She ought to wear more clothes.'

He was an American. Afterwards he explained to the management, "I belong to the New Purity League of New York. We are starting a campaign against bare legs on every occasion, especially on the stage. A branch of the League is being formed in London, and whenever there is a disgraceful exhibition of bare legs on the stage someone will protest.'

One might pause here to ask why the New Purity League of New York should feel constrained to come to London and denounce bare legs, instead protest against polygamy.

But no matter.

The protest is curious, because this American gentleman ought to have known that bare legs on the English stage are Art.

Whether they are Art at seaside watering-places or merely Nature I have never been able to ascertain. But there bare legs have not the faintest tinge of going to protest." impropriety, but are simply and solely Art.

Art, as Dr. Johnson remarked to Boswell (or somebody else to somebody else), uncovers a multitude of years has had rows and rows of bare legs of every shape and size waggled at the knees.

and kicked in front of his eyes can doubt the æsthetic purpose which is conveyed.

A couple of years ago I remember that a lady, attended by two cavaliers, but without a solitary stocking on, came to see a cricket-match at Lord's. She aroused a considerable amount of attention amongst the spectators round about her, but largely, I think, because the batsman, whoever he was, was batting principally with his pads; and the little party retired from the ground after a short stay, leaving on the grass where they had been sitting, for all the seats were occupied, an empty cigarettepacket, two score-cards and some kind of silver-paper integument which had contained chocolate squares. . . .

But no protest was made.

Would the American Puritan, on the other hand, or the English police, have protested if any part of the male or female theatre audience had worn bare legs? These things are amongst the deeper mysteries. . .

Granted, however, that on the stage itself (the London stage if not the New York stage) bare legs are equivalent to Art, I should have supposed that a denunciation, if it was to be made at all, would have been made against a lack of novelty rather than a lack of the sense of shame. Without any reference to the particular dance in question, which I have not seen, I could well imagine that somewhere some stern protestant might arise, say, on the third entrance of a chorus of Airwomen, Country House Guests or Members of a Hunt, abundantly dressed on their bodies, but coldly naked about the legs, and declare, "I protest against this exhibition of bare legs as being incongruous, obsolete and tedious. They ought to wear top-boots or gaiters or thick woollen stockings and brogues."

And on leaving the theatre he might of going to Ispahan or Hollywood to remark, "I belong to the Realistic Art Association of New York. We are inaugurating a movement in favour of harmonising bodywear and legwear on every occasion, even on the stage. A branch of the Association is being formed in London, and wherever there is an unconvincing display of barelegged girls, attired in the upper regions as Eskimo Maidens or Motor-Cyclists is a general consensus of opinion that or Salmon-Fishers or Parliamentary in musical comedy and cabaret shows Electors at a By-Election, someone is

Or, again, the protest might be made not sufficient to excuse a perfectly fatuous dance or an absolutely idiotic song.

Or again it might be made, as I have shins; and nobody who for several once heard Aunt Isabel make it, on the plea that so many of them were grubby

ROBERT OF THE WHITE ARM.

Lo! an old rhymester, turning to the Sapphic

Metre for guidance, offers in these pages

Homage to Robert, ruler of our traffic, Friend of all ages;

Safely convoying ladies bent on shop-

Nurses with infants in perambulators, Princes alike and proletariate stopping, Best of dictators;

Kindly directing the bewildered stranger,

Or the dazed crofter from the distant Highlands,

Piloting old folk in a sea of danger On to safe "islands";

Help and advice gratuitously lending, Showing a patience that no trial wearies,

Answering with grave tolerance unend-

Frivolous queries;

Prompting in aliens envious admiration When they in wonder realise how one man

Copes with a crowd or quells a "Demonstration,"

Though not a gunman.

"Bobby" or "Peeler," "Cop" (the short for "Copper"),

These are stale nicknames tainted by derision;

Surely such titles, silly and improper, Call for revision.

Punch, in old numbers, pictured you as

Plantigrade, moving always at a saunter,

Fond of your meals, a sort of kitchen Cupid,

Area-haunter.

Now he knows better, to the view in-

That at a pinch you with the best can hustle,

Sturdy, athletic, happily combining Brains with your muscle.

Thus, though thy friends are not above confessing

That at rare times thy vigilance may fail thee,

If not an angel, as a boon and blessing, Robert, we hail thee,

on the ground that even bare legs are Best, in Life's daily round, of problemsolvers:

Strong with the might that once the Red Cross Knight armed,

Chivalry, justice—better than revolvers-

Robert the white-armed!



CONSCIENTIOUS MOTORIST ENDEAVOURING TO TRACE THE WHITE LINE.

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

XVI.—A RUN WITH THE YAFFLE.

Well Trix darling I've been quite naughty but life is a scourge my dear things and everything the less I seem to see where I fit in, well my dear what is my inevitable niche in the Universe if you see what I mean, because my dear I do feel that I'm rather wasted because I never seem to hit many bull'son Society anyhow because I'm always eyes with triangular artists and the says that he quite understands I've got reaching out for something bigger aren't dyspepsigentsia, and the Editor of Un- a sort of frustrated ache for something you darling, my dear too intangible of dies has become thoroughly lukewarm utterly big and he rather thinks that I course but absolute aspirations and about me, on the other hand our own may have a genius for politics or some-

keeps on getting sort of wistful yearnings in the middle of some utterly Cadogan party it must mean that she's rather starving for bigness or something, and my dear there's no doubt that the alimentary, my dear life's one protracted oyster for some of us, isn't it, on the other hand I'm not too positive that I'm a clever man's woman either

do seem rather to levitate gracefully between masses of stools, and I sometimes think that perhaps I ought to seek out a soul-brother among these cultivated middle classes because my well isn't it, and the more I think about life of our lot is totally unspiritual and dear I hear they're too soothing and innocuous without smelling the least bit of the dyspepsigentsia which is what Mr. Haddock calls all these amorphous poets and synthetic women with no hair in Bloomsbury, and of course he everything, and I do think that if a girl lot make me feel definitely brainy, so I thing, but he said that meanwhile I

must always remember that I give a great deal of pleasure, which of course is too gratifying but in that case why does he take me to a Hunt Ball and ostracise me, and as a matter of fact meanwhile the one thing that 's too manifest is that I shall never marry into County circles well don't you agree darling?

Because my dear as I've been trying to tell you all this time, two nights ago we went over to the Hunt Ball of the Yealm Vale and Fowkeley, my dear pronounced Yaffle, Mr. Haddock and me and that rather antiseptic young Guardee I told you about, Terence Flydde by name my dear too Etonian, my dear utterly clean-limbed, washes

fancied he was rather attracted and of course he's absolutely baneless but of course a girl would just as soon marry a pedigree St. Bernard dog, so I didn't exactly propose to dedicate the evening to him though I must say those red coats are rather decorative, but my dear at the absolute zenith of our very first dance Mr. Haddock suddenly saw that cloying Mrs. Green woman I mentioned before, my dear she's ravishing, and the most covetable frock in firmament blue, rats bite her nails and lizards eat her young if any, sorry darling but the charmer gives me spleen-trouble,

Mr. Haddock was concerned, my dear the man's eyes were too elsewhere, and when I tell you that was the last dance we had, however I had one or two with miscellaneous County, red-coats all darling, my dear too Bolshie to look at which was fairly comic I thought, but of course the whole ensemble absolutely ornamental, but my dear all the women looked like horses and talked like horses and some of them were dressed like horses, always excepting the star-like Mrs. Green, and may her nose turn purple, sorry dear but all the same.

Well my dear the whole place stank of character and my dear I'm quite sure that Scotland Yard could not have discovered the embryo of a brain in that building with a triple-X-Ray, well my partners were utterly aerated and sani-

course moribund above the eyes, and my dear they all said they would send all their young to Eton because they might not be educated but dammit it made them white men and say what you like a white man is a white man, my dear as if Rugby and Winchester turned out nothing but niggers, and of course I lost quantities of caste because I'd never ridden to a single hound, my dear too heretical and un-English, so as I don't know one end of a horse from another and they didn't know the beginning of anything else the conversation tended to be rather spasmy and even uncontinuous, because my dear after they 'd told me which people rode all over and flawlessly upholstered, but straight and which rode spirally we vacuum, well my dear I've always and my dear if my partners ride as man was tending towards serious amor-



Wife. "Was Mrs. Jones in her new gown when you saw her?" Husband. "PARTLY, MY DEAR-PARTLY."

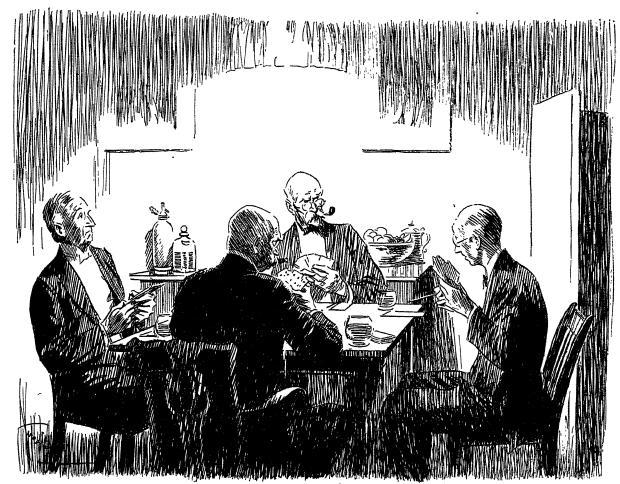
my dear we merely mowed down the opposition, and everybody making the most depressing tantivy noises, my dear undulating through the New Forest, my dear I've bruises everywhere, so quite soon I retreated to the faithful Terence who'd been hovering dog-like all the time, and we sat out for simply centuries on a rather suggestive sofa because I wanted Mr. Haddock to see us who my dear was permanently revolving with the unnecessary Green thing, my dear she's electrical, and I do not wish her a microscopic harm but I should like her to go quite suddenly into a nunnery and stay there darling, bespleen-trouble.

Well my dear it seems poor Terence

book, my dear too unnatural, my dear one of those cathartic female novelists who adulate Sussex and sin and everything, and my dear they're always bathing in no-piece costumes, and of course my poor Terence was utterly baffled because it seems there isn't a white man from cover to cover and no horses and scarcely a hound, well I must say I thought it was rather a lily-white gesture for a subaltern in the Guards to read a book for my sake, and you know I always say that I always believe in always doing the Christian thing, so I suppose I was rather unbending to the troops, especially as Mr. Haddock and the Green kept on swooning past us when what was my of course the cerebellum is a perfect simply ceased to communicate at all, horror I suddenly realised that the young

> osity, so I took him into the buffet and we had champagne and the greenest ices but that didn't seem to improve the situation because he said Let's go into the garden and have a look at Juppiter, well my dear in my experience the planets are totally corrupting and I was quite sure that long before we saw a single constellation he'd be adumbrating matrimony, and my dear I simply felt that I simply couldn't bear it, well at that moment I had one of my inspired flashes because I remembered that somebody once told me that a young Guardee has to resign or some-

because my dear from that moment I straight as they dance there must be thing if he marries an actress, so I merely melted off the planet as far as no brick walls in the county because said I wondered if he knew that I was on the stage under a mythical name, well he looked like a gold-fish just out of the water and said No I felt like the mascot of a large Tank he didn't, so I said Yes as a matter of fact I'm SybiL THORNDIKE, because my dear that was the first name that entered my head, and he said Oh that's funny because he'd often seen the name, but he'd never seen me act, and my dear it was rather poignant because from that moment he was utterly restrained and unpassionate and nothing more was heard about the planets, well my dear it was all rather unprincipled I know but what a relief because my dear it is so upsetting to have to refuse a white man because it only means cause honestly my dear she gives me that he goes straight off to the Congo and mutilates some harmless lion and you know my views about dumb animals, tary and up-right, my dear too perpen- has decided I'm a high-brow and my dear in fact deep down darling there must be dicular, and rather disarming, but of since we last met he's been reading ala lot more pure metal in me than many



Nervous Player (on right). "If I MAY BE ALLOWED, I REALLY FEEL I OUGHT TO DOUBLE."

people think because for instance I had intended to be utterly wounded and corrosive to Mr. Haddock, but as it happened I. was too Christian and my dear definitely encouraged him to talk about the she-wolf, and he did enjoy it, and my dear I've always said that it always pays to always do the Christian thing because ever since he's been too congenial my dear reading aloud and everything which is always rather a criterion don't you think, so I do seem to give a little pleasure, but as for my inevitable niche I'm not much wiser, I only know it isn't in the Yaffle country, and Mr. Haddock quite agrees about that so that's one for Mrs. Green, said she tenderly, no more now from your feminine little Topsy. A. P. H. feminine little Topsy.

"Of other recent benefactions one that calls for special notice is a gift of £1,000 to the Faculty of Classics by the C.U.R.U.F.C. to commemorate the services of Canon J. H. Gray as president of the club since 1895. The Vice-Chancellor has noted this as a pleasant instance of homage offered by γυμναδτική to μου ική."—University News.

Somebody seems to have made a mondtrous midtake.

THE CENTENARIAN.

A LONG life and a pleasant one
We hail, this birthday morn;
KING GEORGE—but not the present
one—

Still reigned when he was born;
This grand old man—sing Gloria!—
Has seen the banners swing
For WILLIAM and VICTORIA,
For EDWARD and our KING.

He lived when still rode highwaymen
In riding-cloak and boot;
When by-lanes had their bywaymen,
Who ran and robbed on foot;
When Gretna made her marriages
In brave romantic style,
And brides in high-swung carriages
Came rolling through Carlisle.

The Corn-laws earned his scrutiny,
The Russian War his blame;
To him the Indian Mutiny
Was more than just a name;
Old England was his wonder-ground
Ere Cubists drew in cubes;
He antedates the Underground;
His prime preceded Tubes.

He lived before the gramophone
And wireless dinned our ears;
He 's only had to d——n a phone
In very recent years;
He lived before the cinema
Threw pictures on the screen;
And these are but the minima
Of changes he has seen.

Long live our centenarian!

More power to him! say we;
No rabid vegetarian
Nor harsh ascetic he,
But one to share our mirth with us
And, stout of heart and strong,
To praise the good old earth with us
For lodging him so long. W. H. O.

Of a proposal to allow a discount for prompt payment of rates:—

"The rate of discount at — is 2½ per cent. Sixpence in the shilling is a consideration in rural districts accustomed to count the pence, but would it influence payment by the townsman? The answer is that it might succeed too well in certain directions."—Local Paper. In districts where the rate-collector did not know the difference between two-and-a-half and fifty per cent. we fancy it probably would.

THE INCIDENT OF THE EX-PRESIDENT.

Now and then, impelled by a lurking desire for adventure perhaps, or by a craving for the bizarre, I like to dine at one or another of those little foreign restaurants that are to be found in unpretentious side-streets in the neighbourhood of Soho. It amuses me to watch the people there, to wonder which of them are artists and which, possibly, criminals of the demi-monde; and anyway it breaks the monotony of the club. One may observe a greater diversity of type

It was in one of these little establishments, the Café des Assassins, that I first encountered the bearded stranger. He occupied the table next to mine, a veritable colossus of a man with dark piercing eyes, a great aquiline nose and the most imposing black beard I have ever seen. Long and thick and curling slightly outwards at its extremity it completely hid his waistcoat from view. He sat eating spinach with an air of conscious dignity and power.

I regarded him out of the corner of my eye and wondered who and what he might be. An exiled President of a South American republic, I thought, or a Russian Grand Duke of the old régime, or a Balkan notability travelling incognito on some secret and possibly hazardous mission. Who could say? Clearly he was no ordinary man.

Then, as I watched him, a surprising thing happened. Without warning, an expression of diabolical fury convulsed his features. Dealing the table a smashing blow with his tremendous fist he mounted to his feet, upsetting his chair behind him with an alarming clatter.

"Caramba!" he roared in a voice of thunder. "Ten thousand furies! Waiter! Waiter!!"

Women screamed and clung to their companions. Waiters dropped their dishes and rushed forward with frightened cries.

"Look," he shouted, seizing the foremost in a grasp of iron, "see, regardez, son of a dog!" In his right hand he held aloft his fork, on the prongs of which was impaled the corpse of a large beetle.

For a long time he declined to be appeased. The proprietor, wringing his hands and apologising in all the languages of the Mediterranean seaboard, besought his forgiveness. It was a catastrophe the most incredible, he wept; his chef de cuisine should be dismissed instantly; the honour of his establishment, of his country, of Mussolini, demanded it. The offending dish was spirited away; the menu and winelist pressed upon the outraged client.

Let Monsieur order what he desired, he, the proprietor, would serve him with his own hands. Ah, but Monsieur would pardon him; Monsieur was gentle and magnanimous and would permit him to make amends for this misfortune so deplorable.

Monsieur allowed himself to be coaxed back to his seat. He had, it appeared,



"SEE, REGARDEZ, SON OF A DOG!"

destroyed men for insults less insufferable. Glaring round he caught my eye. Even yet, he declared, he might be moved to some swift and terrible act. Let him see the menu; and the wine-list. He would, while guaranteeing nothing, endeavour to restrain his natural and



"IT WERE FLOUTING PROVIDENCE NOT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE OPPORTUNITIES."

altogether commendable impulse to shed blood.

I left him settling down to a lavish meal, attended assiduously by the proprietor, with waiters darting about in the background like nervous swallows. He was still muttering unintelligible imprecations into his great beard.

And there one would have expected

the incident to end, but chance had it otherwise.

One evening, several months afterwards, I happened to drop into La Maison des Chiens Bleus. The tables were crowded, but I immediately perceived at the further end of the room the gigantic stature and arresting beard of the man I now felt assured was an ex-President of some turbulent but picturesque Latin-American state. All this while doubtless he was plotting and scheming and waiting for the hour to strike. Woe to his adversaries, I thought, when at last he had them in his power.

And then the most impossible thing in the world occurred before my eyes. A resounding crash echoed through the room and I saw the vast figure of the exiled patriot once more rising to his feet.

"Perdition and devils!" his mighty voice bellowed, "per Bacco! Waiter! Waiter!! Presto! Death of a pig!"

High above his massive leonine head he held his fork, on which, even at that distance, I easily perceived the shape of a big beetle.

Not without interest I watched the details of the scene in the Café des Assassins faithfully re-enacted.

I tarried over my bottle of wine until at length the bearded giant rose to depart. With superb dignity, looking neither to right nor left, he strode past the tables, but, as he passed my corner, I leaned across and touched his arm. He turned with a glance of cold hauteur.

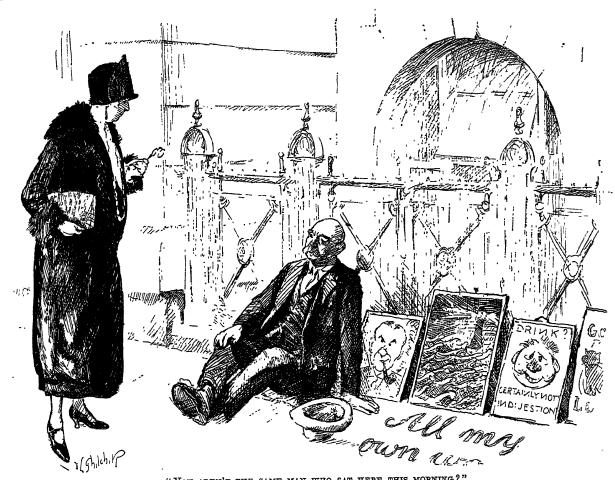
"Pardon me, Sir," I whispered, "but as a humble though earnest entomologist I should be extremely grateful if you would tell me where you are so fortunate as to be able to secure such uncommonly well-proportioned and serviceable specimens of Blatta orientalis, the common or domestic cockroach."

His impulsive movement of anger ceased as a gleam of recognition dawned in his eye.

"Ah, Signor," he murmured, "adversity teaches strange expedients to us poor gentlemen whose cultured tastes so far outrun our slender patrimony. Since necessity compels one to lodge in disagreeable basements it were flouting providence not to take advantage of the opportunities one finds so profusely to hand. Addio, Signor, or, since you would seem to frequent these simple haunts of the aristocratic poor, let me say A rivederci. Perhaps when next we meet you will do me the honour of dining with me. My resources in one direction at least are inexhaustible."

And with a grave inclination of his splendid beard he passed to the door.

C. L. M.



"YOU AREN'T THE SAME MAN WHO SAT HERE THIS MORNING?"

"No, LADY; I JUST WORKS THE AFTERNOON SHIFT."

THE PRACTICAL LESSON.

Ar the end of the village a question of precedence had arisen between a farmwagon and a luxurious private motor-car. Into the merits of the case it is not necessary to enter, for the original point at issue had been obscured by the subsequent conduct of the wagoner, a hulking brute, who had descended from his driving-seat in order to bellow at short range his opinion of the chauffeur.

The sound of his roaring voice had attracted a small crowd, and from comments and nudges exchanged by some of the onlookers it was evident that he was a bully of local repute. Moreover the presence of an appreciative audience had the effect of stimulating him to verbal excesses that put the decorous and shaken chauffeur at a hopeless disadvantage, and were the more regrettable in view of the fact that some of the occupants of the car were delicatelynurtured ladies.

The ruffian had even got to the pitch of "addressing"—as a golf-ball is "addressed"—the chauffeur's bewildered —and in hardly more time than it takes A nasty one face with an outsize fist when there to write it the wagener, with his arms of that day.

emerged from the car a slight young gentleman in a heavy fur-lined overcoat, which he took off, along with a faultlessly-tailored lounge-jacket, and stood in his shirt-sleeves a figure of very in-different physique. With amazement the bystanders realised that this puny creature was about to give battle to the raging man of brawn, who himself he tottered back to the caramid a silence became mute with astonishment.

"Be careful, Mister," said a kindly rustic; "'e's 'arf killed men three times your weight."

The slight young gentleman's only acknowledgment was a quiet smile. He motioned to the crowd to stand back, beckoned to the wagoner to come on,

[EDITOR: Gave a marvellous demonstration of the superiority of science to mere brute force, I suppose, and taught the bully a lesson he would never forget?

AUTHOR: Perhaps I had better not go on with this story?

EDITOR: Will it take long?

AUTHOR: If it has a merit it is brevity. Editor: Pray proceed.]

a-kimbo, was looking at the huddled figure prostrate on the ground.

"'Ad enough, Guv'nor?" he de-

As the slight young gentleman rose slowly and painfully to his feet it was plain to see that he had had more than enough. Battered, bleeding and dazed, that was broken by the voice of a delicately-nurtured lady.

"Oh, Aubrey," it said, "what a pity you took that correspondence course in boxing!'

"Giles Pennynton laughed, and when he laughed you saw that he had thirty-two even white teeth."—Weekly Paper.

The man must indeed have had an open countenance.

"A cotton manufacturer said to me not long ago: 'Children to-day don't learn things at school as well as they did when I was a boy. When I was a lad we had to learn, and if anybody had wakened me up in the middle of the night and said, "What's twelve nines?" I should have said straight off, without thinking, "96." "Trade Periodical.

A nasty one for the Board of Education



WHAT OUR FISH COMPANIES HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

"Clerk (reading customer's letter to manager). "'Dear Sir,—I did not care for the last basket you sent—cod, halibut. Herrings, etc., and should prefer soles, salmon, oysters, etc. Enclosed please find P.O. for 2/6." Manager. "Tell her to enclose another tanner and we'll send her the blooming trawler."

MORE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

[The existence of an ancient Eastern proverb on the subject shows that talkativeness has been a characteristic of barbers from the earliest

No longer when at dreary length I'm

My barber's views shall I be moved

Nor tremble lest some day I should be driven

To quit his chair half-shaved or semi-

shorn; No, acting on this latest information,

His tritest period I can outlast By summoning tonsorial conversation

Back from the storied past. ... I'll muse on ancient Egypt and the

passion For trivial chat the barbers used to

show While deftly curling beards into the fashion

That Rameses was making all the go, Dilating on the prospect of a wetting When rose old Nilus, as he always did;

The crops, and how well forward they | Till, wandering thus at will in History's were getting

With this new pyramid.

Romeward my wandering thoughts shall turn and tougher

Shall my endurance grow as I recall The agonies that BALBUS had to suffer, Fresh from the building of his famous wall,

The while his barber touched upon the various

Favourites in each gladiatorial scrap Which chariot to back, which retiarius Was tipped as that day's nap.

Or, coming nearer home, what time he smacks on

The lather or is busy with the shear, I'll bring to mind the woes of Jute and

The pains of Puritan and Cavalier, Or how incessantly the chatterer's tongue went.

Chasing the theme of thinness to and

To urge a special renovating unguent Upon the Georgian beau.

Far from the barber of the present

As each succeeding scene my mind en-

I shall not hear one word that he may say,

But rather find the time he takes to do

A pleasing interlude that likes me well Till his repeated offer to shampoo me At last shall break the spell.

"Servant Girl Wanted for term, about 19; good milker; 2 cows wept."—Scots Paper. Not, we hope, into the pail.

"Garden of unusual charm. Revol Summerhouse."—House-agent's circular. Revolting Just the thing for a revolting summer like the last.

From a review:—

"It is the most complete guide to Great Britain ever issued. There are 94 maps and plans and a panaroma."—Daily Paper. We don't like these mixed smells.



THE GREAT REFUSAL.

Samivellius Avunculus Americanus (indicating Calvinius Culigius Cæsar). "MARK YE HIS WORDS? HE WOULD NOT HAVE THE CROWN."—Julius Cæsar, Act III., Scene 2.

[Speculation as to the meaning of Mr. Coolidge's pronouncement, "I do not choose to run for President in 1928," is described by the Washington correspondent of *The Times* as constituting "the favourite indoor sport of the American people."]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 21st.—Conservatives gave the new Member for Southend-on-Sea a handsome welcome. The lady Members of the House now number seven, like the family of the simple child that lightly drew its breath, the stars in the Blessed Damosel's hair, and also (some mouldy old misogynist will recall) the warriors who failed to take Thebes, and the deadly sins.

Ralph Rackstraw, the hero of H.M.S. Pianafore, in his description of the perfect sailor, says that

"His foot should stamp and his throat should

His hair should twirl and his face should

His eyes should flash and his breast protrude, And this should be his customary attitude."

Just the man, you would say, to collect the votes of impressionable females of twenty-one and win a seat handsomely for his Party. Apparently, however, Government thinks not, since it of late decreed, by Order in Council hotly pursued by a Fleet Order, that Naval officers on half-pay must not stand for Parliament.

This, the PRIME MINISTER told Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, involved a general principle, applicable alike to all the forces of the Crown and to Civil Servants. This brought not only the full force and indignation of Central Hull but the equally disconcerting fury of Sir REGINALD HALL and Commander Bellairs on to Mr. Baldwin's devoted head. No fewer than six energetic fists appeared ready to resist his dictatorial word and three throats growling as one announced that the British half-pay tar would never bow down to the Admiralty's domineering frown or the tang of the Cabinet's tyrant tongue.

The PRIME MINISTER, taken aback by this uncustomary attitude on the part of his followers, agreed to "look into the matter again."

The House learned that when the Gold Coast's new harbour at Takoradi is opened next year Mr. J. H. Thomas will be the pièce de résistance of the momentous occasion. Mr. Takoradi Thomas flushed modestly as Mr. Ormsby-Gore announced this tribute to the energy and foresight of the ex-Colonial Secretary. Serried Socialism, scenting the cloven hoof of Imperialism in the announcement, showed an inclination to be derisive.

Sir Berkeley Sheffield being absent, his momentous inquiry as to what the Government means to do about the Report of the Standing Committee on the Marking of Eggs went without oral reply. Probably the Government will follow precedent—and mark time instead.

"I am not responsible for Queen Anne's Bounty," declared the Minister of Agriculture plaintively to Mr.



"A British Tar is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird;
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word."

H.M.S. Pinafore.

LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. M. KENWORTHY.

LOOKER, who had brought to his attention the grievances of clerical titheowners.

Unemployment Insurance Bill con-



THE IDOL OF THE GOLD COAST.

Mr. J. H. THOMAS.

sidered in Committee. At a rough estimate about an hour-and-a-half was intermittently occupied in discussing with the Chairman whether the remarks which hon. Members were letting fall or had just permitted to fall or were about to permit to fall were germane to the Amendment under consideration. All parties concerned exhibited admirable patience and by degrees matters got under way.

Tuesday, November 22nd.—A Lords' debate on the War Office's threatened despoliation of the Surrey commons revealed the interesting fact that a "very zealous person" had covered Bramshott Common with War Office notices ordering the public not to trespass on it, although, as Lord Onslow admitted, the War Office "could not keep people off Bramshott Common and did not want to do so." Unfortunately he held out no suggestion that the very zealous apostle of ebullient militancy had been properly strafed. On the other hand his assurances of the War Office's willingness to "enter into suitable covenants" not to destroy the commons' natural amenities, not to cut down trees, not to dig permanent trenches, not to erect buildings other than temporary shelters and to give the public access to the commons when they were not in use for military purposes were so explicit as almost to satisfy Lord Russell. But what are covenants when ebullient militancy is in the saddle?

Things are not what they seem even in the House of Commons. Mr. TRE-VELYAN THOMPSON asked the CHAN-CELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to state the species of birds, together with the approximate amount of plumage, illegally imported and confiscated under the Importation of Plumage (Prohibition) Act of 1921, between July 1st and September 30th, 1927. Vision of holocausts of birds of paradise and battues of nesting egrets as well as of whole packing-cases of miscellaneous "songs gone out of the world" rose to the The list which the Minister mind. circulated showed that the inspectors' total bag for the three months included, inter alia, a stuffed hoopoe, a featherwork picture made of rook's feathers, the skin of a grebe, the tail of a heron, two "imitation" peacocks and a fan made of the feathers of an adjutant stork. The meshes of this particular net seem fine enough, but perhaps not too fine. Over a hundred egret plumes were also captured.

Sitting on Mr. Garro-Jones has become a sort of ritual with Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain, which the entire House recognises as reasonably fit and proper, all things considered.

It thought otherwise to-day when one of lesser calibre, Sir LAMING WORTHING-TON-EVANS, attempted to exercise this privilege when Mr. Garro-Jones had for once asked a very reasonable Sup-plementary Question. Other Members sprang up, pointed out that the question was eminently pertinent and demanded that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR should furnish an answer, which he did in the Official Report.

Mr. Maxton asked the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER if he would stop money being drained out of the country for foreign loans. Mr. Churchill replied that he had always been given to understand that these loans had to leave the country in the form of British goods.

believe formerly, but does he still believe that now?" asked Mr. Max-TON, and the House became mirthful, as it always does when a rapier-thrust goes home.

Mr. SAKLATVALA is a better argument against speeding up the Mon-TAGUE reforms than any he can make, and his Amendment to the Second Reading of the Government of India (Statutory Commission) Bill (moved by the Un-DER - SECRETARY INDIA and officially supported, through the mouths of Mr. RAMSAY MacDonald and Mr. Macpherson, by the Opposition) was feeble. He was seconded in lonely vehemence by

himself substantially to expressing the hope that it would never be a crime to differ from the rest of his party. Mr. MAXTON, having then no intention that Labour's Left Wing should dance to Mr. Saklatvala's Communist pipings, hoped the Amendment would not be pressed to a division. The Conservatives, he explained amiably, were get-ting into a horrid mess over India. Far be it from him to help get them out. them further in.

Wednesday, November 23rd.—What was a mere gesture of dissent on Tuesday became a gesticulation of defiance to-day as the Socialist Left Wing deserted their leaders, who had blessed the Government of India Bill, and rallied that has not been done before. to the support of that oriflamme of Com-

their proper leader and have become the scrap-nosing followers of Shere Khan. In due course, doubtless, the young wolves of Socialism will see the error of their ways, and their Bolshevist fugleman will go whence he To-day however they bayed full-throated in tune with his carnivorous snarls and with such effect that they actually carried the whole party into the Division Lobby with them.

Inflamed by their taste of blood these same Left-Wingers, later in the evening, allowed themselves to be swept off their feet-and four of them caused themselves to be swept up and removed from the House—by their animosity towards

THE NEW JUNGLE-LEADER. THE TIGER (MR. SAKLATVALA) ATTRACTS THE WOLVES. MESSRS. MAXTON, BUCHANAN AND NEIL MACLEAN.

penalty of Left-Wing leadership is that he has to be primus inter pares in scenes from which his intelligence must surely revolt. "Oh, you coward!" shrilled the acrid pipe of Miss Wilkinson. Messrs. Buchanan, Wallhead and Maclean each thought of something rude (with the word "damned" in it) to say about Mr. Hope and punctually strode into the outer darkness.

Thursday, November 24th.—Commons' Rather he desired, if possible, to push debates on peace and disarmament no doubt help to convince our neighbours, if that is necessary, that we are peaceful ourselves and judiciously ready to inspire peace elsewhere, but nobody leaves the Chamber telling himself that now something important will be done

The gist of the five main contributions munism, Mr. SAKLATVALA. The scene to this evening's debate—made by recalled an episode in the Jungle Book, Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, Sir AUSTEN | the instrument.

where the young wolves have deserted | Chamberlain, Lieut.-Commander Ken-WORTHY, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and the FIRST LORD (in the order named)—was that we are doing more for disarmament than any other nation, but doing it with intelligent restraint, that the failure of the Geneva Conference was "inherent" and not anybody's fault, that three times the number of cruisers we have or are building will not prevent us being starved out in the next war, that disarmament is making little headway because we cannot ask our Continental neighbours to forgo conscription, which goes to the root of the matter, while we ourselves are spending relatively more on our own fighting services.

While Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY "I am aware that that is what the the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, Mr. was speaking the light went out and right hon. gentleman was taught to Hope. "Damned unfair," boomed the the Houses of Parliament were plunged

in Stygian gloom. They have, it appears, no auxiliary lighting system. There was a futile striking of intermittent matches, then a candle or two appeared. Mr. BALDWIN returned to his seat for a moment preceded by his private secretary holding a candleinfrontofhimlikean acolyte. Then someone arrived with a whole package of candles and proceeded to upend them on the despatch-This was too boxes. much for the sensible soul of Miss Bond-FIELD, who hastily transferred them from the polished wood to sheets of blotting-paper. The light returned after a while and the debate

Mr. Buchanan, who however confined | reverberent bass of Mr. Maxton, whose | continued. Curiously it occurred to no speaker—not even to Mr. BRIDGMAN, who made one of the wittiest speeches of his career—to liken the incident, the plunging of the Mother of Parliaments into blackness and futility by some errant mouse or inadequate fuse wire, to the darkness and chaos of war, into which the world has a habit of getting plunged by Mittel-European rodents and Balkan live wires.

> The Lords gave unanimous approval to the Indian Government Bill. So harmonious were the proceedings that Lord OLIVIER continued speaking for twelve minutes after the light had gone out before any of his audience stirred.

" MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

"Large mod. perambulator with extension, cost £25, take £5."—Advt. in Evening Paper. This must surely be the case without



BALLADS FOR BROAD-BROWS.

A BREAKFAST-TIME BALLAD.
THERE'S not very much in the paper,
But what's in the paper is bad,
A peeress has married a draper,
An aeroplane's crashed at Bagdad,

A girl has been cruelly battered,
She was bashed on the head with a bat,
A bicyclist heard her ejaculate "Murder!"
Which points to foul play. And that's that.

News! News! It gives you the blues, Slaughters of daughters and all the clues! Why do we peruse the discouraging news On a mouldy Monday morning?

There's been a big fire in Australia
And a small revolution in Spain,
They're growing a new kind of dahlia,
The Government's blundered again,
A woman has flown the Atlantic
And explained to the Press in a chat
That she'd not the remotest idea she'd be noticed,
It worries the girl. And that's that.

News! News! Neurotical news!
Publicity Cissy she gives me the blues,
But I can't refuse a nice bit of news
On a mouldy Monday morning.

Our Trade is deplorably groggy,
A bad epidemic is near,
The forecast is "Freezing and foggy,"
They think you get cancer from beer,
A lady who's nearly a hundred
Sees ladies she's horrified at,
And she wouldn't wonder if England went under;
And that, says the lady, is that.

News! News! Nonsensical news!
Fashions and passions you can't excuse;
But I wouldn't lose my bit of bad news
On a mouldy Monday morning.

Unless I am greatly mistaken
We've all of us plenty to do;
Why must we absorb with our bacon
The woes of the universe too?
For breakfast the crisis at Koosh-koosh,
For lunch the disaster at Kat,
Some other man's winner at tea, and at dinner
A murder or two. And that's that.

News! News! It gives you the blues, Sinners and winners and why they lose; But everyone chews his bit of bad news On a mouldy Monday morning.

And often I think of transferring
To some less excitable zone
Where not very much is occurring,
And that is not publicly known,
Where flights are conducted in secret
And people would not care a drat
If a typist went frantic and swam the Atlantic—
And that, since you ask me, is that.

News! News! O for a snooze!
Slaughter of daughters and all the clues,
Dramas, pyjamas and all the boos,
Arsons and parsons and all their views,
Fashions and passions you can't excuse,
Smashes and crashes that don't amuse.
News! News! I'd like to vamoose
Anywhere, anywhere out of the news,
But meanwhile I glues my nose to the news
Every mouldy morning. A.P.H.



TRUTH IN ADVERTISEMENT.

"Peppercorn, bay gelding by Mustard-Cayenne. WELL KNOWN WITH THE BLANKSHIRES. VERY FAST AND CLEVER. CAN KEEP HIS PLACE IN ANY HUNT, AND HAS ALWAYS A LEG TO SPARE."

THE UGLY DUCKLING:

An impression of the new type of historical novel as it is written by Herr LION FEUCHTWANGER, the author of "Jew Süss."

In a deep fit of dejection the Margravine of Schlagwasser sat in her stillroom eating comfits and looking out at the Austrian Tyrol. Before her lay a round parcel tied up with rags. The Margravine had reasons for her gloom. Her copper-coloured hair was coarse, wiry and dull. Wound about her head in long coils, it caught no gleam of radiance from the afternoon sun. It had not even been sensitised. She had a projecting ape-like mouth, hanging cheeks and a pendulous dewlap. Her skin was coarse, grey and blotchy. Her front teeth stuck out like bone knittingneedles. They terrorised Bavaria. On the top of her small flat nose was a wart.

These things annoyed her. So did the behaviour of her husband, Johann. When their wedding had been celebrated he had been sick. Since that day he had seldom come into her presence without

coils out of her hair and throwing them into the armoury.

 Dressed in his parti-coloured skintight suit he would spend his time in gnawing large bones and drinking spiced wine with his eighteen mistresses. Meanwhile the Margravine would cover her face with ointment, paint, resin, fard, lard and nard in order to make it more beautiful. But in this she was unsuccessful. Every time that she took off the plaster cake she would say to Herr von Senna, her Minister, "Do I look more beautiful?" and he would reply, "No, your Ugliness, you look more hideous than ever."

history-books.

Now she was faced with the horror that she must open the parcel in front of her and that she knew what it contained.

A peacock screamed in the sunlit courtyard. The Rhine rolled on. So did the Rhone. A thick dust rose and filled the air of Avignon. A burgher of Munich smacked his thighs. But in the Austrian Tyrol these things passed unobserved.

The slow afternoon crept by.

biting her or pulling a few coarse wiry the head of her first lover, Cretin of gle, croak and yawn.

Rottenburg, fell out of it. The head ran three times round the table rapidly and then stopped, staring at her with glassy eyes. A parlourmaid came in to pull the curtains over the casements, but the Margravine crouched in a corner and sobbed.

"Poor thing!" thought the girl as she tripped jauntily away. "She is like a gargoyle."

Others might yodel, but not the Margravine of Schlagwasser.

Tigris of Blutsauger, plump, beautiful, clear-skinned, with long blue eyes, She spat at him and returned to her entertained the Grubenwetter at the Castle of Rottenburg. Men jousted for her, died for her. The peasantry worshipped her. Every day she grew plumper and firmer, and her lazy blue eyes increased in length. The Grubenwetter, who had endeared himself to the Margravine because of his ugliness, had endeared himself in the same way to Tigris. He caressed her coarsely with his thick red fleshy hands. He was an albino. He had white hair and pink eyes. He had a very broad mouth, The Margravine undid the wrappings like a frog, which hung continually of the parcel. As she had expected open. With this he would cluck, gurHis other personal habits were these: When courting Tigris or the Margravine he would grin, spit, stretch himself on a hed or couch, whistle, crack his joints, hiccup, and fall asleep. Sometimes, when it was necessary to end a chapter with a dramatic air, he would do all these things at once.

And the simple Tyrolean peasants, hearing the hiccup, the clucking and the cracking of his joints, would say to each other, "Now closes another chapter in the history of Schlagwasser."

"The Margravine has given me a fine vial containing a colourless poison," he said to Tigris. "Shall I put it in your wine or in the Margrave's?"

She turned round and laughed at him over her plump shoulder.

He cracked his joints loudly and withdrew.

§ 3.

The Abbot of Blitz was at Blitz Abbey writing on a parchment. Several Bavarian over-lords were at Prague eating capons and electuaries. Duke Stefan of Straphanger and fifty-two under-lords were riding to Munich with falcons on their wrists. Their names, in alphabetical order, will be found in the appendix. Those of them who were not murdered in the course of the story have been marked with a star.

They shouted rude rough songs as they rode, comparing the Margravine of Schlagwasser now to a scorpion and now to a basilisk, but likening Tigris of Blutsauger to Helen of Troy.

The Pope was in bed with a toothache. The Archbishop Baldwin of Trêves had been smitten by aphasia. The Jew, Mendel Hirsch, was wondering on what page he would come in again. The minor characters in the story had bubonic plague. It was a sad October morning. Leaves yellowed. There was a drizzling mist.

The Grubenwetter presented himself before the Margravine of Schlagwasser. She too was unhappy. She was drizzling at the mouth with foam.

"During the whole of my life," she said, "Tigris of Blutsauger has thwarted me. She took away Crétin. She took away my two husbands. She took away you. Whenever I charm a new lover with my hideousness she removes him. She ruins my country with her extravagance. She intrigues with my enemies. She makes trouble with the servants. She eats my sweets. Now she has got hold of my son Meinhard."

The Gruben wetter clucked. Then he croaked. "Meinhard is dead," he told her. "He went for a walk up a steep cliff with me and fell over to the bottom. He only bounced twice."

She threw a dagger at him. He



Boy (having free view of football-match, to enthusiast below). "You're never satisfied. I'm tellin' yer all I see, ain't I?"

caught it in his frog-like mouth and patted her coarsely on the dewlap.

"You can ask Tigris to the funeral," he said.

A smile flitted across the ape-like jowl. A sombre gleam came into the old woman's melancholy eyes. The Grubenwetter went over all his joints carefully to see that they were cracking properly, hiccupped slowly and called for spiced wine.

§ 4.

Tigris of Blutsauger was condemned to death at Schlagwasser. The Margravine seemed near to her revenge.

But Herr von Senna counselled mercy. The populace might revolt.

Tigris herself could not believe that she was to die. Everybody loved her. The peasants regarded her as a saint. She was a queen of beauty, for whom a hundred knights tilted day by day. Small boys cheered frantically at her close-up.

The Grubenwetter came into her chamber. He took her coarsely by the feet and swung her head coarsely against the wall three times, then put her back on her couch again.

"Let us drink this and be merry," he said.

It was a flask of perfumed brandy. He croaked once or twice and Tigris yielded to the old fascination of his caress.

The Margravine received the Grubenwetter in her state-room.

"Have a pistacchio-nut," she said. "Tigris of Blutsauger," he told her, clucking slightly, "has had a stroke. She is dead.

"Hold my plaster-cake for a moment," she said, taking it from her face; "I want to laugh.

Rudolph of Austria played chess with Duke Stefan of Straphanger. The Abbot of Blitz upset a saucer of ink over a monkish chronicle. Two Counts of the Holy Roman Empire compiled a small atlas with notes. A Barbary ape leapt lightly on the back of a buffoon. The sunlight-

But come, come! We cannot be bothered with all this.

§ 7.

The Margravine of Schlagwasser sat alone in a marsh. From a small reed-hut rose a scent of soup. She sniffed once or twice through her flat nose. The apelike jaws moved soundlessly. A cloud of roving flies settled on her ageing countenance and remained there.

They liked the fard. EvoE.

A CANTERBURY WEAVER.

If I should live in Canterbury And be a weaver's wife And watch the looms in little rooms

Throughout my wedded life, While in the town of Canterbury

The busy folk went by No fair design of formal line My soul would satisfy.

I'd weave the world of Canterbury Among the warp and woof-The crowds that meet in lane and street,

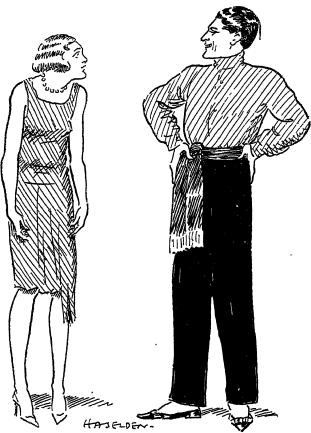
The sun on spire and roof, Cathedral windows glimmering Above the huddled town, And green and cool and beautiful The river flowing down.

So bright would glow the colourings That folk would stop to see What dream was this of loveliness, And buy my webs from me, And take them far from Canterbury And spread abroad the tale Of magic looms in little rooms That wove such stuff for sale.

AT THE PLAY.

"SIROCCO" (DALY'S).

CHARMING young Lucy Griffin, three years married to a bulky, dull, possessive husband, immersed in oil, realising that her marriage was unsatisfactory and instinctively fearing some catastrophe if the trouble wasn't promptly patched, makes a point of insisting that she shall accompany her man on his business-trip to Tunis instead of being left to hotel. The unperceptive Stephen, bid- savagely in his fury and in a reaction



DRESSED TO KILL; OR, OMNIA VINCIT IVOR. Lucy Griffin Miss Frances Doble. Sirio Marson Mr. Ivor Novello.

silly, says his perfunctory good-byes. handsome and engagingly frank young animal, Sirio Marson (English father, Italian mother), has drifted into the hotel and established friendly contact with superbeffrontery. Two days later, at a noisy local festa, Lucy, under the unaccustomed stimulus of Asti spumante, has declared her love for the impudent Lothario, and on the general grounds that youth must be served however keen their disappointment. flies with him to his Florence studio.

pears, not wounded but outraged and ap- disconcerting laughter at designedly

prehensive of the laughter of his friends. and offers to take her back, and even to love her once more " if she behaves her-Not unnaturally, being a modern young women of spirit, she refuses this grotesque offer. Equally naturally she proposes to break with her lover whose cooling animal ardour is revived and his innate cruelty roused by this unexpected exhibition of independence. She has to defend herself physically from his impetuous wooing (to employ languish in a bore-laden Bellagualia a tactful euphemism). He strikes her

> of shamefaced remorse rushes from the wrecked studio to join his mother in Rome, still wearing, if I remember aright, his

pyjama coat.

Essentially, I suppose, this is all just possible, though the time schedule is a narrow one. Lucy would, we may suppose, not have done anything like this normally, but she was at the crisis of her fate. Let us grant then the situation. But it would have taken the author all the time at his disposal, and all the seriousness, to have made clear to us the characters and motives of these hasty folk.

The idle chatter in the hotel lounge and the antics of the carnivalists in the café were too protracted. Both had their points, no doubt, but were not kept in reasonable bounds.

Incidentally one may observe that when one is not wearing a false nose oneself the noisy diversions of people who are soon pall, and all the zeal which Mr. Basil Dean put into this café scene, with its crowd of authentic Italian players, flirting, quarrelling and joking in their own expressive tongue, became frankly a bore.

More deadly was the tiresome solemn dullness of poor Lucy's exposition of the details

ding her in his masterful way not to be of her inevitable disillusionment and of her attempt to make her oafish As it happens, that very afternoon a husband understand her point of view. And the really serious lapse of taste on the part of the author in presenting the more unpleasant manifestations of thwarted desire, which are no fit subject for presentation on the stage, was no doubt mainly responsible for the boos and hisses of a much more considerable minority of the audience than usually indulges in these manifestations,

Miss Frances Doble played with "A week later" Sirio is bored and sincerity and genuine emotion, but the sulky, Lucy disillusioned. Stephen ap- | increasingly hostile atmosphere, and the

serious situations which became merely grotesque, were too heavy a handicap. Mr. IVOR NOVELLO sketched in his portrait of a rascal with clever strokes. He failed a little, it seemed to me, in the ardour and tenderness of his first wooing, though it may have been the author's intention to allow his hero and heroine not even this excuse for their adventure. Mr. Aubrest Mather (Rev. Sampson Crutch) expressed with skill that devastating heartiness affected by the less lovable of the clergy. Miss ADA KING showed her infallible unobtrusive sense of odd character as the faded spinster. Miss BLYTH DALY's sketch of a tiresomely exuberant American girl was well done, and Mr. DAVID HAWTHORNE'S handling of the unsympathetic Stephen was a sound enough piece of work.

It is easier to understand the author's miscalculation of his effects than the inability of a producer of such experience as Mr. Basil Dean to recognise at rehearsal that Sirocco simply would not

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.

Signs of reaction against the excesses and extravagances of to-day continue to multiply. The latest and not the least remarkable is the circular which has reached us setting forth the aims and objects of the New Blue-stocking Club. These are threefold: (1) to promote the cultivation of solid learning among women; (2) to combat and supersede the devastating monotony of pink in various shades now so disastrously prevalent; and (3) to revive the ancient and honourable industry of woadmilling.

Lady Indigo Jones, the Founder and President of the new Club, in her covering letter reminds us that, though the original Blue-stocking Club had its provenance in Italy and was modelled on the "Bas Bleu" salons of Paris, England bad from the earliest times shown a marked partiality for this colour, and that for centuries "True Blue" has been a synonym for staunch adherence to constitutional principles. She points with legitimate satisfaction to the fact that amongst the supporters of the club are to be found the Governors of the Bluecoat School, several Knights of the Garter (whose badge is the blue ribbon), the Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards, Blue Mantle, the English Pursuivant at the College of Heralds, and several distinguished champions of the Blue Water school. But she wishes it to be distinctly understood that the club is in no way concerned with the encouragement or



"Well, then, what about the hen?"

"ALSO RAN, SIR."

of the revival of the "Blue Danube" and "The Blue Alsatian Mountains." The club, it should be added, is perfectly sound, on hygienic grounds, in supporting the extermination of bluebottle flies and blue mould.

With regard to the revival of the woad-milling industry, she makes it clear that there is no intention to revert to the garb of ancient Britain. Members are not expected to substitute pigment for raiment. On this point she has secured the cordial support of Sir Harry BRITTAIN, Sir THOMAS HORDER and Sir ARBUTHNOT LANE. The club is concerned with the cultivation of the Isatis tinctoria exclusively as providing a dye popularisation of the dance known as for use in textiles, not as a supplement "The Blues," while cordially approving to the lipstick.

Great care will be taken in the formation of the club library to provide an ample supply of Blue Books, and to exclude all publications of a Red or Yellow complexion. The sisters, wives and aunts of all University Blues will be admitted at a reduced rate. Further details will be announced at an early date, but Lady Indigo Jones will be happy to reply to all requests for information addressed to her "At the Sign of the Blue Moon," Blue Lion Yard.

"50,000 Marble Clocks, 24 h., reliable work, dog-cheap, to be sold in lots not less than 1,000 pieces, at 2s. 6d. per piece f.o b. Hambourg."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

Can it be that the clocks are dog-cheap because they are dirt-tired?

FROM THE MALABAR COAST.

(Being an echo of a summer which actually occurred.)

THE weather has now settled in Whose inadequate name is the Hot; The bazaars are emitting a din

Which, though freely called music, is not, While the well-ropes creak and the well-pulleys

Till it sounds like a regular plot.

For at morn there is nothing but sun
And the sky is as hard as an egg;
When the daylight is finally done,
Nothing more does our lethargy beg
Than to lie in a chair in the Russian-bath air
And bawl for a duplicate peg.

Oh, damp are the twilight and dawn,
And the feel of our garments is damp;
We are bitten by flies that are drawn
By the glow of our hurricane-lamp,
And we curse the two tribes of globe-trotters
and scribes

Who enthuse over living in camp.

As we rise from our twentieth tub
And put on our twentieth vest
We perceive that the ultimate rub
Which deprives us of respite and zest
Is the desperate fact, stern Astronomy's act,
That the sun doesn't rise in the west.

For there is one misery yet,
One tragedy not to be borne:
Though efficient our pentavalve set
And complete with its ebony horn,
We don't get the joy of the jazz-band (Savoy)
Until about three in the morn.
E. P. W.

DIAL CULTURE AND CONTROL.

In the new method of telephony introduced into the Holborn and Brighton and other exchanges, a dial is operated by the caller in order to obtain the number he wants. Thus if a wrong number is the result he has only himself to blame, which is not very satisfactory.

Much has been written about this innovation, but not enough, I think, about the care of the dial. And when I use the word dial I do not want to be misunderstood. That there is a possibility of confusion is illustrated by an incident in a Holborn office only a day or two ago. A businessman in a state of exasperation seized his telephone and bellowed, "Are you there? Well, I want to tell you that my dial is all wrong: it's disgraceful"; and a gentle voice replied, "I can quite believe it; and so is your voice."

A busy man must choose carefully the assistant to whom he entrusts the care of his dial, always remembering that his dial may be his fortune. For example, an incident which occurred last week in an establishment not a thousand miles from Chancery Lane may be quoted. An irresponsible junior who was in charge of the telephone came from his employer's room in a state of annoyance and remarked to his colleagues, "It wouldn't half please me to push his dial in for him."

On no account should the dial be punched. It should be gently manipulated with the finger-tips alone. It may be wiped occasionally with a soft cloth; but soap should not be used, and powder and lipstick will only ruin it. If by any means a business-man's dial should be scratched or pushed in only trouble will ensue.

If possible leave your dial to a lady-secretary. What though she make a thousand pence amount to £4 6s. 8d., or indulge in some trifling rearrangement of the letters in the word "receipt," you will recall Pope's lines:—

"If to her share some female errors fall, Look on her dial, you'll forget them all."

And in these days of big business who knows but what it may be the very dial to launch a thousand ships?

Despite new inventions, however, old habits may prevail. As in the past it may still be found a saving of time to abandon one's telephone and to go personally to see the one with whom one wishes to talk, speaking to him face to face rather than dial to dial.

HINTS FOR THE HUNTING NOVICE.

THE few hints that follow are intended to mitigate for the newcomer the terrors of those bogeys of procedure and etiquette which hunting people, always the most jealous of communities, have devised for his discomfiture.

For instance, the unwritten rule that the novice must not wear "pink" in his first season is designed to keep him conscious of being an outsider and on probation. By disregarding it you will show that at least you do not start handicapped by an inferiority complex. But do not allow yourself to be tempted by the advertisements of expensive sporting tailors and breeches-makers. If you hire your kit from a theatrical costumier you will avoid the sacrifice of a large outlay in the event of your deciding, after all, to adopt some other pastime.

On arriving thus equipped at a meet do not neglect to hail the Master heartily with some such salutation as "Mornin', old sport!" Remember to drop your "g's" in accordance with the you have no doubt read or heard in the correct has the co

is the correct huntin' usage.

Probably you will be approached by the Secretary with a request for the "cap" or a subscription. This is a favourite trick to victimise the innocent stranger. Put him off with a promise of a postal-order next week. You might also appeal to his latent sporting instincts by mentioning that you have been having a bad time over the race-dogs.

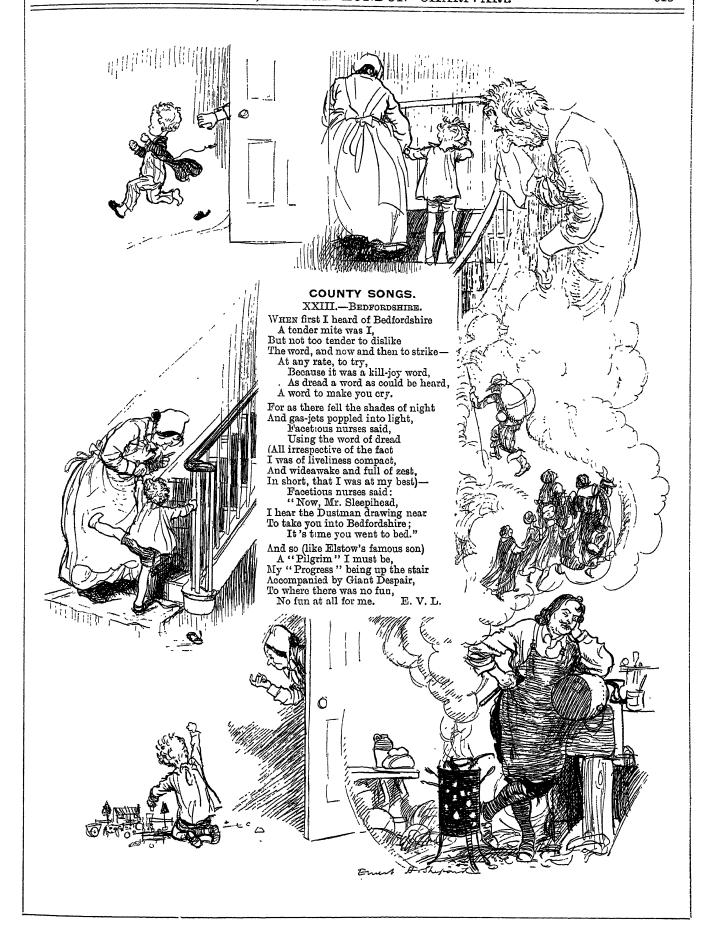
It looks well to display an interest in the hounds. You will not of course know their names, but, to call one up to you, "Bonzo" will do to begin with. Talk to the huntsman about them. Ask him what he feeds them on. Tell him about your aunt's pekes. You may not have many other opportunities of chatting to this rather solitary servant, so if you should happen to be near him when he is drawing a covert you might prove your keenness by asking him to let you try if you can blow his horn, or by encouraging the pack with what you may have gathered from the popular Press are the orthodox cries of "Yoicks!" and "Tantivy!" This is your best chance, for the hounds may find a fox, and in that event you will probably see no more of them.

The New Blazonry.

"There is —, who has a silver tabard with a bond azure, three bucks' heads cabossed or,' which simply means that his tabard is crossed by a blue band and three bucks' heads executed in silver tissue."—Evening Paper.

"In my time," murmured Mr. Spooner, reminiscently, "what undergraduates appreciated most at Xmas time was a miss under the kistletoe."

"Mr. — has presented a very early type of earthenware rum-jar to the Musuemu (empty!)."—Provincial Pager.
We do not know this branch of the emu family, but it was a cruel trick to play on the bird.





Callous Husband (to wife who has slipped on stairs). "AH, THAT REMINDS ME, MY DEAR. HAVE WE WRITTEN TO THOSE WINTER SPORTS HOTEL PROPLE YET?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SINCE their grim traffic with New England witchcraft in Maids of Salem, the two clever collaborators, whose penname is K. L. Montgomery, have been regrettably inactive. In 'Ware Venice (HUTCHINSON) they revert to the higher spirits and more brilliant scenery of their first triumph, The Cardinal's Pawn, recounting in their new novel the adventures of a young Dorset squire and his Irish fosterbrother in the Venice of 1618. Apart from memories of the luckless Jaffier, as he figures in Venice Preserved, of WOTTON, our ambassador to the Republic, as depicted by IZAAK WALTON, and of SARPI, WOTTON'S friend and Venice's theologian, who still survives in local legend, my knowledge of the illustrious men of the place and period is limited. I am all the more grateful to the authors for reviving my secular acquaintance—their ecclesiastics strike me as a trifle histrionie and diluting the cast allotted to them by Clio with such a gallant company of imaginary men and women. The keystone of their plot is the Spanish conspiracy to capture Venice during the coronation of the Doge. Implicated on one side or the other are Tescelin de Broke and his Irish fidus Achates, the wealthy Venetian heiress betrothed to the former, the heiress's twin sister and double, an English beauty escaped from a slaver, her hunchback brother—an original and touching portrait—and a Greek conspiratress with a personal grudge against the Ten. Fights, intrigues,

oracles, kidnapping and elopements, with a just seasoning of mask, dagger and strappado and dialogue to match, are the more obvious of the story's attractions. The by-products of an evidently pleasurable research into the manners and customs of old Venice add a note of rarer distinction.

Few writers now living have had better opportunities than Lord Esher for acquiring a store of interesting memories of the great personages and the great houses of Victorian England. In Cloud-Capp'd Towers (JOHN MURRAY) he takes the houses that he has known in the past—Lowther, Devonshire House, Hughenden, Marlborough House and the rest, including Eton and Trinity—as a spacious background for his sketches, biographical and personal. It was a different world from ours, though in his final chapter Lord ESHER seems to think it is not so different as some would make out. He records several interesting links with the past. In his great-aunt's house at Paris he had been presented to "a stout, dark-skinned man with masses of frizzled hair, an enormous hat held curiously between his knees," who was ALEXANDRE DUMAS. At Lowther he met HENRY, Lord BROUGHAM, and that even more formidable figure, the old Duchess of CLEVELAND. NAPOLEON'S sometime aide-de-camp, the Comte DE FLAHAULT, treated him with sympathetic kindness. Then immediately after leaving Cambridge he became private secretary to Lord HARTINGTON. His portrait of that eminent statesman, with his slow-moving mind and lethargic temperament, dragged sittings of secret tribunals, genuine sorcery and feigned triumphantly through life by that "ruthless beauty

who afterwards became the "Duchess Louise," is perhaps the best thing in the book, unless we except the memories of Marlborough House in the days when the late King Edward was Prince of Wales. But Lord Esher writes throughout gracefully and with a pleasant dignity, flavoured here and there with a touch of acid. A book of memories that was worth writing and is worth keeping on your shelves.

An advocate of women's rights, Rich, charming, fairly young and polished

(Apart from her ferocious fights To get the marriage laws abolished), Forbids her favourite niece to wed, But offers wealth and approbation If only she will try instead

Unsanctified co-habitation.

This problem ARTHUR WEIGALL sets (With Mr. FISHER UNWIN'S backing) And, having analysed it, gets An answer which there's no attack-

For in his Saturnalia in Room 23 the maid depicted Not only manages to win The cash, but marries unrestricted.

I'll give no inkling of the plan Which helps these two extremes to mingle,

Except to say she weds her man And then pretends that she is single; But this I'll add, that, ere she's hit The mark that she is striving after, Propriety sits up a bit And there's some really hearty laughter.

As food for gentle, preferably afterdinner, meditation, commend me to Mr. ROBERT LYND'S essays. They not only propose and solve their own happy conundrums, but leave a trail of sub-

the intelligence of the reader. Not unsolved and insoluble problems of cosmic importance, but pleasant little propositions sufficiently allied to the issues of life to make them worth ruminating. From an essay, "In Defence of Sleep," for instance, I cull the surmise that it is probably laziness that enables many men to work as hard as they do. "On Brutality" throws out the suggestion that games are not an alternative to a better kind of employment, but to a worse kind of idleness. A dissertation on "The Unexpected" maintains that there is no romance whatever about a hen. Now all these are so many gauntlets thrown down to the reader; challenges not sufficiently serious, perhaps, to keep him awake in bed, but quite adequate to performing the same function until he gets there. Take the hen question. What amateur of the fancy would let such a statement pass unchecked? Personally I am acquainted with a French text-book on the poultry-yard which invents a whole dying speech for the humble poule commune, épuisée par l'age et



Discriminating Small Boy. "THE CONDUCTOR HAS THE EASIEST TIME, MUMMY. WHEN HE COMES TO A BIT HE CAN'T PLAY HE CONDUCTS."

sidiary question-marks in their wake to be dealt with by the style of $Le\ Cid$, and infinitely more moving. And I daresay other people feel just as ardently about the iniquity of laziness and the sacrosanctity of games. So one way or another "Y, Y." has us all at his beck. In this respect, as in all others, The Goldfish (METHUEN) is even more successful than its predecessors.

Luck's Limit (Selwen and Blount), by Miss Emily Luck (the title is taken from the name given to the boundary of her brother's land near Ladysmith) is not a Monte Carlo thriller, as you might expect, but something much more worth while. It gives, in the form of letters, some real and some imaginary, but all of them as sincere as they are fresh and vivid, the author's impressions of South Africa as she saw it in a round of visits paid to British and Dutch homesteads. These letters should not only correct the untravelled ignorance of some of us by their pictures, intimately observed, of typical daily life out there, with its brave struggles, but also, by the wide sympathy they betray les maternités successives, who had laid her last egg and is and their freedom from any taint of political or other preabout to shed her blood for ungrateful man. It is rather in judice, should help to foster a better understanding between

And no less sympathetic is the author's the two races. feeling for the charm and the changing moods of the landscape that colours their lives. In an appreciative preface Mrs. Louis Botha says of Miss Luck's book that the picture which she draws of life in South Africa is "not only a beautiful one but a true one." The goodwill that shines through its pages commends it as the right kind of gift for the coming season of goodwill. To Mrs. Botha's blessing, "Good Luck to this little book," I will add the hope that there may be no "limit" to a luck so well deserved.

Lives of great men all remind us, as they once reminded Mr. Birrell, that we can do the same ourselves, and fastidious generation might have called an immoral tale, is

departing leave behind us two octavos on the shelves. But even with that encouragement and with an abundance of good material, Anthony Hope has modestly declined to give us, for the present at any rate, more than one slim volume of Memories and Notes (HUT-CHINSON). It is the record of the first forty years of a full and active life, and it tells, with becoming if at times rather tantalising diffidence, of the writer's progress to authorship by way of Marlborough, Oxford and the Bar (or, as you might say, through HAW-KINS to HOPE.) I particularly enjoyed Sir Anthony's memories of Oxford, where he was at Balliol under JOWETT. To a public surfeited with spurious tales of "the Jowler" he offers anecdotes both new and true. But while there is nowhere a word too much of HAWKINS in this book there is far too little of Hope. Modesty is a good thing, but it is not given to everyone to found a new school of fiction. The Prisoner of Zenda might at least have had a chapter to itself. And many readers, I suspect, will regret this author's determination to tell them nothing about his friends. He "would rather," he says, "be damned for dullness than

for indecorum." He writes, as I need hardly say, far too | me in the opinion, which I have long held, that Mr. ROBERTS'S well ever to be damned for dullness. But what a pity it is that indecorum makes such terribly good reading!

That south wind which, according to Mr. NORMAN Douglas, works such havor with the moral fibres seems to blow permanently across the island of Santa Barbe, which is the largest of the Conquistadores. Its effect on Sorel Osberne, the heroine of Stairs of Sand (ARROWSMITH), was instantaneous. Adventurous by nature (which was why she went to Santa Barbe) she became what the censorious, of whom, however, there were few on that island, might have called an adventuress. She fell an easy prey to the charms of Luiz Parmenger, the accredited local Bel Ami. There was another lady already in possession of this young man's easy affections, but she soon retired discomfited.

Exit Violet, however, only to make way for Fanny, a flame of yesteryear. Luiz, a practised juggler, for a time kept two hearts simultaneously and successfully in play. But the deception was discovered. Sorel fled to the hills, and Fanny, who, being already in the Divorce Court, did not feel called upon to be too particular, accompanied another gentleman to Paris. We are left with the pleasing prospect of Luiz, the incorrigible philanderer, submitting to the yoke of matrimony; and personally I welcome the promise that we are to see what will happen. The wife of Luiz is not going to sail in smooth waters; and Mr. P. Whitehouse, though a little prone to point the moral of what a more

> an able writer and can tread delicately on delicate ground. Two reflections, however, remain after one has finished his book. Are the young people of to-day so desperately conscious of being post-war as the novelists make out? And is it not time that the cocktail was taken for granted? The number of those insidious appetisers mentioned in Stairs of Sand passes computation.

> Mr. Morley Roberts's admirable salt-water yarns still maintain their position among the best of their kind, despite the multitude of new entrants into the same field. The stories which are collected under the title of Tales of Changing Seas (NASH AND GRAYSON) have all, according to a brief prefatory note, seen the light before; but I am pleased to find in the volume, together with such old favourites as "The Captain of the Ullswater" and "The Promotion of the Admiral," which has long since attained among sailormen the position of a classic, two which are new to me. These are the grim narrative of "The Scuttling of the Pandora" and a little excursion into the realm of pure fantasy, called "The Lofty-minded Mariner," both of which confirm

Woman. "IF I WOS T' TELL YOU WOT I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU THEY'D CHARGE ME ENTERTAINMENT-TAX."

best performances in this genre show him to be possessed of a gift for sea-stories which merits the term of genius.

G. B. Stern's collection of short stories, Jack A'Manory (CHAPMAN AND HALL), divides itself into two parts. The scene of the first twelve tales is laid mainly in a cabaret ("The Little Hot Dog") in gay Vienna. They are charmingly vivacious trifles, as amusing to read as they will be difficult to remember. But the last six stories, which form considerably more than half the book, are of different calibre. Here one finds ample reason for the fact that their author is ranked to-day among our ablest writers of the short story. If there are any who still question her originality of mind or her technical skill, let me direct them to "A Man and his Mother," "English Earth" and "Empty Tables."

CHARIVARIA.

WE don't agree with the view that Mr. NoEL COWARD as a playwright is defunct. Cowards die many times before their death. * **

There are said to have been days in South Devon lately that were equal to July. We can well believe it.

* * Two hundred spectators at a Colwyn Bay football-match crowded round the dressing-rooms and threatened the players. They shouldn't have done that. What's a referee for?

Signor Nitti, who knows no English, expresses himself, we are told, in a kind known as "Poodlese."

To meet the requirements of the L.C.C. a parrot which appears on the stage and occasionally makes remarks has been registered as a performing animal. Very galling to a sensitive artist.

It is easy to gather from the American Press that President COOLIDGE will either stand for the Presidency again or he will not.

The Daily points out that Jonas HANWAY was the first person to carry an umbrella. Yes, but whose?

In Opposition circles the failure of Mr. L. S. AMERY to reach the summit of Mount Egmont, New Zealand, is regarded as another set-back for the Government.

In Berlin, it seems, there is a vogue for dressing women's hair so that it resembles sculpture. We still await a vogue for dressing women's hair so that it resembles women's hair.

Sir Henry Thornton has been invited to study Mexican railways for the purpose of recommending improvements. It is anticipated that he will suggest the abolition of railway bandits. | first dialogue.

If an American judge makes a joke, we read, the spectators are not supposed to laugh. In this country they are.

made himself happy in New York, Paris, | this paragraph.

London and Dublin. Only a very adaptable Irish writer can make himself happy in Dublin.

Lord Askwith, when presenting prizes at the North London Musical Festival, expressed satisfaction at the spread of the team-spirit in singing. Formerly too many singers were inclined to sing rather a selfish song.

It is pointed out in The Daily Mail that five Ministers of the front rank have hyphenated names which are too long for newspaper headlines. This is yet another reason for Lord ROTHERMERE'S dissatisfaction with Mr. BALDWIN.

A hen which had been missing from

Maid. "FIRE, MA'AM-FIRE!" My Lady (languidly). "Fire? Very well. Put out my flame-coloured NEGLIGIE AND A PAIR OF SMOKE-TINTED STOCKINGS."

with a brood of chicks. We trust she was received in a spirit of charity.

The "Movietone" is said to have made Signor Mussolini appear to be many times larger than life. We need some better proof of its novelty.

A proposed scheme of tube railways for Manchester has been rejected as financially impracticable. London's position as the straphanger's Mecca seems secure.

The automatic telephone-system has now been installed in the Five Towns district. Surprise is felt that Mr. ARNOLD

It is officially stated that damage amounting to thirty million pounds annually is done by mice to food products. It is also stated that a cat has We read of an Irish writer who has been taught to read. Let it ponder

The latest head-dress for women, a close-fitting little hat with ear-flaps at the sides, is of course designed to supply the long-felt want of a "scrum-cap for wear at the sales.

Recent fighting in China is reported to have been of unprecedented severity, and it is rumoured that the belligerents have even agreed to dispense with the tea-interval.

The question of the hour in sporting circles is: "Can CAPABLANCA come back?"

ALEKHINE, the new World's Chess Champion, is described as being more like a Rugby player in appearance. It is of dog-French. This must be the patois a farm near Derby has returned home therefore to his credit that there is no

suspicion of roughness about his play.

It is said that Lord Asquith has never used a telephone in his life. This is the only sure method of avoiding wrong numbers.

A curious fifteenthcentury coin is in the possession of a Poplar reader of The Daily Chronicle. Coins of pre-LANSBURY date are very rare in Poplar.

Much excitement prevails in Fleet Street as the result of the claim of a Daily Express reader that primroses are growing in his gar-

den at Thanet. He seems to be reading the wrong paper.

The States of Jersey have decided to adopt income-tax. If they will promise to give it a good home they can have ours.

Grave-diggers at a North London cemetery are to have a wage increase of two-and-sixpence weekly. There is as much jubilation in grave-digging circles as professional etiquette will allow.

In an open letter Mr. James Douglas addresses writers of sex-novels as, Bennett was not invited to dial the amongstotherthings, "minxes, bounders, sniggerers, pornocrats, garbage-mongers, vendors of vice, sewer-rats, blow-flies, carrion crows, maggots of decadency, literary lepers and yahoos." It seems to us that Mr. Douglas is hinting in his reticent way that there is something about these novelists that he doesn't quite like.

THE SOVIET PEACEMAKERS.

[M. LITVINOFF, speaking for the Soviet delegates at the preliminary Disarmament Conference at Geneva, proposed the immediate and total abolition of all armies, navies and air forces, the scrapping of all war material and the suppression of the General Staffs of every country. At first blush (if any) this proposal might seem a little inconsistent with the Soviet Government's recent offer to employ its armed forces in the defence of Lithuania. But see Cartoon opposite p. 690.]

How beautiful, to hearts (like mine) that heave a Sigh for the halcyon days when War shall cease, These tidings, as reported from Geneva, Glad tidings of the messengers of Peace!

Not by a gradual process would their mission Reduce the horrid implements of Hate; They recommend the instant abolition Of every such utensil while you wait.

They 'd have all armies totally deflated, All navies scuttled underneath the main, All bombers in a holocaust cremated So that they cannot ever bomb again.

And with the coming of pacific habits The lethal tools of sport would disappear; All the year round would be close-time for rabbits And every hill a sanctuary for deer.

O imminent Millennium (don't it thrill you?) When by the cobra lies the trustful kid, When no one any longer wants to kill you And wouldn't have a weapon if he did!

Still, in a perfect world, with no armed forces To check your Soviet ministers of grace When they incite to Communistic courses, We'll keep our niblick handy—just in case. O.S.

THE PURDONIUM.

PERHAPS you do not know what a purdonium is? The world may be said to be divided into those who know what a purdonium is and those who do not. Just as it may be He was quite a nice man, but his purdoniums were fearful. divided into those who have been to Southend-on-Sea and those who have not. It is the simplest form of classification known to man.

I have recently changed over from the "Don't-knows"

to the "Knows."

"Lot 473.—One purdonium, two reading-lamps (one broken) and quantity of roller-blinds," said the catalogue. I examined the Lot very carefully and found that it included, besides the reading-lamps and the roller-blinds, a badlystuffed parrot and a coal-box. Nobody, I think, would call a badly-stuffed parrot a purdonium, and moreover the auctioneer's man said it had got into that Lot by mistake. A purdonium was-or is-therefore a coal-box. This is known I don't know why.

Soon after this discovery the rather jolly old wooden egg-bucket which we used as a purdonium came unstuck. The bottom fell out and we were driven to the unpleasant

necessity of buying a purdonium for ourselves.

sports are more subtly delightful—just stroll up to one and the makers. Suppose we start again with the simple word say, "On which floor are the purdonia?"

It is ten to one your victim will never have heard of such things. But he will not confess his ignorance. He will send you to all sorts of impossible departments sooner than confess.

"Through the confectionery, turn to the right, through drawers, as floor-cushions or as easy-chairs? the fancy lampshades, and it is the third on the left," he will say. He knows that you cannot follow his directions and purdonium?

that, even if you could, you would be stranded in a wilderness of birdcages or enamelled bedsteads.

In pursuit of this game I have been directed to the garden implements, the medical requirements and the sports goods. One genius marooned me in the wild animal department, and I was so taken with a couple of bluenosed monkeys that I forgot my quest.

You can accept my assurance that it is jolly difficult to buy a purdonium these days. When you reach the right department your troubles are not over. To the smiling assistant you say simply, "I want a purdonium. Something rather special. To go with a Georgian room, you know."
"Exactly," says the assistant. "Er—a purdonium? I

don't think we stock them."

"Come, come," you answer. "A thing to hold coal." "Oh!" says the assistant, making a note of the word in order to stun the next customer with it. "Oh! A purdonium. I see."

The assistant then waves a nonchalant hand towards a perfectly disgusting mass of tortured metal. There is only one uglier sight than that of the modern coal-container. It is the sight of a room full of them. And every variety

has its own particular name.

There are buckets, boxes, caskets, helmets, scoops, hods, vases, cabinets, containers, combinations, carriers, pails, shoots; they are round, oblong, square, cylindrical, conical, cubist; they are of wood, of brass, of steel, of zine, of iron; they are of antique finish, plain, fancy, Rococo, Renaissance, Queen Anne and Holy Roman Empire. They have only one feature in common. They are all appallingly ugly.

"Haven't you anything else?" you say.

"I'm afraid not," says the assistant. "But if you cared to go round to the warehouse of the wholesale people you might see something you would like. I will give you a note."

It is a solemn thought, but it is true. There are men, real men, with wives and children, whose happiness depends on the purdonium market, men whose main interest in life is the price of hods, helmets, cabinets and vases, all designed to hold coal. I have been in the showrooms of such a one.

This is a very wonderful age. It is an age of scientific triumphs. We can speak to America on the telephone. We can sit in London and listen to a band playing in Berlin. Mr. Ford can threaten us seriously with eleven thousand new motor-cars every day. It is an age of physical feats. We can—some of us, that is—fly the Atlantic alone. We can—again some of us can—swim the Channel with the most alarming ease. There is, it seems, nothing denied

But I have discovered the Achilles heel of this civilisation. There are some things we cannot do. I do not mean things like buying cigarettes after 8 P.M. or keeping a tame crystalset without a licence. I pass over little matters like collectas the reductio ad absurdum and is very difficult. You can ing our war debts or understanding the Chinese War. All take it from me however that a purdonium is a coal-box. these things we could do if we cared to make the necessary sacrifices. But I defy anyone in this year of grace to buy a purdonium which is not a blot on any room, an eyesore, a monument of ugliness, a deliberate horror.

he bottom fell out and we were driven to the unpleasant accessity of buying a purdonium for ourselves.

If you want to upset a shop-walker's dignity—and few thing. The only people who use this disgusting word are

"Coal-box"?

You can now buy loud-speakers disguised as dolls, as bowls of fruit, as Chinese gods, as ornaments. Why shouldn't we have coal-boxes disguised as rows of books, as chests of

What can you expect when a coal-box is disguised as a



THE D.O.R.A. CURFEW.

Mr. Punch (on behalf of the general public). "STOP YOUR TINKLING, JICKS!"

[The report of the Home Office Committee on the Shop Hours Act is expected to take the view that tobacconists' shops, even where no assistants are employed, should continue to be closed at eight o'clock.]



FLAT BATTLES.

VI .- THE CHARACTER CONTEST. Now that the acrimony has died down I can talk about this, but it was a sad business while it lasted.

It was my Aunt Jessica who was responsible in the first place. My Aunt Jessica is one of those superstitious people. She doesn't go to church on Friday-or does, I forget for the moment which. She carries about a piece of coal swinging on the end of a chain and says it's her lucky birth-stone. She believes in astrology and calls the signs of the Zodiac by their Christian names.

We were not therefore entirely taken by surprise when, some days ago, for no apparent reason she launched at Frances a little booklet entitled Char-

acter: Were you born in April?

Now Frances was. I tried to laugh the thing down, but she appeared interested. She brought the book in to breakfast with her and read out little bits to me with a pleased simper. Thus: "Oh, do listen to this! I am generous and whole-souled and very musical and artistic. Fancy!'

This sort of thing spoils any breakfast. I merely said for the third time.

"May I have some more coffee?"
"Wait a minute," said Frances. "I

people's minds or suggestions. By the way, do you call yours a mind or a suggestion?

"My only suggestion is that you give me some more coffee," I retorted, but Frances was still deep in the book.

"I am particularly clever at reading the thoughts of other people," she announced.

Now, I ask you. To be met with that when a fellow has been doing nothing for five minutes but concentrate every ounce of mental power on getting a second cup of coffee! I rose coldly.

"Frances," I said in my sternest voice. "I strongly disapprove of the frivolous way in which you have let yourself...."

"Half a jiff," said Frances, "before you go on! Remember, I am like a flower that opens when the sunshine of love and appreciation shines on it, but | careful not to work too hard. like a bud touched with frost when met with the coldness of disapproval or lack of appreciation. There! What were you going to say?" going to say?

"Nothing," I replied shortly. There was nothing after that. I strode angrily from the room, taking my sunshine of appreciation with me and leaving my frosttouched bud giggling softly to herself.

As you must see, there was only one possible method of counter-attack. I went out and bought my book, Charbecome confused if asked to follow other acter: Were you born in January?

I waited till the end of lunch and then let off with: "By the way, Frances, I don't think I mentioned it at breakfast, but I am a natural leader and thinker, unusually active, independent and persevering." I then stroked my back hair modestly, while Frances gasped.

She recovered, hurriedly reached for her book and mentioned tartly that she was not born patient and was apt to become bored.

I cleared my throat. "I am a fine entertainer and an excellent story-teller,' I suggested tentatively. "So if I can do anything. . . .

"Go away and do some work for once!" said Frances, losing her place and her temper.

"I am a tireless worker," I pointed out as I left the room, "but I must be

I wasn't able to work hard or otherwise for the next few days, for that infernal present of Aunt Jessica's had certainly started something in the home. In fact it had that day lit such a light of battle in our flat as was not put out till the following Tuesday. Because, next morning, you see, we rushed out and we each bought a copy of the other's book in sheer self-defence. when Frances casually remarked, d propos of a new hat, that fine clothes and elegant surroundings were necessary

to her existence, I was able to counter from her own book that she was inclined to spend more than she should on her dress, and, better still, before she could recover, I found that she possessed a positive genius for frittering away money. Both of which as conversational remarks take some answering.

On the other hand it cut both ways. I rarely sat down to dinner without my frost-touched bud looking searchingly at me and remarking that I was counselled to study the art of personal attractiveness, especially dress and the arrangement of the hair. I never had a really good answer to that one, and, if I complained about my hair-brushes being moved, Frances only said that she liked to have order in the home. On one occasion, however, I caught her with a half-glass of light claret as she spoke, and was able to point out that she should not drink intoxicants, for, if once addicted to drink, she would seldom if ever reform and would probably die a drunkard's death. Which, when you come to think of it, is pretty snappy stuff for dinner-table talk.

I don't know where the struggle would have ended. What with Frances sarcastically saying that I at least did not require to be told to be very careful of my stomach, and what with my pointing out that she was not to get out of humour because she would make all places round her a little hell on earth, it would probably have ended in divorce -only that I luckily discovered that Frances was recommended not to go to courts of justice but to settle all disputes quietly out of court.

But on the very day that I had found a real winner on page seven of Frances' book—an injunction to her to practise silence whenever possible—she went out and bought the book dealing with Aunt Jessica's birth-month. About the first thing we found in it was that persons born in this month pass through life leaving happiness and harmony behind them from the gifts that they distribute to others.

So it's all right now. We laughed sarcastically, threw the books away and are now both busy opening like flowers in the sunshine of mutual appreciation.

> "A Cow in a Furniture Shop." Headline in Daily Paper.

We are asked to state that bulls of the old school discourage this breaking away from the china-shop tradition.

From a cinema advertisement:-

"The amersing story of a wealthky man who pored asawaiter to win the love of a grand duckess."-Chinese Paper.

The discussion on the Films Bill has brought "blind booking" into promin-



The Perfect Servant. "I have obtained the number you required, my Lord. THEY ARE HOLDING THE LINE WHILE I WARN THE EAR-PIECE FOR YOUR LORDSHIP."

WATER-MAGIC.

[In respectful admiration of Mr. Henry WILLIAMSON'S wonderful new book about the otter, published by PUTNAM, which leaves all other stories of wild animal life in England far behind, not only in knowledge and sympathy but in amplitude of vocabulary. Every word used below is warranted absolutely genuine, though the places of one or two of them may have got a little mixed.]

CHAPTER I.

Larka lay on the glidders, looking out over the saltings of the cleat. The quickets of water in the gussets of the suckle. There was a rue of wind in the stream looked now like the tails of stoats | mazzards. and now like the talons of an owl. He was not deceived by this resemblance. No otters are.

Ic-yang!

ence. Is the above an awful example? stered on Exmoor, Larka had been a If anyone had placed a copy of the

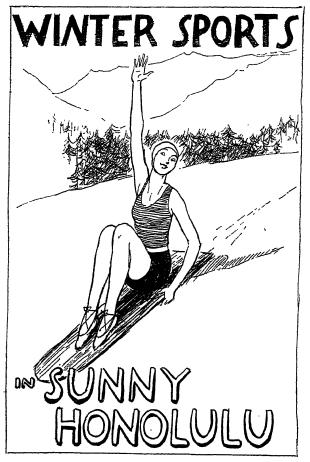
simple land-weasel without interviewers. Now he was a water-weasel with a splendid Press. But he was not con-

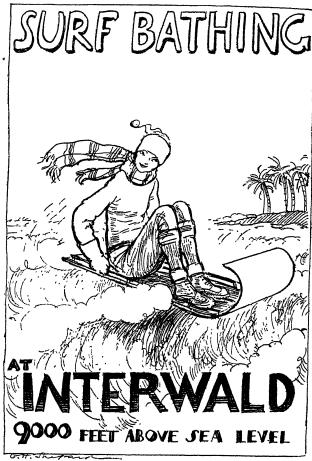
scious of the change.

He picked the starbright salmon-scales from his glued whiskers with a webbed paw and waited for Sideslip to come. A gemmeous dragonet clittered over the marram grasses near the fishpass and blaked above the lean old pillmouth channered by worms. A taint of dog-fitch drifted down the uvver, mingled with garlic, mullein and honey-

Ic-yang! A he-rat yipped.

Waywise in all the runs and rillets of the Two Waters, Larka had few desires. Thousands and thousands of years ago, He loved, played and ate. Especially before the wild hog-mammoths ragrow-late. He knew no history or biology.





MR. PUNCHS PUZZLE PICTURES. WHAT IS WRONG WITH THESE POSTERS?

Concise Oxford Dictionary in his holt of twisted claw-roots hollowed out where the goyal widens under the pobbles of the wall, he would not have tried to use it. He would merely have tissed through his teeth. He tissed now. There was nothing much else to do.

Kak, kak, kak, said the young herons standing in the pool. Old Nog snicked sideways, beating long vanes, as he pried the sill of the weir.

Krok, krok, krok, cried the raven. His croak was dry and brittle. He had eight or nine young bull-frogs in his craw.

It was dimmity, and the incult morasses of the Great Kneeset were occluded by ragged scarves of gloom. Nothing could be done to avert this accident. What had happened to them had happened. A vuzpeg whined in the ferny clitter. He had eaten a bad ruddock's egg. Go-beck, go-beck, go-beck, called the billy-grouse on the moor. A dog-fox began hunting stag-beetles on the dry shillet close to the gromwellHu-ee-ic.

A ram-cat came out of the twisted alders and rasped. An old boar-porpoise flung himself out of a trough and yickered. He would have yarred if he had known how to do it, but it was years since he had left his school. He polliwiggles in the water-warp.

Larka pressed his seals on the mud and listened for the low flute-like whistles of his mate. Sideslip sat on a jut of scour eating salmon out of a tin.

She smelt an otter-scent that she knew and crept round the pilings into

Hu-ee-ic!

The noise was like wet fingers drawn across a pane of glass. Larka had never heard wet fingers drawn over a pane of glass, but he knew instantly that she was there.

He remembered nothing now of the old hen-otter who had taught him to play bumblepuppy with October puffballs on the warm slope of Baggy Head, bed, whose scattered pods drifted loosely and bite at the blurred gleam of leach down the stickle and swirled in the dry in the shadowy pill. He was over a yard long. He weighed twenty pounds. His long. He weighed twenty pounds. His ov-over!

rudder was large and muscular. It was nearly as large as a glossary.

Hu-ee-ic!

His water-sleek coat glistened in the brimming light as he slid over the algæsmeared rocks. He let himself slowly into the plash. A beige V of bubbles had come up from the sea to hunt the arrowed across the nigger-brown pool. It was his ream.

The couple played hide-and-seek together amongst the ruddy strings of the sap-stealing dodder-though they did not actually use this phrase, for no otters swear. They dived, swam, bit and tossed dry rabbit skulls and bleached dace bones above their heads. When they were tired, Sideslip went back to sleep in the old holt under the willow where she had been born in a nest of scurvy grass and fallow moss. Larka let himself quietly into his own holt under the sycamore-tree and crept up into his bedroom, driving out two voles and a vair.

CHAPTER II.

Tally-Ho!Leu-in! Leu-in, b'hoys. Ov-ov-ovTally-Ho! Tally-Ho! Yar-aa-ee on to'm!

Evidently an otter hunt was afoot.

A dead stick floated down the stream with a live fly on it. A live stick floated down with a dead fly on it. Motorcars with men and women appeared on the bank. A dark shadow caliginated the funnicle of Larka's lair. It was Bugloss, the great belving stallion-hound of the Two-Waters Pack. Larka knew him well. He had been belved at before.

Plomp, plomp, plomp. That was Scratchem the terrier trying to get in. Wough! Wough! Wough!

That was the terrier barking. He never spelt it with a final "w."

Leu-in there! Leu-in! Leu-in!

Leu-in there! Leu-in! Leu-in!
That was the Master speaking. He was a big red-faced man rather like the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY but less upright. He had a great ash-pole, notched with the record of a hundred kills.

Larka was swimming in the leat. They had tried to gouge him out with an iron crowbar poked through the top of the holt. The hounds had thrown their tongues at him in vain. The men had thrown gas at him and succeeded. Larka experienced no rage as he swam. It did not occur to him that it was unsportsmanlike to throw gas-pellets at a dog-otter under a sycamore-tree. He felt no personal animosity towards the therms.

When he had swum the clear leat between the borage and comfrey he took a land loop round by the rough hawkweed and ragwort, and came back to the clear leat again, and then landlooped once more and then returned to the leat. It went on hour after hour.

Pull'im out, old fellers! Leu-in there! Leu-in!

Bugloss was always on this trail, not ceasing to belve.

Larka took to the main stream. Howas betrayed as usual by the line of bubblesa-vent. Stag-men and doe-women with white sticks stood across the stream and stuck their sticks into the stickle to stick him

He came ashore and ran to a farmyard, where a great boar-sow was nursing a farrow of eleven cubs. There he quatted, trying to hide, but the boar-sow bellowed berserk at him and drove him away. He came to a badger's bury, but the badger was eating a tom-pheasant and yinned. Larka mewed miserably. A butcher-bird yickered at him from its larder of bumble-bees. He returned to the river, but was viewed immediately. He caught a trout, which said nothing, and went into a wood to eat it and rest. Tally-Ho! Tally-Ho! Yaa-aa-ee on

He could scarcely run now nor swim.



Lady (to famous novelist). "I've been buying several of your books for the long dreary evenings."

He had been caught twice, and pieces were bitten out of him all over. He was like a badly-made stole. He dived through the chain of jack-men and jill-women across the stickle, but the great teeth of Bugloss met tightly in his rudder and stayed there, giving him a heavy list to port.

Locked together they went down to the sea. Where the young tide-rip met the old slack and Larka had eaten his first lobster, he broke loose and, turning, bit Bugloss fiercely in the flues. They were choked immediately, and the huge stallion-hound belved once, gargled and died.

Ic-yang!

Far out in the gathering gloom there came to the frothed surface of the glide

a bùbble

and then another bubble

and then another bubble

and then no more.

Evoe.

"Wanted, for 28th November, young married man; second-hand knowledge of tomato growing."—Scots Paper.

It sounds like Adam and the apple.

FETER'S FUTURE.

"And what," asked Patricia, "shall we do with Peter when he grows up?"

"Surely the question is a little prema-

ture," I ventured.

"Of course he's still only a baby," she admitted, "but we ought to watch for any indications of special ability. Have you noticed anything?"

"I thought the alibi he established in the matter of the raspberry jam rather promising. If we develop that trait he ought to do well at the Bar."
"Henry! He was telling lies."

"And if jam wasn't so sticky he would have been dismissed without a stain on his character. Jolly clever, I thought."

"I suppose," she said reflectively, "we have to thank heredity for that.

"No," I replied, "it's a gift. was always found out. We ought to develop this special talent. A successful barrister can earn twenty thousand

a year."
"Money," declared Patricia, "is not everything. I don't care what profession he takes up so long as he earns a living honestly. What is the lamb doing now?"

"At this moment," I surmised, "he is so quiet that he is bound to be in

mischief."

"Doyou mind going to see?" Patricia requested. "You may get some indication-

I found Peter in the bathroom, where he seemed so happy that I did not care to disturb him. It was, I remembered, my boyhood's dream to play with those jolly little taps and make the water squirt just like a fire-engine.

"Peter's future is assured," I announced as I re-entered the drawingroom. "He is going to be a plumber."
"I beg your pardon?" said Patricia

coldly.

"Plumbing is, I assure you, an honourable craft, not without considerable rewards. At present Peter lacks the repose of the perfect plumber, and he shows a penchant, which we must train him out of, for getting his two hands to the job instead of sending his mate for the tools. But he has undoubted talent. The bathroom hasn't been quite so wet since we had the real plumber in."

I gathered that Peter had tired of plumbing and was trying to swim by the time Patricia rescued him.

"Why didn't you stop him?" she demanded, when the discussion was resumed half-an-hour later.

"I wished to discover his natural bent," I replied. "I admit my first assumption was hasty. Had I waited, I should have recognised his ambition to

him from that. It is an overcrowded profession.

"I've put him to bed," said Patricia.
"As I expected," I assured her. "But it is a mistake. We ought to be studying Peter's psychology, his natural aptitudes, his instinctive cravings, instead of punishing him.'

"Fancy thinking of Peter as a plumber!" she exclaimed scornfully.

"He may outgrow it," I argued; "by punishing him you have suppressed a complex. You have no doubt forbidden him ever to play with taps again? "I have," she admitted grimly.

"In that case the desire to play with taps will ferment in his subconscious mind until he comes of age, when he will become a plumber just to spite you, and wear a cloth cap.

"If that is modern psychology," she declared, "I'm glad I don't understand it. He's stopped crying now. Do run upstairs and see what he's doing."

"Meditating revenge," I said cheerfully. "If he finishes up in a Borstal institution-"

"Will you go, or shall I?" she demanded.

I crept upstairs. Peter had made an excellent tent of the counterpane and was busy being a Red Indian. When Patricia went up to transfer him to a more desirable occupation he was a pirate, making preparations to walk

the plank.

"Of course," I admitted, "piracy is a very picturesque occupation. It is certainly not overcrowded, and he might very easily get to the top of the tree, or the yardarm, in that honourable calling. But I don't see how we can help him. There are no schools in piracy, and I don't remember any Correspondence College with the Twelve Little Red Books. Anyhow, of course he can't really become a pirate. The impulse must be turned into another channel. With that temperament he would make an ideal income-tax collector, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, or a motor salesman."

But Patricia did not quite like any of

these jobs.

"We are not choosing a profession to suit us," I pointed out, "but one to suit Peter. Let me put it to him as man to man."

"That's an idea," she admitted.
"Now, Peter," I said sternly, "what are you going to be?"

"A good boy," he replied in a little sleepy voice.

So we left it at that. He might do

"For Musical Instruments and Saxophones go to & Co.'

Advt. in Concert Programme. swim the Channel. But we must wean Please note the delicate distinction.

RHYMES OF AUGUST INSTITUTIONS.

III .-THE HOUSE OF LORDS. THE members of the House of Lords Too rarely wear their cloaks and swords, And never do we see them come As to the great Consilium In all the pomp of feudal pride With lusty henchmen at their side. And I am frankly bound to state That many a humdrum dull debate Might gain much-needed pep and divilry If peers renewed the modes of chivalry And had the courage to resume The hauberk and the nodding plume. Base factions in "another place," Unable to maintain the pace, Would listen to their words of rede, As did King John at Runnymede.

But though we vainly wait to see So picturesque a pageantry, And must perforce observe instead The warrior Earl of BIRKENHEAD Accoutred in a pair of spats And quite the glossiest of hats, My loyal spirit still reveres The grave and ancient House of Peers. While some admire its learnéd zeal Displayed in cases of Appeal, And others view with veneration Hereditary legislation, Its merits of a different kind Commend it to my simple mind. Their lordships, with implied reproof, Sit grimly silent and aloof While burdens like the Income Tax Are dumped upon our bending backs: And, since they mayn't amend those ills That lurk unscotched in Money Bills, We cannot blame the peers as such Because tobacco costs so much.

So, when disposed to raise a storm By urging measures of reform, The object of my savage grouse Will never be the Upper House. Its courtly airs and old-world charm Have never done me any harm; And what is more, it seems to be Less grasping than the H. of C. Thus I preserve a proper attitude Of deep respect and lively gratitude (Chiefly Lecause, as I have shown, It leaves my overdraft alone). C. L. M.

"Fish and Chips, real live business, making money, through husband taking away appointment; everything £110, worth £200. Provincial Paper.

It seems an odd way to make money, but the fish and chips business has always been somewhat mysterious.

"The captain of the Oxford University Association Football Club has given his Blue to W. N. McBride, the goalkeeper."—Daily Paper. A most unselfish proceeding. All the same we advise Mr. McBride to get one of his own.



Charlady. "THAT'S THE LIFE, DEARIE."

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

XVII.—CASE FOR THE DEFENCE.

No Trix no he never kissed me or anything, well not really, my dear I'm too deflated about your wounded letter because honestly my dear there was merely nothing between Harry and me and of course I'll tell you all about it only of course it's too esotteric to express in words, and of course my dear I can't make out whether you 're engaged | to the man or not, because if not it all the most difficult of all human affairs so everything. seems rather superfluous don't you think that it's rather infantile to go on as if

their youth in a glass case do they dardarling, and if you are, well I never be a man who's never had one must be lieve in all this attitudinous pre-mar- the most convincing lover isn't it, and as and anyhow it was centuries ago, well

riage confession-business, my dear in a matter of fact as Mr. Haddock said these days nobody wants to marry any- | nearly all soul-mates find each other in body who's spent the spring-time of the end by trial and error and the more trial the less error, you do see what I ling, because as Mr. Haddock says my mean darling, well you might say that dear you don't go to a plumber and say look here I want you to do the most complicated plumbing job only you must perhaps, without which he'd never have realised that you were the only darling, promise you've never done any plumbing only don't jump to aromatic conclusions before, you say the more experience the darling just because it is so prohibitive man has had the better, and my dear to suggest in black ink my dear the absothere's no doubt that a love affair is lute snowiness of a girl's conscience and

Because my dear in this case there's

you remember when there was all that old-fashioned chat about psycho-paralysis and the Unconscious, and it was the done thing to have the most insanitary Unconscious, but of course too normal on the surface, well my dear I went through the most psychalytic phase, and my Unconscious was an utter drain, I've always said I caught Hermione Tarver's because we were rather bosoms at that time, and my dear a really septic Unconscious used to run through whole families like a Christmas cold, well she lent me love-stories by a man called LAWRENCE, my dear loins and glands and ganglions and everything, too anatomical, and I had the most Cadogan

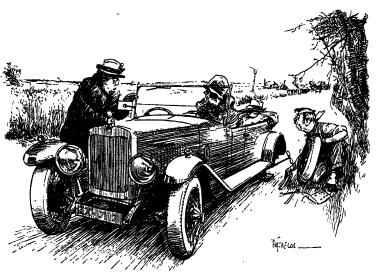
at the sight of porridge, and then I used to lock myself in my room and read VOLUMES about the lumbar ganglion which from what I can make out is some part of the liver, and I was always having debased yearnings, well my dear I ached for onions, and I wanted to ride on a pillion or go up in a swing, and of course the most discreditable dreams, my dear I can't tell you, my dear umbrellas and bowler-hats and everything significant, and my dear I still think it's rather stimulating when you think that Romeo and Juliet and all those uncontrolled people in his-

tory were merely suffering from glandtrouble or the lumbar thingummy don't it or I was utterly dreamless, so I used

you agree darling.

Well of course it couldn't go on because my dear I was a mere vortex, my dear too glandular, and everybody said it was only my Unconscious and I'd the Black Duchess had three Unconsciouses each more festering than the one before, however the reason I'm telling you all this is that about that of Hermione T., my dear utterly boyand-girl-and-no-nonsense of course, but he caught it too, and well it so happened that he went to the same psych-merchant as me, my dear the most monasticlooking little man with a mind like a

say "PRAM!" and my dear if I said "BABY!" that meant that my Unconscious was utterly Continental and suggestive darling, and my dear I always did because it made him simply purr and you know I always believe in always doing the Christian thing and giving pleasure wherever feasible, well my dear after about eight visits he discovered that I had the most revolting plane don't you darling? suppressed exhibitions, which means my dear that when I wanted to fling the chocolate shape in the butler's face I sat still and did merely nothing, my dear too right, because my dear that's the detonating thing it was utterly true, oh and of course I forgot, I had to tell soul-storms, my dear too chic, well my him all my dreams, because my dear dear I'd suddenly find that I couldn't | the whitest dream means something too bear the butler, or I'd suddenly faint foul, but my dear either it was always had the most sedative properties if you



Well-meaning old Soul. "Excuse me, but there is a dirty ill-dressed person tampering with one of your wheels. I thought I ought to TELL YOU."

the same dream or I couldn't remember to leap out of bed in the middle of the night and write reams in my dreambook before I forgot and then the cold because my dear nobody got their much better go to somebody and have money's worth unless they had the it taken out, which was what everybody smelliest dreams, well my dear my was doing, my dear you must remember | favourite dream was about three black about on bicycles singing Land of Hope I was trying to think of the next line time your Harry was rather a comrade and never could, my dear agony, well it seems that sort of dream is too revealing and my little wizard took the gravest view, because my dear it so happened that Harry's pet dream was utterly the same breed the man said, well he used to dream about an old peeress who kept canal, called Slivers, well he asked the on bursting into flames at meal-times, dingiest questions, and my dear he'd my dear too alarming, and it seems that studdenly look right into my soul and means that Harry's Unconsh was in the Topsy.

same state as mine only complimentary you see, sort of twin souls reaching out, my dear like two bats in cages, and my man said that if we got together and were utterly frank probably all our exhibitions would cancel out and be quite liquidated, so we did but my dear you do understand that the whole thing was perfectly medical and on the soul-

Because my dear we used to meet once a week and exchange exhibitions and everything, and my dear whenever we had an unsavoury yearning we merely yielded to it, my dear we used to slink away to Soho and Palais de Danses and everything plebeian, and my dear we started a perfect cult for celery and dough-nuts because we found they

eat them slowly out of a paper-bag, and then of course 1 was quite rude to the butler and he left, and after that I became too normal again, as a matter of fact the whole episode was rather wearing because my dear we had the most antagonous rows always because it was only our Unconsciouses that were a fraction harmonious you see, because in the flesh we were generally hating each other, but of course the two planes are so mixed up my dear that one can't always keep them apart, and my dear I don't know what he's told you exactly but of course it's

quite possible that he thinks he remembers some things happening on the earthly plane which were really going on in the Unconscious, if you see what I mean, well it's perfectly true we went snap came so I had to make them up, down to Brighton one day because my dear that was one of our suppressed exhibitions, my dear we both had a low craving to look at those penny-in-theslots on the pier about what Tommy saw women in green satin who used to ride at Paris and my dear one pennyworth cured the two of us, my dear too healing, and Glory, and my dear the whole time | but of course as I said my dear this kissing idea is utterly mythical because anything of that kind must have been definitely in the Unconscious department which of course nobody's to blame for, and by the way darling it's only fair to mention that his was quite cured too, in fact he's totally normal now, so I do wish you every happiness and you do understand don't you darling, celestial luck from your rather hurt little A. P. H.



The Husband. "I say, that dress is awfully short; one can see that red garter, you know." The Wife. "But I thought you liked me in red."

DISCIPLINE.

Along the terrace garden
At half-past two, no doubt,
The Sheep—I beg your pardon—
Miss Smith will take us out;

BUT

No one is allowed
To leave the crowd
And walk on the edge
Of the white stone ledge
Between the flowers and the sea.

For the crocodile

Must keep in file,

And keep in file the whole of the

while

Till it comes back home to tea.

It's the principal rule

We have at the school

That where on earth would we be
If we went too near
That edge, my dear,
With a horrible drop to the shingle

sheer?

Why, we might fall into the sea!

SO

No one is allowed To leave the crowd And walk on the edge Of the white stone ledge Between the flowers and the sea.

We must keep our file in the croc o dile

We must keep our file the whole of the while

or we won't get jam for tea!

NATURE WEEK BY WEEK.

(By our special Augur.)

The pall of gloom which has overspread London of late has not only affected the spirits of the human denizens of the great metropolis, it has also profoundly influenced the constantly increasing bird population of the Parks. Nature, as a Victorian lyrist remarks, is predominantly individualist, and this attitude is admirably summed up in the stanza:—

"Nature asks not whence or how, Nature cares not why: "Tis enough that Thou art Thou And that I am I."

But in the abnormal conditions which have prevailed of late a reaction towards collectivism asserts itself. Darkness is a great promoter of the herding instinct and leads to strange fraternizations. In St. James's Park pelicans, pigeons and pipits have been seen huddled together, united by a common sense of danger

and disquiet. Daytime darkness also affects the notes of all birds. Their song ceases to be jubilant; it takes on a syncopated rhythm and ascends in pitch. The "pipilation" of the sparrows, noted by CATULLUS, becomes acute, the ululation of the owl more plangent, and the whimper of the ruddy sheldrake assumes a saxophonic timbre. Unfamiliar birds make their reappearance, and on the darkest of the days in last week that rare visitant, Blackman's Warbler, was seen perched on the Rima panel in Hyde Park. Stranger still is the report that a nightingale was heard at Golder's Green, and that a porbeagle was caught in the Thames off Hammersmith Terrace.

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

MR. HARMONIUM.

ONE evening when Mr. Harmonium came home from his business Mrs. would wipe your feet on the mat when you come in, what do you think the mat is there for?

Well she didn't mean it rudely, but Mr. Harmonium had lost all his money in business that day and he didn't want to be bothered about things like wiping I'm sorry. boots on mats, so he got very angry! and walked straight out of the

house.

Well when he had walked about a mile be began to get hungry because he hadn't had much lunch and he thought he had better go back home and have dinner. And then he said to himself no I really can't, if I went back now I should only hit her or something like that, I have never hit her yet and I don't want to begin doing it now.

So he went on for another mile and then he was so hungry that he went into an hotel and had a good dinner and then he felt better. And he said to himself well if I have lost all my money I suppose I can make some more and it isn't so bad after all, I think I will go home

now.

But he had forgotten he hadn't got any money to pay for his dinner because he had lost it all, and he told the man at the hotel that he was very sorry and he would pay him for the dinner when he had made some money.

But the man said oh that's all very well but it won't do for me, and he sent for a policeman to take Mr. Harmonium

to prison.

Well Mr. Harmonium was so angry at that that he hit him, but that | didn't do any good because the man said oh well now the judge will make you pay me much more money, and you haven't hurt me much so I am rather glad.

Well as Mr. Harmonium was being taken to prison he began to get rather frightened and he wasn't quite so angry, and he said to the policeman look here I suppose you have got a wife yourself | morrow.

haven't you?

And the policeman said ah you may well ask that, my wife was once a lady and that's all very well but she can't cook my dinner, and it can't go on like this, I wish I had married somebody whose father was a policeman or a butcher or something like that.

And the policeman told Mr. Harmonium all about how he had come to marry his wife, and it was very interesting.

So then Mr. Harmonium said well I Harmonium said to him I wish you am very sorry for you and when I get some more money I will pay for your wife to have some cooking lessons, but I was just going to ask you to let me go home because I wasn't very kind to my own wife before I came here and I should like to go home and tell her

And the policeman said well I have monium said to him look here I have

Million of the same of the sam

"Well, Mr. Harmonium was so angry at that that HE HIT HIM.

always been kind to my wife myself, I | you faithfully I didn't steal that money, does no good, and if you had asked me sooner I might have let you go but I | can't now because we are just there. And he said if I were you I should tell the judge about it, I should think he would let you go as it is rather important, but you won't see him until to-

policeman and ran away, and the like it because I hate taking people up. policeman ran after him but his corns were hurting him as it was rather rainy so he couldn't catch him up.

Well by this time Mr. Harmonium wanted to get home to his wife very

a sudden he found a lot of people running after him calling out stop thief. And as he had run rather a long way and was getting tired presently they caught up with him.

Well they thought he was somebody who had just stolen a lot of money out of a confectioner's shop and run away with it, and it was no good him saying he wasn't the same because nobody believed him. And there was a policeman there, but not the same policeman as he had run away from, and Mr. Har-

> lost all my own money to-day in my business and it isn't likely I should steal somebody

else's now is it?

And the policeman said well think it is myself, and the other people said they thought so too.

And Mr. Harmonium said well but I haven't got any money, so I couldn't have taken it could I?

And the policeman said well youmust come and be searched. I don't suppose you would tell a story but I once let a gentleman go who said he hadn't stolen a watch out of a jeweller's shop and he was wearing it all the time.

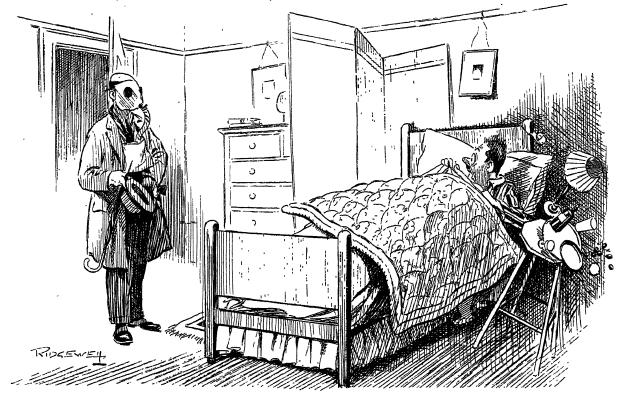
So Mr. Harmonium had to go with him, and he was very frightened by this time, besides wanting to go home to his wife. because he thought the first policeman would see him and he would be very angry at being hit and run away from.

And he said to the second policeman look here I do think you might let me go home, because my wife will wonder where I am and I haven't told her I have lost all my money yet and perhaps she will think I have drowned myself in the river. And he said I promise

don't believe in being anything else it | you can turn out my pockets if you like.

And the policeman said well I am very sorry for you, I once had a very good greengrocer's business but one of my best customers ate a slug in a lettuce I sold to her and it was so nasty that she wouldn't buy greens from me any more and she told her friends not to, so ${f I}$ lost all my money just like you and ${f I}$ So then Mr. Harmonium hit the had to be a policeman, but I don't really

So Mr. Harmonium said well when I make some more money I will give you some to start another greengrocer's shop with, and I will tell my wife to buy our greens from you if you promise to see much, so he went on running, and all of there aren't any slugs in them.



JONES, SUFFERING FROM AN INFLUENZA COLD, RECEIVES A VISIT FROM A KIND-HEARTED DUT CAUTIOUS FRIEND.

So the policeman let him go this time and he was very glad and ran all the way home to his wife, and she was very pleased to see him and she cried. And Mr. Harmonium cried a little himself but not much because he was a man and wasn't used to doing that. And then he told her about losing all his money and she said oh that doesn't matter because I have saved quite a lot of money out of the house-keeping and I will give it to you to do whatever you like with.

So that was all right, and Mr. Harmonium made plenty more money in his business after he had spent what Mrs. Harmonium gave him and they moved into a bigger house.

And Mr. Harmonium gave money to both the policemen as he had promised to, and they found out that the first policeman's wife was really Mrs. Harmonium's cousin who had run away and nobody knew where to. And he paid the man at the hotel for the dinner he had had and something extra for hitting him, and all of them went for a picnic together and had a lot of fun. A. M.

"In the days of Richard Cour de Lion the old monks at —— Abbey were famous far and wide for the ale they browed: see Kingsley's 'Ivanhoe."—Advt. in Provincial Paper.

You might at the same time take a look at Scott's Water Babies.

THE CAVE-MAN TOUCH.

[According to a daily paper there is a widespread belief that the man who is kind to dogs will be cruel to women]

When first my love for Juliette
I struggled to display
I found her Pomeranian pet
Extremely in the way;
It roused me to a furious pitch
To note how surely he
Got most of the attention which
She should have paid to me.

At all the care on him bestowed
I couldn't but repine,
Since praises of his beauty showed
Indifference to mine;
And oftentimes it gave my woes
A still more painful point,
When, kissing his patrician nose,
She put mine out of joint.

And yet, in spite of all my hate,
I did not deem it wise
In secret to accelerate
My enemy's demise,
For very much too well I knew
(Or thought I knew, at least)
The pathway to her heart was through
That wretched little beast.

Convinced that to acquire my dear
I trod the proper track,
I tickled him behind the ear,
I stroked him on the back,

And, stifling every wish to slog
The inconvenient cur,
Showed clearly that I loved her dog
By way of loving her.

Alas for my erroneous plan!

Therein she chose to find
A proof that I was just the man
To whop his womankind;
My tender hopes she overthrew,
Fearing I might behave
Like troglodytes addicted to
The customs of the cave.

From a broadcasting programme:—
"German Literature until the Death of Cant."

It looks as if it might go on for ever.

"A Dutch engineer has introduced to be very hygienic, and will last about half an hour in a room of motion to cooling the liquid, it is said drinking class made of ice. In addiderate temperature."—Queensland Paper. This is what comes of printers taking Dutch courage in a hot climate.

"I have never met a soldier who really enjoyed the war."—Letter in Sunday Paper.

"I have never met an ex-service man who did not admit that on the whole he enjoyed the war. The vast majority of ex-service men will agree."—Another letter, same paper, same day.

"Any man who says he enjoyed the war,... had better consult a doctor."—Another letter. same parcr, same day.

But we all know that, whatever the soldier said, it is not evidence.



Magnanimous Uncle. "AND NOW, WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO FOR LUNCH?" Accommodating Niece. "ANYWHERE, UNCLE-ANYWHERE THAT'S EXPENSIVE."

HOME RAILS.

A REGRETTABLE railway accident occurred late yesterday afternoon when the 4.55 express from Victoria, scheduled to arrive at Liverpool Street at 4.56, left the rails at a point midway between the south-east corner of the sideboard and the northern edge of the coal-box. The engine had just been rewound and was negotiating the awkward bend at this point at top speed. Leaving the track without any warning, the engine became uncoupled and ploughed up the pile of the carpet for some distance. gaining fresh impetus on reaching the linoleum surround, it crashed into the overturned.

Happily the accident was not accom-

several passengers were slightly injured. An elderly doll riding in the tender with her legs resting on the roof of the foremost carriage was dislodged as soon as the train left the metals and, we regret to say, falling heavily, lost two more fingers. Several cows and horses belonging to Pauline's farm, travelling in the second and third carriages, were badly shaken, and the milkmaid in charge of the animals complained of scraped paint. A dog, believed to be Dismal Desmond, which, with his companion, Galloping Gus, had been leaning against the door when the engine crashed into it, was knocked down but not seriously hurt.

The locomotive—an old model which dining-room door, where it immediately it was hoped would in any event have been replaced about Christmas—was panied by any loss of life, although pact, but as it lay on its side the maid, in the best upper circles.

coming into the room to prepare tea, trod upon it and buckled the front wheels. The owners were not insured against accidents of this type, but have extracted a promise from the underwriters as an act of grace to provide a new engine of the 1928 class not later than 25th December next.

A tragic circumstance connected with the accident is that the 4.55 P.M. was, as it happened, the last train of the day. In another few minutes the line would have been closed down, the 4.56, the 4.57 and the 4.58 having been cancelled by the authorities as a punishment for the action of the General Traffic Manager (Gordon) in kicking his friend Brian, the station-master at Liverpool Street, and pulling the hair of his young sister, Pauline, the stationmistress at Victoria.

The cause of the accident is not quite clear, but in an interview given to our representative during tea the General Traffic Manager said he suspected foul play by the station-master at Liverpool Street, whose turn it would have been to wind up the 4.57 slow, and who was no doubt somewhat peeved by the withdrawal of that train consequent upon the action of the General Traffic Manager in kicking him (the station-master at Liverpool Street) and pulling the Victoria station-mistress's hair. Asked if he did not think this was a somewhat unworthy suspicion, he said he thought not. He added that if this was not the cause of the accident it may have been due to faulty adjustment of the track by the Chairman, who frequently, he alleged, assumed running powers over the line after he (the General Traffic Manager) had been put to bed. The Chairman, who had just returned from his office, hotly denied this imputation.

It is understood that in view of the guarantee obtained-namely that, subject to no further misdemeanour on the part of the General Traffic Manager, the wrecked engine will be replaced by a newer model in the course of the present month-no inquiry will be held.

(No pictures on the Back Page.)

"She was wearing black laced shoes with patient leather toes."—Evening Paper. This is the kind of toe for which our dancing-partner has been yearning.

From a theatrical criticism :-"For sheer, passionate beauty parts of Romeo and Juliet' have never been surpassed. Take for instance Romeo's last soliloguy in the

"Here, here will I remain And shake the yolk of inauspicious stars From this world-wearied flesh.'' New Zealand Paper.

The fashion of throwing eggs at "innot badly damaged in the actual im- auspicious stars" is no longer followed



INEXPENSIVE GALLANTRY.

SOVIET RUSSIA. "HARK YE, MAIDEN; FEAREST THOU A BRUTAL ATTACK FROM YON POLISH VILLAIN?"

LITHUANIA. "NOT GREATLY, FAIR SIR. WE ARE AGREED THAT THE WISE MEN OF GENEVA SHALL COMPOSE OUR DIFFERENCE."

SOVIET RUSSIA (rattling sabre). "THEN WILL I PLACE MY TRUSTY SWORD AT THY SERVICE, AND ENGAGE TO FIGHT TO THE DEATH IN THY DEFENCE."

[The above generous offer of armed assistance was immediately followed by a proposal, on the part of the Soviet Delegation at Geneva, that all armies, navies and air forces should be instantly abolished.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 28th.—Do Peers go to the pictures? The Lords' debate

To be sure, Lord Russell, who opposed the Bill, did declare his abhorrence of "those dreadful cowboy films, with their mushy sentimentality and their adventures entirely foreign to the spirit of this country," but that merely indicates that he probably looked into his first and only picturehouse somewhere about 1908. Could he by chance have heard the eulogies heaped on the cowboy film in another place by his colleague in Opposition, "Jumping Josh" WEDGwood, the Hair-raising Herd Rider of Fraternity Flats?

Lord PEEL, who produced the Bill for Second Reading, was manifestly impressed with what he called the "trade value" of the cinema. Did not a full diet of American films inspire their foreign beholders to purchase American dresses and hats? He seemed to be unaware that in the more

up-to-date American film the heroine | VALA proceeded to explain what he | Second Reading without a division, and villain or villains into the protecting arms of the hero in more than about a third of a dress.

The Bishop of Southwark, who supported the Bill, said in effect that the cinema was to some extent the poor man's university, and it seemed all wrong that it should peddle an exclusively American brand of culture—or the lack of it.

The star turn in the Commons' programme was a bout of wordy backchat between Lord Winterton and Mr. Sak-LATVALA. The Under-Secretary for India explained why the name of that unlucky country had been erased from Mr. Saklatvala's passport. The reply -in effect, that the Hon. Member for Battersea had been encouraging Indian sedition—seemed reasonable, and Mr. Wedgwood's interpolated suggestion that it was "bad form" not to let a Member of the Honourable House of Commons go wherever he wanted to almost justified Lord Winterton's acidulated reply that his view of what was bad form probably differed from that of

the right hon. and gallant gentleman.
Mr. SAKLATVALA then rose and said the noble lord had made grave mis-

statements about him and he would explain matters on a motion to adjourn. The noble lord said that would be jolly, but what did the hon, gentleman mean Bill rather suggested that they do not. had made misstatements? Mr. SAKLAT- servative cheers. Liberal counter-cheers



Lord Russell (to Lord Peel). "YAH! CALL THEM PICTURES?"

seldom escapes from the clutches of the meant, and the Under-Secretary appealed to the SPEAKER against the hon. Member for making accusations under the guise of Questions. "There are statements and counter-statements," said



PARLIAMENTARY DEPORTMENT. LORD WINTERTON.

the SPEAKER pacifically. Let them wait until the Debate on the Adjournment.

Sir W. WAYLAND, the new Member on the Second Reading of the Films by suggesting that he (the noble lord) for Canterbury, took his seat amid Con-

> indicated that the next best thing to capturing a seat is to reduce the enemy's majority by six thousand votes.

The House turned again to the Insurance Bill, much cogent but lengthy debate being given to the question of what, if anything, constitutes "genuinely seeking work." By way of showing that it, at any rate, genuinely seeks work the House continued its deliberations until 1.28 а.м.

Tuesday, November 29th.— Whatever be the correct answer to the question, "Do Peers go to the pictures?" the popular impression is that there is only one to the question, "Do Lords stick up for landlords?" They stuck up for them to-day in no uncertain fashion, the principal stickers being Lords Harris and Sumner. At the suggestion of Lord Younger the Landlord and Tenant Bill was given a

their lordships then proceeded to debate Lord Harris's motion to refer the Bill to a Select Committee.

If it was Lord HARRIS who thus genially suggested asphyxiating the Commons' unwanted offspring, it was Lord Sumner whose eager fingers were stretched in a frenzy of abandoned ferocity towards the little creature's windpipe. Pleading with ingenious eloquence for the small landlord he sought to destroy the Bill, or so it seemed, on behalf of the big ones. He alleged that his one thought was to make the Bill workable, but Lord BUCKMASTER hinted that his first step towards making it work was to kill it. The debate was adjourned, but not until a number of their Lordships, supporters as well as opponents of the Bill, had intimated that they thought it a pretty amateurish affair.

In the Commons Sir F. Nelson, who asked for early legislation making pushbicycles carry tail-lamps, was informed by Colonel ASHLEY that the Road Transport Lighting Bill, well on its way to become law, required pedal bicycles to carry rear lights or reflectors. The Ministry of Transport may not provoke transports of admiration but it is not

going to have the purity of our mother-

Major Steel provoked cheers from all parties in the House, except Lady ASTOR, by inviting the HOME SECRETARY to remove at the earliest opportunity all remaining war-restrictions, seeing that there had been no war for the last nine years. Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS wondered if his hon. friend referred to hours of closing, but his hon, friend replied that he referred to hours of opening for bona-fide travthe Speaker interposed. It was no time, | not for testimonials."

that the Government's motion to report progress was not car-

ried until 2.20 A.M. Wednesday, November 30th.— A motion of the LORD CHAN-CELLOR that the KING behumbly addressed on the subject of two more King's Bench judges provoked a general discussion on the physiology, ecology and embryology of judges in general. Lord BUCKMASTER thought nobody should be appointed a judge after he was fifty-five; otherwise he only got his pension after he was too old to enjoy it. Lord HEWART intimated that as mere Chancery lawyers neither Lord BUCKMASTER nor Lord HALDANE (who had also questioned the need for more judges) grasped the situation. Lord DARLING intimated that judges could well do with shorter holidays. Two months was long enough for the Long Vacation and more than most barristers could afford. As for age, no judge should be made to retire at seventy-two. He himself had retired at seventyfour. Lord HANWORTH, contra, declared that a Long Vacation

declared that compulsory retirement at seventy-two was much too delicate a subject for a man of seventy-one to discuss.

The House of Commons agreed that the British Ambassador to Brazil was losing in prestige, though not in comfort, as the result of having to live in an hotel, and was assured by the Foreign Secre-TARY that the next Member to go rolling down to Rio would find hima-dillowing in his own embassy. Dead Sea salts are evidently not the sort that you cover a sixpence with. Lieut.-Col. HOWARD-BURY asked the Under-Secretary for THE COLONIES if he was not aware that they are worth fourteen million pounds.

were produced by the Government geologist. Even geologists, it seems, like caterpillars, have their soaring moments. Mr. Guinness assured Dr. Ver-NON DAVIES that the admission to this country of meat contaminated with footand-mouth disease involved no risk to human beings because "the practice is to cook meat before people eat it." Doubtless the SPEAKER had in mind this tribute to our culinary practitioners when a few minutes later he observed not count. Mr. WILLIAMS asked if the ellers. Thereupon Lady Aston rose, but sternly, "This is a time for questions, Russian delegates on reaching Switzer-



Lord HARRIS. "THIS BUCKET IS THE PLACE FOR THAT

the Opposition plainly indicated, nearer to their hearts' desire.

Thursday, December 1st .- Only thirtyseven peers (against a hundred-and-nine) finally voted to send the Landlord and Tenant Bill to a Select Committee—a pitiful phalanx (in numbers) compared with the serried bosts that would have rallied to hurl the measure into the outer darkness twenty-five years ago. It is fair to say that the critics of the Bill included more lawyers than landlords, among them being Lord Carson (an open enemy) and Lord Merrivale (a candid friend).

In the Commons the Home Secre-TARY told Major KINDERSLEY that on Mr. Ormsby-Gore could only gasp out the basis of equal suffrage the electorate in reply that the hon. Member's figures | would comprise two-and-a-half million | little outrée.

were "astronomical," although they more women than men. The Housepossibly out of respect for the ladies present—received the news without a tremor. Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN intimated that he had his eye on the Bermondsey and Southwark Guardians. Mr. Baldwin skilfully eluded efforts to draw him on the subject of the Soviet peace proposals at Geneva. He had, he said, only seen them in the morning newspapers. Parliamentarily speaking, the sight of a thing in the papers does land had not been guarded by the Swiss he observed presciently, for speeches. The House made further heroic efforts army. There was no reply, but it is More Insurance Bill, so much more to bring the Unemployment Insurance only fair to say that M. LITVINOFF was

probably a pacifist before that.

After some little argument a guillotine motion was carried limiting the concluding stages of the Unemployment Insurance Bill to the whole of next week, except Wednesday. The prospect of this continued surfeit of a dull though sustaining parliamentary diet had its effect, and the debate on the guillotine motion had its bright moments. Mr. Jack Jones was hardly at his best, however. "I do not care much about figures," he told the House, "because I do not know much about them." The speech of the evening came from Mr. Kirkwood, who, announcing that he was "going for" the Government, did so in no uncertain fashion, though not without the occasional and highly necessary intervention of the DEPUTY SPEAKER. Mr. KIRK-WOOD was so picturesque and sincere that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL took no real exception to being pilloried as one who could sit there and "smile and smile and be a villain all the while." Mr. KIRKWOOD con-

could not be too long. In reply Lord CAVE | Bill nearer to its final form, though not, | cluded by breaking into Burns, and when a Scottish Member does that it is a sure sign that his blood is up.

All the same it seemed a pity to devote a valuable day to debating the shortness of time allowed for discussing the Bill when it might have been spent in discussing the Bill itself.

Another Impending Apology.

"CATTLE, PIGS, DOGS, ETC., Wanted, good Nannie, aged 25 to 35; two children and baby (8 months)."

Advt. in Local Paper.

"Personally I consider a woman can never look dowdy as long as she has a smart pair of shoes on and a pair of good stockings and gloves."—Letter in Provincial Paper.

On the contrary she might even look a



SIR ISAAC NEWTON (in a frivolous mood). "My good woman, I never buy apples-they come to me."

TO CUBA IN DEFEAT.

ALAS! no longer, when I wish to write Of storied Salamanca, or the Banca Commerciale, or indite

A modern ode in praise of Casabianca, Can I (or any other bard) invoke, By a well-justified and happy stroke, The name of CAPABLANCA!

The rhyme, once topical, has lost its point, For Capablanca's clean-cut Latin nose

Has been put out of joint

Havana's soul invades.

By the disastrous and repeated blows Dealt him by ALEKHINE, the Russian master, The mere pronunciation of whose name, Like that of other heroes of the game, Involves me in disaster.

Joy reigns in Moscow Illumining the countenance of SNOSKO-Borovsky, Boguljubov the cyclonic And other leaders of the school Slavonic. Contrariwise in Cuba,

Now that her doughty champion has at last Encountered his Majuba,

Strong men stand speechless, petrified, aghast; Loud wailing smites the stars, And so:row, unassuaged by strong cigars (Still quite unrivalled in the higher grades),

Ah me! what unexpected stroke of Fate Dislodged the island from her high estate And whelmed in swift eclipse The holder of the best of championships? I cannot tell; where science is concerned I am a "moron"—utterly unlearned;

E.g., the esoteric sense of gambit \cdot Transcends my mental ambit; As for the game, I hardly know the moves, And yet my soul approves The spirit of its ardent devotees Who are content with negligible fees, Ridiculously small in terms of money Compared with the rewards of DEMPSEY, TUNNEY, TALLULAH, or the profits earned from shares In rubber or electric hares.

So in respect and reverence I lay-The doggerel singer of a hectic day-My humble homage at the feet Of victor and of vanquished in a fray Bloodless and blameless, where the foes compete Regardless of a day that redly dawns For human Kings and Queens and human pawns.

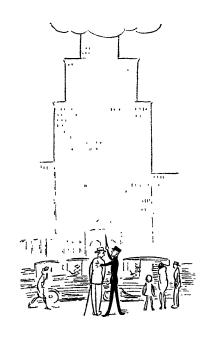
"Kind, Elderly Guy's Nurse, with cosy Cottage, near 'buses, church and shops, desires guest or patient."—Local Paper. We prefer not to share her attentions with the elderly guy.

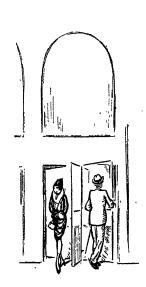
"Wanted, strong Help to push out lady, temporary invalid. Monday, Wednesday mornings."—Nottingham Paper. Surely in her condition one day would be enough.

A daily paper recently described the adventures of Teddy, a London tortoise, who, owing to an official controversy as to his proper description—animal or reptile—had to make three journeys across St. George's Channel. Teddy himself took no interest in the dispute and slept through them all. He was doubtless content with the authoritative pronouncement of the railway porter, narrated by Mr. Punch years ago: "Cats is dawgs, and rabbits is dawgs, and parrots is dawgs; but this yer tortoise is an insec', and there ain't no charge."

MANNERS AND MODES IN NEW YORK.

INTERVIEWING AN EDITOR.

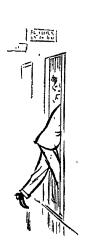
























MANNERS AND MODES IN NEW YORK.

INTERVIEWING AN EDITOR.



























AT THE PLAY.

"GOOD MORNING, BILL!" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

Mr. P. G. Wodehouse has borrowed from the Hungarian of LADISLAUS FODOR an ingenious and sufficiently plausible



Lord Tidmouth . Mr. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH. . . MISS DOROTHY MINTO.

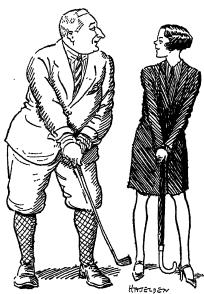
plot, which he has employed evidently with an admirable discretion and garnished with his own inimitable brand of pleasantly idiotic humour.

That imperturbable philogynist, Lord Tidmouth (Mr. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH), wanders into Bill Paradene's suite in a Sussex sea-coast hotel, to return an umbrella borrowed ten years ago. He quickly establishes friendly relations with Modom's maid, and a few moments later Bill (Mr. Ernest Truex), entering, finds him in friendly commerce with Modom herself, perched confidingly upon his lordship's knee. How the shameless Lottie (Miss Dorothy Minto) ever managed to convert such a sensitive and diffident fellow into an official gentleman-friend is not sufficiently explained.

Bill is too dazed with the beauty of a certain unknown Diana of the local links to be as indignant as convention demands at the casual perfidy of Tidmouth and the complacence of Lottie. On the contrary, he is relieved and takes occasion to announce to that young woman that the friendly arrangement is at an end. It is inconvenient that the two doctors hurriedly collected by the bell-boy and Lord Tidmouth to deal | He has also a really sound sense of charwith Lottie's hysteria prove to be the acter. His people are not simply pawns unknown lady of his dreams, Dr. Sally in the crude game of knockabout farce;

uncle and mentor, Sir Hugo Drake (Mr. FRANK CELLIER), nerve specialist and golf-bore. Dr. Smith, having dealt faithfully with Lottie, turns her attention to the lovelorn Bill, and works off on him her masterly technique for keeping amorous patients at a distance by rigorous physical examination and candid diagnosis. Out of this situation Mr. Wodehouse extracts plenty of humour without exploiting its extreme possibilities to our embarrassment, and is aided by Mr. TRUEX's enviable gift of being extremely funny without being in the least vulgar.

A cross-current of complication is provided by the interference of Sir Hugo, who, unaware of Bill's change of heart, thinks to disgust him with the deplorable Lottie by inviting her down to the ancestral Paradene house in Hampshire, under the eye of the ancestors. After much tactful manipulation of bedroom doors, pyjamas and dressing-gowns, and the discovery by Dr. Sally that Bill, so far from being a do-nothing, actually manages, with much zeal and knowledge, a farm and dairy, and can reel off the (doubtless unauthentic) names of the more ferocious of the bacteria that inhabit carelessly-handled milk; and the further discovery that her own extreme sensations are, as the thermometer declares, not the result of fever but of honest human love—diffident hero and masterful heroine are happily united.



DOCTORS IN CONSULTATION. Sir Hugo Drake . Mr. Frank Cellier. Sally Smith, M.D. . MISS VERA LENNOX.

Mr. Wodehouse can be depended upon for a constant flow of diverting nonsense. Smith (Miss Vera Lennox), and his one is interested in them to the end and

not merely, as generally happens, a little bored waiting for the foreseen resolution of a mechanical tangle. Mr. TRUEX got his effects with an admirable technical skill and a subtlety which it was to our credit as an audience that we did not miss or undervalue. Miss Lennox was attrac-



LOVE-SICKNESS. Bill Paradene . . Mr. Ernest Truex.

tive and competent without subtletythe part held richer possibilities than she extracted from it. But it is ungracious to seem to complain of so good a performance. Mr. LAWRENCE GROS-SMITH was admirably suited in the part of one of those brainless persons who, as Mr. Wodehouse has diligently instructed the American people, to the hazard of international relations, make up the British peerage, and scored his points with an easy virtuosity most agreeable to witness. It was pleasant to see Miss Dorothy Minto doing so cleverly her old specialty turn of the young person of no morals or manners; and Mr. Frank Cellier made Sir Hugo an entertaining rather than a boring bore.

Mr. Wodehouse is indeed to be congratulated on finding a formula for presenting gay naughtiness without condescending to the crude devices of the bedroom school. He has also incidentally presented a charming and wholesome little romance. An admirable affair, dexterously played.

A Special Matinée will be given at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday, December 12th, at 230, in aid of the COURTICE POUNDS Tribute Fund. The programme will include Trial by Jury and a scene from The Merry Wives of Windsor, with an all-star cast in each case. Tickets to be obtained from the Box Office, His Majesty's Theatre.

COWS' DELIGHT.

LIFE in Southern Nigeria, which (as a glance at the map will show) lies at the south or feet end of the White Man's Grave, is naturally rather mouldy. Life in Yap Hap Hampina is, as the name implies, decidedly mouldy. Incidents therefore such as the one I am about to invent are joyfully welcomed into the drab yet difficult lives of my wife and myself, precariously situated as we are with two feet (one each, that is) in the White Man's Grave, and our other two feet (one each, again) on the Edge of Empire; nor is our position rendered more stable by the fact that bananas and oranges abound in Y.H.H., and people don't care where they throw the peel.

Speaking as a plain man, with no qualifications as a cow-fancier, I consider the small breed of cows cultivated in Y.H.H. an attractive one. They are black-and-white, and free of bond each cow costs five pounds. These adaptable animals take the place of bank-notes in Y.H.H., and the fortunate negro whose cows' tale runs into double figures is

emphatically a Big Man.

One fine afternoon I passed through Y.H.H., attended by my interpreter, a long arid man like an up-ended stickinsect. I was carrying home some tallstemmed blue flowers for my wife to paint; they smelt rather nice and I was quite proud of them. The upper classes in Y.H.H., of course, do not carry parcels any more than the upper classes in Piccadilly, but, knowing that these sensitive little blooms would shrivel at the outrage of a negroid embrace, I nursed them myself. As we passed a stretch of grass pleasantly dotted with fivers, one of the nearer cows trotted up and roared gently at me.

"What's the matter with this animal?" I asked the interpreter.

"Trobble for belly, sah," was his

crisp reply.
"Tell it," I said, "that to sip a little remedy for dyspepsia.

"Sah?" said my retainer.

dree soso hot watter for night-time, den reputed to soar into three-figure alti-

he belly better small."

over the interpreter's face that ghastly luxuriant dewlap which gave him a smile, born of sheer will-power, which he keeps in reserve for my supposed humorous remarks. My spirits somewhat quenched, we went on. Another | beard; although it was too far away cow pricked up its ears and horns, to be mumbled into, the contemplative cantered up and pirouetted gaily about stroking of it produced a Solomonesque us until driven away.

seemed to exercise upon the bovine groaned affably at me. I told him his portunity of amassing a collection of



THE POPULARITY OF GREYHOUND RACING HAS ENORMOUSLY INCREASED THE VALUE OF THAT BREED, AND GREAT DIFFICULTY IS BEING FOUND IN SUPPLYING THE DEMAND.

race, I suddenly encountered the cause of it all. From a neighbouring hamlet, hot water before retiring to rest is a sure redolent with the invigorating fumes of millet-beer, there issued a stately figure. Chief Fannia Kongkaia was a "Tell him," I translated, "make him master of finance, his cows being tudes. In sympathy with the nature I glanced round and saw creeping of his investments he had extruded a most distinguished appearance. Fannia's general attitude towards this appendage was that of a patriarch to his impression of wisdom which was in

finances down the road were eagerly awaiting his arrival; he groaned assent. Without waiting to hear the whole of his farewell groan we passed on homewards.

Elmie was charmed with the flowers and put them in a tall vase, which she said became them particularly.

"They'll make a delightful picture," I ventured.

"Are you going to paint them?" asked Elmie coolly.

"Me? No; but you will, won't you?"

"Perhaps, if I have time," she said, and the subject dropped. If there could be a point of difference between Elmie and myself it would be, I feel, the As I proceeded, pondering on this keeping with its owner's commercial question of painting flowers. In this strange spiritual magnetism which I achievements. I greeted Fannia, who

flower-paintings, the identification of which would later provide a study of fascinating interest at home. Finally I could write a few lines and put my name to the book, thereby acquiring a desirable reputation among the world's But Elmie never blossom-chasers. seems to get the idea. Or can it be because she has got the idea that the most exquisite floweret fails to stir an artist's ambition within her soul? Anyhow, the fact remains that she makes two frocks for every flower she paints.

On retiring that night I placed the usual short-necked firearm close by, with the usual prayer that, if I should ever have to use it, the bullet would go out at the right end. In our bijou villa the dining-room-drawing-room-sittingroom opens into the bedroom. There are only two rooms, both made of mud, so repairs and decorations are not costly. About midnight I was awakened by the I simply say that you may buy wine. terrifying sound of some large bodycall it X-moving in the next room. X snuffled. Feeling that X must be an elephant or a buffalo, I seized my revolver and prepared to escape through the window. At this crisis, curiously enough, I was so lightened of the responsibilities of marriage that I had completely forgotten my wife's existence. Suddenly there was a crash. The particularly becoming vase had fallen. Followed a horrible munching noise. A sleepy voice murmured, "'Fraid I can't paint them now very well."

"Hullo, Elmie," I said, "you awake? I was just going to investigate."

"The door's the nearest way," said Elmie. Then the steward boy arrived with a lantern. Creeping after him I found the place alive with cows. One cow stood with its foot through the wastepaper-basket and munched blue flowers. Another dallied in the front doorway emitting bronchial symptoms. Outside loomed the serried shadows of what seemed to be the whole invested capital of Yap Hap Hampina. I take comfort from the remembrance that no thought of embezzlement even entered my head. The people's wealth was restored to the last fiver by a simple expedient. The cook's mate, clutching the crushed remnants of our bouquet of Cows' Delight, was made to run, with the fascinated herd in wild pursuit. Chosen because he had no friends and wouldn't be missed, by some miraculous chance he escaped to tell the tale.

Nowadays Elmie insists on the frontdoor being shut, except on the most stifling nights—and even then she chucks out all the flowers before going

"The figure 13 is not divisible by 2, 3, 4, or 6."—Weekly Paper.

What's wrong with poor old 5?

ANYHOW ESSAYS.

VIII .- ON THURSDAY.

THURSDAY is a queer day. It is antiteetotal. Did you know that?

Nobody may buy soda-water on Thursday afternoon.

Thursday is Early Closing Day.

On Thursday afternoon the shops are

Not all the shops are shut on Thursday afternoon.

The shops of the greengrocer, fishmonger, confectioner, tobacconist and the flowermonger are not shut on Thursday afternoon.

The wine-shop is not shut. wine-shop sells soda-water. But you may not buy it.

You may walk into the wine-shop and

buy wine.

I do not say that you will buy wine.

You may, at any rate, purchase alcohol. You may purchase beer, brandy, whisky, rum and gin.

You may walk away with a bottle of firewater under your arm.

Or with eight bottles of firewater under each arm.

Thus making it difficult to raise your hat graciously to the Vicar's wife.

But you must not buy a siphon of soda-water in the wine-shop on Thursday afternoon.

The reason is obvious.

Soda-water is a mineral.

Iron is a mineral.

Coal is a mineral.

Lead is a mineral. Soda-water is a mineral.

Therefore you must not buy sodawater on Thursday afternoon.

Supposing that alcohol were a min-

Never mind. Alcohol is not a mineral, it is a curse.

Minerals are blessings in disguise.

But why are you allowed to walk away with a curse under your arm on Thursday afternoon and not allowed to walk away with a blessing in disguise under it?

Because it is Thursday afternoon. Thursday is Early Closing Day.

If you buy a siphon of soda-water on Thursday afternoon you will be sent to prison.

And serve you right.

Only a few shops are allowed to open on Thursday afternoon.

They sell perishable goods. Does alcohol perish? Does a duck swim?

Why is the wine-shop open on Thursday afternoon at all?

Alcohol may be needed on Thursday afternoon to comfort the sick and aged, like chocolates and cigarettes.

Supposing that the sick and aged were in need of minerals to comfort them on Thursday afternoon.

They would have to die.

Life is ephemeral.

Soda-water is a mineral.

Nobody may drink a drop of sodawater on Thursday afternoon.

Many old people whose lives might be saved by a spoonful of soda-water on a Thursday afternoon must perish every

But other medicines may be bought on Thursday afternoon.

They may be bought at the shops of the chemists.

Only between 6 and 7 at one shop. Only by ringing the bell at another

The third shop is entirely closed on Thursday afternoon.

But no one may buy tooth-paste on

Thursday afternoon.

Is tooth-paste a mineral?

No, it is a medicine. That is to say, if you trust the advertisements.

Then why may it not be bought on Thursday afternoon?

Because Thursday is Early Closing

Is everybody mad? Not everybody.

Only the tooth-paste maniacs who are dying of hunger.

And the mineral fiends who are dying

Supposing that you were to enter a wine-shop under colour of buying a bottle of rum and, seizing a siphon, were to squirt it all over the place.

You would be arrested and sent to prison on three charges:—

(1) Wilful damage.

(2) Obtaining a mineral on Thursday afternoon.

Consuming a mineral on unlicensed premises.

Possibly.

In that case it would be more fun to snatch a siphon from the counter and squirt the policeman with it when he came to take you to jail.

We mineral drinkers are desperate

In any case, Thursday is Early Closing Day, and the shops are shut on Thursday afternoon.

Except the shops that are open. And nobody may buy soda-water on Thursday afternoon.

"LLETTER CLUE.

The dropping of a letter near the scene of a burglary led to the appearance at — Police Court to-day of —, a young labourer." Welsh Parer.

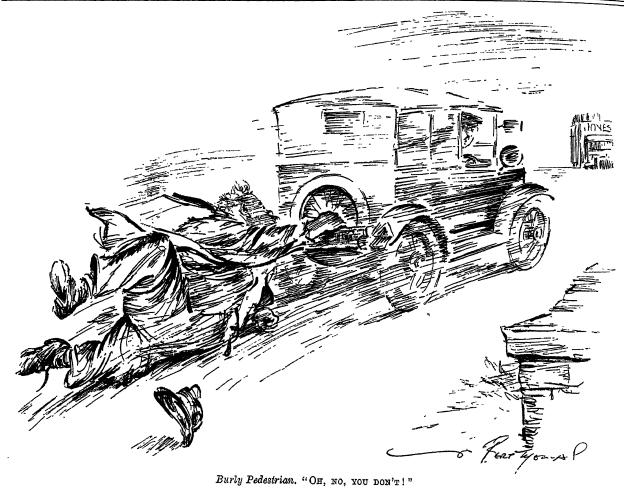
Though the spelling seems appropriate enough in Wales, another letter might have been dropped with advantage from the headline.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

LVII.-MR. MARK HAMBOURG.

WHENEVER, on Art's advance intent,
This player brings to his instrument
The lessons learned in another sport, he
Concentrates with a bulging eye,
And, keeping the elbows in, lets fly
His gallery key-shots hard and high,
Following through with the pedal (forte).



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE. (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is difficult to portray boredom without communicating the quality, and in this respect Princess BIBESCO has scored a two-edged success with There Is No Return (HUTCHIN-Within what is little more than the scope of a long short-story she describes how an idolised woman "burns her pedestal" in order to gratify herself and her lover, only to find that the lover preferred her unattainably enshrined. There was undoubtedly an excuse for Lady Isabel. She had been informed by the doctor, who had known and adored her from childhood, that she had only a week to live; and as her complaint (undiagnosed) exempted her from the blemishes of mortality and even increased her beauty, she naturally cast about to make the most of the interval. Her husband, Anselm, after ten years' tactful matrimony, had raised his wife to the status of a work of art of which he was the distinguished custodian. Anselm, emotionally speaking (and Isabel lived for emotion), represented a dead loss of time. But Tony, ardent twenty-five to her thirty, who had worshipped her for the last three years, might yet be called in to redress the balance. So, despite the warning of Nurse Gerard, "never behave as if you were going to die," Tony is summoned to the bedside. Thereupon Atropos relents, Lady Isabel recovers, the chivalrous youth becomes a surly and reluctant cicisbeo, while the

assisted at her heroine's, with resolute cleverness and flashes of real insight; but I found the situation over farcical to carry so much finesse, and its opulent framework dangerously reminiscent of similar interiors in The Young Visiters.

A grateful return to pre-war values is exemplified by the publication of Mr. John Galsworthy's Castles in Spain (Heinemann) in a particularly charming format at a very modest price. This series of essays and addresses ranges from such excursions in social stock-taking as the War has imposed on all thinkers to practical dissertations on the writer's own craft. The second are, I feel, the more valuable. Mr. Galsworthy's pride of vocation—there is nothing personal about it—his artist's insistence on the value of individual vision, his lack of philosophical and historical perspective—or perhaps his necessary disuse of philosophical and historical method—render him somewhat nebulous as a social reformer. His picture of our disabilities is convincing in detail and poor in composition. Machinery has sundered us from the ideals of the ancients. Production is our god. We absorb no culture from our work. Class despoils class and uses the loot to no purpose. There is a tacit abandonment of belief in life. As a cure for these and other evils Mr. Galsworthy would substitute the aim of universal health and happiness for the pursuit of individual wealth, and a humanistic religion of service for formal creeds. How the substitution is to be brought about he does not attempt, husband, hoping to recover his object of virtu when the save in an interesting but inadequate essay on "Interepisode is over, consoles himself with a little fishing. Princess Bibesco assists at love's imminent dissolution, as she to life, occupy him, however, more fruitfully. His address

"On Expression" imparts a real sense of the qualities that keep literature alive; "Time, Tides and Taste" shows how little the antics of coteries affect the main trend of letters; and "A Note on Sentiment" admirably maintains the right of a just verbal expression of genuine feeling to the place too often usurped by feeling's over-expression, sentimentality.

MACKENZIE, good Sir ALEXANDER, For many years the wise commander Of the historic Music school, Which greatly prospered by his rule, Has happily been moved to give, In A Musician's Narrative, The record of the strenuous part He played in furthering native art, As teacher and administrator, Player, conductor and creator; Wielding a pen-although he's eighty-Witty and gay as well as weighty. Of all the greatest in the muster That lent the old régime its lustre He has some first-hand tale to tell, And tells it excellently well-Of LISZT and RUBINSTEIN and "JOE," And all the stars of long ago. For, to be frank, our dear MACKENZIE Finds little more than sound and frenzy, In short, what younger folk call "tripe," In music of the latest type. Here, otherwise benign and mellow, He's prone to seeing red and yellow, And finds a gloomy satisfaction In noting symptoms of reaction. With this small cavil, I commend His genial book (which Cassell's send) As worthy of an honoured friend. Known and admired since '84, Old "Mac," four-square, though now four-score.

If for nothing else, Miss MARIE CON-WAY OEMLER would have to be commended for her courage, for The Holy Lover (Heinemann), whose tale she tells, is no less a man than John Wes-LEY; and WESLEY, whether you accept his tenets or not, must be acknowledged a very big figure in history. Miss OEM-LER, however, has not engaged herself with the whole of his strenuous career, which indeed were matter for an epic, but only with a few short years of it. As a young man Wesley

It is this episode which Miss Oemler has chosen for the is compactly told, if sometimes it moves rather slowly, and centre of her book, and she has followed the Journal very she has that sense of humour to the total lack of which she closely, sometimes actually quoting from it. But, being ascribes her hero's embarrassments. a novelist and not a historian, she has of course interpreted the story by the light of her imagination. The



Peter. "BILLY, I'VE FINISHED WITH WOMEN."

Billy. "WHY?"

Pater. "DIDN'T YOU SEE HOW SHE STAMPED ON MY SOLDIERS?"

Billy. "Well, I'm never going to get married either, because then you have to pay for their holidays."

went to Georgia, and readers of his remarkable Journal philanderer, a STERNE who did not know himself, hardly will remember the episode of Sophy Hopkey: how he loved her, how she married another, and how his consequent behaviour made it necessary for him to leave the colony. To the model, is a good deal out of drawing. But her tale

Miss Jessie Mothersole had already, in her own most question is whether her interpretation is a plausible one, agreeably companionable and discursive fashion, rambled and about that, I think, there is room for disagreement made friends with the legions of AGRICOLA in Northern England For the Wesley she shows us is a sort of unconscious before she crossed the Border to continue her investigations beyond the Tweed. That she found matter enough to occupy her there, her new volume, In Roman Scotland (LANE), is witness, and indeed the great Roman name is written large on the land even as far as north of the Tay. Without claiming to be an expert in the fullest sense of the word, Miss Mothersole clearly knows what she is talking about, so that under her tuition even an idle holiday-maker may become wise, temporarily at any rate, in regard to legionary tablets, or hypocausts, or altars to the strangest assortment of gods and goddesses; learning to see in mere old mounds and ditches evidence of the presence of foreign cohorts impregnably entrenched in the midst of a popula-

yet the writer is the most humanly indulgent of schoolmistresses, one who will have us as much interested in her sketches of "remains" for the sake of their own prettiness as for the instruction they are to impart, and willing to let us turn aside, as we stroll from camp to camp, to admire a "sorrel-red field full of sorrelred cows" or "a hedge-hog fast asleep, with little dark paws clasped over his little dark nose." She does not despise even the Miners' Welfare buildings that have arisen, in the most blatantly modern fashion, on the site of a Roman barracks. It may be open to argument how far the reconstruction of the campaigns of the second century is profitable employment for some of us, but beyond question it is the right kind of occupation for Miss MOTHERSOLE.

Like the good feminist that she is, Mrs. Beatrice Kean SEYMOUR is all for keeping sex in its proper place, but being also a good novelist she recognises that in fiction, if nowhere else, the place of sex is supreme. Hence Three Wives (CHAPMAN AND HALL), in which are related the matrimonial

adventures of three modern and emancipated young women. Stella married a brilliant young novelist whose vanity betrayed him into frequent infidelities; Tony, her sister, married a possessive and rather brutal young man whom she never loved and with whom she never had a day's happiness; Val, the friend of the two sisters, gave her hand to a rake, many years older than herself, who saw no reason why marriage should make any difference to his mode of Three rather disastrous enterprises, as you will living. gather, and as Mrs. Seymour has dedicated her story "To Some Husbands" you will guess whom she holds to blame for them. You needn't agree with her. You may even feel, as I do, that if the book proves anything at all it is that these modern young women simply don't know how to look after themselves. But wherever your sympathies lie you will find this an interesting tale. Even Mr. Ludovici will enjoy it.

Mr. H. M. Tomlinson has already established his name as a writer of grace and charm upon various aspects of the sea and of tropical nature, and as the genius loci of the river of London below London Bridge. His new—and incidentally his first-novel, Gallions Reach (Heinemann), adds to his previous achievement in these respects. There are passages in it—the opening chapter, for example, describing the river at nightfall, and those concerned with scenes in the interior of Malaya-which are as good as, perhaps better than, anything their author has done. The book shows him also to be possessed of the ability to handle to the full the possibilities of a dramatic episode, and to create characters tion that loved not strangers, eighteen centuries ago. But which convince the reader of their flesh-and-blood reality. if her finger is always between the pages of her lesson-book, The account of the loss of the Altair and the portraits of

her skipper and her truculent chief officer are cases in point. As a novel pure and simple Mr. Tomlinson's book satisfying. is less various episodes of Colet's wanderings have the slenderest of threads to link them together, and Colet himself remains throughout an oddly insubstantial figure by contrast with the lesser personages already referred to.

Patrick, Undergraduate. gave me genuine amusement. and now that he has developed into Patrick Engaged (STANLEY PAUL) he does not allow the responsibilities of prospective matrimony to curb his light-hearted activities. The main joke of Mr. ANTHONY ARMSTRONG'S story is unquestionably sound, but I am inclined to think that his humour finds its happiest expression in his shorter work. Here he is occasionally hard pressed in his search for incident befitting a youth of Patrick's kidney, and some of the fun lacks spontaneity. But it would be ungracious to complain after the good laughter I got out of Peter's dilemma and-still better-the many

chuckles for which I have to thank the lady usually referred to as "Aunt." If a "Who's Who" of aunts in fiction were compiled, Mr. Armstrong's candidate would hold her own in a multitudinous field. She is, in the vernacular, trained to a hair. A very great aunt.

Welcome to I'll Tell the World (CHATTO AND WINDUS), by E. V. Knox ("Evon"). It is "a Guide to the Greatness of England, mainly intended for American use." Most of its matter has appeared in Punch in a rather different form; and it is copiously illustrated by George Morrow. Welcome also to The Little Pagan Faun and Other Fancies (CAPE), by Patrick R. Chalmers (" P. R. C."), his first volume of prose, being a collection of stories from Punch, with silhouettes by L. HUMMEL. And to Gammon and Spinach (Collins), a book of verse by another Punch writer, Miss ELIZABETH FLEMING, with pictures by Hugh Chesterman.



The Vocalist. "Shall I start with the second verse this TIME, ALF? I AIN'T 'AD A CHARNCE TO SING IT YET, 'COS WE 'VE EITHER BIN TURNED AWAY OR THEY'VE SET THE DOGS ON US AFORE I'VE FINISHED THE FIRST."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Dean of WESTMINSTER has the gift of divining water by means of a hazel-twig. A pen held by the Dean of ST. PAUL'S, on the other hand, dips violently when it is over ink.

Miss GLEITZE and Miss Hudson are reported to have kissed and made friends, but we cannot vouch for the truth of the rumour that they propose to swim the Straits of Gibraltar arm-in-arm.

Turkeys on the Devonshire poultry-

farms are looking well, says a newsitem. But very depressed, we imagine. * *

A district which has hitherto belonged to Ealing is to be transferred to Harrow. doubt the wisdom of creating Alsace-Lorraines in the suburbs.

For many years it has been illegal to set man-traps and spring - guns. Carol - singers know this.

A Daily News reader points out that a newspaper under the clothing makes a good chest-protector, but he doesn't say if any other newspaper will do.

Sir CHARLES HIGHAM complains that dramatic critics can't cry. Has he never seen them bored to tears?

"Christmas is very near," says a newspaper. But for a vigilant Press these anniversaries might slip by unnoticed.

The discovery on the site of ancient Babylon of love-letters engraved on stone and beginning "Honey Sweet,"

shows the folly of not destroying correspondence of this nature.

The Geneva discussions are said to have caused a revival of the study of KANT among M.P.'s. They must clear their minds of Kant.

Sir Alfred Mond states that he has been able to feed more cows to the acre by scientific fertilisation of grass-land. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, however, is believed to be confident that the Liberal Land Policy will greatly increase the size of the acre. * *

Sir William Orpen, we read, paints been struck by this.

with his arm held straight out. Too many artists depend on hooking and in-painting.

We read of an Italian hostess who received her guests with her hand on the head of a live tiger. Among London hostesses the lion is more in favour.

It is pleasing to note that the eclipse of the moon made no distinction between readers of The Daily Mail and The Daily Express.



Shopwalker of busy West-End store (in his most polite manner). What can I have the pleasure of showing you, Madam?" Dear old Soul. "IF IT'S NOT TROUBLING YOU TOO MUCH, MY LITTLE GRANDSON WOULD LIKE TO SEE WHERE THE BURGLARS

note an electric questioner which rings a bell when a correct answer is given. At last science seems to have discovered a substitute for Lieut.-Commander Ken-WORTHY.

According to a naturalist in an evening paper, owls blink, not because light hurts their eyes, but from a nervous habit. Birds that keep such hours can't expect to have steady nerves.

Dr. RAYMOND PEARL maintains that brilliant children generally spring from undistinguished parents. When listening to proud parents we ourselves have

Perforated shoes are the latest wear, but, at the risk of being considered démodés, we have decided to have ours mended.

An Aberdeen doctor thinks he has found a cure for after-dinner speakers who stammer. There doesn't seem much hope that a cure will be found for after-dinner speakers who just speak.

In the opinion of Captain J. Lucas the average household dog only needs a few biscuits daily and an occasional Among novel mechanical toys we hone. A mouthful of postman now and

then when in season seems to do them no harm.

A London magistrate has reminded a defendant that women cannot go about pulling the clothes off people's backs and tearing their hair. Can't they? Has he never been to a bargain sale?

In the opinion of Sir Arthur Keith small-headed men need not imagine that they are deficient in brain power, as the reverse is often the case. This means, of course, that the epithet "Fathead" is no longer a compliment.

A boy recently stated in court that when he could play the kettle-drum he was going to join a jazz band. But why wait? He could join straight away and bang a kettle.

A clergyman is to attempt to swim the Channel next year. tle will doubtless be known as the swimming parson to distinguish him from the boxing parsons, writing parsons, acting parsons and also preaching parsons.

Several bank-managers encourage the idea of Christmas decorations. We propose to forward a small sprig of holly to remind our overdraft of the festive season.

Bedfordshire farmers have decided that an egg is "fresh" for five days. After that it becomes merely impertinent.

"BARKING READER WINS GUINEA FOR TO-DAY'S BEST CROSS-WORD." Darly Paper.

What was it? Bow-wow?

"The ordinary course consists of eight lectures, each of one month's duration." Educational Circular.

We shall not attend.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

(Illustrating the need of a closer relationship between their pictorial and literary elements.)

WE are assured that this year the ideal Christmas of Washington Irving and CHARLES DICKENS has been held steadily in view by the artists who design cards: they have gallantly scorned realism; snow and frost, not mud and mugginess, have been their inspiration. This is all very well, but what have their poet collaborators been up to, and above all has there been a more satisfactory liaison between them than heretofore?

Superior people, I suppose, either send no Christmas cards at all or else use dull private ones, with scarcely so much as the picture of a smoking plum-pudding to give a semblance of solid warmth to their uniform greetings. They, of course, know nothing of the adventure of trying to select suitable Christmas cards for a wide circle of friends, but I am here addressing myself to simpler creatures who have shared that forlorn enterprise.

Naturally we begin by looking for something with an appropriate picture. Here is one which would suit Greataunt Clara. A nice highly-coloured cow looking over a gate, surrounded by a wreath of forget-me-nots. Great-aunt Clara is extremely strict, but these objects are surely above reproach. What is the posy printed within, however?

> Now let us cast dull care aside And jest and dance whate'er betide! Firl up the cup and take good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year.

Great-aunt Clara disapproves of dancing, is a strict teetotaler, and lives mostly on rusks and hot water.

Then it occurs to you that it would be a graceful little act to send a card to those Parkington-Browns whom you met at the coast in the summer, and who once took you out in their car. Isn't this the very thing, this seascape with a lovely distended moon and a craft—of doubtful rig—apparently sailing backwards against the wind? You are baulked again, for the legend runs:-

This is the time when the fond heart remembers

Friendships still trusting through smiles and through tears;

Christmas shall breathe on the hearts' glowing

Let us forget the long sundering years!

The Parkington-Browns would think you wanted something if you sent them that.

Perhaps you feel you ought to choose something for poor old Jones, the professional pessimist, whose life has been as cheerful as a Russian drama and whose dyspepsia and gout are his only

companions. There presents itself to you a card that you know he would love; it seems to portray a moonlight graveyard, across which plods a ghoul with a bundle. This is promising, but what is the text?

Now hear the happy joybells ring! Let mirth and revel take their fling! While we together dance and sing, Sweet years of bliss may Christmas bring!

Only a brute could taunt the poor old wreck with such a message.

Here's a smart saucy picture, a pierrot and pierrette cuddling under the mistletoe, with a wreath of golden bells frisking all around them. This might amuse that minx of a flapper niece. But what of the words?-

Although your heart is full of gloom, Forget it for a while; The rose can flourish o'er a tomb, And you may learn to smile!

Look at this lively hunting scene. This would do to convey your virile good wishes to dear old "Crasher" Robinson, who was such a tough with you in the Gunners. "Crasher" would like the picture, even if he crabbed the distorted robin on the surround of sweetpeas; but what would he think of this precious posy?-

A garden all sheltered and sweet 'neath the

blue, dear, And shared with fond hearts that are tender and true, dear;
May life evermore full of bliss be for you,

dear. It is this sort of thing that turns us

W.K.H. into Scrooges.

QUOTATIONS FREE.

IT is a commonplace to-day that advertisement is the life breath of business. But current advertising practice errs in seeking to be ever more and more up-todate. This is due to the influence of America, which, having no past to speak of, looks perforce to the present and the future. England's glory is her past; that is why America is always buying or marrying her antiquities. The key to the successful advertising of England's business is to link it with her glorious past as enshrined in her literature.

I have accordingly formed the plan of supplying appropriate quotations free on request to aspiring manufacturers, retailers and the like for the promotion of their business.

The following examples will indicate the detailed working of the idea:-

"Arethusa arose from her couch of snows." Avoid cold feet. Arethusa could have stayed in bed if she had used an Equator hot-water bottle.

"Mine be a cot . . ." Go to Bébé's for prams, bassinettes, cradles, etc.

"Orpheus with his lute made trees And the mountain-tops that freeze Bow themselves when he did sing."

Live at Quiethaven; detached substantial villas from £800. Telegraphic address, "Silence"; 'phone, 0000.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"

Deal with the -- Banking Company; absolute security, strict confidence; monthly renewals.

"We have matched our rackets to these balls." Jazz bands supplied for balls, thés-dansants, etc.

"Fear no more the heat of the sun Nor the furious winter's rages," but wear our underclothing-cool in summer, warm in winter.

"If you're waking, call me carly, call me early, mother dear."

Why not purchase a Reveille alarum and let mother have a good rest?

"Greyhounds in the slips, Straining upon the start."

Come to Britain. Book to the Isle of Dogs.

"Give me the glory of going on and still to

Take Vivax every morning and laugh at death.

"Milton, thou should'st be living at this

He might be if he had taken Relaxo regularly. A sluggish liver spells Paradise Lost.

THE 27TH.

[By one who proposes not to deviate this year from his custom of keeping Christmas-Day on the 25th and Boxing-Day on the 26th.]

Last year, when Christmas filled the air. As far as I was able

I feasted on the sumptuous fare That graced our homely table;

I revelled in the youngsters' sports (Myrôle, they owned, was "splendid"), But felt distinctly out of sorts When Boxing-Day was ended.

Pale and distraught I tottered back Next morning to my business,

A prey to a combined attack Of megrims, bile and dizziness;

"You've clearly reached, my boy," I said.

"The limit of your tether; You should have spent the day in hed To pull yourself together.'

This year with Yule I find no fault; With spirits twice as perky I wait my annual assault

On pudding, mince and turkey. Calmly the aftermath I face, And pour to those libation

Who've granted us a day of grace A.K. For our recuperation.



APOLOGIA PRO POLLICE MEO.

LITTLE LLOYD HORNER
SAT IN A CORNER
NURSING A PARTY PIE;
IT WAS UNDER HIS THUMB,
BUT HE PULLED OUT NO PLUM,
SO HE SAID, "WHAT A GOOD BOY AM I."



Hostess (to very spoilt person). "Well, good-bye; too marvellous of you to have come when you have such a crowded life. I suppose you can't leave us some of your bodyguard?"

BRIGHTER COURTS-MARTIAL

A short while ago I read in a daily paper of a soldier who had been brought before a court-martial on a charge of drunkenness. The case for the prosecution was that the accused had been found by higher authority surrounded by amused comrades in the act of whistling, grunting and making such grimaces that insobriety seemed the only reasonable deduction. His defence was that he had been trying to imitate a comic song he had recently heard. The song was an Irish one about an old sow and some little pigs, and the chorus consisted of a series of whistles, grunts and grimaces. Being invited by the President to give an illustrative rendering of the refrain, he did so. His evidence not only convulsed but convinced the Court, and he was acquitted amid scenes of merriment.

Now I was really pleased to read that. I have long been of the opinion that the average court-martial is a dull affair. It is a blot on what should be the jolliest and most care-free of exist-

ences. It is worse than having the General unexpectedly to lunch in the Officers' Mess.

So I take off my hat to that President. His boldness in thus breaking with tradition and demanding a little light relief from the wearisome business of filling in Army Form A. 9 was only equalled by his bravery in asking to hear an unknown song in open court; and only those who know what soldiers' songs can be will appreciate this to the full. He will go down to history as the pioneer of brighter courts-martial. Thanks to him we may in the future expect to see Court-Martial Rooms easily holding their own against the White City, Suburban Music-Halls, the Old Bailey, Company drill by the new subaltern, and other well-established sources of amusement.

At present two things are responsible for the dulness of courts-martial. The first is that the Rules of Procedure enjoin too much solemnity. They allow no latitude whatever for brightness. Even the last rule in the book—Rule 139 (B)—where one might reasonably

have hoped that the weary compiler would allow himself some slight relaxation, reads:—

"Any court-martial, proceeding, or thing held, done, or commenced under the last-mentioned Rules of Procedure shall be as valid and may be completed and carried into effect as if those rules were still in force."

Pleasant enough, but my contention is that that rule has no lighter side. And what's more, I don't believe the compiler has tried to introduce one. It looks as though he had begun to suffer from cerebral belt-slip, or had just had the Army Act dropped on his skull from a height. No wonder he stopped after producing that; one can see he was failing. But how changed all courtsmartial would have been if only he had lasted another five minutes and written:—

"Rule 140.—A military band must be in attendance at all courts-martial to render incidental music.

Even the last rule in the book—Rule "Rule 141.—Light refreshments, to 139 (B)—where one might reasonably the extent of one pint of beer per man,

may be served during any court-martial, proceeding, or thing held, done, or commenced.

"Rule 142.—Any breach of the rules should be punished by the President calling upon the offender to give a song or dance, perform a card-trick or tell a humorous anecdote. Note: The President himself should always remember that one good turn deserves another."

It is not too late to insert these rules even now.

The second thing that makes a courtmartial a dull affair is that it never has
a good audience to help it go with a
swing. And this, in my opinion, is entirely due to the unattractiveness of
the Order convening the Court. It is
not set out invitingly. The bald announcement of President, Members,
Waiting Members, Officers under Instruction, Judge-Advocate, etc., assembled to try the accused person named
in the margin is enough to put anyone
off. How much more attractive if it
were set out like this:—

On the 30th November the
—th Infantry Brigade Court-Martial Troupe
will present

TRIAL BY COURT-MARTIAL;

OR,

WHY PRIVATE RIFLE FAILED TO APPEAR AT THE PLACE OF PARADE APPOINTED BY HIS COMMANDING OFFICER.

Characters in order of their appearance.

Here would follow a list of the members of the Court (headed of course by the President, who, being an elderly Major, has a more important appearance than anyone else)

AND

The Accused . . Private Rifle (by kind permission of his Colonel).

Gentlemen of the Chorus, Officers under Instruction, Witnesses, Court-Orderlies, etc.

The performance convened by Order of the General Officer Commanding.

Scene—A derelict Army Hut (labelled "Court-Martial Room" on the Barrack plan).

Note.—The Court will be closed at intervals during the above scene to denote the considering of points of law, military etiquette and chivalry, the prisoner's objections and the verdict.

Extract from rules made by the Judge-Advocate:—

- No swearing in Court, except in the recognised form of oaths.
- (2) Officers under Instruction must carry swords and pens.
- (3) No windows must open either outwards or inwards.

Court Furniture and Stationery by the —th Bn. Loamshire Regt.

Court Dresses by the Army Clothing Dept. Hard Swearing by the Witnesses.



"TELL ME, DADS-WHAT DID GLADSTONE SAY IN 1882-WHOEVER HE WAS?"

Copies of Army Act and Rules of Procedure supplied by His Majesty's Stationery Office.

Seven Thousand Four Hundred and Sixty-Three Amendments to same, by Pale and Golden Ltd.

Speciality Step-dance by Prisoner and Escort (directed by the R.S.M.).

I have embodied the above suggestions in a Memo, and they are now on their way to the Army Council. By the time you read this they may even be on their way back, with a raspberry from Somebody Very Senior written across the top left-hand corner. A. A.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The new call for help is 'Mayday,' to be spoken through the broadcasting apparatus. This would be followed immediately as in the case of S.O.S., by details. 'Mayday' is the phonetic spelling of the French 'Maidex' (Help me)."—Provincial Paper.

From a Law Report:-

"Asked what he understood by a good Canadian minx, Mr. —— said that there was a coat to be sold to-morrow for which it was said a woman gave £1,200."—Evening Paper.

Still, that's no justification for calling her a minx.



The Tease. "I don't b'lieve you'd 'ave pluck enough to do the like o' that, 'Orace." Cur Orace "No, and for why? 'Cos you knows very well I be a teetotaler!"

THE OUTSPOKEN PLAY.

"Has it ever occurred to you," said Charles with the air of a philosopher, "how often people who appear even to their most intimate friends and relations to be patterns of moral conduct actually, if the truth were known, possess some secret vice?'

"No," I said, "it has not."

I have found from experience that when you're dealing with somebody who has "ideas," like my brother Charles, and another, like Julia, who is prepared to support them, it is wise to lend as little encouragement to them at the outset as possible. Moreover I did not altogether like the way he looked straight at me as he made the observation.

"No," I said emphatically, "it has not."

As I had feared, the effort was un-

availing.
"Yes," said Julia, "it's quite true.
I've often noticed it myself."

Julia, let me explain, is just eighteen. She is the ward of Sylvia and myself.

"Julia," I said, "I am deeply pained. It is our duty as your guardians, child,

you have come into contact, and to warn you against them. Please state them.

"No luck," said Julia. "It wouldn't be at all good for you. But what made you think of it, Charles?" she asked, determined to keep the subject alive.

"It occurred to me," said Charles, "in connection with a suggestion Sylvia made the other day that we might get up a play to perform at Christmas at the local hospital. I've been thinking that it might be a good thing to give them something original, and I thought perhaps you and I might write something together, Julie."

That's the sort of thing I mean. If Charles is given a free rein on these occasions anything may happen. Fortunately in this case we were prepared.

"We've decided on the play," I said cheerfully, interrupting Julia's enthusiastic reception of his suggestion. "We're | for a time," said Julia. going to do selected passages from A Midsummer Night's Dream.

"Who's selected them?" challenged

"No, dear, you forget," said Sylvia. "We ruled that out as unsuitable for

to know the particular vices with which | performance in midwinter and decided on Dickens' Christmas Carol.'

"Quite right," I said. "I'd forgotten. And I consented to take the part of Scrooge, didn't I?"

"But you've never done any acting in your life," said Julia. "You know you haven't."

"Julia," I said, "you are misinformed. While yet at school I played Fourth Citizen in Julius Cæsar and was afterwards publicly complimented on my histrionic abilities."

"I don't see how history's going to help us," said Julia. "And anyway it's a rotten idea because Scrooge is practically the only part in the thing and no-

body but you would have anything to do."
"Of course," I said, "if you're going to take a selfish point of view like that; personally I was thinking of the patients and how best to entertain them."

"It would certainly amuse them-

"Patients in a hospital," said Charles authoritatively, "don't want mediæval sob-stuff of that sort. They want something with a kick in it—something to put new life into them."

"Something outspoken," said Julia.

"Look here, Julie," said Sylvia, "if you think you're going to introduce one of these modern outspoken atrocities into the hospital of which I am a trustee-

"Charles," interrupted Julia excitedly, "I know. A melodrama of New York's underworld! They 're all the rage."

"No," said Charles. "It's a sensible suggestion, but I have already thought of it and decided it would be impracticable."

"Leave it to Charles, Julia," I said;

"he knows best."

"Thanks," said Charles. "I've only thought out the First Act at present, but it's a very good one, short and snappy, just the thing for invalids. The character with which the play opens is quite a good fellow and all that, but he has, as I have intimated, one incurable vice. To put it bluntly, he-he reads in his bath."

He paused for the gasps of sensation among the audience to die down. They

didn't. There weren't any.
"He is a youngish man," continued Charles, "staying at the old country house of a friend of his deceased father. The friend has a hobby that has become practically a mania, the collection of old and rare first editions. Some of them are priceless. The young man bids Good-night to his host and, closing the drawing-room door, crosses the hall on his way to bed. Suddenly he stops and a fiendish smile spreads slowly across his face. Silent as a cat he steals into the library, selects a volume at random from the shelf and takes it up to his bed-room, and then—to his bath.

"Julia," I said, "you're too young to listen. Go up to bed." "But Charles," said Sylvia, showing now a dangerous interest, "you can't possibly stage that-drawing-room, hall, library-

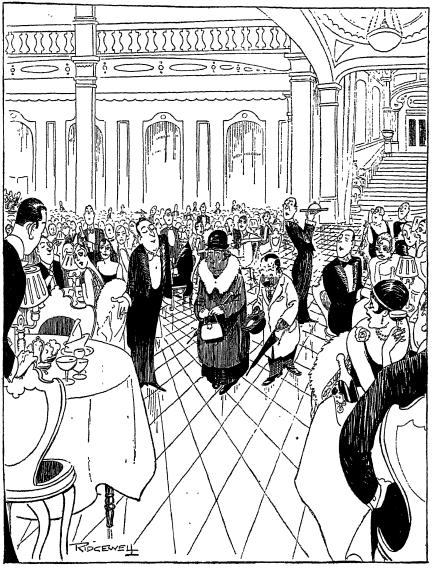
"I shan't attempt to," said Charles. "The scene opens—this is where we get the kick that's going to put new life into the patients—in the bath-room; in fact in the bath."

Before I could find my voice to pro-

test, Charles continued:-

"The curtain rises. Along the front of the stage is the bath, with steam rising from it. Our friend is lying in it reading the book he has taken from the library. His neck, head, arms and the book are alone visible. One of the taps is running. He reads on in silence for a minute or so, and then, when turning over the page, inadvertently puts his foot under the running tap. It is the hot one. He gives a cry of agony and drops the book into the water. The curtain falls. End of Act I."

... And of my connection with the hospital," said Sylvia.



THE LADY WHO DREW "DINNER FOR TWO AT THE HÔTEL MAGNIFIQUE" IN OUR TOCAL TOMBOLA.

"The serious damage to the book," Charles went on, "precipitates a violent quarrel between host and guest, and the rest of the play can be written round that. I thought you might like to write Act II., Julie. That's as far as I've got at present."

I heaved a sigh of relief and rose to my feet.

"I think it's very good," said Julia, "but there's just one criticism I'd like to make. I don't think it's outspoken enough."

"No?" said Charles.

"No," said Julia: "It wants gingering up a bit. I'd merely suggest that when he drops the book into the water he says 'Damn,' that's all."

"I'll consider it," said Charles. "I take think you're probably right. By the hosway, the man in the bath can of course wear a bathing-dress. It won't be seen. was a near thing.

I thought perhaps you might care to take the part?" he concluded, turning

"It's good of you," I replied, "but just think of it. After playing Fourth Citizen in Julius Casar I 'O what a fallwas there, my countrymen!' As a matter of fact I can't in any case as I've an engagement on that particular evening."
"Liar," said Julia. "We haven't fixed on the date yet."

"Prostrate in a bath!" I mused. "'O mighty Cæsar, dost thou lie so low?' The bathos of it! I'm sorry," I continued more quietly, "I was carried away. The engagement? I've promised on the evening in question to take the part of Scrooge at the local

The book missed my head. But it

AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT;

OR, COLONEL FANTOCK AGAIN.

(A SITWELL Extravaganza.)

The Author of "England Reclaimed" begins:—
To us sad children in whose veins there ran
The violet blood of the old Angevin Kings
(1154 to 1216),
So that we all had Visi-Gothic faces
And seemed unreal in theatres and places—

The Author of "Troy Park" goes on:

I was a member of the family,
And from those tombed lords we inherited
A liking for wind-music—all the rare
Impetuous rapture of the trumpet blare.
I sometimes think that cornet-players only
Know what it feels like to be left entirely lonely.

The Author of "All Summer in a Day" breaks in:—
The dulness of our life was terrible.
It had the remote air of a legend
Printed beneath a faded photograph
Of someone whom we did not wish to know.

EDITH readeth again:-

All day about the glittering arabesque
That seemed a piece of music born of silence
But for convenience and the servants' sake
Was usually termed the garden, we—
That is to say Peregrine, Dagobert and me—
Walked hand-in-hand and tried to look baroque
Or gave our imitation of gazelles,
Tinkling along the paths with golden bells.
Sometimes we tip-toed suddenly, saying, "Hush!
A bird shrills greenly in the painted bush,
The rhododendron over there
Drops paper curls, I do declare,"
And knew the castle, like the castle grounds,
Was two-dimensional, and we ourselves
Pasted upon it with our flat pale limbs.

And Colonel Fantock pounded after us, His mayfly whiskers tangled in the trees, Saying, "We have not learnt our morning hymns. Try to be less rococo, children, please!" Poor harmless creature, military ghost, A puff of hot air wandering and lost, He could not face the stiffness of the grass, The brittleness of the fountain, frozen as glass, The fabled unreality of the flowers-Poor Colonel Fantock, how could be understand? And the huge strength of Dagobert, my brother, And Peregrine's fast movements, like a faun, When sprinting for the emerald-feathered trees, And even my own habit, caught somewhere, Of drowning elegantly in my pale straight hair Annoyed him when he had to tutor us.

We always were a little out of hand.

OSBERT and SACHEVERELL snatch up the lyre.

So in the ancient and peculiar gardens We moved with pale and legendary faces, Dagobert wore a belt—

and Peregrine braces,
And she had on her holland pinafore—
And vowed ourselves to a Beauty that should be
By dint of tiger-striped Publicity
Forced on a world of Fantocks, cruel and grim.

We dreamed of that which was to come to pass, Trapsing about upon the thick furred grass, Or near those bright-hued harlequins, the waves, But seldom visited the local caves, Because we so disliked the tripper class.

Now to the British public, fools and blind, But grown, by constant bullying, much more kind, We dedicate this symphony of ours In memory of that old time among the flowers And one long day in peacock-tasselled June When we decided on a roar triune, When Colonel Fantock,

Sworn foe, harsh enemy
To leonine music,
To apricot song,
The Philistine—

Blighter—
The anthropoid

Colonel Fantock awoke;
Do not ask from what lumber
Of chutney-chewed slumber
Colonel Fantock awoke
Noon-drowsed, with a scream,
At our shouting, "That bloke
Has no business to dream!"

Has no business to dream!"
So all gigglers and cads

Have paid heed to our ads.

And England henceforth has no other choice
Than listening to our threefold panther voice,.
Passant and gardant from the third Crusade,
And the long blast of our fanfaronade.

Livor.

TREMENDOUS TRIALS.

PROMPTED by the example of *The Daily News*, which has been inviting a number of eminent persons to recount the most unpleasant experiences of their lives, Mr. Punch has been so fortunate as to secure a few supplementary examples of the infelicities of the illustrious.

Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC: "When I was invited to join the

Anglo-Israelitish Association."

Mr. H. G. Wells: "When I was recently approached with a view to contributing to the Fund for the preservation of Oxford University from the only means of its salvation—namely, conversion from a stronghold of obscurantist mediævalism into a flourishing industrial centre."

mediævalism into a flourishing industrial centre."

Mr. George Bernard Shaw: "When on the production of Arms and the Man I was called before the curtain and

applauded by the occupants of the stalls."

Mr. Osbert Sitwell: "A request to attend the recitation of their poems by Mr. Alfred Noves and Mr. John Oxenham at the Albert Hall."

Lord ROTHERMERE: "The severe cold from which I am still suffering as the result of simultaneously taking off my hat in this inclement weather to France and Hungary."

"Miss — has started a new line in pottery—models of old English cottages, inns and historic houses. One of her latest is of Sulgrave Manor, Shakespeare's birthplace."—Weekly Paper.

Where he cut down the apple-tree.

"Alexander Zoubkoff, an impecunious scion of a minor Russian noble family, whose marriage next week with Princess Victoria of Schaumburg-Lippe will give him the ex-Kaiser as a brother-in-law, has issued an indignant denial of the report that he once earned his living as a dancing-partner. He insists also on the correction of his ago. He is not 28, but 288 years old. The bride, who is 61, bitterly complains of the Press attacks as regards the disparity in their ages."—Ceylon Paper. But it still seems to be rather marked.



Church Charlady. "I can't make out why there's all this to-do about new prayer-books. Mrs. Green, is new 'assocks." WOT THEY WANTS,

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY. XVIII.—GOOD WOMEN AND TRUE.

Trix darling my heart's apologies. I've not written to you for an epoch, and no wonder, my dear when I tell you, well for five days my dear I've been incarcerated in the courts and my dear I rather think I've rather inserted my fascinating little foot and it's quite possible my next letter will come from Holloway Jail or somewhere, well my dear some time ago I ran into poor old Rosemary Dune and my dear she was an utter blanc-mange of emotion be-

endeavour she'd at last got blighted in matrimony or rather she's just about to but of course on the same day she had a summons to serve on a foul jury, my dear so like men no tact or humane feeling anywhere, well of course I did the Christian thing and said Let me do it for you, because my dear nobody ought to function on a British jury who's thinking the whole time What undies shall I buy and where, which my dear from what I can make out is the sole thing these brides on the brink do think of don't you agree darling?

on my oldest and left the nose quite luminous and I answered winningly to the name of Rosemary Dune, well the old man ogled me somewhat but he didn't say anything and after centuries of sitting about in I walked to the jurybox and there I sat for five days, my dear the agony, the hardest wood, like sitting in the Strand, well there was only one other doe, and she sat next to me, my dear with the possible exception of the widow Wockley the most emetical creation since the jelly-fish, my dear a crustacean, I christened her the Whelk, Well my dear of course the poor bat my dear I can't tell you, coated with jet cause after thirty-five years of patient merely liquefied with gratitude, so I put and black velvet tickle-me's, my dear

definitely unmagnetic, and of course the moment our hips touched there was a sort of mutual spasm of utter repugnance, my dear I'm positive she writes righteous post-cards to the B.B.C., that kind of ullage, well I'm sorry to say that it was a congested Divorce case and rather unsuitable, my dear too French, but my dear I must say I do think that lawyers can be rather atmospheric, because my dear the judge was divine and not the least bit gagga, and of course the husband's barrister my dear I surrendered at sight, with the most morocco skin, for a man, and the most insinuating dove-like voice, and of course those wigs are indecently becoming, well whatever he said you felt was too equitable, and they all have darling little snow-white bibs and my dear they

before and after meals, which is more than I can say for the wife, well rather hairy at the hocks darling you know the type, well she said he beat her and as I said to the Whelk Who wouldn't, but my dear she quivered at me, too antagonous.

Well my dear on the second day I rather lost control and powdered the old nose in the middle of one of the judge's longest interruptions, because my dear what with the intense tribulation of sitting on mahogany I had to do something or

diantly at him till the Whelk inflicted on me the cruellest prod with her totally unupholstered elbow, my dear returned cum dividend, so the next day I thought better be hung for a sheep etcetera so I put on everything pearls and all and the new cami-underloons my dear have you seen them, well after that I may have been wrong but it seemed to me that the case was attracting more and more interest because my dear absolute troops of seraphic young barristers merely thronged into the court, my dear standing for hours and I should have said staring, of course Mr. Haddock says, who by the way my dear was once called to the bar but it reason is I suppose that every jury has seems failed to turn up, too characteristic its particular Whelk, only fortunately it darling, well he says that the handsome lads must have merely come to study law-points, but I don't know darling I rather fancied they were rather at-

pensive and virginal I looked the more embarrassed were the K.C.'s because my dear whenever they had to be at all French they kept apologising with their lovely eyes, my dear like dogs, and they tried so hard to express everything too nicely for me, only the judge kept chipping in and said he would not have a spade called an implement of a certain nature, however most of it was about his beating her and whether it was cruelty to read in bed, and so it went on, well my dear the husband's K.C. made an infatuating speech and I was utterly convinced that he was too right, me too, and of course after the judge I was a mere muddle of conflicting hypo-

Little Girl (tearfully). "Tony has broken my dolly." Mother. "What a shame! How did he break it?" Little Girl. "I HIT HIM ON THE HEAD WITH IT."

jug of tooth-water, my dear too mascu- | four o'clock I said O gosh tea-time least have a smoke and attend to the old face, but my dear you should have seen the Whelk's expression especially as some of the men heaved sighs of thanksgiving and produced their pipes, well my dear the foreman was the merest blotting-pad and the Whelk took charge of the entire proceedings, of course she was utterly for the injured wife and my dear by the end of my first gasper they 'd all decided to divorce the husband, and my dear I've often wondered how it is that you can always get twelve people to agree about a law-case when I've never met three bipeds who could agree about anything, and the doesn't have its particular Topsy, because my dear none of them seemed to be exactly absorbed in my opinions, so tracted, anyhow my dear the more ex- then I said no we weren't because I said | personator Topsy.

if the man was floppy enough to want to adhere to that woman, then let him adhere, sensation darling!

Well my dear the Whelk detonated. and she said Perhaps you're not a married woman so I said No perhaps you never had a father, my dear too crude, well then she said she had a luncheon appointment and I said I wasn't interested in her meals, and she said I couldn't possibly understand a case like this so I said if she meant I had a nice mind she was too right but weren't they allowed on juries, and I said anyhow I understand the wife only the wife's K.C. rather persuaded quite lucidly because I know the type, well then we got down to it, talon and tooth darling, some of the men became thetics anyhow at last we retired, my | too courageous and began to argue with dear the dingiest sort of third-class the Whelk, and my dear we were there all look as if they washed thrice daily, waiting-room with nothing in it but a for three inflammatory hours, no lunch.

fainting for tea and I rather think the Whelk was one of these orangejuice breakfasters, so what she was feeling, however I was quite remorseless and my dear one by one those gelatinous men came round to my side, because my dear some of the younger jurors I rather fancy were rather attracted and the others were yearning for Surbiton Home and Beauty, and my dear last of all the Whelk yielded also, my dear rather poignant because she was so shattered with nerves and famine she could only hiss at me but at

line, however I thought one can at and my dear at that she suddenly became too unanimous, well we trooped out into the court and the Whelk hissed at me Chits like you ought not to be empanelled at all, so I said Too right, I wasn't, I'm doing it for a friend, well then she asked questions and I was girlishly candid and my dear she rose in her place like Joan of Arc or one of those foul infallible females and told the whole story to the judge, can you believe it, sensation again, and my dear it seems the whole trial may have to be re-done because the Whelk said I'd corrupted the jury by brazenly exploiting my personality, and Mr. Haddock tells me it 's a missdemeanour at Common Law punishable with imprisonment for simply ever, so pray for me darling though of course the really black feature is that when I think of the Whelk I long to do it again. when the foreman said we're all agreed so farewell Trix your deplorable little A. P. H.

gougasse































THE PLACE-KICK.

THE PRINCESS AND THE WASP.

ONCE there was a Prince who was turned by a wicked fairy into a toad, but a good fairy said oh you can't do that for ever because it isn't allowed.

And the bad fairy said oh isn't it, and she said no it isn't, if anybody loves the toad it will turn into a Prince the King should know who had won again, and you can't stop it.

So the wicked fairy said well then I will turn the toad into a wasp, somebody might love a toad but nobody could love a wasp for itself, so there now.

So she turned the Prince into a wasp, |

and he was very sad, especially because he was in love with a beautiful Princess whose photograph he had seen, and he thought she might have loved him when he was a Prince but she couldn't possibly love him now he was a wasp. But he said to himse!f well there's one thing about it, I can go where she is now and look at her.

So he flew all the way to the country where the Princess lived and buzzed into the Palace, and the Princess was having dinner with her father the King, and she was much more beautiful even than her photograph, so he loved her more than ever, and as he was very tired and hungry after his ... long fly he sat down on the pear she was eating and began to nibble at it.

Well the King hated wasps so he was very angry, and said to his servants kill that wasp.

But the wasp easily kept out of the way, and when they had forgotten all about him he went and stung the King on his bald head, because he wasn't used to having people tell their servants to kill him and he was angry about it.

Well that didn't do him

wanted to marry the Princess he must make the King like him if he could, and he said to himself perhaps I had better attend to the King first and 1 can attend to the Princess afterwards.

the next day, and the wasp went with him and stung so many of his enemies that he nearly won it. So he was pleased with the wasp and he said if I could get some more wasps like this one I should win all my battles and I could make my kingdom much larger.

So the wasp said oh that's easy enough, but the King didn't hear him say it, he thought he was only buzzing.

wasps to do whatever he told them, because of course he was a Prince as battles after that.

Well the wasp took good care that his battles for him, because he never let the other wasps come into the Palace, but he always went there himself and he was careful not to sting anybody.

So they all got to like him very much except the Frincess, and she couldn't prisoners to sting if he wanted to. But



"IT STUNG THE MURDERER ON THE NOSE."

much good because he knew if he|bear him because he had stung her| father on the first day, and when he buzzed about her and told her that he loved her she thought he was going to sting her, and that made him very sad because of course she was the last Well the King was having a battle person he would have wanted to sting.

Well that went on for some time, and the wasp was very unhappy because he didn't see how he was ever going to make the Princess love him, and he could hardly bear to eat the pears they gave him he was so miserable. And then one day the King said well I'm going to have one more battle, and if I win that I shall have enough for the present and we'll go in for a little peace.

Well the wasp ordered an army of a battle with was the wasp's own father. and when the wasp found that out he said oh this won't do, and he sent all well as a wasp, and the next battle the the other wasps home, and they were King had he won easily, because of a l rather glad to go because they had their the wasps. And he won several more own business to attend to and their nests to make.

Well by this time the King had got not to mind wasps at all because of their helping him win his battles, and he was quite fond of his private wasp, who was really the Prince, and he had knighted him and given him servants to get pears and other fruit for him, and

> when he found out that he had sent all the other wasps away he was angry, especially as he didn't think he could win the new battle without them. But he thought he had better try, so he took his army with him, and he took the Princess too because she thought she would like a little outing and she wanted to see a good battle. And the wasp flew on first, and he was rather glad to get home again because he was fond of his father and mother and he hadn't seen them for some time, and it hadn't done him much good being with the Princess all that time.

Well the King lost the battle because he hadn't any wasps to help him, and he was taken prisoner, but the wasp's father and mother took a fancy to the Princess and asked her to stay at the Palace with them until things could be arranged, and they were very kind to her.

Well in the room where she was there was a photograph of the Prince, and she fell in love with it. And she asked about him, and the Queen said oh it is very sad, we don't know where he is and we think a wicked fairy must have done some-

thing to him, if he would only come back he could marry you, and then we would let your father go home and everybody would be very happy.

Well one day the Queen and the Princess were in the garden together, and the Princess was telling her about the wasps, and she said if they had come with us father would have won this battle.

And the Queen said well I'm glad they didn't, but it is a funny thing, there is quite a nice wasp which has come here lately and it seems to have taken a fancy to us, because it buzzes about and never stings anybody except sometimes a few Members of Parliament when they Well the King he was going to have have been very tiresome.

SECRETS OF FILM TECHNIQUE.

WORKING UP THE EXCITEMENT.



HA! NOW COMES THE PICTURE OF THE EVENING-



CYRUS P. SHMUSH PRESENTS THE STUPENDOUS FILM DRAMA, PYRAMID PASSION. SPLENDID!—



"A CYRUS P. SHMUSH SUPER-PRODUCTION—



DIRECTED BY KARL GOLDSTEIN-



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BUDDY T. HANK-



Assisted by Otto Krautheimer-



ART TITLES BY FRITZL
SCHNITZL—



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FOR AND ON BEHALF OF CYRUS P. SHMUSH SUPER-PRODUCTIONS, INC.—

Scots Paper.



DAWN O'ER THE MIGHTY DESERT."

And the Princess said I wonder if that is our private wasp, we don't know what has become of him lately.

Well just as she said that a murderer jumped out from behind a tree and he was going to murder the Queen and the Princess, but the wasp came buzzing along very angrily and it stung the murderer on the nose so that he couldn't do any murdering and the soldiers came up and took him.

And the Princess recognised him and she said oh darling wasp I am so glad to see you here and I do love you.

And directly she had said that the wasp turned into a handsome Prince again, and he kissed the Princess but not until after he had kissed his mother because he had known her longer and that was only fair.

So the Prince and the Princess got married and were very happy. And they were always kind to wasps after what had happened and gave them plenty of pears and people who hadn't paid their taxes to sting.

A. M.

From a list of football results:-"London Rd. F. . 2 Loanhead Iron. 2 CASTLE MILLS. . 3 TANFIELD . TANFIELD . . . 3 LEITH OLYMPIA. 0 LIGHT & CLEANS. 3 LIGHT & CLEANS. 3 LEITH OLYMPIA. 0 LEITH OLYMPIA. 0 LIGHT & CLEANS. 3 LEITH OLYMPIA. 0 LIGHT & CLEANS. 3 LIGHT & CLEANS. 3 LEITH OLYMPIA. O LEITH OLYMPIA, 0 LIGHT & CLEANS. 3 LIGHT & CLEANS. 3 LEITH OLYMPIA. 0"

While congratulating the Light and Cleaning department on their performance, we deprecate rubbing it in like this.

THROUGH THE ROCKERY.

I HEARD the high rooks cawing
Ere April had begun,
In windy elms see-sawing,
And building every one;
Then I, example taking,
Turned mason debonair,
Then I too went a-making
A castle in the air.

And now, when days fall darkly, Should you come passing by, You'll see rook-castles starkly Command December's sky; Yes, you and all who pass'll Remark the elms' high crown, But oh! my little castle,

Long since it tumbled down.

P. R. C.



FLOWERS OF AMERICAN SPEECH.

Fascinating New Yorker (after a delightful dance). "Gosh! that was great. Now we'd best park our frames a spell after that."

THE TREES OF CHEYNE ROW.

I WILL not have the trees of Cheyne Row
Felled by irreverent hands, no matter whose;
Councils may order it, but I say No;
I will not have the trees of Cheyne Row
So much as injured; rather in two two's
I'll seize a hatchet and with one shrewd blow
Brain them that doom the trees of Cheyne Row.
Let, then, those puny councillors peruse
My earnest words and tremble in their shoes.

For oh, they wore a friendly air
When I with would-be careless mien
Did in a golden Spring repair
To Her, the sweetest ever seen
In that sequestered thoroughfare,
And they and I were green.

And they always waved at me gaily
As I went to her bijou flat
(Which happened, one might say, daily)
As if they admired my hat
And a really remarkable morning-coat—
How well I remember that!

They did not do me really well, those trees.
One day they put wrong notions in my head
That stirred me up to several degrees
(They did not do me really well, those trees)
Above my normal; for methought they said,

"Go it, you ass!" and with encouraged ease I went it and I found (O wanton trees!) She was engaged to someone else instead, Whom, as a fact, she subsequently wed.

But as I passed away, a wreck,
On my stunned ear their murmur fell,
"We fear you've got it in the neck;
We're sorry, but we meant it well;
And marriage, even as a spec,
Often turns out a sell."

And it seemed, as that leafy whisper
Stole into my injured heart,
That it made me a trifle crisper
And somehow assuaged the smart,
And I bore no grudge against her or them,
Though they'd landed me in the cart.

And e'en to-day those trees of Cheyne Row
Speak of that season when I went to woo,
And when I 'm down that way I always go
And contemplate the trees of Cheyne Row;
And for those councillors, that sorry crew,
Friends, let us take the whole confounded show
And hang them on the trees of Cheyne Row,
Where their lean bones can rattle till all's blue;
That ought to fix them, and a good job too.

Dum-Dum.



Q.E.D.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE. "AND WHAT IS OUR LOGICAL CONCLUSION FROM THIS, MY FRIENDS? OBVIOUSLY IT IS THAT WE MUST BUILD MORE WAR-SHIPS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 5th.—The Films Bill emerged from the House of Lords in Committee shorn of still more of its asperities. An effort of Lord Danesfort in the opposite direction—he sought to make the Bill require the producer as well as the scenario writer of a "British" film to be a British subject after January 1st, 1933—was incontinently rejected.

The Bishop of SOUTHWARK raised the question of slum clearances, and, ably seconded by the Bishop of London, drew a depressing but no doubt accurate picture of the teeming rookeries of London and the great manufacturing towns of the North. Viscount GAGE, for the Government, quoted the MIN-ISTER OF HEALTH'S opinion that "the problem must be tackled in a more comprehensive way if any considerable improvement was to be effected in a reasonable time," and concluded a speech of soothing optimism with the assurance that the Minister had the matter under earnest consideration.

Accord has been reached, the House of Commons learned, between this country and Iraq on the question of the latter's admission to the League of Nations. Would the Under-Secretary see, asked Lieut.-Commander Ken-WORTHY, that when the agreement was signed it should be given to the House before it was given to the Press?

Mr. Ormsby-Gore said there would be a White Paper laid before the House, but made no rash promise that the lynx-eyed emissaries of the Press would

be inevitably forestalled.

Sir Robert Hamilton had a question down about the Empire Marketing Board's grant to the Orkney Egg Trade. It seems that this trade, unlike the Great Aukney egg trade, is badly hit by low prices. Yet another question that aroused curiosity without satisfying itthe questioner not being in situ—was propounded by Mr. WALTER BAKER, who asked why Robert Sambo had been deported from Southern Rhodesia. Other portions of the question seemed rather to suggest that Sambo is a bit of a corner-boy and will never make old bones.

A new clause for the Unemployment Insurance Bill providing for grants from the Unemployment Fund for approved courses of instruction for unemployed girls and hoys of sixteen to eighteen years of age was accepted without a division, though most of the speakers on both sides of the House took occasion to say that they thought precious little of it.

PRIVY SEAL gave a briefforecast of the but the Opposition would do its best

work to be got through between now and Friday, December 23rd, on which blessed day their lordships exchange their solemn legislative functions for the decorous impersonation of Santa Claus.



"SERO SED SERIO." LORD SALISBURY. (After a portrait of the Earl of Salisbury, A.D. 1600.)

It was a formidable programme, and Lord Salisbury was not abnormally cautious when he said that he could "only speak in a very doubtful sense" of the Destructive Insects and Pests Bil and other minor measures which he



THE LATEST FLORIN. THE MINISTER OF LABOUR, SIR ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND.

thought the Government might ask them to agree to.

The Government had begun the Session too late, said Lord HALDANE, it. perhaps unconsciously paraphrasing Tuesday, December 6th.—The Lord the Salisburian motto, Sero sed serio,

to assist the general purpose. Lord BEAUCHAMP cynically added that that would be the easier in view of the fact that under single-chamber government the Ministry seldom took any not ce of Lords' amendments.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu then broached the subject of rail and road transport. His and other speakers' anxiety seemed to be roused lest the competition between road and rail (from which, he rather naively declared, the public benefited) should result, through the Government's failing to take action, in a sweeping victory for the railroads.

The opposite view—that an immense sum of money is being invested in setting up a road transport organization in cut-throat opposition to rail transport, and that this waste, for which the public must ultimately pay, can only result in higher freights and consequent further disasters to the coal and other British trades—was put, though not with any great lucidity, by Lord Peel.

Lord Montagu withdrew his motion for Papers, but it seems more than likely that the Southern Railway will change its mind about christening its new super-Lord-Nelson locomotive the

Puffing Beaulieu.

An answer of the PRIME MINISTER in the House of Commons revealed a serious discrepancy in policy, if not in actual ideals, between the War Office on the one hand and the Admiralty and Air Force on the other, in the matter of Service-aided films. The last-named Services appropriate half their takings to their respective Votes and half to their Departmental Sports Funds. The War Office appropriates all the fees it receives to its Vote, but requires its personnel who engage in film-making to be paid at the usual civilian rates.

It is not surprising, if true, as gentlemen opposite suggested, that an envious Navy takes unkindly to the camera.

The House concluded the Committee stage of the Unemployment Insurance Bill, Sir ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND appearing in the beneficent rôle of benefactor of youth, with an amendment raising the rates of benefit for young persons of from nineteen to twenty-one by a nice new florin all round. The Opposition cried "Stingy!" and moved to make it four shillings, but found the Minister in no mood to go further.

The day's proceedings closed with a long and nebulous "statement" by Mr. SAKLATVALA and a re-enunciation by Lord Winterton of the Government's intention of keeping the Hon. Member out of India as long as he pursued his

subversive ways.

Wednesday, December 7th.—Noble Lords do not often turn and rend each

other, but a sharp tearing noise was distinctly audible to-day when Lord old miners should be pensioned off at CRANWORTH fell upon Lord OLIVIER in sixty. "Not that I should call a man the course of a debate, initiated by the old at sixty," he added thoughtfully. latter, on the Government's policy in Kenya.

Mr. RAMSAY MAC-Donald believes that the best defence is attack, and he led off the Vote of Censure debate (No. 2) by boldly declaring that the uproar made by his followers on the previous abortive occasion was more than justified by the PRIME MINISTER'S "instinctive disregard of the decencies of Parliamentary life."

This would really have justified the PRIME MINISTER in "setting about" the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION and his bell-mouthed pack in no uncertain fashion, and there were those

PRIME MINISTER cut loose, as they say in America, and gave the Socialists what was coming to them. Perhaps because a sense of having been in the wrong restrained him-a decency of Parliamentary life that has seldom restrained his opponents—he merely enlarged on the difficulties of combining the Premiership with the Leadership of the House and explained why, on the previous occasion, he had determined not to speak.

At this point he seemed to wake up, pointed out that on that occasion he had heard noises made by the Opposition resembling those of birds that cackle on commons, and expressed the hope that they would all have a better Christmas than the birds in question.

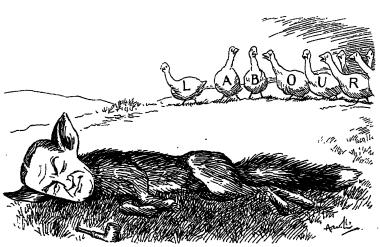
The President of the Board of TRADE then made his postponed defence of the Government's efforts to ameliorate the plight of the coal business.

In the main his speech was a record of small if positive achievements, and hardly prepared his audience for the peroration in which he assailed the Opposition with something approaching

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE contrived with some agility to insist that the PRIME MINISTER should have replied to the original motion of censure, and at the same time to rebuke the Government's mild optimism. Three badly-organised countries, he said, Poland, Britain and Russia, had a diminished coal output. In America, Germany, France and Belgium—the well-organised countriescoal production had gone up.

Among other things he thought the

to advance and remedies to propose for was for the mine-owners, who had taken



"WHO SAID 'CENSURE'?" OR, "THE FOX THAT SLEPT WITH ONE EYE OPEN." (After the well-known picture.)

present who felt it was about time the the ailing industry, but there was no sort since no amendments of substance by of agreement. Mr. D. GRAHAM, a miners' Member, refused to believe that foreign competition had anything to do with it. Mr. Austin Hopkinson said there was a quarter-of-a-million men too many in



AUNT SALLY'S LAMENT.

"There is absolutely nothing that can be thrown against the Government."-Coloncl LANE-Fox on the Coal Question.

the coal industry—put there by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. The coal that was capturing our markets was the Polish Silesian coal—again thanks to the post-War activities of the Right Hon. Member for Carnarvon Boroughs.

Mr. Spencer's remedies are to have no more coal-stoppages, to set up selling agencies and to safeguard steel and iron and other coal-absorbing industries. Mr. Several other Members had reasons VARLEY seemed to think that theremedy

> all the profits when there were profits, to stand all the losses now that there were only losses, but he was reminded that the miners now get a pro rata share of profits in the form of increased wages.

> And so the debate proceeded, with much disputatious cry and precious little promise of wool.

Thursday, December 8th.—On motion to go into Committee on the Landlord and Tenant Bill, noble lords complained that, while they had in effect singlechamber government,

the Lords were ever accepted, they were expected to do a deal of housemaid's work in the way of passing drafting amendments—the LORD CHAN-CELLOR had put down seventy-one to the Bill before them-which should never have been needed if the Commons knew their job.

Having laid this unction to their souls their Lordships went into Committee on the Bill and straightway fell into an argument on the high cost of litigation, in the course of which it quickly appeared that the Upper Chamber is well supplied with the legal equivalent of burglars turned policemen.

In the Commons Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS explained that the roundabout system has definitely reduced fatal accidents in Parliament Square. Another body-blow to the Fewer and Brighter Statesmen Movement!

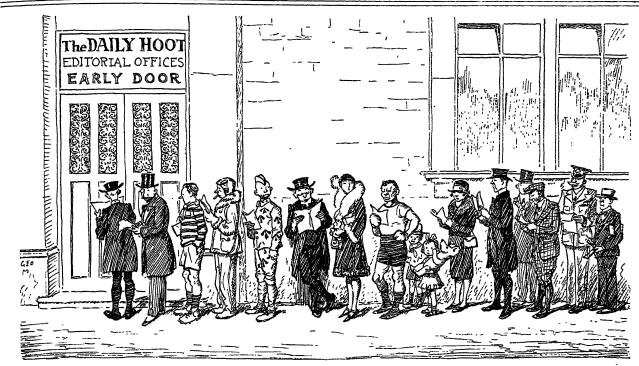
The gratifying news that the Exchequer has received over a million pounds in gifts since the War spurred Mr. Macquisten to inquire if any of the conscience money came from the Lloyd-George Fund. There was no reply.

To the accompaniment of the usual guillotine chop-chop the House concluded its deliberations on the Report stage of the Unemployment Insurance

"There are two ways of doing a job—the ght way and the wrong way. The latter is right way and the wrong way. The latter is easier if you know how. Therefore I am going to give a few useful hints."

Monthly Magazine.

Thank you so much.



LONDON FANTASIES: TYPES OF THE NEW JOURNALISM.

HIDE-AND-SEEK.

KING CHARLES THE FIRST to Parliament

Five good Parliament-Men to claim; King Charles he had them each by name-

Denzil Holles and Jonathan Pym And William Strode, and after him Arthur Hazlerigg, Esquire,

And Hampden, Gent., of Buckinghamshire.

The man at the gate said, "Tickets, please;"

Said Charles, "I've come for the five M.P.'s."

The porter said "Which?" and Charles said "These-

Just Denzil Holles and Jonathan Pym And William Strode, and after him Arthur Hazlerigg, Esquire,

And Hampden, Gent., of Buckingham-

In at the great front-doors he went, The great front-doors of the Parliament,

While out at the back with one consent Went Denzil Holles and Jonathan Pym And William Strode, and after him Arthur Hazlerigg, Esquire,

And Hampden, Gent., of Buckinghamshire.

Into the street stepped Charles the

His nose was high and his lips were pursed:

Did Denzil Holles and Jonathan Pym And William Strode, and after him Arthur Hazlerigg, Esquire, And Hampden, Gent., of Buckinghamshire.

SAFETY FIRST.

From the evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee on the Libel Law Amendment Bill it appears that the novelist's most difficult task is to invent names for his characters which do not already belong to living persons. Unless the law is altered one gets the impression that our unhappy authors will be driven to this kind of thing:-

Lady Allophloxina Gubbister-Wrangeffloach surveyed her companion thoughtfully. Edor Gloxox-Askinligmull, debonair and well-groomed as always, returned her gaze steadily.

"Who is the man?" at length she demanded briefly.

"His name," he replied, "is Gasphril Shaggis - Quinversbeitt. But that is neither here nor there. The point is that if he is well paid he can be trusted.'

"H'm," responded Lady Allophloxina; "I dislike bringing strangers into this affair. I would have preferred young Casstack Slungers - Beltape, but you think that-

"Quite out of the question," said the other decisively. "It must be Shaggis-Quinversbeitt or no one:"

But laugh till their rebel sides near burst is briefly the present situation. Mer-tion.

drisse Colcoot-Venasterbutts is staying all next week at Dullingpentagosel Manor with Lord and Lady Cleam-Cuprusty. There will be three other guests only-Groach Jellsin-Swickerbunce, whom we can ignore; Insa Shofts-Sodabbelpruce, who will have to be very carefully watched, and Mantaille Hoilodd-Hupercosson, about whom I am not quite sure. There is this advantage, that the second housemaid, Gryphynne Oversnooch, is in my pay. On the other hand I feel pretty sure that the chauffeur, Jonsix Benzocle, is an agent of the other side. Now-

Gloxox - Askinligmull gripped her wrists suddenly. "Hsst!" he whispered; "I heard something."

Lady Allophloxina suppressed a scream and her eyes widened in alarm.

"Look!" she muttered huskily. "Look at the door-handle! It is moving!"

Gloxox-Askinligmull wheeled round with an oath, and at that moment the door opened and a dark thick-set stranger entered the room.

"Who are you?" cried Lady Allo-phloxina, leaping to her feet.

"I am Detective-Inspector Grogephus Slappatin Flooburb," replied the stranger. . . .

"Not much over a century ago the Albert Memorial was erected, after careful consideration and with something like universal approbation."—Evening Paper.

"Very well, then. Now listen. This I'o say nothing of intelligent anticipa-



Magistrate. "Was the prisoner in your opinion intoxicated?"

Poiceman. "Well, your worship, I can't say that 'e was exactly drunk, but 'e was insufficiently otherwise."

AMBITIONS.

I THINK I shall marry the greengrocer's

If ever I marry when I grow up,
For he waves when we meet
At the end of the street,

And most of his horse is entirely black,

With one white part on the top of its back,

And he drives about in a pale-blue van,

And he laughs at the new Cairn pup.

And of course you will all come and live with me,

And we'll all be most frightfully rich; And of course we shan't stop All the day in the shop,

But Aunt Matilda will come to stay,

And I shall have grape-fruit every day,

And we'll go to the National Gallery Or else to the Cesarewitch.

But I don't want to marry Mr. William Brown,

Though he's handsome and awfully nice;

And I don't want to marry My Uncle Harry,

And not any boy unless it was Jim, And of course I know that I can't marry him;

And I don't want to live all the time in a town,

And I do want to keep white mice.

And I do want to write a tremendous book,

And to go on the stage and not to be hissed,

And I don't want at all To marry Mr. Hall

If he is the man who came last hols And asked me whether I still liked dolls:

And I don't want to order the meals from Cook

Or to make out a laundry-list.

And of course I am going to Venice, And I don't want to live in a tiny flat, So I think the best plan

Is the greengrocer's man,

If he'll let me do everything that
I like

And ride on his pony and not on a bike,

And teach me to serve overhand at tennis,

For I'm fearfully rotten at that.

Our Humane Fire-Fighters.

"Their car skidded on the tramlines, spun round and struck a fire alarm post. The unpact operated the alarm, and —— Fire Brigade turned out. The motorists escaped with a few bruises."—Daity Paper.

From a billiards report:-

"Reece occasionally delighted with his close cannon efforts, and a mashie attempt by Stevenson was masterly."—Manchester Paper.

Only a master, of course, could accomplish this approach shot without cutting the cloth.

THE VALUE OF HISTORY.

For years educationalists have discussed the claims of this subject and that to a place in the school curriculum. Reading, writing and arithmetic—these, it is generally admitted, form the basis of a rational system of instruction. But here agreement ceases. Is the study of the Latin Grammar advisable for children of a morbid temperament? Can the savage instincts of boys be mitigated by a course of lessons in music, and ought the term "music" to be extended, north of the Border, to include all or any of the sounds it is possible to extract from the bagpipes? Should the daughters of gentlepeople be told what logarithms are? Such questions have been hotly debated. So far, however, it has apparently not occurred to anybody to consult the opinions of those who are, after all, most directly interested—I mean the sufferers themselves. What are the views of our boys and girls?

It was with the object of gathering some light from this quarter that my friend John, who directs the mental inactivities of the Lower Third, recently proposed to his form that they should write him a set of short essays on "The Value of the Study of History." What he wanted, he explained, was their real opinions, fearlessly expressed. They had carte blanche to say what they pleased, but it would be well to support their arguments with facts, if possible.

Did they understand?

"Yes, Sir," replied the Lower Third.
"Very well, then," said John, "now

get on with it."

With my colleague's permission I append a few extracts from the essays. In their interpretation of historical data they seem to reveal, in more than one case, a freshness of outlook which may prove of interest to the educational psychologist.

The first effort was by Smithson

minor:-

"History is useful because it teaches you to persevear, compare Queen Elizabeth. Her claim to the throne was doubtfull because she had only one father but several mothers and a lot of people didn't like this so they were against her at first, but she stuck to it and became our greatest queen, at least they say so, also Bruce and the ant."

"History," wrote Brown, "is valuable for politicians, for instance after a war. When the statesmen settled Europe at the end of the Great War some of them didn't know much history. If Loyd George had had our master by him to tell him one or two things the result might have been different, but he didn't know about him."

"The child is pulling your leg, John," I said.

"Possibly," replied John; "but it doesn't matter. After all, there may be something in what he says."

Barker adopted a condemnatory attitude:—

"I like science experiments and arithmetic is not so bad and useful too, but I must say I can't see much good in history, especially dates. A man said once, 'The land that has no history is the best off,' and I agree with him. I wouldn't have minded living in prehistoric times, or at any rate before the Romans came to Britain, they started it all."

Bingley minimus:-

"History teaches us lots of lessons, amongst which is that we ought to be jolly glad we are living when we are and not in former times when there were so many tirants about. Look at Archbishop Laud, if you said anything almost he would have your ears cut off and things like that, but now you can say what you like. And the way James I. treated Sir Walter Raleigh, the man who invented cigarettes and potatoes, perfectly sickening. But John was the worst, he was always pulling the Jews' teeth out without gas. We ought to be thankful."



The Woman. "ARE YOU ONE OF THE BRIGHT YOUNG PROPLE? I AM."

Craggs quartus emphasised the æsthetic value of the subject:—

"Our form-master says we ought to try to use our imaginations. Well now I think history helps you to do that, at least tortures and executions, I like them. Last week he read us about the execution of the man who murdered William of Orange, there wasn't much left of him by the time they had finished with him. It is better than Edgar Allen Wallace or even Sapper in a way, because you feel it is not just made up. It is nice to shut your eyes and think it really happened."

"And I accused the little beast of being asleep," said John. "But apparently it was merely ecstasy."

A Royal Progress.

"KING VISITS COOLIDGE.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.
Premier Mackenzie, king of Canada, arrived in Washington to-day for a three-day visit."

U.S. Paner.

From an account of a recent attack upon the Greek President:—

"The crowd attempted to lunch the assailant."—New Zealand Paper.

Not, we think, the happiest moment for this offer of hospitality.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE WRECKER" (NEW).

(ABNOLD RIDLEY), and Mr. BERNARD OWEN ROUGHWOOD).

MERIVALE, provides for us a grown-up variant of the childish diversion of seeing the puff-puff. It is a jolly, naive, unlikely affair of murder by wholesale and retail, with the aid of wrecked trains, poisongas and noiseless guns electrically-fired. The heroes of the evening are unquestionably the makers of the plausible train noises (OFF)—the hearty whistlings, grumblings, roarings, hissings and sparkings of the Grand Trunk goods trains and expresses; and they receive the warmest tributes of applause, they and the shining levers and ticking instruments in the signalman's cabin, "supplied by the Great Western Railway."

This mood of ultra - conscientious realism does not in general inform our authors' characterisation, nor apparently were the officials of the G.W.R. and the L.M.S., who gave such admirable assistance in the technical details, consulted

about the practice of railway administration. Such directors, time-table his business and could control his de-maniacs, clerks, typists and detectives sire for spectacular effects would have Lady Beryl was a fair companionas were shown us in the Grand Trunk wasted a bullet on Sir Gervaise—a picture. Mr. George Elton's Joshua General Office would have been more heaven-sent ally; and I am quite sure Barney, the short-tempered, slave-driv-

effective wreckers of the system than any villain.

The authors would very properly retort that a picture of effective administration would have been considerably less diverting. Certainly we should have been sorry to miss the pert comédienne-typist, Gladys, played with admirable effect by Miss NORAH HOWARD; and the Roger Doyle (Mr. G. H. MULCASTER), Who leapt straight from the football-field into the Grand Trunk directorate—"lucky Roger Doyle," who had won the toss for England eleven times · running and finally saved the Rainbow express, deciding by the spin of a coin which lever to pull when the villain had set the

by the author of The Ghost Train competent uncle, Sir Gervaise (Mr. to the Rugger hero.



TO BE WELL SHAKEN AFTER DOPE TAKEN. Mary Sh Iton. . . . Miss Edna Davies. Horace Skeet Mr. Herbert Ross. Roger Doyle Mr. G. H. MULCASTER.



THE FOUR SUSPECTS: TO FIND THE WRECKER.

The Wrecker Chester Kyle Noah Twemblett . .

Mr. Keneth Kent. Mr. FRANK BERTRAM. . Mr. George Elton.

points so as to hurl the Company's also that Scotland Yard never trained crack train over an embankment. He any woman detective as ineffective as thus justified the otherwise apparent little Mary Shelton, who lost her head The Wrecker, another train mystery flagrant nepotism of his supremely in- on every possible occasion and her heart

These people are merely the stock puppets for this kind of show. The old engine-driver, Noah Twemblett (excellently played by Mr. Frank Bertram), was something more. Here was a character, a character of romance of course, with his queer and ingeniously argued conviction that engines have personality and take things into their own hands. One almost came to believe him. The authors made a good thing also of the nervous signalman, Horace, and his mate Alt, Mr. ARTHUR Young and Mr. HERBERT Ross competently seconding them. A little study of a nervous clerk by Mr. VAUGHAN POWEL must be commended, and the same player showed his skill and versatility as the unfortunate assistant-detective who was gassed by the wrecker. Mr. KENETH KENT always puts first-rate work into his parts, and his Chester Kyle, who was gambling in Grand Trunk stock and detaching lucky Roger's fiancee, Lavy Beryl Metchley,

No wrecker, by the way, who knew | was as good as the character's unlike-

ing, time-table-haunted little manager, was a sound performance, well in the key of the piece.

The authors cleverly defer the answer to this latest of stage riddleswho was the wrecker?

The serious persons of the Stage Society and the Drama League may deplore the fact, but this riddle will be proposed and these adroit noises will be made at the Newfor many a day. Mr. SEWELL COLLINS, the producer, knows his job and must feel a glow at the heart as he peeps out and sees hardened stage - goers holding their breath as the threatened Rainbow approaches the fatalpoints and shuddering as the grand diapason of sound the rolled dumbbells, relieving silence. This may not be Art, but it is good and Big Business.

"DR. SYN" (STRAND).

The secular activities of the clergy of to-day are sufficiently familiar; but a parson-pirate is something of a novelty. I cannot say exactly what the processes of preferment were in the reign of Good KING GEORGE THE THIRD, but the appointment of the piratical Clegg (under the name of Syn) to the cure of Dymchurch on the Romney Marsh may well have been facilitated by the fact that the entire population, from squire to sexton, were engaged in the smuggling business.

If it had been merely a case of a warmhearted latitudinarian who thought that he could best serve the worldly interests of his parish by winking at the local industry, permitting smuggled goods to be concealed in the crypt of his church, and screening his flock from the intrusions of preventive officers, he might have had my sympathy; but when a clerk in holy orders is himself the ringleader of an unscrupulous gang and commits a revolting murder under my eyes, I am inclined—priggishly, perhaps-to take an unfavourable view of him. This impression I retained even when the author (fresh from playing the title-rôle) assured me in an after-curtain speech that no reflection upon the Church was intended.

Naturally his clerical profession lent a flavour of spice to the hypocrisy of Dr. Syn's double part; and the necessary assumption of an unctuous voice and manner in face of the law's representatives was admirably contrived by RUSSELL THORNDIKE. His feats too of agility, mental and corporeal, and his instant resilience in emergencies, were greatly to his credit. But he could hardly have carried us through a rather antiquated entertainment without the assistance of Mr. Tom REYNOLDS' humour as Mr. Mipps, thesexton. Hisside-line was colfin-building, which should have been a lucrative employment, for mortality among smugglers is liable to run high, and coffins also made the most plausible

the sand-paper, the sheet metal, the depositories for their treasure in the You would not think it possible to decbig drums and what-not—swells to a church crypt. But he was capable of any- orate the forearm of a corpse with a dethreatening crescendo and fades to a thing, from psalm-singing to tattooing. sign of a sailor walking the plank above a



THE SCHOOLMASTER SCHOOLED, Miss Florence McHuch. Mr. Rash. Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.



THE BLACK SHEPHERD OF THE FLOCK. Mr. Mipps. Mr. Tom Reynolds. . . . Mr. Russell Thorndike. Dr. Syn . .

shark expectant and get it done in about three minutes; but he did. Though physically he may not have seemed very well adapted to the dangerous job of buccaneer's factotum, he took things as they came with an easy aplomb, and found material for fun in the most unlikely conditions. It was delightful to see Mr. REYNOLDS given so good a chance, for he is a great artist in detail.

Further relief from the strain of violent plot and counter-plot was afforded by a conventional love-interest. Dr. Syn had an ingenuous "ward" who harboured a passion for the squire's son. She was in point of fact the reverend pirate's own daughter, and it was a piece of luck for us that he should have chosen that very evening for her enlightenment, since in the course of revealing his fatherhood he exposed an unsuspected remnant of humanity lurking in his wicked heart.

The performance of the minor parts was fairly adequate to the theme, though I found Mr. Os-WALD LINGARD'S Captain Collyer, R.N., a little inclined to be wooden, and Mr. EDWIN ADELER, as Sir Anthony Cobtree, seemed to be content to give us the typical heavy landlord of those days without suggesting that he combined the functions of a squire with those of a rumrunner-that he was, if I may say so, a squuggler.

From Mr. THORNDIKE's very pleasant speech we learned that the play had already been tried out at two of our leading naval centres, Portsmouth and Plymouth. This must have needed some courage, for it ends with the triumph of the smugglerpirates over the Navy and the hauling down of the White Ensign on H.M.S. Vindictive in favour of the Jolly Roger. We shall have to look to Peter Pan at the Gaiety over the way to rectify the baleful effect of this deplorable conclusion. O. S.

- VETERINARY COLLEGE. Anti-Arabic inoculation will commence at the above College from 1st November, 1927."-Indian Paper. We disapprove of this race prejudice:

HORIZONTAL TRAINING.

As one of the many downtrodden officers whose moustaches have always insisted on preserving a strictly vertical or gravitational tendency, I have always regarded with envyand admiration those fortunate warriors who, by the lucky circumstances of a horizontal or even upward-curving labial growth, have ensured for themselves accelerated promotion, lucrative staff-appointments and undisputed social supremacy.

It occurred to me during a recent attack of influenza to carry out an experiment with the view of ascertaining whether this immense physical advantage was in fact a gift of providence, or whether it was a result, like so many other supposed providential attributes, of sheer hard work. I allowed my moustache to grow; I brushed it sideways for ten minutes four times a day; I stuck it sideways every night with a slightly moistened shaving-stick; I combed it sideways with one terminal of the doctor's electric coil, holding the other terminal in the hand (a very odd sensation). My moustache merely grew straighter downwards, if possible, than ever and further and further into my beef-tea, so that I had to procure an expensive kind of cup with a semicircular tray to rest the moustache on while drinking.

At last I came to the reluctant conclusion that the eoveted horizontal tendency was either, as I had feared, a fortuitous or possibly hereditary natural advantage, or else it was attained by some secret process of training known only to the chosen few. (Horizontal Training. Parts I. and II. Secret and Confidential.)

In connection with this last possibility a ray of hope was given me only the other day when I was attending a Tactical Exercise in the capacity of bottle-washer (temporary only, course, since the hairs even of a bottlewasher are required to stick out sideways) to a Brigade Staff. In the course of the exercise the Brigade Commander, whose moustache grew extremely side-ways, summoned his Battalion Commanders, whose moustaches all grew more or less sideways, and told them to meet him later at the "G" in SITTINBOURNE. None of them appeared to see anything strange in the instruction.

I might have overlooked the evidential nature of this incident had I not chanced to connect it in my mind with a certain aspect of my attack of influenza. For the duration of the attack "g" was one of the few sounds I was able to emit, and the downward growth was of unnatural ferocity.

Can it be that I have discovered the secret principle underlying Horizontal Trainin'? At the risk of prosecution under the Official Secrets Act I submit the suggestion for the earnest consideration of my fellow-sufferers.

BEEF: A LAMENT.

[Suggested by recent articles on the Smithfield Show, in which stress is laid on the new fashion of "baby beef," and the declining demand for big joints, barons of beef and British meat.]

THE horse has fall'n from favour, Except to hunt the fox, And now its old-world savour Deserts the British ox.

The home-grown beef that FIELDING*
Acclaimed as England's boast
To foreign fare is yielding
And giving up the ghost.

Small kitchens void of "ranges," Fashion's enhanced appeals, Account for many changes And make for meagre meals.

Houses and girls grow taller,
But as expenses wax
Dishes are growing smaller,
More people live on "snacks."

And the lean highbrow sickens
When reading of the feats
Of gluttony which DICKENS
Ad nauseam repeats.

The baby car is winning
A vogue beyond belief,
And butchers now are pinning
Their faith to "baby beef";

For in the ceaseless battle
With food from overseas
Prime cuts from British cattle
No more our palates please;

While vegetarian fritters
Cooked on the gas-ring's flame
Produce degenerate critters
Of unathletic frame.

If we permit the nation's

Best Baron to expire,

Futile are new "creations"

Our public zeal to fire;

And since of flesh we eat less
The moving finger points
To times for ever meatless,
For ever out of joints.

* "The Roast Beef of Old England," in The Grub Street Opera.

That Tyred Feeling!

"OILS DULL. Dunlops again characterised the Oil share market, which seems to be unable to shake off its apathy."—Provincial Parer.

"£100,000 FOR UNIVERSITY.
UNANIMOUS DONOR."
Australian Paper.

Welike these single-hearted benefactors.

BRASS.

AT each year's end I receive, as a householder in the fishing village of Pitmunk, a bright pink card, bearing on its outside the legend:—

SEASON'S GREETINGS
FROM
PITMUNK'S SILVER BAND
TO
YOU AND YOURS.

This is surmounted by an elaborate drawing of some exceedingly complicated wind instrument resembling a plan for central-heating.

Opening my card of greeting, I find on the left a sketch of two hands firmly interlocked. The fact that they are both left hands gives an esoteric touch that one likes to think is intentional. Below the sketch is written: "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot—The Same To You and many of them."

At first I used to feel I ought to be able to make these lines scan, but with the years I have given up trying.

On the opposite page there is a little letter, headed:—"To Our Friends"; then, sinking quite suddenly to comparative coldness:—

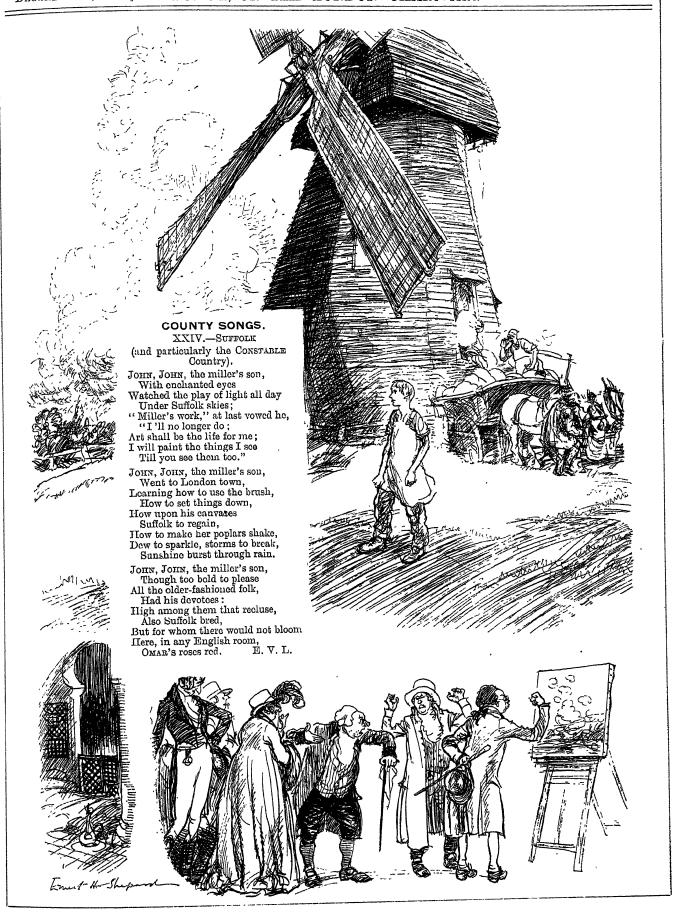
SIR, MADAM OF OCCUPIER,—Now that the festive season has again appeared we, the members of the Pitmunk Silver Band, intend to observe the time-honoured custom for the past many years of parading on the 1st Jan., and will play, with your permission, appropriate airs at or near your residence. As most of the instruments are needing repairing, we look to you for your cordial support and hope you will see your way to make your donation as generous as possible.

On behalf of the Band, we are, Respectfully yours, Jas. Bannock, Conductor.

ALEX. McKechnie, Hon. Sec. & Treas.

The subsequent proceeding is always the same. Towards noon on New Year's Day a fresh-faced young fisherman appears with a money-box on the doorstep. This I take it is Mr. McKechnie, Hon. Sec. and Treas. Straining my ears I can catch the wind-blown refrain of "Auld Lang Syne" coming up from the "Harbour Inn" (the Hon. Sec. tells me it is "nice and central-like"). More than this I never hear, and perhaps it is enough for me to realise that the card was in deadly earnest regarding the condition of the instruments, so I "make my donation as generous as possible."

Virgil on Safety First. "Fugiant examina taxos."—Ecl. ix. 30.





Countryman (on sixth floor of large stores, shopping for Christmas). "My! It's a climb up them stairs!" Assistant. "WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE THE LIFT, SIR?" Countryman. "I MEANT TO, BUT I JUST MISSED THE DANGED THING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Its richness and its more than a hint of indigestibility should be no bar to the appreciation of Mr. John Mase-FIELD's new book by purchasers of seasonable fare, for the richness is undoubtedly due to a lavish use of the best materials and the indigestibility can, I think, be set down to the cook's generous amalgamation of too many promising recipes. Pirates, flaunting on the high seas, marooned on desert islands or leading respected lives among the English squirearchy; witches and wizards, complete with broomanimals—a fox, a bat, a rat, an owl, several cats and an otter—a little boy (adventurous), a guardian (pompous), a governess (malevolent), besides a highwayman and smugglers, by no means deplete the resources of the cast. There are three separate caches of plunder—the highwayman's, the smuggler's and the pirate's; and the last is the treasury of the cathedral of Santa Barbara, entrusted to Great-grandpapa Harker in 1811, stolen by his mutinous crew, and proposed by his apparition as the goal of a series of nocturnal quests to Kay, his orphan great-grandson. By day, Kay is rather a cowed child, regimented by good maids and a bad governess and floundered by the verb pouvoir. But at night he is full of resource. I am not sure that his adventures

crabbed age appreciating them either. But anywhere between these categories, and occasionally within them, The Midnight Folk (Heinemann) should find friends, if only for the drollery of its talking beasts, the dash of its "Regency' lyrics and its racy and emotion-charged background of country-house, stable and spinney.

The ship in art has of late years come so decidedly into her own—as well from the historical, the æsthetic and the sentimental standpoints as from the purely acquisitive one of the collector for collecting's sake—that Mr. E. Keble CHATTERTON'S monograph, Old Ship Prints (LANE), makes sticks, invisible ointments and seven-leagued boots; talking its appearance at an auspicious time; the more so since the source of its many admirably-reproduced illustrations is the Macpherson Collection, that treasure-house of pictorial sea-history the possibility of whose loss to this country is troubling a good many minds at the present moment. The scope of the volume ranges from the work of the early wood-engravers and cartographers to the aquatints and lithographs of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The pictures, it is hardly necessary to add, are a delight, notably the frontispiece in colour of "An East Indiaman's Quarter Deck," and the letterpress is pleasantly informative. But why are such typical blackwallers as Wigram's Essex and Sussex described, both in the text and beneath he is full of resource. I am not sure that his adventures the illustrations, as "clipper-ships"? It is true that the will make headway with his fellow-children. Perhaps they term was sometimes rather loosely used by contemporary are not intended to, though it is rather difficult to see lengravers and lithographers; but the two vessels in question, both as regards their comparative lack of sheer and of the characteristic bow and stern lines, are by no means what is technically indicated by the expression "clipper."

There's excellent reading in Kitty, and

Concerned with a contest of feminine

wits Employed by a couple of ladies who Differ completely in points of view. One of them's Kitty herself, who's sweet (She works in a shop in a Mayfair street); The other's a dame of breeding and tone Who seems to stand in a class alone, For, though she's county and all that's "nice,

She's nothing less than a block of ice-And a block at that with the sort of pelt Which nothing on earth will induce to melt.

The trouble between them is briefly stated:

The iceberg's son and Kitty have mated, A fact which the mother makes no disguise

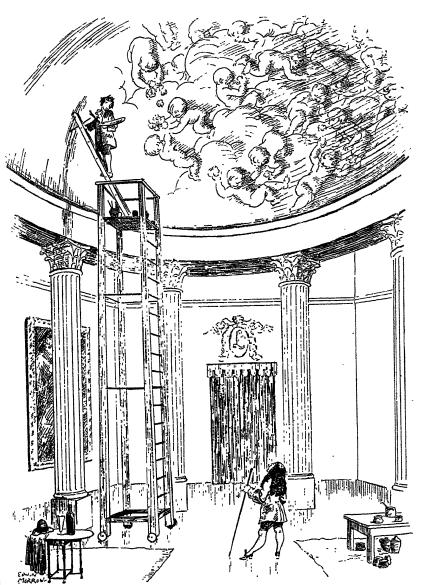
Of wholly refusing to recognise, While she plays the very degraded game Of throwing mud at the girl's good name. But Kitty's up to this low-down trick And sees that none of the missiles stick. She does, moreover, her best to thaw The frozen heart of her mother-in-law, And the moves and countermoves are

Though what they are I decline to state. For further particulars kindly go

To WARWICK DEEPING (and CASSELL AND Co.).

When CIGERO remarked of the bellicose and imposing Lentulus, "Who has tied my little son-in-law to that big sword?" he expressed in adequate metaphor exactly what one feels on finding a long preface tacked on to a short book. Some of us make a point of persevering to the end in such

Unlikely Stories (LANE) to postpone "Vernon Lee's" five amalgamated introductions until they have read her stories. This done, they will, I think, appreciate the subtle account of spiritual and material origins, the suggestions of and answers to possible criticisms and the happy reminiscence of friendly critics-Mr. Maurice Baring, Sargent and others-which compose the prelude in question. Four of remarkable for the atmosphere which SARGENT notes as "the real raison d'être" of the last. The first is a Pateresque hybrid with a setting of sand-dunes and a wild confusion of cults; the second a Spanish fantasy, even more successful in colour if equally ambiguous in tone; the third, staged at Foligno, conveys with distinction that wistful feeling for "odds and ends of ravage" which is the poetry of anti-quarianism; and the fourth enchants by its whole-hearted youthful relish for the supernatural and its sensitiveness to



Wealthy Patron. "You don't seem to be getting on very well this morning?" Painter. "No, I am a little out of sympathy with the subject. I was up all night with the baby."

cases, but I exhort every reader of For Maurice: Five from a magazine of the eighties, not from the revised version of Hauntings. "The Gods and Ritter Tanbûser," which stands a little apart from its fellows, tells with Disraelian zest how Apollo and Athene journey to the Minnesingers' contest at the Wartburg, with the object of keeping a divine eye on the human protegé of Aphrodite.

All sorts of exciting things are expected to happen when the tales, "Marsyas in Flanders," "The Virgin of the Seven A Princess Comes to Our Town (Methuen), even if she is Daggers," "The Doll" and "Winthrop's Adventure," are only—ought I to say "only"?—a real princess, and it is just merely your town or mine. But when the town is Miss Rose Fyleman's and the princess is a fairy-tale princess, well, "exciting" is not an exciting enough word to describe them with. Now Miss FYLEMAN has made her town, with its mayor, and its market, and its draper's and antique shops, its park and the band that played there, just as clear as they might be in the most real-life story, and her Princess Finestra, in blue velvet and gold, with her bag of magic gifts in her pretty hands, as truly fairy as she might the lure of a vanishing Italy. This, by the way, is reprinted be in, say, Hans Andersen. The result of putting two enchanting volume which almost persuades you that you yourself, however dull and ordinary you may be, might find a fairy princess standing beside you next time you are in a crowd, take her home with you and share in all the delightful adventures which would follow because she was living in the every-day world with a fairy-tale mind. I feel—perhaps it is foolish of me—that it would have been happier to make it Queen Anne's statue that walked and talked with Finestra rather than QUEEN VICTORIA'S. have all known for some time that the one Queen is dead, and the other was a contemporary of rather many of us. That is my only grumble. A Princess Comes to Our Town is most amusingly illustrated by Miss GERTRUDE LINDSAY, and will enchant all readers between six and sixteen, while Dr. Eustace Hailey, is engaged in solving the rather too I particularly advise all young-hearted aunts and uncles to arbitrarily-contrived mysteries. These tales may serve to offer to read it aloud.

Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA is one of those clever young writers who touch nothing that they do not aerate. Enough to say that he has made history bright and has almost succeeded in writing entertainingly about Liberalism. In Conquistador (Benn) he gives us his fleeting impressions of the United States, which he recently visited on a lecture tour. A brief visit, as Mr. GUEDALLA justly points out, is the sole excuse for writing a book about America. A lengthy acquaintance may be get knowledge, but it also begets sympathy, and that promotes dullness. Better the lightning flashes of instantaneous comprehension that illuminate a profundity of ignorance. Mr. Guedalla's chapters are a brilliant succession of such flashes. He neither assails the United States nor patronizes them. He is even humble in spots, or pre-

tends to be, having discovered that the gentle satirist can vious danger of being singed by flames, and also "a heap pull the American leg indefinitely, but his kaleidoscopic peep-show never stops working as we hurry in his wake to Legislature here and a campus there and a million-dollar "salvation-mill" somewhere else. More informative books about the States have been written, none that combines vision and entertainment in such adequate proportions.

Mr. R. W. Service has done such complete justice to the title of The House of Fear (T. FISHER UNWIN) that more than once, though I have read too many tales of crime to be easily horrified, he left me absolutely aghast. When we are introduced to Peter MacBeth, "ingloriously drunk," he is making himself acquainted with the underworld of Paris. There he meets a girl who from no choice of her own belonged to this same world, and for sound reasons he adopts her. They escape together from Paris and the villains who are haunting them, and after long motorings Peter eventually buys a house, on the spur of the moment, because he is too endeavours in favour o tired and ill to go another kilometre. I wonder if Mr. beginning to bear fruit.

such very different things together is a whimsical and Service has ever heard of the Englishman who bought an hotel at Naples because it was being sold over his head and he wanted somewhere to sleep. Anyhow, here was Peter in a house acknowledged to be trop triste and of an evil reputation. For the terrors that lurked in and around it I will refer you to the tale itself, which is without the least exaggeration a masterpiece of its genre.

> The twelve short stories by ANTHONY WYNNE, under the odd title, Sinners Go Secretly (Hutchinson), are mostly concerned with murder or murder attempted, by revolver, by a car's exhaust-gas, by the poisoned claws of a kitten, by mechanical idol, by bees, by gas and by fire. The connecting link is that a broad-shouldered Harley Street alienist,

beguile a dull train journey. Mr. WYNNE is not a stylist and is, moreover, unnecessarily obscure; and certainly complicated. When some persons of foreign birth desire to get possession of certain Naval plans kept in a safe in a wooden studio, they rig up an arrangement of mirrors (optimists!) on the telephonewires, set fire to the building therewith, and have a fireengine manned by their accomplices to come and carry off the safe! Dr. Hailey stops the fire-engine by driving his coupé into it, whereupon the safe falls out and the fall opens it—a good advertisement for the makers. There is, in fact, a certain lack of plausibility in our author's cunning. Incidentally his book achieves distinction for its misprints.

On the cover of Inspector French and the Starvel Tragedy (Collins) you will find what I presume to be the Inspector himself, in ob-

of smouldering ruins—three corpses—another problem for French." I was far indeed from being allured, but Chicago and Los Angeles and the Grand Canyon, to a State no sconer had I passed this barrier and plunged into the story than it held me fast in its custody. Mr. FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS has not only provided an excellent mystery, but has also put it before his readers with a due regard for form and characterisation. Further, he has a neat and justifiable trick up his sleeve, which he reveals at precisely the right moment. In short his story takes high rank in the "A" class of detective fiction, and, if he will see to it that Inspector French becomes neither too ambitious nor too suave, all will be as well in the future as it is to-day.



Old Lady (buying masks for children's party). "YES, THESE ARE VERY GOOD; BUT HAVEN'T YOU SOME DEPICTING CHARACTERS OF MORE TEMPERATE HABITS?"

Notice issued by a University Guild:—

"Mr. —, H.M. Inspector of Taxes, is giving us a piper on 'Income Tax.' The latter will probably be followed by a small supper at the 'White Horse Hotel.'"

Mr. Punch is delighted to see that his frequently renewed endeavours in favour of brighter tax-collecting are at last

CHARIVARIA.

The Daily Mail has been informed that there is no knowledge of any proposal that Mr. BALDWIN should visit South Africa. It is believed too that Lord ROTHERMERE has other plans for

The coloured man who styles himself the "Negro Moses" must be very difficult to locate when the light goes out.

in Moscow. That is rather awkward. What is he going to talk through now?

Sir Samuel Hoare relates that, on a recent visit to Palestine, he noticed sheiks moving their tents with a Ford car at the head of the caravan. A pathetic feature of modern desert life is the Arab's farewell to his Ford.

A contemporary points out that wives can still be bought in Central Africa for half-acrown. It seems a lot of money.

The photograph of Signor Mussolini, measuring twenty feet by fiteen, which has been exhibited in Rome, is believed to be the first life-size portrait of him that has been taken. * *

Signor Mussolini requests that no Christmas or New Year's cards shall be sent to him. He willbein our thoughts just the same.

The Amir of Afghanistan,

who is making a tour of Europe, is not accompanied by his official jester. The latter is naturally disappointed, as he would dearly have loved to exchange some bright patter with our Mr. G. B. Shaw.

Burglars broke into a West-End Music Hall last Wednesday, but did no damage to the interior. Burglars of course do not play University Ragger.

Professor John C. Almack, of Stanford University, has concluded an examination of American humour, extending over six years, during which he collected and analysed eight thousand jokes and tried them on a thousand people. Our heart goes out to the thousand people.

A Conservative M.P., who enjoys in the actual existence of Santa C.aus working as a diver, has expressed a wish to examine a wreck in deep water. In Abingdon Street it is anticipated that the rising tide of Liberalism will provide him with opportunities.

Last Friday week thirty-eight welldressed women were arrested for shoplifting at Sydney. They were shoplifting early to avoid the rush.

During the Inter - Banks Cross-M. LUNACHURSKY, a representative of Country Championship, which was dethe Soviet, has had his fur hat stolen cided the other day, it was noted that

"OH, DADDY, WHAT A LOVELY FESTOON!"

the majority of the competitors moved at the current bank-rate.

Mr. L. S. Amery is reported as being enthusiastic about the ski-ing possibilities of New Zealand glaciers. A"Ski Imperially " campaign is indicated.

It is anticipated that a continuance of the President of the Royal Academy's crusade against the negroid influence in modern art will be accompanied by the singing of "Marching through Neo-Georgia and Dicksee.'

The National Kindergarten at Evanston, U.S.A., where a series of tests has de-stuffed with famous wicket-keeper himself. been conducted, advocates that any Pairs, Rs. 32-0."—Indian Stores Catalogue. ston, U.S.A., where a series of tests has child of ten who unreservedly believes | This stumps us.

should be taken to see a psychiatrist. We fancy, however, that a clown or a conjurer would be more appreciated.

As a retaliatory measure to the action of the L.T.A., there is some talk of forbidding journalists to play lawn-tennis.

One of the prizes in a London competition is a free surgical operation. If the winner follows up his luck he may secure a free funeral next time.

With reference to the man who had

been convicted of burglary several times and recently assisted the police, it is felt that he ought to be presented with a suitably inscribed jemmy.

A newspaper headline mentions "TOMMY LOUGHRAN the New Cruiser Champion," but Mr. COOLIDGE, with his twentyfive new ones, can't be far behind.

A manufacturer announces that he hopes soon to be making saxophones at a price which will bring them within the easy reach of everybody. Gloomy beggar!

According to a Dulwich correspondent half our winter ailments are caused by fogs and lack of sunshine. This looks like a subtle attempt to shield the Government.

An expert attributes the majority of motor accidents to the human element. Is this quite fair to the inhuman element?

* *
It is indeed a feather in the cap of the League of Peace if it is true that The Daily Mail

and The Daily Express have decided to hold Christmas on the same day.

A woman delivers coal in a London suburb. This is quite a good idea. We must try to persuade our "coal-merchant" to stock this commodity.

Steel artificial teeth are now to be had. The noise you hear at a footballmatch when the home side commits an error-a noise like all the buses in the Strand changing their gears at onceis community-gnashing.

"The 'Strudwick' Leg-Guard. Scientifically

A COAT-OF-ARMS FOR THE B.B.C.

YIELDING to a very common temptation the B.B.C. has been coquetting with that venerable institution, the Heralds' College. And the outcome of this May-and-December flirtation is a coat-of-arms for the parvenu, rather as though the B.C.C. were a newly-ennobled soap-merchant. Here are the details of this embellishment, as now passed for universal exhibition by the College of Arms:—

"Azure, a Terrestrial Globe proper encircled by an Amulet Or, and seven estoiles in orle Argent; and for the crest, on a Wreath of the Colours a Lion passant Or, grasping in the dexter forepaw a Thunderbolt proper. Supporters on either side, an Eagle, wings addorsed proper, collared Azure; pendent therefrom a Bugle-horn stringed Or.' The motto reads, 'Nation shall speak peace unto nation.

I am no herald and not much of a wireless expert, but I must say this compilation seems to me inadequate. Why "feature" a thunderbolt in the off forepaw of the lion when everyone knows that it is the aim of the careful licence-holder to keep all thunderbolts well away from his receiving set, and that he is frequently advised to instal an arrangement for disconnecting the whole affair during thunderstorms lest a flash of lightning should suddenly pop out of the loud-speaker?

Why not a real broadcasting coat-ofarms, one that would bear some relation to the business in hand? For example:-

Azure, a Transmitting Station proper encircled by an Aerial engrailed and Nine Cat's Whiskers wavy in Car-borundum and Sable; and for crest a Loud Speaker rampant Argent, with S.O.S. proper emergent. Supporters on either side Two Uncles clamant, displayed: pendent from dexter hand of each Uncle an Infant Or [i.e. good as gold] regardant attentive. Motto:— "London Calling."

But I am not prejudiced to the point of obstinacy in favour of my own modest attempt at blazonry. If any one can beat it, bearing in mind at once the requirements of the situation and the rich supply of available symbols, by all means let the B.B.C. select someone else's design. I, for instance, have not worked into my scheme a Grid Leak cabossed Or; nor have I done anything | I said. about a Cathode, couped and crowned Argent. There are possibilities too about a Megohm sejant on a field fretty; and there might be room somewhere for a Microphone, gorged proper My wife from and vibrant. I daresay some sort of nalling to me.

cautionary emblem might also be embodied with good effect—for example, a Listener-in, Gules, affronté, at gaze, rampant, upon a Six-Valve Set oscil-

There, I merely throw out these suggestions as proof of generosity and goodwill; anyone interested is at liberty to adopt and/or improve on them. But do let us approach the problem in the mood of broadcasters and broadcastees rather than contemporaries of the BLACK PRINCE.

QUEER FISH.

"THE Food Council advise the public to ask for the cheaper and less-known fish," I said. "I shall do what they suggest."

"Yes," said my wife doubtfully, "but

don't get anything queer."

I left her to wait on the other side of the road while I bearded our fishmonger. "What can I do for you?" said the

manager blandly—a very superior person.

I seized the bull by the horns, or perhaps I should say the fish by the fins, and replied, "I want a witch.

The young lady at the desk stopped polishing her nails to listen and the two assistants were visibly disturbed. The manager's smile faded. I felt that I had made a gaffe. I corrected myself hurriedly: "I mean I want about a pound of witch."

"We have one Torbay sole left," said the manager. His tone conveyed a reproof. "It is rather small."

"Perhaps ling?" I murmured. "He trod the ling like a buck in Spring-

The quotation appeared unfamiliar to the fishmonger. I saw that whatever he did for me would not take the form of ling. But I had not yet exhausted my list. glanced at the fish lying on the marble slab. "Well, what about gurnard?" 1 ventured-" or saithe?"

He did not answer me. A lady had come into the shop and he turned to She carried a toy Peke and a gold-mesh bag and ordered three-dozen oysters and a brace of pheasants, but I felt that he would have abandoned me with an equal alacrity for a charwoman | Parson he call we "old in sin' buying a bloater for her tea.

One of the assistants approached. "We've got dabs caught locally," he said, "or there is hake."

But I had left the beaten path and I would not return without a struggle. "I would rather have a catfish cutlet,"

He seemed hurt by the suggestion. "Or megrims," I added.

And at that he too gave me up and went away. I stood there, a pariah. My wife from across the road was sig-

Time was passing and we had to have something to eat. I cornered the other assistant and gave my order.

"Well," said my wife when I rejoined

her, "what did you get?"

"Didn't you see me," I said bitterly, "creeping away, a broken man? I got the usual thing at the usual price."

"Filleted plaice?'

"Plaice, filleted; but it's probably a

"Place, —
witch really."
"Darling," she said, "I think you
—fully brave. You must try again to-morrow and insist on having megrims.

I doubt if I shall.

THE ROGUES' CAROL.

Now Chrismus is a-drawen close Lift up a jyful carrel, For them as wassails wisely knows The butler and the barrel; So fust to Squier wull us sing, Accorden to our habet (Though he gi'ed I six weeks last Spring For a-poachen of a rabbet).

And next to Major's for to go, Attenden on the Quality, For he d' like his glass, we know, And is a friend to jollity; The Major got no special use For churches nor for chapels (But he d' leave the padlock loose Whurr he d' store his apples).

Young Stuckup Sam ain't long bin yurr; He's called Frog Farm "The Cedars," But thurr they brews the best o' beer, And they be all fine feeders; So thither let us stratch our legs, The blesséd tidens bringen (And Joe mid find a good few eggs While they d'watch we singen).

School-teacher's sharp about the nose, But us'll carrel to her; She said our Gladys warn't no rose And wished the fambly fewer; The chile she never stirred her tongue To these nor suchlike mockens (But watched out whurr the wash wur

And "Ethiopian leopards," But us'll goo his gates within And sing to him "Wild Shepherds"; For Merry Chrismus wull us keep, And unto him us owe it ('Cos feyther 's stole the parson's sheep, And parson he don't know it).

And got herself they stockens).

From a catalogue of bird mascots for motors:-

"PHEASANT.—Just the thing for lovers of

What about a half-brace of grouse for amateurs of cover-shooting?



UNINTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

PHILIP, Ex-Chanticleer of the Exchequer. "MOTHER RAMSAY'S COUNTING HER CHICKENS BEFORE THEY'RE HATCHED."



Lady Bountiful. "WE'VE COME TO WISH YOU A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND BROUGHT YOU EACH A LITTLE PRESENT; AND I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU BOTH LOOKING SO WELL." Cottager. "AH, THANKEE, YOUR LADYSHIP. YES, ME AND THE OLD MAN KEEPS JAZZING ALONG."

UNKNOWN SNAPS.

I often wonder what has happened to all the photos of me. I don't mean the conventional kind achieved by professional photographers in a pale green light, the kind which I sometimes hurriedly order in December when I can't think of any Xmas presents and whack out, one apiece, to my relations cold supper and before the music: like cigarette pictures; the kind which for years stand in serried ranks and silver A great traveller! There he is, next frames on the polished top of Aunt Jessica's piano, the kind which all fall flat simultaneously if the door is banged. I don't mean that kind at all.

The photos I have in mind are the snapshots which are taken by total strangers, which in fact you see being taken by total strangers, but never see again. You don't even have the consolation of saying, as you would to a one-if it came out-is, I know from friend, "By the way, old man, how the accent, somewhere in America. It did those snaps of us at Brighton come is doubtless called quite simply, "Well out?" And he says, "Oh, fine; I've with Wop.' been meaning to send you copies." Of Then 1 a course, as he goes on meaning, you French snap-shot. I can well imagine never see those either; but at least you what that one looks like—if it hasn't have been assured that they are "fine."

Now I know there are various un-

the Calais boat just leaving Dover. A lady on the pier was taking a photo of the gentleman next me, obviously on a three-day trip to Paris (all expenses paid, including gratuities and charabanc trip to Versailles). I often wonder where that photo is now. In some Surbiton album doubtless. Do they show it on Sunday evenings, after the "Look, that's George going abroad. that man who looks so sea-sick"?

There is another very fine one of me, this time in Venice, leaning soulfully on a carved well-head. The snap-shooter was trying to take the well-head by itself, but I was using it to lean against. I only just had time to pull my hat low over my eyes, droop my cigarette and try to look interestingly Italian. That

Then I am in the forefront of one what that one looks like-if it hasn't been destroyed. I, slightly out of focus and with large feet, am occupying most

the fringes of a French family group beyond. I am certain it is a French one because I know what voluble French indignation sounds like.

Of course a snap of me has been taken by the Press, but that too I have never seen. I am watching some complicated machine at work in last summer's Advertising Exhibition. At least, nominally I am; actually I am cowering in a corner. No one told me about the flashlight and for the moment I thought the machine had blown up.

Among minor triumphs I may mention a portrait of me doing up my bootlace. I don't know where this is at all or who took it; I only heard the click of the shutter from behind, as I wasn't exactly facing the camera at the moment. And I must not forget that picture of the Nelson Column with me in the foreground—the foremost ground. That, I know, must be pasted in somewhere, for, observing that the photographer, a German I should say, had his eyes glued on the finder, and being too occupied myself to move, I made my very best face just as the film was taken. It has probably caused a good deal of controversy on the Continent known photos of me extant. There is of the picture, proceeding in a hurry as to the vaunted beauty of the Englishone of me, which must have come out diagonally from left to right. Round man and the vaunted superiority of well, leaning negligently on the rail of my outskirts, so to speak, can be seen English tailoring. Did I mention I was

also endeavouring to adjust my braces unnoticed at the time?

But on the whole I should say my best effort is not exactly a snap. It is several feet of film on one of those Home Cinematographs. I am ski-ing in it, at any rate for a small portion of the film. The owner, unknown, was taking well-known ski-ers as they came down a convenient slope in a race. Now I am no Lindbergh on skis; 1 cannot even dress the part. Indeed I am not a well-known ski-er at all (at least not well-known in the accepted sense), but I had been, a moment previously, caught by a nasty cough when standing too near the top of the slope, and my skis are fast. I should like very much to see that film, for l refuse to believe the owner has destroyed it, appearing, as I did, between young Mlle. Olga Slideoff and M. Upendski, who, as everyone knows, are respectively the BETTY NUTHALL and the ALEKHINE of the ski-ing world. But I do feel that the owner would like to know my name, so that he may provide a fitting title. On the other hand he may have done so already. He has probably called it "Small Avalanche at Mürren."

Oh, and by the way, whoever took that photo of me last summer at Margate—fcr I heard the click of that too—will he kindly send me the film and all prints for destruction and he will be suitably rewarded? The stout lady with the feathered hat depicted as leaning against me was not even an acquaintance. She was a total stranger who had momentarily lost her balance from slipping on a whelk inadvertently dropped from her plate.

A. A.

THE CURIOUS HUNT.

ALL the hunters were dressed in pink
And I had been rather good
On the day that we hunted the silver fox
By the side of the NOTICE wood.

The trees were purple, the trees weredim,
Denys and you were there;
The huntsman blew on his golden horn,
And I had a chestnut mare.

We followed him over seventeen fields; The ground went by like mad; All of us wanted the silver brush, And nobody wanted a pad.

We followed him over eighteen fields
On the nicest kind of earth,
And a coach-and-four was beside the
door

Of "The Swan" at Hartingworth.

And most of the horses wanted food In spite of our "Tally-ho's 1" But I found some wild white strawherries

And I fed my mare on those.



Lady. "But you're letting the little girl do all the singing." Boy. "Yes, Mum, I'm 'er manager."

We followed him over nineteen fields Before we came to a stop; And I was astride and I lost my slide

And my hair was a regular mop.

And I saw the hounds run on and on, Yellow and white and black,

Through the grassy fields and the brambly fields,
On the silver fox's track.

But we caught him up by the old swinggate,

As we came with a terrible rush; The huntsman blew on his golden horn And I had the silver brush!

AND THEN

The fox ran away without his tail,
And when he got home he said,
"I can soon grow another like that, my
friends"—
And he did. But it turned out red!

Our Consistent Syndicates.

"It looks as though Mr. Hoover would suffer politically from his residence in England and his English affiliation. Already the report is being spread that at one time he thought of becoming a British subject. In American public life you cannot say anything of a man more damaging than that."

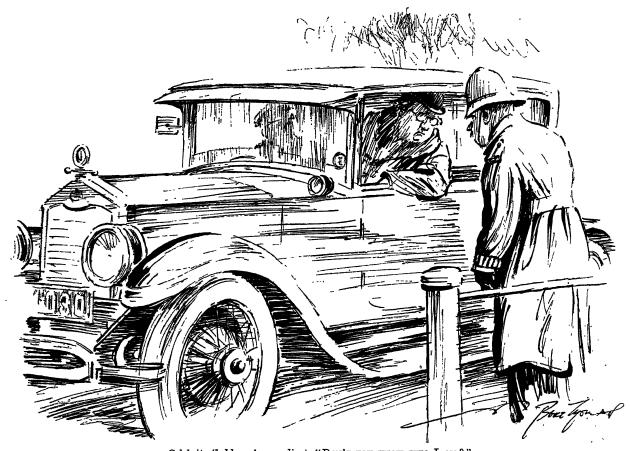
Beaverbrook Press.

"It may be laid down without hesitation that nowhere in the world are the British character and British achievements more warmly appreciated [than, in the United States]."—Beaverbrook Press, another paper,

From a money-market report:

"To-day the market was reminded that a spasm of stringency must at present be regularly looked for at the beginning of each week." Financial Paper.

These post-week-end spasms are a not uncommon phenomenon in much humbler circles.



Celebrity (held up for speeding). "Don't you know who I am?" Constable. "No, AND I'LL WANT YOUR ADDRESS AS WELL."

IF THE LINER HADN'T COME.

A terrible nightmare that occurred after reading Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's "Gallions Reach.")

Escape. They were dropping down quietly on the first of the ebb. So this was what it was to be at sea. The stationary becomes kinetic. The shadowshow is changed. From the obscure penumbra of houses and streets in which he had been drifting like a hunted ghost he had passed on, to be a tranquil speck in the tide of continuity, motionless on a mobile world. It would be interesting to write a letter to The Times elaborating this theme. Ending up-

"With apologies for trespassing on your space,

I am, Sir, Yours obediently, J. COLET

(Murderer of the late Mr. Perriam). Somewhere on Ship-board."

He sat bemused. The portlight was a grey circle, into whose kaleidoscope fitted themselves rapidly houses and trees, and as rapidly broke up and reassembled again. The perpetual flux. Stability warring with motion. Dryness

from him. He was going to sea. But why? he asked himself aloud. The oillamp above his head moved uneasily in its gimbals, but made no reply.

There was a half-drowned bee in the water-bottle on the cabin table. It was doing nothing whatever. That was all that it came to, if you chose to pin it down, this so-called romance of ours.

The room was astir with tiny clicks and tremors. Nothing was absolutely still. There was an odour of stew. But he was a part of it. Or rather it would jolly soon be a part of him. He was cut loose from everything which had been.

If a policeman had tapped him on the shoulder yesterday morning and would have answered, "A zooid in the protoplasmic reef of London policeofficer."

And to-day he was a detached polyp without visible means of sustenance. Loitering on shipboard. But not with felonious intent. There were no felonies. Murder was non-existent. Mr. Perriam had leaned suddenly forward on to a closed fist, and his junior partner was away at sea. People turned up, and v. wet. The earth was passing away disappeared, or failed to turn up, and

appeared somewhere else instead. A memory survived, that was all. Everyone had a dual existence, part here and now, and part elsewhere. Everyone in that sense counted as two, just as on a political division. Everything was contingent. Everything depended on something else. But exactly how, and when? He looked up at the oil-lamp as he wondered this, and it moved uneasily in its gimbals again. Was there a categorical imperative, and if so, what for? Was anything, and who? Outside infinity beckoned.

The brass knocker of the cabin became riotously alive and wrenched itself to and fro as if in spasms. A thin sliver of wind levelled the lampasked him who and what he was, he flame so that it was horizontal instead of perpendicular. The draught grew wider but less intense. A large, warm, overpowering presence had filled the room. Tobacco forced itself upon Colet's nostrils like a half-forgotten memory, the phantasmagoria of heavy boot-leather stubbed his toe. He thought hard.

Somebody had come into the cabin? He was right.

It was Sinclair, the first mate.

"Feeling less subjective to-day, Mr.

Colet?" he said gruffly but not unkindly.

"No," answered Jimmy with a proud smile, "not a bit."

CHAPTER II.

The ship's head rolled helplessly from side to side. The multitudinous seas kept slapping it first on one cheek and then on the other. The sky had closed down on them like a dark lid and the ship's sundial refused to work. Out of that pale obscurity sprang towering ghosts which seemed at first too high to be water, and then loomed nearer and fell over them like avalanches. Those who had been betting against Jimmy that they would be water after all took money every time.

Only a few days before Colet had chipped all the rust away from the ironwork on the deck with a chisel and now it was getting wetted again. But he was not a deck-hand now, he was the ship's purser. He pursed his lips and smiled.

The deck rose to a vertiginous slant and then fell to an unfathomable deciduity. The ship was a weasel in the springe of circumstance, an egg-shell round which elephants trod. Jimmy made a clutch at the doorpost of the cabin, but missed it by several yards.

"Collar it low!" sangthe second mate. It kicked him on the forehead, but he held on.

Two masts fell off.

"Cut away the tackle!" said the cap-

They had their penknives out. Ants attempting the impossible. There was no reason in things. The splay-footed water-tyrants played ping-pong with their souls. Wonderfully the wreckage cleared and the ship staggered on. The rollers lifted her from time to time by the neck and shook her like a rat. Fountains roared over her. Gauze streamers streamed from her ganglions. There was another sharp explosion.

"The rudder," said the second mate, winking at Colet to see how he took it.

Jimmy giggled and laid one finger to the side of his nose. The cabin came at him again open-mouthed and he shot

Night raged there, imprisoned, with boisterous thuds. He went back to his record of the pieces of ship which had come off in the storm.

"B," he began. "Binnacles, two."

The door was wrenched back against the maniac fury of the typhoon and the captain flew past him like a projectile, striking a bulkhead and scattering the ship's papers about the canted floor...

"Windy to-night?" suggested Colet,

groping under the table.

"Ay, ay," said the captain, rubbing and looked with synhis scalp. "She's lively this evening." battered old man.



Leader of Waits (to Master of House summoned by the bell from the joys of wireless). "ME AND MY PARTY CAN'T DO NO JUSTICE TO OUR CAROLS, SIR, EXCEPT STOP YOUR LOUD-SPEAKER."

A smell of coffee sprang in, followed by the steward.

The cabin itself complained but little, merely moaning to itself now and then.

Outside the mist grew thinner, but the leaping enemy had dowsed the glim of the stars.

"Boom, one," wrote Colet hastily as the table poised for a plunge.

There was a long shattering roar.
"The engine has fallen out," said the aster quietly. "Better write that master quietly. down at once.

"There will be no companionable grey smoke coming out the funnels now, muttered Colet, half to himself.

"No," said the master simply and almost as if he did not care.

"Boiler," wrote Jimmy in the log, and looked with sympathy at the frail,

CHAPTER III.

The two boats rowed on continually. They were minikin in the bald immensity of the universe. He thought of saying so to Sinclair. Sinclair was sitting with glazed eyes that saw nothing and parched black lips that moved now and again. Colet steered. He could steer till kingdom come. But he did not speak after all. It was no use saying things like this to Sinclair anyway. He was the kind of man who would not know what a minikin was.

Night had followed day and day night. And then after day would come more night again, and then more day; there was no variation whichever way you looked at it. Time was interminable. Space was twisted in the middle. The sea had no rim. Gravity was prised up

endways. But he could steer for ever. He could steer to Acheron, if need be.

"Try a piece of this boot," said the second mate, passing it over to him. "It's the last we have. The bit near the laces is best."

The men had stopped singing now. Some of them seemed dazed. Under the masses of smooth glass that slid momently by them there would gleam writhen shapes, as though in aspic, that wavered and passed silently away. A luminous intensity filled Jimmy's mind. He was quite clear-headed now, chewing rhythmically and looking at the second mate.

Sea-boots. Where had they trodden? On how many quays of what strange tropical harbours? To what businesses and to what pleasures bound? Where had they been manufactured? Northampton? He could have wished them a size larger. The captain had gone down in his. That was a waste. He could have thrown them over to the crews. Wearing boots, men walked all the ways of the world, drank, jested, sang, committed murders, in boots. How quietly Perriam had fallen! Like a jellyfish. Not often did men take boots to nourish them for their last meal. This pair had been particularly good. Especially the one in his hand. Oily and not too salt. It was on its last errand of mercy now. Several of the crew were half-starved. And after the last boot,

Sinclair stirred. The second mate looked at Colet again. The men had passed something back from the bows. Sinclair's lips moved several times before he was able to speak. Then he said, "They've been drawing lots. It's you."

So that was to be the end. The bo'sun was already sitting up and sharpening his knife on the palm of his hand. The second mate looked out at the large vacuity of the sky and sea. There was not a stain of smoke in the

"Give me a few moments to study my reactions and I am ready," said Colet with a smile.

Then he slowly undid his collar. Memories came back to him of his first day in the cabin. The odour of stew. But there had been no water since they left the ship. They could not do him in that way. A pity, for they had every one of them liked stew. The captain especially. But the captain had gone down with the ship, what was left of it, and the ship's log. Romance was over. Duty was the only call. He too was ready to serve. Ay, and to be served.

He gave the tiller to the second mate and leaned across to Sinclair.

Sinclair, old man," he said slowly, "would you like my brain?"

THE NEW TIE.

"I no feel so pleased," she told me contentedly; "at last I've been able to get Tom to give up those awful ties he always would insist on wearing."

"Which are those?" I asked, puzzled.
"You know," she said, "those awful things in green and red that it's simply wicked for a fair man to wear."

"But," I pointed out, "those are our old House-colours; I wear them too."

"Oh, it doesn't matterfor you," she declared, "because anything you wore-I mean, it wouldn't make any difference, would it?"

"I don't see why not," I said, offended. "But," she insisted, "you haven't a wife, so your ties can't reflect upon her, can they? You see, Tom's do make it so very difficult for me, because if I it simply swears with those appalling ties; and what can I do?"

"I see the difficulty there," I admitted. "Probably, when the colours were chosen, frocks were never once thought of.'

"Just like men," she sighed; "so I simply made up my mind something had to be done, and I went out yesterday and bought him ever such a lovely one-pink spots on a crimson ground

with purple stripes."
"But," I said with awe, "those are the very own colours of the Old Exclusives."

"credit me with knowing that much. Because a woman doesn't happen to know the name of the favourite horse running at Wembley to-night, or the names of the fifteen best cricketers to win the Cup with, you think she knows nothing at all; and," she said severely, " you're quite wrong."

I apologised. "Only," I pointed out, "Tom doesn't happen to be a member of the Old Exclusives, to whose membership neither birth nor wealth, neither brains nor merit, can avail to admit you you are either of them or not."

"But," she told me triumphantly, "Tom was going to lunch to-day with an awfully important client who is President or something of the Cld Exclusives, and another man who is their something else, so I saw at once what a splendid chance that was."

"In what way?" I asked uneasily. "To get him to wear a different tie for once and break what's only a stupid habit," she explained, "and at the same time pay a delicate compliment to his host and fellow-guest."

"By-by wearing their colours?" I asked, still more uneasily.

Evor. | party, and Blanche and I both had Another nail in the coffin of the old joke.

frocks to tone with her new lamp-shades -such a delicate attention, she said.

"And what," I asked, "did Tom say when you made the suggestion?"

"My good man," she cried, "do you really think it would have been any good saying one word to him? If you had a husband," she told me bitterly, "you would soon find out it's never the least good saying one word to them."

"What did you do, then?"

"It was difficult," she admitted. "I did think of hiding all his other ties and leaving only that one in his drawer, so that he would have to put it on, but I knew if I were there he would simply shout for me to find him the others, and if I weren't there and he began to look for them himself—well, an earthquake in a room is nothing to Tom when he is looking for something he's lost. His have a new trock that tones with him only idea is to use a lot of swear-words and throw everything into a heap in the middle of the floor.

"Generally," she went on, "he gets so cross he forgets what he's looking for. and I have to go through the whole heap over again to find it, so I knew that was no good, and I kept the new tie hidden, and just as he was starting out rather late I pretended there was a spot of ink on the tie he was wearing, and he must change it, and before he could say be wouldn't I had it off, and I put on the new one and tied it, while he was too busy looking at the clock "You might," she almost snapped, and saying he would be late to notice what it was like."

"Tnen," I said, a little wildly perhaps, "he's gone to lunch with two of the Old Exclusives, wearing their colours?'

"Yes, they suited him beautifully; and I'm ever so sure his friends will notice it. Don't you think so?" "I expect they will," I agreed.

"And appreciate the little attention," she went on. "And I am so glad I thought of it, because I know Tom wanted that lunch to be a success. expect I shall hear all about it when he gets home."

"I daresay you will," I agreed. = E.R.P.

Realism.

"We are not at all sure that the best painting by an Englishman is not the small 'Chest of Drawers,' by Mr. Gilbert Spencer. . . . It has that combination of pictorial and domestic interest—the missing knob to one of the drawers, for instance—which, when it comes off, is one of the characteristic virtues of English art."—Dai y Paper.

And one of the characteristic vices of British knobs.

"The first prize for the neatest pair of ankles "Like," she explained with a happy smile, "when Lady Jane gave her bridge was awarded at a dance in Newry (County Down) Town Hall to a local police constable masquerading as a girl."—Daily Paper.



Skipper of barge which has drifted. "'ERE, BILL, WHERE ARE WE?" Boy on watch (waking up). "WE'RE 'ERE, AIN'T WE?" Shipper. "BLIMY-WE'RE FIVE MILES FROM 'ERE."

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

XIX.—CHARITY.

Well Trix darling I'm quite debilitised from singing carols for the poor, my dear as Mr. Haddock said about the aristoc. we may have no Faith and not much Hope but if we have not Charity it's not for want of Committees, because my dear all these hysterical pre-Christmas weeks there's the most malignant epidemic of goodness and really my dear one scarcely dares to eat if it isn't

cause of course it 's one protracted battle between the Black Duchess and Caramel Lion to see who can have the most Committees in her handbag and if the Black D. raises a halfpenny more than Caramel for a single matinée there's grinding of teeth in Berkeley Square, and my dear we all hope that this year may be their Armageddon perhaps because we're all quite terminated with being charity mannequins and charity tea-girls and charity coster-women and I think if one of them were to burst at in aid of something, and my dear this a Bazaar there'd be comparative calm year it's been more fierce than ever belief the best circles darling.

Well of course last year the Black D. had the most hydraulic scoop with her Grosvenor Carol Singers and since then poor Caramel has never smirked again because my dear the Black D. pouched fortunes for the Boilermakers' Orphans or something and of course divine publicity, so this year Caramel retalliated with a rival outfit called the Berkeley Bells, well I was roped into it through Mr. Haddock and he was roped in at the last minute by that Mrs. Green who was Caramel's conductress and is on the stage it seems, my dear she sings like a canary, curse her, because I've never known one note from another only I have on the doorstep with the Press and a rather attractive eupeptic chirp, but that's the bizarre thing about to-day isn't it darling, because it seems what people like is to see people doing something they can't do, well my dear they adore to have boxers acting and actresses journalising and typists painting and Society girls doing simply everything, however we all massed at Caramel's multitude of sins, and as a matter of fact Caramel made rather a point of it because it seems the Black D. s carolling is too teetotal, with the result my dear that Caramel has enticed away three of cause they had sandwiches and hot soup

heard in The Dukery. Well my dear nearly everyone was there, Pearl and Imogen, Toots and Hermione Turner, Tiger Trantand Iscult and Mew-mew, my dear 30 sopranos and altos, eight basses and one rather bronchial tenor all in coalblack, my dear. I wore the most provocative black mantilla with the hugest comb and they say I looked too Andalusian, of course we spent years adjusting our masks because my dear they adhere to the eyelashes and tickle the ears my dear agony, and we all wore the most disarming little silver bells, to suggest winter

the bitterest remarks are

quite endurable champagne because as did begin to feel rather a Christian, bea rule my dear I think it's a rather cause my dear outside the Maltraverses inflated beverage, and then we practised, but luckily we only had time for about five minutes' practice because my dear whenever I expanded in a soulful chirp the Green creature fixed me with a toxic eye and said Flat, Sopranos, and my friend gave all our names to the papers, dear we were utterly and mentally repugnant which was slightly pathetic at that moment I happened to be next to perhaps because poor Mr. Haddock has an infantile desire to bring us together, my dear too Mahommedan, however at half-past-six we'went out into the night, | little attitudinous, and my dear I chirped my dear in the most elephantine Station cars to the Dowager Bottleby's expensive residence, and my dear all the females arrived in one herd and swarmed into the Greek Hall and burst into song, my dear King Wenceslas, and when the

the photographers and madly detonated with Noel Noel, well my dear I'd sort of hovered behind because Mr. Haddock had all my music you see, and I kept on vociferating Wenceslas in his ear, but my dear there's no stopping a British bass once he's away, so what it sounded like I can't imagine, however the Dowager stood up the spiral staircase and palacious house and had two or three showered fivers on us, my dear she gave Paradisical cocktails, because my dear us fifty pounds and a dream of a as Mr. Haddock says Charity covers a cocktail so that noblesse does oblige don't you agree darling?

Well then we journeyed on to the Mowbrays who gave us twenty-five, and said we needn't bother to sing be-



Energetic Conductor of Waits. "We'll start with 'Softly the night is repir'.' Now, boys, ready? All together! Let 'er rip!" SLEEPIN"."

and everything, well after that we Friths, and honestly my dear after about had a sort of stirrup-cup of some three Wenceslases and four Martinis I where we had the most heavenly caviare we were photographed in full song under a lamp-post, in masks of course because we were all supposed to be too anonymous, only as it happened some and my dear what was rather humorous, Mr. Haddock because we were sharing a copy of Heavenly Bird and I'd just said Don't you think that Caramel's voice is a my loudest for the Green to notice us which of course she did and my darling what a scowl, so if you see a photo in the papers you'll be able to read between her lines-laugh darling.

males arrived they were merely huddled feel a fraction that if Mr. Green was Topsy.

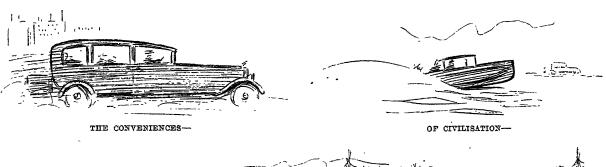
cremated to-morrow I shouldn't see quite so much of my equibiguous Had. dock, well after that we did the hotels. my dear rather a martyrdom because we'd had no dinner and we massed among the tables between armies of eaters and my dear it's too embarrassing to sing Come all ye faithful to a lonely bachelor three inches away and golloping oysters, and of course we totally obstructed the waiters and one or two of the fleshlier diners were almost petulant about it, however Caramel made me take round the hat and my dear they machine-gunned money at me because my dear I rather think some of them were rather attracted, only what was so painful five men recognised me, under the Duchess's pet sopranos and almost ready, and Fanny said it was too heroic my mask, my dear too undesirable beall her Basses so my dear they say our pluck and everything, and then the cause my motto is Do good by stealth

isn't it yours darling? Well my dear on we went to the Murillo, and my dear I ought to have told you Caramel had suggested to the Black D. that they should divide up the West-End into respective areas so as not to clash you see, my dear like the New York bootleggers and everything. and Caramel says the Murillo was one of our preserves definitely, because my dear you remember the two entrances and my dear she had a spectacular plan well we all formed up in the street all military and everything and my dear marched in at the back entrance singing

Hark the herald angels darling, and all our delicious little bells jingling at the ankles, my dear honestly it was rather a throb, well we marched on sweeping all before us footmen waiters and guests and everybody through the grill-room and into the dining-room, singing like fifty of the most exuberant blackbirds, my dear C. B. Cochran has never done anything like it, and would you believe it at the far end of the room there was the Black D. and the whole Grosvenor lot yelling like lunatics God rest you merry gentlemen, well my dear Caramel wouldn't stop and her Grace wasn't going to move so we marched through them and out at the far side, my dear the most elaborate insult and my dear the hotel-people were too alienated, however we cleared two hundred for some perfectly darling charity only I never discovered the name Catty, my dear doubtless, but I do of it, farewell, your rather laryngical A. P. H.

HOW THE NEW YORK BUSINESS MAN ROUGHS IT.

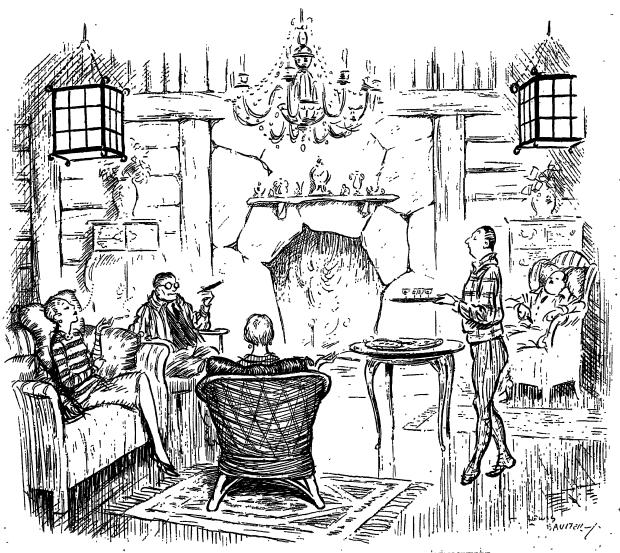
THOUGH THE LIMITED TIME AT HIS DISPOSAL COMPELS HIM TO UTILISE—





IN ORDER TO REACH-

HIS LITTLE WOOD SHACK IN THE MOUNTAINS-



WHEN ONCE HE IS THERE HE REVELS IN THE REAL BACK-WOOD ATMOSPHERE.

SIMPLE PEOPLE.

THE BUS.

ONE night when Mr. and Mrs. Filbert were going home in a bus the bus-driver suddenly went mad. And at first they didn't know that he had gone mad, but when they came to the place where they always got down and the bus didn't stop there the conductor came in and said do either of you know anything about astronomy?

And Mr. Filbert said no we don't and we don't want to, stop this bus at once. And the conductor said well is there and see if he is all right again.

a new moon, because if there is old Bill has gone mad, and I shan't be able to make him stop the bus until he has run out of petrol, and there's no use trying, so if you don't mind I will just lie down on one of these seats and have a little nap, and there is room for you two to lie down on the other one, it is a good thing there is nobody else in the bus so we shall have it all to ourselves, good night both.

Well Mr. Filbert was rather frightened and he said to the conductor do you mean to say that the driver always goes mad when there is a new moon and they let him go on driving the bus, I call it disgraceful.

And the conductor said oh I don't, old Bill has got a wife and five children and if they didn't let him go on driving the bus they would all starve, besides they don't know about it, because we generally arrange for him to have a day off when there is a new moon, but this time we forgot.

And Mr. Filbert said well it can't go on like this, they'll branks wonder why we don't come home, and they'll think we've been murdered or something like that.

And the conductor said well you will be if you don't leave off talking and let me go to sleep, I am sure your good lady is more reasonable than you are and she wouldn't like poor old Bill to get the sack just because of a little thing like going mad when there is a new moon, why it might happen to anybody.

Well Mrs. Filbert liked being called reasonable, so she said to Mr. Filbert I expect it will be all right, and I don't mind having a little drive into the country myself as long as we don't have to pay extra, and it will be something to talk about when I go out to tea.

And Mr. Filbert said yes that's all very well but supposing he murders us, what shall we do then?

And the conductor said well if he murders you you won't be able to do anything, do shut up and let me go to

So he went to sleep and snored, and Mr. Filbert got more and more frightened but Mrs. Filbert thought it was rather fun, and then suddenly the bus stopped, and by that time they were quite in the country and there weren't any houses near. And when the bus stopped the conductor woke up and he said well I have had a nice little nap and now I will go and talk to old Bill

And Mrs. Filbert said oh do let me suppose it will do my husband any harm

Puni krim Ethenaurus Hitelaken arm ucesan Bidurus

"Mr. Filbert promised always to bring his money HOME TO MRS. FILBERT."

the bus because he was frightened.

Well the bus-driver had quite left off being mad by that time and he wanted to know why they were there at that time of night without any petrol, and the conductor said well this lady's husband wanted to have a nice drive as it is a fine night, so I didn't ring the bell to stop you.

And the driver said yes that 's all very well but who is going to pay for petrol to go back again?

And the conductor said on the gentleman inside must do that, I will tell him to walk to the nearest place and bring back some petrol, and you had better have a little nap inside the bus Bill till he comes back, because your comes back with the petrol.

old missus won't like you being up all night without any sleep and I shall catch it from her when I take you

Well Mrs. Filbert didn't quite like that, but the conductor said to her well we must all be kind to other people mustn't we, and I am sure you will like old Bill when you get to know him, why he makes up hymn tunes, and the clergyman of the church he goes to nearly let his choir sing one of them once but he thought it wasn't quite pretty enough.

So Mrs. Filbert said oh well I den't

to walk a mile or two, he doesn't take enough exercise and he is getting too fat, still I don't see why we should have to pay for the petrol. *

And the conductor said oh it won't be much, and I will owe it to you if you like, I can't pay you now because I promised to buy a new pair of boots for my little boy, but if you will wait for six months I shall get a Christmas box and

I could pay you then. So Mrs. Filbert said that would be all right and she told her husband that he had better go and bring back some petrol because the bus-driver was going to sleep inside the bus when he had seen if his carburettor was all right, and she didn't tell him that he had left off being mad so Mr. Filbert was glad to get out of the way though he didn't much like having to walk.

Well it was a very fine night, and the bus-conductor said he didn't want to go to sleep, he would rather they all sat down on a bank and talked to each other. So they did that, and it was very interesting, and the

come too, but Mr. Filbert stopped in | bus-driver gave Mrs. Filbert some good advice about not letting her husband be silly and want to go for drives in the middle of the night and things like that, and he said a good wife can do anything she likes with her husband can't she Henry?

> And Henry, that was the bus-conductor, said oh yes, I used to go in for betting and drinking beer and things like that before I was married, but now I bring nearly all my money home and I'm sure it's better all round.

> And the bus-driver said to Mrs. Filbert ah if we all brought our money home to our wives the world would be a better place than it is, and if you like I will tell your husband that when he



MANNERS AND MODES.

Old Lady (at her first mannequin parade, very audibly). "My DEAR, I'M POSITIVE THAT AN INQUIRY IS NEEDED INTO THE WORKING CONDITIONS OF THESE CIRLS. THE POOR THINGS LOOK HALF-STARVED.

So he did that, and Mr. Filbert wasn't quite so frightened as he had been now that the bus-driver was so sensible, and he promised always to bring his money home to Mrs. Filbert but she wasn't quite sure that he meant it.

So then they drove back home, and it was daylight by this time so Mr. and Mrs. Filbert and the conductor went on top of the bus. And when they came to where they lived Mrs. Filbert asked them to come in and have some hot coffee, and Mr. Filbert quite liked the bus-driver by this time and showed him his collection of postage stamps.

From an interview with the Roumanian Pretender:-

"' Wnat has happened? For three months certain party chiefs, and notably those of the National Pleasant party, have come to ask me to make a declaration of candidature. For three months I refused. I considered the suggestion premature. Even recently 1 hesitated, but at last I have acceded." —Sunday Paper.

A really Pleasant Christmas party can always put up with a Carol.

LATE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

DOUBTLESS you are finding that you cannot do your Christmas shopping in the final week with any pleasure because people so scandalously ignore the advice to shop early. But a little ingenuity may overcome much of the difficulty.

You find that you cannot get anywhere near the counter? Very well. surreptitiously insert into your mouth powder, retaining it there. Soon you will begin to foam at the mouth, with a sizzling sound which will draw at-Fall to tention to your condition. Fall to the ground and close your eyes. You will be carried tenderly to the manager's office, where you will be fanned and perhaps given brandy. As you lie back

In a fighting crowd it is impossible easy, and bargains may be picked up.

to select carefully the appropriate gift. Buy the first ten articles you can lay your hands on at the price you want to pay. Take them back to the office and apportion them as well as you can. Some will remain over that are useless to those whose names have not been marked off your list. Put an addressed label on each of these, and give them to the office-boy to post in time for delivery on Christmas morning. Nothing Work your way into the crowd and remains to be done but to write to each victim, late on Christmas Eve, to say the contents of a packet of effervescent that you discover to your consternation that a few of your gifts have been posted by an assistant to the wrong people, and that you hasten to ask those who may have suffered by this blunder to return the presents in order that you may readdress them correctly. These letters will not be delivered until the Christmas festivities are over, and by that time the things will have been either limply, whisper that you had intended time the things will have been either to buy so and so. The goods will be burnt or given away. But, if anyone brought for your inspection, and thus should retain his gift, you will find you may do your shopping in comfort. shopping after Christmas comparatively



Small Girl. "Daddy, do you think we might have a more grown-up party this Christmas? 'Oranges and Lemons' IS SO CHILDISH."

Daddy. "CERTAINLY NOT. YOU MODERN CHILDREN ARE FAR TOO DISCONTENTED." Small Girl (with a sigh). "REALLY, DADDY, YOU GROW MORE LIKE YOUR FATHER EVERY DAY."

ELIZABETH'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Elizabeth went shopping and she bought a ribbon bow, A present for her Mummy, but of course she mustn't know; We only just undid it to make certain it was right, And Mummy thought it beautiful and not a bit too bright.

Elizabeth went shopping and she bought a little purse, All worked with blue forget-me-nots and quite the thing for Nurse;

It's absolutely secret and we've hidden it away Nurse said that it was lovely when we showed it her to-day.

Elizabeth went shopping and she bought a yellow pen, A splendid gift, the shopman said, to give to busy men; We just let Daddy see it, but he's promised to forget; He thinks it is the finest pen that he has ever met.

Elizabeth went shopping and she bought a rubber bone, And promised it to Towser for his very, very own; He barked aloud with pleasure, he could scarcely bear to wait, And told her very plainly that he thought it simply great.

Elizabeth went shopping and she bought a velvet cat, A handsome whiskered fellow and so nice and sleek and fat; I oughtn't to have seen it, for it's meant for me, I hear; "It's what I've always longed to have," I whispered in her ear.

Elizabeth went shopping and she bought a lovely lot: She simply had to show us what exciting things she'd got! plum-puddings on Christmas Day.

But of course we won't remember and we'll have such splendid fun

In guessing what Elizabeth has bought for everyone.

THE RIDDLE.

We have lately been suffering from a plague of riddles. For some days they have formed my elder daughter's entire stock of conversation. A riddle greets my appearance at breakfast, while at her couchée the demand for my once justly popular rendering of the two-times table has been completely superseded by a request for all the riddles I know. Unfortunately most of these are better suited to adult intelligence. Also, both Barbara's repertoire and my histrionic ability are limited; my playing of a keen but halfwitted guesser, confronted with a new and baffling conundrum, tends with frequent repetition to become mechanical.

Phyllis, after the reprehensible manner of wives, refuses to help me out, while Patricia's tender years limit her to ecstatic mispronunciation of the answer or flat contradiction and the assertion that the right answer is "a aer'plane."

However, I have so far consoled myself with the reflection that Barbara, who is to be clever like her father, finds the verbal subtlety of the riddle an intellectual stimulant. Her last specimen has rather shaken that belief. It ran:—

Q. What is the difference between an umbrella and a plum-pudding?

A. An umbrella is gone when you lend it, and you eat



INTO HAVEN; A HOPE THAT FAILED.

MR. PUNCH IS CONFIDENT THAT, WHATEVER MAY HAVE BEEN THEIR ATTITUDE TOWARD THE PRESENT CONTROVERSY, HE REFLECTS THE GENERAL SENSE OF HIS READERS IN OFFERING AN EXPRESSION OF RESPECTFUL SYMPATHY TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ON THE FAILURE OF A TASK WHOSE ACHIEVEMENT WOULD HAVE CROWNED A LONG LIFE OF FAITHFUL DEVOTION TO THE SERVICE OF THE CHURCH.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 12th. - If the Church's alternative foundations are to be the subject of lay criticism, where better than in the House of Lords? Lords Temporal cannot lie down, or at any rate sit down, with Lords Spiritual day after day without becoming a bit spiritual themselves. Hardened materialists like Lord BIRKENHEAD and metaphysical sceptics like Lord Balfour acquire a fragrant psyche as the result of long association with lawn sleeves. The continued juxtaposition of red leather-so coloured, tradition has it, to match the hats of bygone Lord Chancellor-Cardinals—has had its sobering effect upon any ebullient rationalism that might otherwise have possessed the souls of the Higher Socialism.

Certainly there are more church-goers in the Lords than in the Commons, and the latter, star-scattered in the galleries or crowded expectantly into that part of their Lordships' chamber to which Privy Councillors have access, may well have been present in search of information as well as edification.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY moved, amid decorous cheers, that the Prayer Book Measure 192-, be presented to His Majesty for the royal Listening to his beautifully modulated voice and cogent arguments it became impossible to believe that in the Middle Ages they used to burn

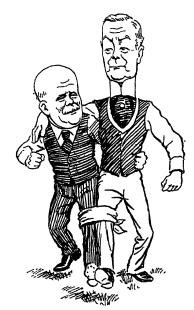
bishops out of hand.

Lord Hanworth, Master of the Rolls, led the opposition to the measure. It was as plain when he had finished that the new Prayer Book is all wrong as it was limpidly clear at the conclusion of the PRIMATE's speech that it is all right. It was also clear that had Lord HANWORTH lived in the Middle Ages he at least would never have burned a bishop if he could have helped it. Not so Lord Lincolnshire, survivor of a more rugged generation than ours. In the sight of all he decapitated the Bishop of DURHAM, who, writing in The Edinburgh Review, had quoted as "more unkind than untrue" a statement that "the Evangelical Party in the Church of England is an army of illiterates generalled by octogenarians.' Several historical-minded bishops fumbled uneasily at their collars as Lord LINCOLNSHIRE declared that his party asked only that in spiritual as well as in temporal matters Englishmen should be made to obey the law.

A relatively deserted House of Commons heard Sir V. HENDERSON explain that repairs to the Houses of Parliament were held up while the Fine Arts be made with Stancliffe stone. If the had done its worst.

Fine Arts Commission found that the stone in question fulfilled the fundamental needs of fine art it would then be for the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research to decide if the

RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY MAKES STRANGE LEG-FELLOWS.



For the Noes-Mr. Stephen Walsh. Sir W. Joynson-Hicks.



For the Ayes-LORD HUGH CECIL. Mr. LANSBURY.

stone was scientifically and industrially suitable.

Meanwhile, as Sir W. Davison discreetly hinted, the topless towers of Westminster continue to approximate Commission decided if the repairs could to those of Ilium after HELEN's face take a hand in local government if the

The Report Stage of the Audit (Local Authorities) Bill passed off pleasantly, Mr. GREENWOOD, Miss LAWRENCE, Major PRICE and Major ATTLEE proving no match for Mr. NEVILLE CHAM-BERLAIN'S masterly defence. Only Mr. LANSBURY got past his guard with an amendment prescribing that the Act should not be retrospective.

Tuesday, December 13th.—Despite the rival attractions of Twickenham, the Lords' debate on the new Prayer Book again drew a crowded house and held it until the unprecedented hour of 11.48 P.M. Investigation has failed to trace the cultivated but slightly husky voice that called up a leading morning paper at 11.22 P.M. and announced that the Evangelicals had just scored another try, but had failed to convert.

The motion to decline to proceed with the Prayer Book Measure was not moved, but its sponsor, Lord STANHOPE, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, expressed his civil but sailorly apprehension lest the Bishops should find themselves unable to put contumacious clerics under discipline. A propos of this Lord HALT-FAX pointed out that about fifty years ago, when the Public Worship Regulation Act was passed, a number of contumacious clerics were actually incarcerated for doing the very things that the Deposited Book was now attempting

Lord Parmoor supported the Measure "as a layman," but thought that what was wanted was to give the Bishops not more coercive power but more persuasive power. Almost they should persuade the minor clergy to be Deposited Christians. The Bishops of WORCESTER and CHELMSFORD having argued con and pro, Lord Carson assumed the rôle of interested layman laid down by Lord PARMOOR. As a member of the Irish Church he, for the first time in his life, expressed gratitude for its disestablishment, since no Act of Parliament could now come between it and its precious heritage of the Reformation. Lord Carson gave the impression that what the Established Church needs is Sauls, not Pauls. They were to have an alternative Prayer Book. In his opinion

they might as well have an alternative Bradshaw.

to legalise.

A comparatively empty House of Commons-though whether denuded by Rubrics or Rugby could not be ascertained - gave the Auditors (Local Authorities) Bill its Third Reading, though not until Mr. LANSBURY, forgetful of the Minister's amenability of the previous day, had moved the rejection of the Bill upon the large ground that no good man and true would MINISTER OF HEALTH kept butting in.

"I think I am the most reasonable man in the world," said Mr. LANSBURY plaintively. Evidently he has not read

his "Misleading Cases.

Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS mildly defended the Aliens Restrictions Act against Mr. Scure-one couldn't have them bringing in drugs and things—and refused Sir F. MEYER's challenge to debate the early closing of shops on the ground that the Dora Reprieve Committee's report would shortly be printed.

Wednesday, December 14th.—By sitting three quarters-of-an-hour earlier than is their wont the House of Lords managed to record its decision in favour of the Deposited Book before the dinner-

suggest that such Peers as were in doubt or had no particularly strong views on the matter had rallied to the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

The Bishop of Dur-HAM and the LORD CHAN-CELLOR supported the motion on behalf, respectively, of the Church and the "plain man." The Bishop of Norwich and Lord Cushendun opposed in similar rôles, the honours of debate going to the Bishop of DURHAM, who dealt shrewdly (in advance) with his colleague of Norwich, and to Lord Cushendun, who, in the best speech he has made in either House, annihilated the Bishop of DURHAM.

This left the field open for the Archbishop of York to of Agriculture the angry trumpetings that neither reply, in a speech largely devoted to the technical aspect of the controversy, but lightened by a sentence or two in which he referred to the "ancestral piety" of those twin Irishmen, Lords Carson and Cushendun, which caused them to "maintain militant witness" against the ever-present power of Rome

in their country.

Meanwhile the House of Commons passed, not cheerfully but in general agreement that the right thing had been done and in the right way, a supplementary estimate of three million odd for the extra cost of the Shanghai Defence Force. The lone objector was Mr. Trevelyan, who wanly invited an incredulous House to believe that the trouble in China was largely stimulated by the fact that our Army there was "creating distrust and terrorism by an exhibition of overwhelming force."

Mingled satisfaction and astonishment overspread the Government supporters when Mr. LLOYD GEORGE declared that the Government did right in sending the expeditionary force to Shanghai, that public opinion would not have tolerated any other course, and that, if the force sent was too large, that was a fault on the right side. Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON welcomed the "stamp of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's approval," and made no unkind reference to the fact that, exactly a year ago, the Right Hon. Member for Carnarvon Boroughs was stamping to a very different tune in the columns of the HEARST newspapers.

A second supplementary estimate of hour. The motion was carried by 241 £900,000 for the sugar beet subsidy votes to 88, figures which inescapably brought about the ears of the MINISTER tive as a champion of the Church than

Proprietor of travelling revue (to principals). "Now look 'ERE, all of you. NEXT WEEK BEING CHRISTMAS WEEK THE TITLE OF THIS 'ERE SHOW'LL BE CHANGED FROM 'KISS ME, CONSTABLE' TO 'THE SLEEPIN' BEAUTY.'

Mr. Runciman. For the beet sugar subsidy already paid, he declared, they could have imported the sugar it represented from Holland and distributed it gratis to the consumer, paid every man or woman engaged in the beet industry three pounds a week for the three months during which the industry employs them and had a million-and-a-half over for the farmers. By way of turning the sting in the wound, Sir Godfrey Collins declared that the sugar refining industry had been stabbed in the back by its friends.

Thursday, December 15th.—Whatever else the Deposited Book-now deposited in the limbo of lost compromises—has done, it this day enabled

convincing oratory. A very large number of the Members present can have had no parti pris when the debate began, and it is no exaggeration to say that the deeper feeling and the more emotional oratory of the new Prayer Book's opponents won the day. Indeed the debate was not half over before the Deposited Book was dead, torn to shreds by the stubborn earnestness of Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, the inspired and fiery eloquence of Mr. Rosslyn MITCHELL and the cold and merciless analysis of Sir John Simon.

By comparison the Book's supporters were poor fighters and badly marshalled. Mr. Bridgeman, who opened the debate as "the man in the pew," was less effec-

> he is of the Navy, The same remark applies oddly enough to Mr. AMMON; and Lord HUGH CECIL, one of the ablest and brightest debaters in the House, was handicapped by his own earnestness. Had he spoken in Mr. Bridge-MAN's place, before the thunders and lightnings of opposition had brought presage of disaster, Lord Hugh might have done better.

The fight was really over when S:r John Simon sat down-over with but one valiant and redoubtable blow struck for the measure, and that by the gallant hand of Lady IVEAGH. The Law Officers of the Crown simply pounded smaller the fragments

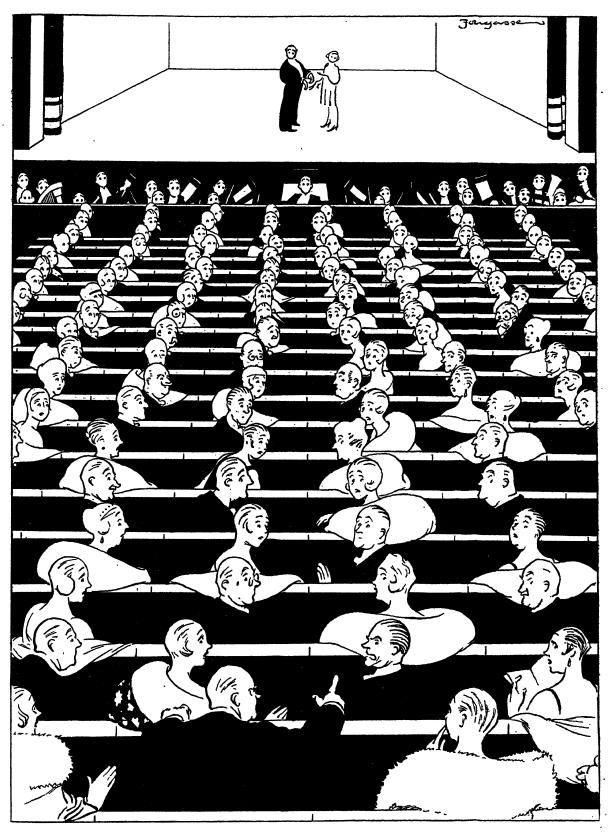
the erudition of Mr. of that infrequent but formidable hornet, | Buchan nor the sweet reasonableness of the PRIME MINISTER could make

whole again.

When the House went into the Division Lobby the result was already certain. A great cheering greeted the announcement that the motion had been defeated by a majority of forty and two (a figure subsequently corrected to thirtythree), and there remained only the bowed figure of the PRIMATE to recall how great and how vain had been his devotion of time and labour and counsel to the cause of peace.

Our Undefeatable House-Agents. "Magnificently unfurnished maisonette." Daily Paper.

"When a hen got caught by the flowing tide the House of Commons to soar from in the Avon, Devon, a dock swam to her and the windy and arid wastes of political pushed her ashore. — Daily Paper. jabber to the loftiest peaks of rich and | One of those floating docks.



- "WOULD YOU HAVE THE GOODNESS TO STOP TALKING, SIR?"
- "I WAS NOT TALKING, SIR."
- "WELL, YOU ARE NOW, ANYWAY,"

SINDRELLA.

(This latest of the many versions of "Cinderella" is not designed for the purposes of Pantomime, but for inclusion in the Middle West Classics.)

Way way back in old McKinLey times a widow and her three daughters were located in a brownstone house in an uptown section of Chicago; one of the first families, believe me. The old gazook had been a pioneer of American progress, being the first guy in history to pack cranberries in a natty can and retail them as German plums. Say, he mighta pulled in a big thing, only the poor slob started in eating some of his own products, washed down with dill first names now and Hi had traded his fraternity pin for pickle from the corner deficatessen. So he went west; I guess he had better stuck to tenderloin and an order of fed her a waffle and a walnut salad and some clam chowder

French fry on the promenade-

deck.

So his fam lived on a hundred per that they dragged down from the insurance. Mommer was one good organiser. She gave the good word to her daughters, "See here, Amabel and Ireen, you sure ain't good lookers, but there's other ways of roping a steer. Get busy right now. I'll tote you around to parties and get-togethers. Sindrella can act like she was the hired girl; maybe her turn'll come later. She's just naturally a peach and'll get picked right off the tree."

So off they tooted in their lil ole last year's Ford to the Hawaiian dance at Schuyler the Shoe King's palace. Bimeby Sindrella, after washing the dishes and fixing the furnace, got kinda mopy. "Gee," she said, "I could just take in a movie-show and a dollar box of candy.

Right then in came Aunt Carrie who was buyer in the Emporium Department Store. "Waal, Sin," said she, "you gotta grouch on sump'n."
"You said it," pouted Sin-

drella. "Lead me to a soda-

fountain and feed me a chocolate sundae."

"Shucks," said Aunt Carrie. "What say to a turn at the Schuylers' dance?"

"Me for it."

"Then let's beat it."

"Can that stuff. I ain't gotten no glad rags."
"See them boxes? Help yourself."
So Sindrella prised open them boxes and found a whole outfit, including lingery and sheer silk seamless hose and a nermine cloak and a gem of a pair of sequin slippers that were worth all of twelve dollar seventy-five.

Bimeby they boarded the surface-car to the Schuylers' on

Michigan Avenue.

Said Aunt Carrie, "Now, Sin, park your gum and act like you was a haw-haw. And listen: quit the party before twelve and meet me on the front porch. I gotta mail them cutey clothes to Vermont before three G.M." *

* Good Morning.

Folks, can you imagine MARY PICKFORD and NAZIMOVA entering a dance-hall? Waal, that was the kinda riot Sindrella made and then some. All them dancing dudes cluttered round her like the bears in the wheat-pit caught short on futures. But young Hi Schuyler, who had played for Yale, butted off the bunch and grabbed Sindrella. Some of the other cheap sports tried to play rough, but young Hi called their bluff with an easy "Aw, fergit it," or "Jew want yore block knocked off, Eddie?" and swung his partner into the polka.

Bimeby the jazz niggers coughed to a finish and Hi toted her to the boofay. They called each other by their one of the cunning lil tassels on Sindy's flounce. And Hi

> and a few never-despairs; then he tried to make a date.

> Only right then Sindrella happened to give the timepiece the once-over and, by heck, it showed upright twelve. Have you seen an hurricane hit Athens, Okla.? Waal, Sindy made that hurricane look like an easy one to first base, as she batted through the ballroom like the Chicago Limited passing Dry Springs.

> There was Aunt Carrie on the porch and they greased

for the trolley.

"Say, listen, Sin, you got me all over eggshell. Them sassy doodads gotta make the night mail."

"Aw, I made a fine getaway, Aunt Carrie."

"But, Sin, great sakes! where's your second slipper?"

And Sindrella noticed for the first time that she was wearing one shoe, no more. Then somehow Aunt Carrie got kinda peeved. "Now I gotta write a business telegram, saying: 'shoes unaccountably delayed forarding later mail.' Young split, your lil jaunt soaks me twelve dollar seventy-five, and any

God King vienceslăs wked out

NEW WORK FOR REFORMED CAT-BURGLARS.

body can have that shoe you got on. Beat it upstairs and change, and mind them tissues I brought along. How am I to hold down my job? How am I to keep the hot meat back of my teeth?" And she continued shooting off of her mouth for some considerable time.

So when Mommer and the gurls got home, Sindrella had on her house-over-alls and was sitting over the register. Aunt Carrie and her boxes sat in the L moving towards the

"Waal," said Amabel, "this is where we get off. Hi Schuyler was just saying the soft word when some moviequeen blew in. Mommer, me and Ireen better quit the

alimony-hunt and go punch clocks downtown." Said Ireen, "Folks don't seem to react right to me. Maybe

got myself short on personal magnetism. Goo'night.' Meantime Hi Schuyler was kinda riled. In another cocktail he'd have had that jane all dated up, yessir, and now all he had was a slipper with "Tho Emporium,



Official Collector of the "cap" to Visitor (by way of introducing himself). "A STRANGE FACE, I THINK, MADAM?" Astonished Lady. "Well, I GREATLY PREFER IT TO YOURS, ANYHOW."

Nifty Shoes for Natty folks \$12.75" stamped on the lining. But say, what a dandy dial! Early morn, he boarded his Packard Six and skipped downtown.

Aunt Carrie saw him coming, with the shoe in his hand,

and sidestepped the floorwalker.
"Morn'n, Hi," she whooped, "what's the good word?" "Say, Sister, I reckon you got me listed and priced?"

"You betcha life. You want tabs on the jane what wore that shoe?"

"You guessed it. Sister, she made a lil coil around my heart. She made me go all soft like chewed gum. She-

"Cut out the sissy stuff, Hi. Cough up fifty bucks and you get the ad-dress.

So Hi skinned a half-hundred fish off of his wad. And now Carrie was on velvet, for the shoes only soaked her seven dollars wholesale. She could now take the knock at pinochle in the lunch-room every day for a week and not show the yellow streak.

Waal, folks, I needn't tell you how Hi and Sindy fixed things. You know that's the only part of the stories you

ever read in the magazins.

"Say, honey," murmured Hi, as he changed into the strangle-hold, "I figure Pop and me can turn out that slipper at two dollars twenty. Nix on high-powered salesmen-just lil old peppy ads. in the dime journals. What with salters and rake-offs they could retail at eight seventyfive and leave a nice cake in the hand. Say two million first year, then-

"Your "O, pull it some more, Hi," murmured Sindy. love-spiel just tickles me pink." E. P. W.

A Drastic Remedy.

"My friend took two bottles of your —— and his liver was gone."

Indian Paper.

ARCADIA AND BETHLEHEM.

THE shepherds' Star young Daphnis did amaze; He sought King Pan where Ladon's waters led, But heard no hoof-beat nor those pipes that sped In melody along the mountain ways, Holding the dryad and the nymph at gaze, All mimic tremble, fluttered white and red Young Daphnis, seeking Pan, he mourned him dead, Young Daphnis on this first of Christmas days.

And yet I've dreamt it that, in Bethlehem, About the manger on the morn of mirth, Unnoticed 'mong the sheep and horned things, The shepherds' king but laid his diadem Before the Little Shepherd of the Earth To do Him homage with his brother-kings. P. R. C.

"Santa Cruz comes next, a charming old town whose ancient Spanish houses and patois offer many temptations to the photographer and artist."—Weekly Paper.

This dialect apparently must be seen to be appreciated.

"The Government is reported to have addressed a telegram to. General Chu voicing appreciation of his services in the recent war and advising him to repercurate in peace."—China Paper.

We don't profess to know much about repercuration, but anything that can be done in peace should be good business in China just now.

> There was an old man in a bus queue Whose clothes were of sober subfuse hue; When questioned, "Where to?" He answered, "The Zoo, For I'm told they've imported a musk ewe."

AT THE PLAY.

"MARCH HARES" (AMBASSADORS).

Mr. H. W. Gribble, whom interested inquiry discovers to be an Englishman resident in New York, has, whether by a happy accidental inspiration or by congenital bias of brain and temperament, produced an enchanting hybrid of farce, comedy and fantasy such as might have been contrived by a possible descendant, say, of Lewis Carroll and St. John Hankin, combining and by his deftly-controlled sense of the compounding the peculiar gifts of his ludicrous, makes us laugh till the tears interesting forerunners.

The characters gathered in Mrs. Rodney's house are, as the author's title of a sort of fourth-dimensional topsy-

and vague, is perhaps the only exception. Her daughter Janet, teacher of elocution, is certainly temperamental and introspective to the point of morbidity. Her partner and fiance, Geoffrey, pleasantly unaccountable Bohemian, has a devastating effect on women, but is so shortsighted and perhaps so egocentric as not to be aware of it. There may be conceivably another reason for this indifference, for there seems to run below the surface of the play a satirical emphasis on modern sex complexes and complications which producer and players tactfully refuse to stress.

When Janet, bored by

Geoffrey's detachment,

her pupil Claudia, in the rôle of "affin- the best of three worlds, farce, comedy another pupil of the school, Edgar He does not invent and distribute wisdom and eccentric nonsense.

Fuller, in a similar rôle. Claudia is an epigrams. What is said flows directly another pupil of the school, Edgar audacious experimentalist — a minx from situation and character. with a difference. Edgar is an amiable, awkward, unsuccessful young man, resenting the fact that he makes no impression on women, but taking all other accidents of life, happy or less happy, with an interested detachment shrewdly watching the human comedy. Ethel the parlour-maid, affianced to a worthy sergeant but infatuated with Geoffrey, whose myopic stare she complacently ular au misinterprets; and Oliver, Geoffrey's night). man, imperturbable but consciously

him, complete the household.

observant of the cross-currents of re-

siege of Geoffrey to excite Janet's jealousy and so unite Geoffrey and Janet. And this indeed the author does. But it is not the journey's end but the journey itself which matters; not what the characters do but what they are and how and why they do it. By some subtle trick of virtuosity our lively author moves us to intellectual interest in his wit, his shrewd relevant comment on life, his sense of character and situation, and at the same time, positively roll down our cheeks; while all through we are excitedly conscious Mrs. Rodney herself, kindly, comfortable got on to the other side of the looking- in the mood of the fantasy, for which she

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"Course yer would tear yer trousers just when I've put me thimble in the Christmas pudding!"

introduces into the Rodney household glass. The author astonishingly makes | the team together!

It is never an easy matter to assess the relative shares of author, players and producer in a perfect whole such as that I feel, I hope not grudgingly, inclined to suggest that it must have been a happy accident of a particular performance, some special rapport established between players and this particular audience (Tattended on the second

Certainly the play was admirably cast and produced with a fine balance pulsion and attraction eddying round and restraint. At a dozen points exaggeration or false stress or less than The quite obvious development of this perfect team-playing would have rudely situation is to use Claudia's amorous shattered the charming bubble.

Mr. LESLIE BANKS rose to the fortunate occasion of so well-written a part as that of the impenitent nonconformist, Geoffrey. I do not see how this could have been better done, the pitfalls of over-exuberance and selfish playing better avoided, or the sense of intelligent fantastic character better suggested. Mr. Ronald Simpson provided the perfect foil in his Edgar, balancing his part with great judgment, husbanding his reserves of emphasis like a good strategist—a quite excellent performance. The characters of Janet and Claudia presented, no doubt, greater difficulties. There was a touch of sheer caricature in Claudia which Miss Athene suggests, mainly extravagant oddities. turvydom—we seem to have somehow Sevier cleverly subdued to credibility

> should acquire merit, caricature being so often demanded of her. Her reading of free verse excerpts was a delightful affair and a lesson in the real technique of elocution. Janet is a subtler character, of much greater variety of mood, and Miss Alison LEGGATT admirably differentiated the changing phases, from the awkward constraint of the opening to the final explosion and queer reconciliation. And what a gracious competent work of art was Miss HILDA TREVELYAN'S "mother Janet"; how that delightful understanding smile slowly broke and faded, and how her knowledge of her job helped to keep

A truly delightful performance of a Geoffrey counters by producing and fantasy; has his cake and eats it too. remarkable and subtle piece of crooked

"SYLVIA" (VAUDEVILLE).

Mr. James Dyrenforth seems to have thought that Mr. St. John Ervine's Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, which this seemed to me to be—so good indeed | failed to please the town, was too good to waste and had the makings of a sound musical comedy, or rather "A Comedy with Music," a term chosen no doubt to suggest that his work of regeneration was something of a compromise.

Certainly Mary (who has now become Sylvia) Westlake, the spoilt darling of her public and professional breaker of hearts, seems quite at home with little choruses of infatuated young men and inquisitive young women in the musical-comedy mode. But there is good sense in the dictum of a famous popular

entrepreneur that you can't afford to fidential unambitious singing. An inhave too much sense in this sort of show. There is an air of exaggerated success of which can only be gauged by incongruity about the business now that | true musical-comedy fans.

passages of Mr. ERVINE's competent dialogue are arbitrarily sandwiched between rather bald "lyrics" and the usual highly-irrelevant "turns." However this is no doubt rather too academic a criticism. Comedies with music have a prescriptive right to all the incon-

gruities.

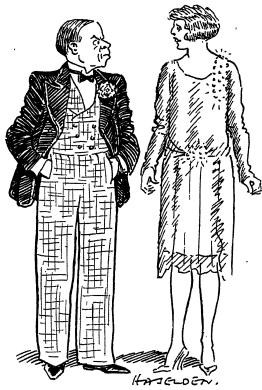
What is important is that Miss IRIS HOEY has a part well suited to her gitts. Her Sylvia, even more outrageous than her predecessor, Mary, is more plausible in this newly-contrived environment. Her devastating descent with her vulgar little manager upon the quiet vicarage of Hinton St. Henry, to hear young Geoffrey Considine (Mr. JAMES RAGLAN) read his Joan of Arc, a poetic drama in five Acts; her desperate flirtations with the young man, with his valetudinarian uncle, Sir Henry, and even with the vague o'd darling of a Canon, his father, and naturally with all the gentlemen of the Chorus-all this is zealously put before us with that arch grace which Miss HOEY commands. Mr. Ivor BARNARD's broad sketch of the little manager, with his cynical tolerance of his principal's vagaries, his hatred of poetic drama and frank preference for the popular Mr. Beeby's powerful drama about the man who was

through his part of Sir Henry in his clever and rather contemptuous way; Mr. BEN WEB-STER gave us a charming little portrait of the kindly Canon, and Miss MARGARET YARDE provided the star turn with an ample study of a local com-mandant of girl guides. Mr. James Raglan as the solemn young prig, and Miss MEG LE MONNIER, his too jealous and much too ingenuous fiancée, were set too difficult a task for either of them to win our sympathy.

adopted by the female baboon,

diverted the audience. Mr. ERNEST THESIGER strolled

Of the musical numbers, "I'm Jealous" and "I'm so Misunderstood"(plaintive-sentimental), "Swing on the Gait" (robustious-negroid), and "One Good Deed a Day" and "The Glass Blower's Bride" (comicbizarre), were the most effective. The intimate little playhouse flattered the rather con-



MANAGER AND UNMANAGEABLE. Mr. Hobbs Mr. Ivor Barnard. Sylvia Miss Iris Hoey.



FIRST AID. .. Sir Henry Considine . . . Mr. Ernest Thesiger.

Miss Mimms . . .

. MISS MARGARET YARDE.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

Ladies a-plenty Have painters drawn In velvet and cramoisie, Lace and lawn;

Grave Infantas In stiff brocades; Nymphs that wanton In woodland shades;

Mild Madonnas Who gaze serene From many a gilded And carven screen;

REYNOLDS' beauties Like country posies; Dames of Flanders Like full-blown roses.

And here's a lady Fair as them all, Gracious to look upon, Royally tall.

Many her lovers Of old have been; Men have paid court to her As to a Queen,

Humoured her whimsies, Watched her ways, Lovingly chided her, Sung in her praise,

Served her in poverty, Hunger and cold, Spent their best years for her, Toiled and grown old,

Lavished upon her A loyalty true, Ay, and, if need were, Died for her too.

Yonder's her picture (In oils, no less!), The Colonies' clipper, Good Queen Bess, Taking her pilot C.F.S. Off Dungeness.

Commercial Candour.

From a financial agency's circular:-

"Fluctuations will naturally occur; but we should like our clients to make a big profit, which no doubt will be a pleasant change to some."

"I wonder if Cambridge have ever had such a cosmopolitan side; the fifteen is composed of five Welshmen, five Englishmen, three Scotsmen, two South Africans and an Irishman."-Evening Paper.

And of course Cambridge won. Oxford should insist next year upon the referee counting the players before the match begins.

LYRA LUNATICA.

THE NEW ZOO.

I HAVE a scheme, a lovely dream that must in time come

Of the founding and equipment of a genuine Nonsense Zoo, And the need is so imperative I simply can't explain Why it never has been hitherto conceived by mortal brain.

The nucleus of the Nonsense Zoo—of this I 'm very clear-Is ready in the magical menagerie of Lear;

And it only needs a little bio-chemical assistance To lend the creatures of his pen a tangible existence.

The fauna and the flora of the Great Gromboolian Plain Will be carefully transferred to this delectable domain; And reproduced in miniature you'll see with wondering

The purpledicular mountains of the Chankly Bore arise. You'll see the ivory Ibis and the crimson-whiskered Cat, The cheerful Ploffskin Pelicans, the merry Bisky Bat; And the plaintive Dong will prance along, so luminous of

And the Pobble swim divinely, though he's innocent of toes.

There too the Quangle-Wangle-Quee, who never shows his face

And wears the hugest hat on earth, will have an honoured place;

And all good little children will be introduced to him And to the curious creatures on his hat's enormous brim.

Admittance will be granted to the Snark, the Jabberwock, The Cheshire Cat and Turtles, provided they are Mock; But mastodons and mammoths, whether skeletons or stuffed, As obsolete and quite effete, must always be rebuffed.

The diet of the beasticles and birdlings will consist Of comestibles selected by a great gastronomist; Co-operative cauliflowers will grace the daily board, And large crumbobblious cutlets will their sustenance afford.

Buns freely spickle-speckled with the most salubrious seeds Will satisfy the bunnies and appease all ursine needs, And barrels of rich gargle, flowing forth in endless rills, Will be on tap to mitigate all pulmonary ills.

Nor shall the congregation of the birdlings and the beasts Lack mental stimulation at their pastimes and their feasts, For a mild melodious mandarin will bump the whole day

With sumptuous sonority upon a Chinese gong.

The keepers will be Jumblies, green of face, with hands of

Recruited from those regions which are very far and few, And clothed in edible attire, constructed like the dress Invented by the wise old man born in the land of Tess.

And, though the B.B.C. its Aunts and Uncles once tabooed, No wireless ban will from our plan the services exclude Of good old Aunt Jobiska, whom the runcibles adore, And dear old Uncle Arley, though he didn't win the War.

And who shall be Director of this Children's Paradise? Who shall control the Basilisk and curb the Cockatrice? How much shall be his salary, and where shall he reside? These are important questions which we cannot yet decide.

But on the Board of Management I'd place our "A. A. M." And the author of The Jungle Book—we can't dispense with

SHEPHERD (J. A.) and SHEPARD (E.) and ROBINSON (Mr. HEATH),

THE JOLLY JOURN.

THE following correspondence, which will be found self-explanatory, has recently passed between myself and my nephew James, aged twenty-two:-

DEAR UNCLE,—As I want to buck up and marry Marjorie, I have now decided to be a journalist like you, only a much better one of course. Kindly put me wise as to wrinkles. Yours affec., JAMES.

Dear James,—I note that you have decided to become a journalist like me, only a much better one of course. I am afraid you will find it impossible altogether to avoid the wrinkles, and the wisest thing I can do is to recommend you a nightly application of a preparation known obtainable at all chemists, price --. Marjorie may know something better, though. By the way, who is Marjorie? Your affectionate UNCLE.

DEAR UNCLE,—What I mean is, how does one start being a bally journalist? Marjorie is the girl I'm going to Yours affec., marry. JAMES.

Dear James,—A sure method of starting to be a bally journalist is to become a popular actor, a fad doctor, a prominent pugilist or an unemployed Prime Minister. Trusting that this will be helpful,

Yours affectionately, Uncle. PS.—Yes; but who is Marjorie, the girl you are going to marry?—U.

DEAR UNCLE,—Kindly cut the cackle. I can't be pop act, fad doc, prom pug or ex-P.M. So how do I start to be a jolly journ? Yes, Marjorie is the girl I'm going to marry. Yours affec.,

Dear James,—The neat style of contraction you have acquired should take you far. Note that you can't be pop act, fad doc, prom pug or ex-P.M. Could you not then turn thief, burglar, bigamist, bogus company-promoter, or really romantic murderer? Gentlemen at the top of these professions, as you must have observed from the Pressespecially the Sunday variety—are all bally prosperous journs. Please give me full particulars about Marjorie, the girl you are going to marry

Your affectionate UNCLE.

Dear Uncle,—I'd have been fierce as a journ, but father says I've got to stew in his office. The Marjorie business has all gone west too. Am now engaged to Cynthia. Yours affec.,

Dear James,—Shouldn't worry too much about not being able to become a fierce journ. You'll probably be just as fierce in your father's business. But who is Cynthia? Your affectionate

Dear Uncle,—I've done it! Knew I should! Have become a bally journ after all. Stood on my head for ten hours the night before last for a bet, and The Sunday - have offered me £37,500 for the exclusive rights of my life story as "The Champion Upside-Down Man." Yes, I am marrying Molly to-morrow; Cynthia and I broke off, you know. Yours affec.,

Our Helpful Press.

"Household Hint.—Ink can more easily be removed from white tablecloths before it is spilled than after."—Provincial Paper.

"Fur Coars.—Moleskin Leopard, Gazelle, Mink Kid, Electric Coney, etc."—Advt. in Provincial Paper. And last, as Feeler of all Bumps, the good Sir Arthur Keith. Our greyhound always maintained it was not a hare.



MRA.J.MUNNINGS.RA.

Drawn by George Belcher.

Your portrait mounted he will make, But largely for the horse's sake; Gipsies he'll do on Epsom Downs, Or racers—glossy bays and browns—

Not occupied so much in racing As through the landscape gently pacing; And oh, how brilliant, oh, how stunning's The colour-work of Mr. MUNNINGS!

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LVIII.



Overburdened Mother. "Come ore of that ice, will yer? You'll listen to wot I say one o' these days when yer falls in an' I ain't 'ere to say it!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE. (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

So many extraneous hares are started in Mr. Christopher Hollis's book on the decay of American Republicanism that the original animal, a quarry well worth coursing, fails, I feel, to provide all the profit and entertainment it might. The book's first pages, however, put forward a very interesting thesis, and every paragraph that goes to the development of this is worth weighing. In drafting the Declaration of Independence, JEFFERSON declared not only that all men were created equal, and so forth, but that these truths were self-evident. Mr. Hollis maintains that, so far from being self-evident, they are only deducible from the principles of dogmatic Christianity. The worldly Christians of the eighteenth century, he says, accepted the premises of faith and denied their conclusions; republican fervour denied the premises and accepted the conclusions. The latter phenomenon in its New World manifestation is The American Heresy (SHEED AND WARD), whose rise and fall Mr. Hollis traces in biographies of Jefferson, Calhoun, Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson. The Jeffersonian freedom was soundly based on the ownership of land, a tradition the South maintained after the North was industrialised. Mr. Hollis is therefore a Secessionist; his portrait of CALHOUN is a sympathetic one; and he quotes "The Pious Editor's Creed"—not Southern, Mr. Hollis—in a serious attempt to prove that liberty and niggers are better apart. Lincoln he appraises as a hero on the wrong side, the maker of modern America; and for Wilson, the ineffectual reaper of Lincoln's whirlwind, he has nothing but contempt. As a historian his estimates are a little apt to be put out by the convictions of the supernatural man, coloured by the prejudices of the natural one. But it is un-

doubtedly the presence of the former element, wherever you have it unalloyed, that lends distinction to his standpoint.

Lord Birkenhead, discoursing in Law, Life and Letters (Hodder and Stoughton) on matters as varied as the office of the King's Proctor, the coup d'état of the 18th Brumaire, or the everlasting glory of Sir Walter Scott, discloses a rather bewildering range of literary accomplishment. In analysing the case for divorce law reform, for instance, he supports a knowledge of the subject so complete by phrasing so masterful that one admits his eminence as a writer no less than his authority as an ex-Lord Chancellor; yet in treating of Bolshevism—and one cannot but feel that the topic is congenial—he allows his pen to deliver itself of so ruddy a spate that one waits uneasily for some restraining gesture from the Woolsack. In recounting the early adventures of an aspirant in politics he is still something of the gay filibuster who won the Walton Division of Liverpool in the election of 1906; but in lecturing on Empire Development or on the philosophy of opportunity he rounds his periods with so comatose a pomposity that one longs for a dash of F. E. SMITH. Somewhere between these extreme forms of expression is an essay on "Eloquence," the quoted examples in which come piquantly as being an eloquent author's particular selection, as well as one or two minor charactersketches that have a suggestion of courtliness all their own; but personally I was happiest with the considerable section of his second volume that the author devotes to a kind of condensed and all too incomplete autobiography. Here he selects six outstanding events of his life, that have proved in the retrospect to be crucial turning-points in his career. An exercise of this kind may always be fascinating to the subject of it, but when the career has been of the meteoric order the fascination extends in no small measure to the

reader. For this section alone the book could be recommended; but it seems possible that not everyone will find all phases of the writer's versatility equally satisfying.

With weather that's fairly deserving, And winds that are not too contrary, LAURENCE IRVING—yes, grandson of IRVING-

Takes ship in the Pamela Mary; Ships' crews can be small if they're zealous,

So his man and his "shipwife" make do;

But let Windmills and Waterways tell

How they worked the Dutch waterroads through.

The Pamela's not of the smartest, But she's seaworthy seven times over, So the author, who's also an artist As well as a writer and rover, Has leisure to sit and do sketches That log her from pillar to post, And I know not which art of his fetches Me—limning or letterpress—most.

'Tis a Heinemann issue and, did you Look round for an aid or abettor In Hollander waters, I'd bid you Peruse and be LAURENCE'S debtor; And you'll say of his taking-the-tide book:

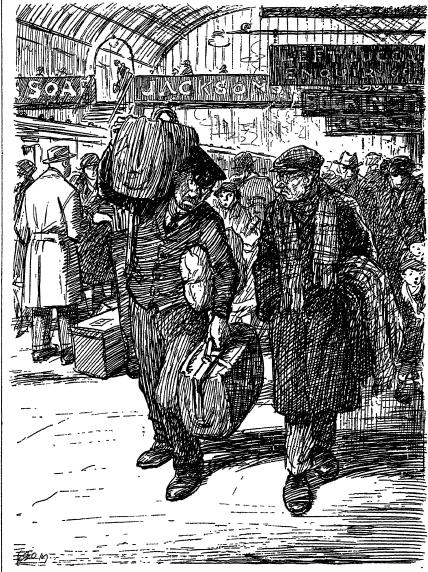
"Here's the wit, and the wisdom, no end '

Of a skipper who's guide and not guidebook.

Philosopher (laughing) and friend."

When you find an exceedingly wellkept range, with all its bright furniture of toast-rack, bellows, brass pans and copper kettles allotted a star part in the description of a homely kitchen, you know you are in the North; for the Northern housewife is not only too wise to quarrel with housewifery but too clever to side-track it. The invaluable

quality of recognising where you stand and what you stand for seems to me the pride and poetry of the North-country; and if it takes a North-country dweller to do justice to the pride, it takes a North-country exile to appreciate the poetry. Mrs. Dorothy Una Ratcliffe is happy in being able to combine both attitudes; and her pictures of Dale Folk (LANE)—preluded by the afore-mentioned pæan on the kitchen range—prove that in Yorkshire at any rate self-respect and glamour go hand-in-hand. Mrs. RATCLIFFE's short character-stories in prose and verse are a delightful blend of raillery and tenderness, charm and honesty. Barnes himself, if he could have been induced to forgo his Dorset for the Doric of Wharfedale, might have written the song of the gipsy who watched the stars climb the poplar spire through her caravan-window, and the hoity-toity legend of Mrs. Uppleby Brown, with its exemplary memento mori. And the DAUDET of Mattre Cornille and Les Vieux would have envied the prose annalist of "Joe Ottiwell, Huntsman" and "Luke Verill's Mother," has spent nights with trained observers at the Flagstaff



Newly-arrived Passenger from the North. "It's a verba sibange co-bencidence, BUT YE'RE THE SAME PORTER I EMPLOYED THE LAST TIME I CAM TO LONDON YER FACE IS FAMEELIAR, BECAUSE I MIND I HADN'T ONY CHANGE THREE YEARS AGO. AND I HAD TAE GIE YE A THREEPENNY-BIF."

her acquaintance with the gentle and simple of a district quite as beautiful in its way as his own Tarascon, and even more congruous to its children. The beauty and the congruity have been well brought out, in their light and shadow, sunshine and murk, by Mr. Fred Lawson's illustrations.

It is the view of Sir Francis Younghusband, I imagine, that your modern dweller in cities does not feel the influence of the stars as did those old dwellers in the desert who watched their flocks by night, or the ancient mariners who sailed by their guiding rays. The astronomers, it is true, may have taught us much of their mass, their distance and their numbers. But if we really wish to know and understand them we ought, says Sir Francis, to study them from the hill-top as well as from the observatory. He has himself followed his prescription in many parts of the world—in the Gobi desert, in the Himalaya, on the Pamirs and in Chitral, and later in Rhodesia and the Rocky Mountains. Again, he

Observatory, the Mount Wilson and the Lick Observatories in California. He has been shown, in the great telescopes, the marvellous cluster in Hercules, in which thirty-five thousand stars have been photographically recorded, and the great spiral nebula in Andromeda. And he has read and thought. Here, in Life in the Stars (John Murray), is the result. Perhaps no one who has spent so much time as this with the heavens can resist the lure of speculation. Some of these millions of stars assuredly have planets, as our sun has; on some of these planets must be life of some kind; some of this life may be higher than our own. That in effect is the conclusion to which he finds himself drawn; and may not also our higher spiritual influences descend from higher beings who dwell on other planets? On one

supreme embodiment of the eternal spirit which animates the whole." This is a sincere and thoughtful book, and I hope it will be widely read.

All the world loves a lover, and the thing it loves next best to a lover is a menagerie. If the menagerie has a circus combined with it so much the better, but the spirit and glamour of the procession and the big tent, the rumbling gilded floats full of uneasy carnivores, the gaily-costumed riders and the elephantdrawn band-wagon blaring its mightiest are there in any case. One who was born, almost, on the road, who comes of showman ancestors and has spent all his life with menageries and circuses, and achieved a very comfortable fortune and some civic dignity in the process, should have a host of brave tales to tell. I confess I was disappointed with Mr. E. H. BOSTOCK'S Menageries, Circuses and Theatres (CHAPMAN AND HALL). As a biography it

is well enough, no doubt, but there is too much finance in it—how much this menagerie cost to fit out and how much was taken on such and such a trip. A few exciting incidents on the road and elsewhere are mentioned, but only a few. One gets no real insight into the showman's life, which, for all Mr. Bostock reveals, is little more eventful than a stockbroker's. It is not that he did not have the adventures. A menagerie man to his finger-tips, there was nothing to be done or endured about a show, from buying horses to "taming" lions, that he did not himself do or endure. To him, however, these are but minor incidents in a business career. The reader would enumeration of the visits of royalty to the show and a little more about the make-up of the show, the different animals carried and the men engaged in looking after them. All the same Menageries, Circuses and Theatres is a useful addition to the literature of travelling showmanship.

Julius Levine (MILLS AND BOON) is one of those long leisurely chronicles which have to be very good if they are to be any good at all. It is by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER," an author who, whether he succeeds or fails, writes always with enthusiasm and with an eye for a phrase. The young Julius, whose progress through youth and early manhood is here described, is the son of the rich banker. Baron Levine, who was born a French Jew but has suffered a profitable conversion to anglicised Christianity. (The peerage, I gather, is an English one, and yet its holder is always addressed as "baron" and his wife as "baroness." Strange, but no doubt correct. One who has dusted and listened for so many years should certainly know.) In the course of his pilgrimage Julius makes many acquaintances, such world, he thinks, there may be a world leader, "the and, as all of them are of the governing class, our author's

gift of rapid observation and description is displayed to the full. Most of his characters are convincingly alive and begin by being interesting. But they go on being themselves for so long and react on each other to such little purpose that even the enthusiastic reader may grow tired of them.

"BENNET COPPLESTONE." who has hitherto chiefly devoted himself to the chronicling of more remote phases of nautical life, has now collected, under the not too euphonious title of Tales of S.O.S. and T.T.T. (BLACKWOOD), a number of true stories of sea disasters, in which modern invention, and more particularly wireless telegraphy, has played an important part. "The vast solitude of the ancient seas," observes Mr. COPPLE-STONE, "has gone for ever"; and the volume presents an interesting and comprehensive view of the new aspect which the never-ending drama of the great waters has assumed in the light of recent scientific develop-



Peppery Gent (to man taking home holly). "Would you mind keeping Christmas more to yourself?"

ments. I am bound to say, however, that I find myself unable to follow altogether Mr. Copplestone's logic when he attributes to the malign influence of what he calls "the devils of the sea" certain occurrences which appear to have a perfectly simple and commonplace explanation in human stupidity and lack of initiative.

Mr. Hobace G. Hutchinson invariably writes so well that I approach any book of his with most pleasant anticipations, and with Murder in Monk's Wood (MURRAY) I have only one slight fault to find. More than once I found myself wishing that the young man who tells the story might have been a have liked more incidents and less career, a less particular little less introspective and a little more virile. But excuses enough could be found for his rather wobbly state of mind. A murder had been committed, and with sound reason he suspected that his beloved mother was the criminal. It is, in my experience of mystery-fiction, a unique situation, and Mr. HUTCHINSON handles it with great tact and skill.

CHARIVARIA.

SURPRISE is expressed that no auxiliary income-tax collectors were engaged for the Christmas work.

A letter in a bottle which was thrown into the sea off Dover was delivered a few days later to the person to whom it was addressed in Deal. On the whole the existing postal system seems more satisfactory.

Herrings are said to be in large numbers outside the estuary of the Clyde but will not come in. A correspondent who once fell into the Clyde says he is not surprised.

Some houses have been burgled twice | Conservatives.

within a few days recently. The indulgence of householders is solicited for these oversights.

In this connection it is felt that much confusion and misunderstanding might easily be avoided if burglars were required to leave receipts. * * *

"We understand that, among Americans of a certain type, it is regarded as an English affectation to remove the band from a cigar before chewing it.

* * We are assured that Pantomime is dead, but some producers seem confident that an opportunity to see the!

morbid curiosity.

The statement of a London magistrate that a man has no right to hit his wife in the eye will be welcomed by husbands who have been contemplating some such action but were doubtful as to its legality.

"How to keep boxing on its feet" was the title of a recent article. There is too much recumbency in modern boxing.

In view of Sir Thomas Beecham's complaint that no effort is made to keep British operatic singers in this country there is some talk of buttering their feet.

the Mansion House is to be altered. We understand that the difficulty is to devise one that will harmonise with every shade of Lord Mayor.

Those who wish to sleep in comfort should follow the new fashion of wearing pyjamas with plaid patterns. Nothing is more conducive to insomnia than the consciousness of being démodé.

STALIN'S real name, we read, is Joseph Dzhoogashvili. That is nothing to what Trotsky calls him.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks and Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER shared the thousand payers of Income-tax in this handshakes of six thousand people at a country. If the number of buff-coloured

visit from the doctor at Christmastime." For social reasons it would seem not always advisable to eat a Canadian apple a day.

A skull half-an-inch thick, unearthed recently, has been sent to a Midlands town council without the formality of an election.

"Turkeys are going cheap," says a headline They don't, of course, go of their own accord; they have to be pushed.

There are two million three hundred whist-drive promoted by Middlesex envelopes sent out each year were Conservatives. Yet it is sometimes placed end-to-end in a straight line

across the Sahara Desert, the sand would soon cover them up, and a good job too.

A writer remarks that the result of the next General Election is in the laps of the women. Are there such things nowadays?

** With reference to the man who appeared in Hyde Park on Christmas Day wearing odd boots, carol-singers say that it served him right. * * *

A new sign-post being used in America is made of rubber, and when the motorist collides with it it gives way to the car and returns to the erect position after the blow.

What a lesson for pedestrians!

We read of an old convict who is very clever at making imitation cigars out of oakum. Some of these Christmas cigars are really most ingenious.

The New Zealand Dairy Produce Board has decided to release larger quantities of cheese for export to Great Britain than last season. Some of the cheeses have been straining eagerly on their leashes.

The Englishwoman, says a fashion note, looks her best in a tailor-made suit. So does the Englishman.

In an interview in which she described the loneliness of life at a Hudson cial jester behind, it must not be in-Bay Company's post, a lady is reported | ferred that his trip to Europe is entirely



Pantomime-DICK WHITTINGTON. Miss Mae Del Grande as the Cat.

"The most realistic cat ever seen."—Advt.

Miss Del Grande. "Help! Help! There's a mouse in my dressing-ROOM!

corpse appeals to the modern spirit of alleged that Ministers are losing their

It is hoped that the action of the railway companies in running fast special trains from London to Edinburgh and Glasgow to enable Scotsmen to spend New Year's Eve in Scotland will relieve the pressure round St. Paul's.

Astronomers, we read, now give the sun another hundred million million years before it ceases to radiate heat and light to outer space. It ceased, of course, to radiate heat and light to this country last spring.

The colour scheme of the interior of as saying, "If we were lucky we had a in the nature of a holiday.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

(From the Other Side.)

As I sat alone in my study I reflected that Christmas seemed to be getting on quite nicely without me. The carolsingers were quavering in the squelchy streets and doubtless every taxi-driver wore a bunch of mistletoe; but it was all beautifully gloomy indoors, and I, feeling like an unrepentant Scrooge, thought how pleasant it was to be so unseasonably quiet. Valerie had taken the children to the Browns' party and the silence was lovely. It went on being lovely for quite a long time—in fact until the telephone-bell rang in my

"Hullo!" Valerie's voice sounded rather anxious. "Are you busy, dar-

ling?"

"Tremendously busy," I answered. "Oh!" There was a pause while I rustled some papers ostentatiously.

"Oh, because if you aren't too des-

perately busy-

I made noises like a poet in travail. "The children will be so disappointed," continued Valerie. "You see, Mr. Brown has got the most devastating toothache, and he can't be Father Christmas, and the children are all expecting him, and all the presents are waiting. Oh, do shut up?"

The ejaculation was not so irrelevant as you might suppose; it meant that someone else was listening while Valerie telephoned. I guessed that she had been boasting of her power over a weak

husband.

"Your Father Christmas clothes." she went on, "are all in the box-room, darling. It won't take you two minutes to taxi round here. And Mrs. Brown is going to leave a sack of presents in the hall, and she says all you have to do is to pick them up and walk straight into the drawing-room."

"Oh! she does, does she?" I mumbled. "So you won't be long, will you, darling?"

"I'm tr-r-rying to get them!" rippled a voice from the exchange, and I hung

up the receiver.

I decided, as I looked in the glass a few minutes later, that a dressing-gown is a most undignified garment and that masks and white beards are positively indecent. However, I telephoned for a taxi and tried not to look self-conscious as I told the man to drive to "The Laurels" in Burlington Avenue.

"Front-door or chimney?" he inquired jauntily. (How I loathe the spirit of bonhomie that runs riot at this dread-

ful season!)

I was admitted by a horrid little maid who opened her mouth and stared. Now it was obviously absurd to in- lifted the receiver.

quire if Mrs. Brown was in. It was equally absurd to stand on my dignity. I determined to play the detestable game as thoroughly as possible, so with a glad cry of "Merry Christmas!" I stepped blithely into the hall. Removing my inadequate overcoat, I straightened my beard and pointed to the drawing-room door.

"In there?" I asked.

helpless kind of way, and I strode forward. As I opened the door, my mask slipped down so that the eye-holes rested on my cheeks, but I stumbled onwards and closed the door behind me.

The room was in darkness. I had expected to be hailed with shouts of merriment, but instead-

"Who is that, please?" asked a quavering voice. Evidently my greeting had been rehearsed.

"Father Christmas!" I announced proudly as I tried to readjust my mask.

A breathless "Oh!" answered me, and I braced myself to withstand the onslaught of children. You must re-member that I had had experience as Father Christmas, and well I knew the feel of little fingers twining through my

"Yes," I said cheerfully, "I'm poor old Father Christmas. You must blame the chimney for my lateness. I've never known such a tight fit. Why, if it hadn't been for cook I should have been there now. And one of the reindeer cast a shoe. Oh dear, wasn't it naughty of it? But now that I am here we're going to have a splendid time together. I've brought——"

Just then I remembered that I hadn't brought anything and had forgotten all about the sack of presents in the hall. But before I could stumble to the door I beard a click and my mask was flooded with red light. And then I saw through the eyeholes three drab little ladies and one old gentleman with weak eyes. They were sitting at a round table and each looked horrified.

"I'm sorry," I gasped. "I quite thought this was 'The Laurels.'"

"This is 'The Laurels,'" said one little lady, and another one, who looked like a filleted sole, dressed in mauve velvet, whimpered, "If this is a practical joke it is in the worst possible taste. We were trying to get into communication with Miss Murgatroyd's dear brother."

"From the Other Side, you know," supplemented the old gentleman with a vague gesture.

"I'm sorry," I repeated, removing my mask out of respect for Miss Murgatroyd's brother. Just then the telephone-bell rang and the mauve sole The savoury symbol of Imperial unity.

"No," she said—"no, we don't know Mr. Miles. Yes, this is four seven nine." I snatched the receiver from her.

"Well, if Mr. Miles should come-

"He is here," I said.
"Hullo!" Valerie's voice was cool and silvery. "Is that you, darling? Don't breathe so heavily. We waited and waited, and then as you didn't come I thought perhaps you'd forgotten that The horrid little maid nodded in a the Browns moved from 'The Laurels' last week. They're now at 'Bellaggio,' in Laburnum Road. I thought I might catch you if I rang up Miss Murgatroyd. I'm so glad I thought of it. Now do hurry, darling!"

ODE TO AN EMPIRE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

(Lines written in Anticipation.) IMPERIAL pudding! how extremely pleas-

To view with loyal and admiring eye (After the goose, the turkey or the pheasant)

Your appetising shape upheld on high. With English holly dressed, Bright flames about your crest, Welcome, Imperial guest, Attended by the satellite mince-pie!

The great ships of the sea Have safely borne for me Your rich ingredients culled from lands

The ripe Australian plum, Fine old Jamaican rum

And, steaming bravely home from Zanzibar, Bushels of pungent cloves

From her delightful groves. Imperial Ind sent aromatic spices, Africa candied-peel in curly slices; The island of Ceylon Gave fragrant cinnamon.

A goodly beeve that lately fed at ease On spacious pastures in th' Antipodes Yielded his ample suct for the feast (I feel a little sorry for that beast),

While many another jolly cargo came From regions much too numerous to name.

Rare pudding! with what keen anticipations

I seize my glass and gladly drink your health,

Proud product of the far-flung sisternations

That form our freedom-loving Commonwealth:

And may I never subsequently feel Regrets for this my patriotic zeal; Most excellent comestible,

Be, I entreat, digestible,

Then I'll devour with well-deserved impunity

C. L. M.



THE DRAGON TURNS.



The Burglar (sampling Christmas port). "'Oo EVER SOLD YER THIS STUFF?"

A QUESTION OF LANGUAGE.

THE other day my friend Henry, who is just back from the East, joined me in a visit to one of the many Chinese restaurants in London. Henry did not want to go; I think he felt he had hardly been struggling for some years to exist on expensive English food and drink in Shanghai in order to come home to London and eat expensive chop-suey. But I insisted, because Henry is a qualified Chinese interpreter, and, though shy, he can, if roused, speak the language like a leak in a pneumatic rivetter.

When KIPLING stated that East and West never met, he cannot have yet sampled a Chinese restaurant in London. In the place we entered there was a marked Occidoriental atmosphere, expressed chiefly by white table-cloths, embroidered hangings, the smell of jossstick and the odour of fried onion. head-waiter, though Chinese, spoke good English, but, to my annoyance, Henry, though an interpreter, would not speak Chinese.

When I at last asked him to unloose a few bars he murmured that he couldn't do it in cold blood.

"Come on," I encouraged him;

"here's the table-waiter. Tell him I'm his shyness. Tung.

diffidently remarked something to our for the manager. Celestial which sounded like water-hammer in next-door's bath-room tap.

The Celestial smiled blandly. "No speakee," he explained in kindly fashion. Me Canton-side."

Henry, it appeared, only spoke Northern Chinese, and scarlet with shame he buried himself in his food-a steaming plateful like last week's garden bonfire after an afternoon's rain. He said not a further word till the coffee, at which stage he inadvertently laid his cigarette on the tablecloth and burnt a large hole.

Henry, rather overcome, at once offered to pay for the damage; whereupon the head-waiter, talking rapidly, stripped off the linen and displayed the soiled tablecloth of the previous occupants underneath, also neatly cauterized. For this Henry naturally refused to be responsible, and became really angry when the waiter, investigating yet earlier strata, came upon an almost

Once roused, as I said, Henry loses hum-ba-long!

These researches into going to pung a helping of this Hi Tin lunch-table geology provoked him to a snappy couple of feet of dialect which Blushing under his seasoning, Henry | sent the scared head-waiter scurrying

The manager appeared, bowing, a stout Chinaman in perfect English dress and with a perfect American accent. He deprecated the whole business but suggested that, since Henry had offered to pay the damage, he should do so. Henry emitted another blast of Chinese which only sailed harmlessly over the manager's head, or so I gathered from the fact that he merely indicated with true business instinct his willingness to make a reduction for quantity.

Henry lapsed into good Anglo-Saxon, and pointed out that there should only have been one tablecloth on the table. The manager hotly denied the propriety of any such niggardliness and took the view that Henry was lucky to have been merely lunching. Had it been dinner and had they had a good day, he might have tapped half-a-dozen tablecloths at one blow.

With a look of intense wrath Henry Eccene formation in the shape of a rose up and remarked through his teeth, third burnt tablecloth under the second. "Pūn-ah-ping-pūn-ah-mama - pūn-ah-

It was obviously Chinese swearing of the worst kind, and the manager, putting a shocked hand to his ears, straightway sent out for a policeman.

After a strained interval a large London constable appeared, massively

Occidental.

"Now, now now-what's all this 'ere?" he began in the immemorial tradition.

The manager indicated Henry and complained that Henry had used bad "Ho!" said the policeman. "And did you?"

"I did," replied Henry shortly.

The policeman drew a note-book from his pocket and moistened a fragmentary pencil with an enveloping tongue. Then he wrote down the date and place, looked at Henry over the top of his book with poised pencil and said sternly, "Now, Sir, what did you say to 'im'?"

"Pūn-ah-ping-pūn-ah-mama-pūn-ah-hum-ba-long!" stated Henry pleas-

antly.

The constable rocked on his foundations. His jaw fell on to his chin-strap and he nearly dropped his pencil. Then he pulled himself together and invited Henry to repeat the expression.

"Pān-ah-ping-pān-ah-mama-pān-ah-hum-ba-long," remarked Henry

patiently.
"Ho!" said the constable, after deep thought. He studied his pencil-point and added, "Ho, did you?"
"I'm afraid I did," said Henry.

"Well, what's it all mean?" asked

the policeman cautiously.

"Pardon me," said Henry; "I've told you what I said. I'm not aware of being under any obligation to tell you what I meant."

The policeman turned to the manager. "What's it mean?" he reiterated.

The manager said that there was one word there which he could not possibly mention aloud, a word so insulting, a word so-

The constable fingered his book doubtfully. "Seems to me," he said at length, "I'm not wanted." He was about to depart when he had an idea. "What's the rest of it mean, then," he hopefully asked the Chinese manager; "all except

that word?"

The Chinaman bent a virulently impassive look on Henry. "That I do not know," he said with dignity; "I only recognised the one word. I was born and educated in America and speak nothing but English."

He turned and walked away angrily. So did the policeman, thoughtfully. So did Henry, forgetfully; for he left me to pay the bill-two lunches and three tablecloths. A. A.



Friend. "I SAY, I DROPPED A BRICK WITH ONE OF YOUR GUESTS-THE OLD BOY WITH THE WHISKERS-TOLD HIM TO TAKE MY CLUBS-THOUGHT IT WAS THE BUTLER." Son of the House. "You dropped a bigger brick than you thought; it was THE BUTLER.

NATURE OR OPPORTUNITY?

[In a case brought up in a Glasgow policecourt, mention was made of a dog that had learned to pick up coppers in the street.]

This tale the flippant Southern mind Makes for a moment merrier;

That dog, bawbees so keen to find, Must be a Scottish terrier.

Unpractised dogs could never do That trick," say Scots; "mayhap it'll Bring Sassenachs to Glasgow too,

Where streets are strewn with W. K. H. capital."

Harem Song.

We do not understand the Tote, But this we know and know full

That we continually dote Upon our mari-mutuel.

"The bouquet carried by Miss —— at her wedding to Mr. —— was of red carnations, and not pink, as stated in the report supplied to us."—Provincial Paper.

We congratulate our contemporary on its courage in correcting an error which might have led to much bitterness of spirit.

THE MURDER AT "THE BEECHES."

A YULETIDE DETECTIVE STORY.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Francis BREIT YOUNG and all other sleuthhounds of the day.)

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH MR. JAMES BONE IS MYSTIFIED.

Wно had killed Theodosius Davidson, the eminent Egyptologist, and, after lightly embalming his body, plastered it all over with snow and set it up in place of the snow-man on the front lawn of "The Beeches"? Who, I mean, would

again as he walked about the gardens, looking every now and then to see if there were any clues on the herbaceous border. He was wrapped indeep thoughtand was wearing a fur-lined overcoat, for it was very cold.

The circumstances of the Professor's death pointed to considerable violence. It was shown at the inquest that an instrument of almost incredible bluntness had been used in cracking the skull. The body was perforated by several large holes about the size of holes. The throat was cut from ear to ear. or even more so, and a knitting-needle had been driven right through

at the mouth. On the front end of this knitting-needle had been placed the short clay pipe which had previously decorated the snow-man.

The Professor was quite dead.

Nobody at "The Beeches" confessed to any knowledge of how the incident had occurred. The household, as James Bone listed them in his head, was as follows:-

Persons. Characteristics. (1) The Professor's } Dark-eyed. wife (2) The Professor's Winifred and Bertie. children Brats. Beautiful; probably in love with (4). (3) Their governess (4) The Professor's Handsome; probably do. secretary with (3). (5) The Professor's Anthropologist; silverfriend haired. (6) The Professor's (Melancholy: no hair at

all.

Parsons. Characteristics. (7) Three maid-ser- | Pert; three different vants | kinds of hair.

Saturnine; hair concealed (8) The gardener by hat.

Which of them had killed Professor Davidson?

On the whole he was inclined to except from suspicion the two children, Winifred and Bertie. Neither knew anything of embalming. They had no blunt instruments except pencils, and both of them had been in bed. As for the others, the journalist shrugged his shoulders. Time alone would show.

For the past week the numbers of the want to do that to a nice quiet old man? house-party had been swelled by the These were the questions which James addition of himself and Detective-Bone, the representative of The Glebe- Inspector Macarthy, the elephantine shire Mercury, asked himself again and policeman from Glebe, who gave extra crawling rapidly away.

"I do," answered Bone.

"An amateur like yourself, Mr. Bone. might suppose that because snow had fallen since the evening of the crime all traces had been obliterated. We old hands of the police-force know better than that. I have been groping with my finger-nails for nearly three hours this morning and I have found a lipstick and the lowest button of a rightfoot spat."

"How do you know it is the lowest button?" asked Bone.

"It is the lowest button which always comes off first," replied the huge inspector with a self-satisfied smirk.

"How do you know it is the right foot?" pursued the journalist.
"By logarithms," answered the other,

CHAPTER III. IN WHICH THE MYSTERY GROWS DEEPER STILL. James Bone went back

to the library to examine the papers of the deceased, all of which had been laid out in piles for inspection by anyone who cared to come. Hastily tossing aside a will, a greyhound racing programme and five or six copies of Schedule D, he found, as he had expected, a sheet of foolscap, which he folded and placed in the lining of his hat. While he was doing so, Maud Davidson, the Professor's wife, came wildly in. "Mr. Bone," she said,

looking weirdly at him, the back of the head so as to come out | trouble to the servants by keeping clues | "you seem to be having a pretty good time here as my guest. I may regard you, may I not, as a friend?"

"You may."

"It is about Dr. Chapman."

"The Professor's friend?"

"Yes."

"Has he been annoying you anyway?" "No, but he has been making faces

at the children."

She had scarcely spoken when the melancholy butler stole into the room in a sinister manner and noiselessly made up the fire. As he imperceptibly closed the door James Bone observed out of the tail of his eye that one of the long curtains by the French-window was moving to and fro in a mysterious way. He walked silently up to it as though he intended to look out on the lawn, where Macarthy was still crawling about, like an uncanny monster, on his hands and knees.



Mother (to small son, back from party). "I HOPE YOU DIDN'T OVER-EAT JUST BECAUSE IT WAS CHRISTMAS?

Little Boy. "No, MUMMY; I DIDN'T HAVE ANY SPECIAL REASON."

in his bedroom. He also annoyed everybody by putting a pair of handcuffs ostentatiously on the table during the reading of family prayers.

On the whole, James Bone felt most inclined to suspect Henry Briggs, the gardener, of having killed Professor Davidson, partly because Henry Briggs was saturnine and partly because he slept in the potting-shed.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

He was disturbed in his thoughts by a snuffling sound which proceeded from a weigela bush. It was Macarthy. He was crawling on his hands and knees in the snow and carrying his pair of gyves in his teeth. He dropped them and

"I daresay you wonder what I am doing, Mr. James Bone?" he said.



Novice (buying ski-ing outfit). , 'How do I look in this, Dear?"

The late Professor's secretary was concealed behind the curtain. He started nervously.

"What are you doing there?" inquired the journalist in tense tones.

"Reading a newspaper," was the eldritch reply.

James Bone returned to the writingtable.

"Mrs. Davidson, you may trust me through thick and thin," he said.

He followed her out into the hall. As they crossed it, Dr. Chapman, the silver-haired anthropologist, leapt with a loud cry from the top landing of the stairs to the bottom. The woman gave lounge clothes. a piercing shriek.

"What did you do that for, Sir?"

inquired the journalist. Bo," said the old man shortly and

disappeared.

A red-haired parlourmaid came out and sounded the gong for lunch. She had a squint in the left eye.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH LIGHT DAWNS.

again. He was frankly puzzled. Things | tary.

were going on in this house which he did not entirely understand. His synthesis | man. was not yet complete. Sadly he looked at the place on the lawn from which the Professor's snow-embedded corpse had been removed. His eye was caught by something dark on the frozen ground which seemed to be a piece of ribbon. He picked it up. It was a purple silk sock-suspender.

A little further on he found one of the ball-bearings out of the wheel of a safety-bicycle which had a minute scratch on the right-hand side.

He put it in the clue pocket of his

At the corner of the shrubbery Persephone Bonnington, the golden-haired governess, flitted past him with an enigmatical smile upon her face.

He strolled towards the pottingshed. Before he had reached it, Henry Briggs, the saturnine gardener, came along the path pulling a circular watertank on wheels. Out of this, at the moment when it rumbled by, there rose suddenly the head and shoulders James Bone returned to the garden of the late Professor Davidson's secre-

"Hist!" said the handsome young

At the same moment from the distant woods there came a hollow drumming noise, succeeded by a long-drawn howl.

James Bone's face cleared at once. He took out his pocket-book, made a a few rapid notes and returned to the house humming the stave of a song.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE MYSTERY IS EXPLAINED.

In the big library were gathered together the whole house-party of "The Beeches," with the exception of Winifred and Bertie, who had German measles, and Dr. Chapman, who had gone upstairs to fetch a halfpenny stamp.

Evening prayers were over, and Macarthy, the police inspector, spoke.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have a painful duty to perform," he said, taking the gyves from his pocket; "I arrest you, Mrs. Davidson, on the charge of murdering your husband with a knittingneedle, hacking him about as a blind, semi-embalming him, caking him with snow, and standing him upright on the lawn. You did this for love of the late Professor's secretary. Can you deny that this lipstick is yours?"

voice; "I have missed it for several days."

"And you, Sir," thundered Macarthy, leaning across the table until his face almost touched that of the secretary, "do you dispute the possession of this spat button?"

"I don't," answered the young man in a sturdy voice, wiping the table-cloth.
"It is as well," replied Macarthy.

"I have traced the purchase of both." At that moment the glass of the big French-window splintered into a thousand atoms and a monstrous apelike form hurled itself on to the floor in front of them, twitched several times convulsively and lay still. It was naked except for a pair of thick woollen

pants and one purple sock-suspender. The whole house-party stood to attention at once. There was a solemn

pause.

"You may put away your handcuffs, Mr. Macarthy," said James Bone quietly at last. "There is no one to arrest except Dr. Chapman, and he is dead."

The whole assembly sat down again. They knew instinctively that the un-

ravelment was about to begin.
"Professor Davidson," began Bone, speaking in short crisp sentences, "was an Egyptologist. He believed that by semi-embalming himself he would be able to discover the dread secret of the past. His friend here studied anthropology. He believed that by means of a subcutaneous injection he could become a pithecanthrope or ape-man. They agreed upon a joint experiment. While Professor Davidson was embalming himself, Dr. Chapman inoculated himself with his serum. Professor Davidson was only too successful. He died. Dr. Chap- life on that one line; art, politics, man, distraught and already reduced whippet-racing, it was all the same to from the level of ordinary humanity to him, and I used to sit there halfway that of a half-ape, dragged the body out on to the lawn.

"First of all he tried to prod it to life with a bean pole, which I found in the potting-shed. After that he rolled it about the lawn and set it up as a snowman. Day by day he himself became more and more like an ape-man or a man-ape. Now he has died of exposure mingled with fear, pieces of glass and remorse. I first gained a hint of the truth from a Coptic manuscript which I discovered in the library. Afterwards I proceeded by means of intuitive ratiocination, loitering about and syllogistic

thought."

"Blimy!" said Detective-Inspector Macarthy. He was a humbled man.

The bells began to ring in the glad New Year. EVOE.

CULTURE À LA CARTE.

"I DON'T know whether you've ever seen," said Edward, "a picture of a man in a white waistcoat clutching at a corner of the table-cloth while a lady lies on the floor beside him with and he's very much wishing that she secretary, you know, and too horribly hadn't. Because," said Edward, "I'll intelligent for words. never be able to look at my Uncle James again without thinking of it.

"He's an M.P., you know, so of course I was always brought up to respect him tremendously and not to interrupt if he ever burst into thought or wanted to read Hansard. He was one of my childhood's heroes, along with Raffles and Napoleon; only Raffleswent when I was quite a kid and I got tired of so much talk about Napoleon at school, whereas Uncle James lasted right up till last Thursday. It's his dinner night, Thursday, which seemed to make it worse in a way, because, although, as I say, I'd always respected him most tremendously, I respected him most of all at his dinners.

"He gives them every week, to small gangs of constituents, and it's what you might call his field-day. I didn't go every time, of course," explained Edward modestly, "only when someone had dropped out, or if they were thirteen at table; but even so I saw quite a lot of 'em, and the old bird was amazing. Simply amazing. He talked to them on every subject under the sun; one week it would be hieroglyphics, and the next Inland Revenue—he had rather a taste for contrasts—and I've never seen him stumped yet. He quoted statistics at 'em, and dates and places, just as though he'd spent his whole down the table lapping it all up and respecting him no end. It was magnificent. And then all the constituents would go home in a state of well-fed admiration and get ready to vote for him at the next election. I used to feel like that myself," said Edward mournfully, "until last Thursday.

"It was like this. I'd trickled along rather earlier than was strictly necessary, because I wanted to speak to Uncle James about—oh, well, about the sort of thing one does speak to uncles about, so as soon as I got there I blew along to the library, looking as lean and penurious as possible, and found him up to the ears in one of those enormous books you generally keep on the bottom shelf.

"He didn't seem too frightfully exhil- famous Icelandic poet, Edds.

arated to see me, and I'd hardly done more than give him a pathetic glance or so when he raised his eyebrows from the volume and said almost brutally that Harold was in the study and had probably more time to waste than he Which was where he made his her hair coming down; it's called error, though I didn't say so, because 'Feet of Clay.' The idea being, of if ever there was a Power Behind the course, that she has just told him all | Throne it's Harold. He's my uncle's

"Well, it never has been said of me," continued Edward, "that I cannot take a hint, so I oozed off and found Harold playing on the typewriter and reading letters at the same time. He accelerated considerably when I came in, but all the same the atmosphere was distinctly less chill than in the library, and I decided to stay and cheer him on a bit till dinner-time. So we chatted of this and that—I had to do most of the talking, of course, because Harold had the typewriter to attend to; and then I suddenly chanced to ask what my Uncle James was going to talk to them about to-night. Without any hidden intent, if you get me, but simply to keep the conversation going.

"Bolivia,' said Harold quite shortly,

just like that.

"'Good Lord!' I said; 'I didn't know Uncle James knew anything about

"'He doesn't,' said Harold, 'but he will by dinner-time. I'm just typing out his private menu.'

"And then quite casually—casually, mind you, when he was destroying all my childhood's illusions at one fell swoop-he flipped across the rough

"You can look for yourself," said Edward, "and then you'll see what I meant about the Feet of Clay." And he produced from his pocket a battered card, folded in two and neatly set out in Harold's beautifully even typing:-

MENU.

Tropical. Insurrection Seventeen eighty. First general assembly Dismissed Eighteen twenty-six.

Metalliferous Mountains near Potosi. Trachytic porphyries.

The guanaco.
The llama. The alpaca.
All closely allied to the camel.

"Mr. —, of Cambridge, gave a most de-lightful talk on poetry. He cited stories of Sagas, the Norwegian poet, and many others.' Local Paper.

Not forgetting, we trust, the equally



Customer. "I DON'T LINE GREEN. I ALWAYS THINK IT'S UNLUCKY." , Undefeatable Shopman. "Not, this particular shade, Madam."

THE TRIALS OF TOPSY.

XX.—A'REAL CHRISTMAS.

Well Trix darling I do think Christmas, of course this one was infinitely more afflicting than ever before because and so at last he promised her she my dear I haven't mentioned it because should have horse-glands for Christwell but now it's too public, my dear mas, which was rather touching and the fact is Mum's gone primitive and taken horse-glands, or rather the other way round, because my dear for some years she's been utterly anæmic and

poignant because you know my poor Dad is a heavenly fox-trotter and can almost Charleston if he has a vast open space only of course he can't bear to go out without Mum, and she wouldn't, monogamous don't you think darling?

Because my dear horse-glands are the latest ever for the withered ancestor class and there's a most magical Lithudecayed violet and the one thing that anian called Whoff who does it, and of seemed to bring colour into her life was course monkey ones went quite out after the spasmodic hope of planting out your that rather squalid affair at the Bil- not only peppy but is Nature's gentle-unwanted little Topsy, and it was rather berries, well then there were sheep, and man as well, my dear noble and every-

of course quite a lot of people still swear by sheep, in fact they say very soon you won't be able to get sweetbreads or livers or any odd sheeperies to eat because they il all be wanted for re-stringing the peerage, however well now Whoff comes along and my dear he's quite young and they say plays the piano like a syncopated angel, well of course he says that monkey-glands and sheep-glands are utterly unfounded because my dear he says both the creatures are quite peppy no doubt but look at their characters, too undesirable, while of course the honse is

thing, well of course it's the mossiest cliché, only until Whoff happened nobody had thought of pretending it was scientijic which of course as Mr. Haddock says is the whole secret of science, anyhow Whoff has got away with it and my dear you can imagine there's the most rodent anxiety in any family which has gone monkey or has a single sheep-case, well for instance darling old Thirlworth has started climbing things, my dear too gruesome, they say one night he swarmed up a pillar at the Old Yeoman, my dear the only habitable dawn-place in London, and simply swung himself from rafter to rafter, my dear too prehensile, and the next week the Dowager Dish showed the most suggestive sheepsymptoms, well whenever she saw a queue she merely went and huddled

cant passion for gates, so that ever since all sorts of the very best have had to be observed quite continuously, and it's rather a suspense poor dears because you see the real transmorphosis may not happen for four or five years but simply anything may set it off suddenly, well for instance they never let Thirlworth go near a tree and there are the wildest bets about poor Ronnie Carraway who'll be Lord Chancellor one day because they think the moment he sits on the woolsack he'll turn into a ewe or something, rather macaber isn't it darling?

However meanwhile the intriguing Whoff has utterly put the horse-gland across, because for one thing it's the first convincing excuse for horse-racing and everything because of course all this ulterior yap about keeping up the bloodstock and all that has been wearing a little thin lately hasn't it, my dear, well for all practical purposes they might just as well keep up the blood-stock of the yak because my dear what is a horse for, however now, you see, the is difficult enough without having best-bred horses earn simply fortunes for the merest little gland, because of course the better the breed the nobler the animal, and my dear they say it's gummy, and some horses are all the dear what was my horror, well three better for it, of course if you can afford a gland or two from a Derby

the very last glands of a rather temperamental race-mare called Flat Iron which was third in the Oaks one year by a fluke and was always going to win everything afterwards only something nearly always happened so it became a selling-plater or something and I Whoff gives you a photograph with every gland and Mum carries hers about in her bag, rather mawkish but still.

Well, I must say the effect was quiteplausible because my dear this Christmas Mum's been a different woman, well for years past we've almost ignored the festival because I do think Christmas, and so did Mum, well generally I

Little Jane. "Mother, didn't you tell Billy not to go on the ice?" Mother. "YES." Jane. "Well, HE HAS."

about all we do in the home, only Dad | dear she sent the kitchen-maid an ivory throw paper streamers at strange virearly in the month so as to be in fettle for the galas I suppose, well my dear she's simply blossomed in all directions, and my dear too noble, well for one thing she's taken to utterly adoring me, which is rather a menace, because my dear life's onward march one's mother perpetually clinging, how-

well she made a list of everybody in Who's Who and lists of relations, and lists of children and lists of servants and lists of the poor, and we've been doing one elongated stagger from shop to shop ticking off these calamitous lists and benefacting the whole of London. believe sold masses of plates, anyhow it my dear the agony if you could have looks too athletic and winning because seen us in some of these delirious bazaars choosing clockwork elephants and electric cows and the Child's Packet of Practical Jokes, my dear too lowering, and my dear loaded with parcels and even holly, can you see the picture, because of course the grimmest feature is that she's gone all soupy about children, and my dear you know my policy about children and Mum's always coincided give Mum a new record and she gives but this year, conceive it darling, we me a new record, and we both give gave a Children's Party Christmas Tree against it and they say the most signifi- Dad a new record we want and that's conjurer and all and my dear your suffer-

ing Topsy distributed the presents disguised as a fairy with a WAND O gosh!!

Well my dear the tragedy is that, well I told you about Flat Iron and it seems that whenever Flat Iron was certain to win, a dog ran through its legs or some other horse trod on her or something uncalledfor, so she never did, and my dear I do think that all this must have gone to Flat Iron's glands perhaps because my dear poor Mum's noblest efforts always seem to go seplic somewhere, well for instance. nearly everybody got the wrong present, my

likes to go to all the Hotel galas and bridge-marker and a copy of Black Beauty to Hattie Demorara, who my gins, and he had Mum glanded quite dear is madly woundable and won't even have black coffee in the house, well then at this party of course most of the little ones were quite odious and wouldn't play anything Mum suggested, the méringues ran out, the Christmas Tree caught fire, and my dear the last straw they sent the wrong conjurer, a sort of Men's Entertainer with the broadest back-chat, my dear too smokever that's not the worst, of course ing-room, and after about six mothers she's developed the most plebeian had taken their offspring out, Dad had energy, my dear she quite never stops to ask him to cease functioning, and of the most painless little operation, like bounding about, my dear too mobile course the remaining little angels were having a tooth out with a local thin- and buoyant and everything and my to discourage Mum and the next thing weeks ago she suddenly said Topsy my dear what was my horror, there she darling we'll have a real Christmas this was on all fours with seven devils on winner you live for simply ever only it year, and my dear I merely dissolved, her back wallowing round the drawingcosts quite thousands, well poor Dad because my dear a real Christmas, well room and perfectly neighing, well my couldn't run to that but he bought up you know, to begin with the presents, dear I don't suppose she's been on



ANOTHER FLOWER OF AMERICAN SPEECH.

Fair New Yorker (to over-fêted Englishman). "Say, you 'RE RATHER A DIM BULB TO-NIGHT, AREN'T YOU?"

her hands and knees since she was one, and of course it's utterly explainable at a children's party, but my dear what if she gets taken like that at the Diplomats to-night, because my dear it's the most expensive gala, and I'm too solicitous, so pray for me Trix your tormented little Topsy.

A. P. H.

Irish, and Proud of it.

"Best quality Christmas Turkeys, largest 20s. each, extra large 25s.—Poultry Farm,—, Cork."—Advt. in Weekly Paps.

"The Chancellor of the Exchaquer has received the sum of £3,000 as an anonymous contribution towards the cost of the war from 'a Jersey man by birth and decent.'".

Provincial Paper.

Mr. Churchill, we understand, thinks him very decent indeed.

"Wednesday night's production was that quaint relic of pre-Shavian and Pre-Ibsen times, George du Maurier's 'A Pair of Spectacles.' The naïveté of this piece is startling."

Sunday Paper.'

But not so startling as the critic's attribution of Sydney Grundy's play to the author of Trilby.

WORKS AND DAYS.

Which is the worst
Of the things we do?
Well, History first,
And I thought you knew.

Jacqueline, Hilda
(Moan, moan, moan),
Why did MATILDA
Lay claim to the throne?
Janet, you noodle,
Must I explain
The meaning of feudal
All over again?

Nature is nice
If you don't do worms,
But we've done them twice
In the last two terms;

And Botany's fun
If you pick wild-flowers—
They do in Form I.,
But they don't in ours.

Music's all right,
And so is Arith
When it's only Miss White
That you're doing it with

(She's quite a forgetter); And no one is sure If they like Comp better Than Literature.

And we do like Drawing,
And French as well,
Except for the jawing
By Mademoiselle.

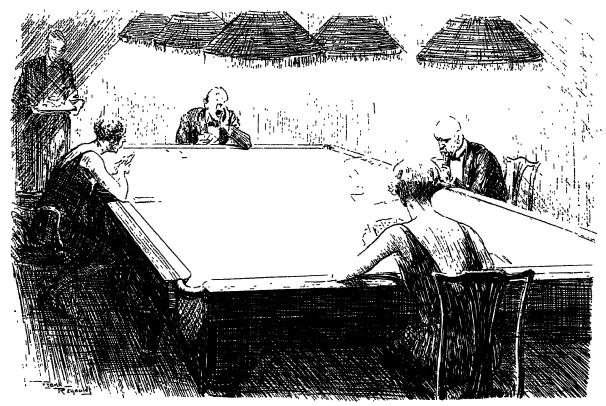
But Dancing's the best Of all our things, And we hate and detest PLANTAGENET kings.

Rosemary, Coral,
Please write down
What was the quarrel
Of Church and Crown.
Joan's not attending
(Snore, snore, snore)...
And this was the ending
Of the Barons' War.

"Mr. Parry Thomas established the standing-start record of ninety-eight hours a mile."

Evening Paper.

This is the kind of thing that makes The Times print the word "record" with inverted commas.



WE UNDERSTAND THAT BILLIARDS IS NO LONGER A FASHIONABLE GAME AND THAT IN MANY COUNTRY-HOUSES. THE BILLIARD-ROOM IS NOW USED FOR BRIDGE.

WORSHIP.

HE stood on the kerb. Alternately he blew upon his hands and slapped his ribs with them. His red cotton cap, with a ball of dirty wadding hanging from the top of it, was tilted jauntily over one eye. His red cotton cloak was smirched with the City's grime, his long tow beard hung dejectedly and a little askew from wires round each ear. A half-filled potato-sack was propped against his legs, its unfilled portion flopping even more dejectedly than his beard.

Propped against the sack was a dingy placard, and on it the announcement:

3D. A DIP.

He shouted monotonously at intervals of about one minute in a harsh strident

"'Ere y'are! 'Ere y' are! 'Ave a dip in ole Father Christmus's bag. Everything come strite from the Nor' Pole and fust-class goods."

Pity, disfavour, amusement, indifference showed in the glances of passers-by. Wonder, admiration, awe and something akin to worship were before him on a little pinched face.

He saw the kid emerge from the sidestreet pushing a double pram—a mere

wisp of a child, hatless, almost bootless, with a sharp wedge of elbow protruding from her ragged coat.

She stopped before him, transfixed in gaping ecstasy for a moment or two. Then, skilfully mooring her pram against the shop-window opposite him, she took her stand beside it and gazed her fulland continued to gaze.

When people showed symptoms of stopping, her eyes shone and her mouth opened wider. When they passed on her face fell. When the first customer took a dip she clasped her hands together. Her eyes, dancing with excitement, met his.

Her sympathy fired him. He put more abandon into his hoarse shouting, became mildly facetious, tipped his cap further askew, rubbed his red nose and made play with his beard.

Stragglers began to halt. Pennies wereproffered; business became brisker. Almost she nodded congratulations.

The day began to close. Lights gleamed here and there.

He counted his earnings. Thirty pence. A good afternoon.

He put three pennies in one hand and stretched out his arm.

"'Ere y'are," he bawled across the pavement; "'ave a dip?"

The large eyes glowed.

She gave

one glance at her slumbering charges, shuffled forward, took the pence from his outstretched hand, placed them reverently in his other one and thrust her thin trembling fingers into the sack. Having drawn out her treasure she curtsied.

Then, shyly lifting the soiled hem of his red cotton cloak, she kissed it.

MY FOLK.

MASTER? He talks a lot about the whip, but there! Dear Missis? "Now, Mac, the next time, mind, you'll get ..." It always end in kisses. Cook? Often says if I were her dog. . . .

But, when we're alone And I look sad and mournful-like, out

comes a spiffin' bone. Mary? "My word! Your muddy paws -just as I've washed the hall!

If they keep you, then I shall go!" (Yes, Mary bought that ball).
William? "My garden!" bless him!

Just as fussy as can be.

"Look 'ere! That hole—my daffys— spoilt!" (Bill shares his lunch (Bill shares his lunch with me).

Oh, I get on all right. They talk; I never answer back;

I just look up-like this. And then they smile, because—I'm Mac.



SEASONABLE SENTIMENTS.

M. BRIAND. "BENITO MIO!"
SIG. MUSSOLINI. "MON ARISTIDE!"
CHERUB J. BULL. "BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 19th .- Great occasions have their punctual anti-climaxes, and it was inevitable that the Prayer Book debate, coming so near the end of the Session, would be followed by a period of uninspired tedium.

The House of Lords did indeed wreak a mild revenge on the Commons for reversing, thanks to the zeal of the Welsh, Irish and Scots therein assembled, the Bohemians. peers' decision as to the needs of the

men, Welshmen, Irishmen, the Celtic infringers, in fact, manage their affairs for them?) They, the Lords, passed, by a majority of six, an amendment to the Landlord and Tenant Bill in the teeth of the Government's declaration that it would nullify the whole purpose of the Bill.

The Amendment, the handiwork of that ancient but still vigorous apostle of landlordism, Lord Carson, deleted from the measure a clause which made it impossible for the tenant to "contract out" of his right to compensation when making his lease. Today the Lord Chan-CELLOR returned to the charge with a larger army at his back and proposed a compromise. They would reinsert in the Bill a clause making "contracting out" agreements void as from

cepted the Amendment.

The Commons contrived to raise three questions that were of interest to more than the questioner. The first was the inexplicable but not unexpected rise of two shillings per ton (and upwards for no coal. smaller quantities) in the retail price of coal. Colonel Lane-Fox read out a lengthy explanation of what the coalmerchants said was the cause of it all. Their argument seemed to be that as they (the coal-merchants) generously charged winter, it was logical, nay necessary, that they should raise the price in the winter.

House, nor did Colonel LANE-Fox's velopment of engines and machinery.

delivery of it. He did not exactly defend the coal-sharks, but he failed to furnish the denunciatory bellowings that the occasion seemed to call for. Moreover he said that the Department of Mines could do nothing about it. The remedy lay with the public. Just what that remedy was he did not explain. Presumably to shun the delights of coal and live laborious days burning their not write sensational articles for the pictures and papers, like MÜRGER'S Press. "Ah, if the Government had

Established Church of England. (But explain why the Department could do stately sobriety, "it would use it when did the English not let Scotch nothing about it. What are Department in a great many cases."

DREAMLAND FACES; OR, WHEN THE SPEAKER SLEEPS.

March 30th last. Their Lordships ac- | ments for except to do something about | "It is his untruthful statements that are things? Supplementary Questions suggested, without however saying so in so many rude words, that if all the wooden heads in the Government could be made available for fuel the nation would need

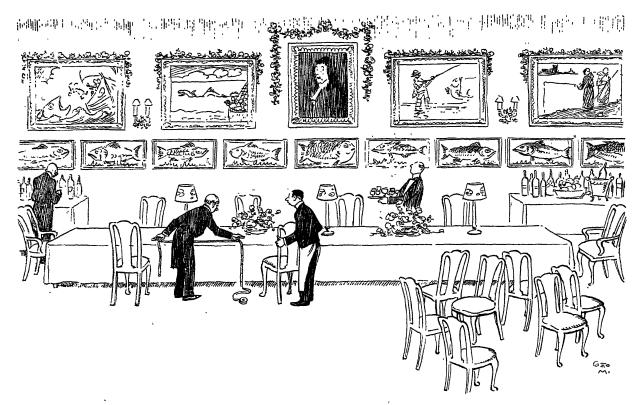
The second Question was the Schneider Cup. The AIR MINISTER, hustled by the persistent, nay, almost pestilent, Member for Central Hull, again explained that Great Britain would spare no effort to secure another victory in less for coal in the summer than in the 1928 (or in 1929, if the view that the contest should be biennial received adoption), but refused to go into further details, except to add that the Air Min-The explanation did not satisfy the istry would proceed at once with the de-

Replying to Questions about Mr. HARVEY, the Foreign Legion deserter released by the French Government, Sir Austen Chamberlain made it plain that Britons who join other nation's armies cannot expect the British Government to get them out of their difficulties. Mr. Hopkinson asked if the Minister would see that HARVEY did that power," replied Sir Austen with Neither did the SECRETARY OF MINES an animation that seldom illumines his

The House on a motion for the adjournment discussed unemployment and the unequal and inadequate burden of the Poor Rate, Mr. Tom John-STON leading the attack. There was a Conservative amendment expressing satisfaction that, despite the Socialists and all their works, not to mention their efforts to make workunpopular or even non-existent, unemployment was no worse than at any time since 1920.

Sir W. GREAVES-LORD, who moved the Amendment, said some Members opposite believed in making unemployment more profitable than employment. This provoked what are technically known as "interruptions," and the Speakerintervened. "This chap is very annoying, you know," explained Mr. WILL THORNE apologetically.

so annoying." The SPEAKER intimated that Mr. WILL THORNE might at any moment be similarly annoying the Conservatives. "I will if I start," declared the Hon. Member for Plaistow rather missing the implied impeachment of his accuracy. He refrained from starting, however, and the debate was led away by Mr. HAMMERSLEY to the less contentious question of industrial efficiency. The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE wound up a debate as infertile in remedial suggestions as all such debates have unhappily come to be by suggesting that there was nothing to be gained by making things out to be worse than they were, which was quite bad enough in all conscience.



PLACING CHAIRS IN PREPARATION FOR ANGLERS' CLUB DINNER SO THAT EACH GUEST MAY HAVE ROOM TO ILLUSTRATE HIS FAVOURITE STORY.

Tuesday, December 20th. - To-day was the Liberals' Day in the House, and latterly a Liberal Day means a debate on agriculture. It fell to Sir Archibald Sinclair to denounce a supine Government whose Committees, White Papers, Reports, Investigations and Commissions pour forth with the "purposeless futility of the leaves of Vallombrosa," but whose constructive efforts are less than nil.

"What has become of the Ouse Drainage Scheme?" asked Sir Archi-BALD indignantly. "It's Oused away," replied Mr. J. Jones and left the House toils of one or other of the master-minds looking thoroughly pleased with his sally. It was not altogether easy to dis-

cover what concrete proposals the Liberals themselves have to make. Sir ARCHIBALD kept on saying, "I'm coming to that," but he never came, nor did anybody else.

It appeared that the sole hope of the Scotch farmer is the discovery by Sir ALFRED MOND—if he does discover itof a precocious oat. It is the early oat, apparently, that catches the Scotchman. As for the English farmer, his only hope, according to the Opposition speakers, lies in an early Election.

"A 1821, 10 h.p., Four-seater — just been repainted."—Welsh Paper. — for Sale ; And not before it was time.

AN UNSATISFACTORY MODEL.

Following the line of least resistance in English letters, I devote most of my energies to sinister fiction. I write of a hectic world peopled by bad men, bungling police and amateur sleuths of singular sagacity. If my work carries any conviction at all, any constant readers I may have ought to be afraid of the dark, for a course of my bloodsome feuilletons should convince anyone that the most humdrum citizen is liable to be caught up at any time in the of the Continental underworlds.

Returning from a holiday at Worthing to find that my house had been broken into, I was vexed to think that I had never been able to bring myself to the point of insuring against burglary. But my regret was tempered by an almost childish interest in the details of the outrage, for, although I may range through the whole gamut of wrongdoing during the course of a year's writing, I have to admit that I have no first-hand experience whatsoever of crime and its detection-if I except the occasion in my hot-blooded youth when I was severely ticked off by a local J. P. for riding a bicycle after sunset without a lamp.

burglar's methods were not up to the standards demanded by the publishers of feuilletons. The ordinary precautions of a crook when cracking a crib should furnish a closely-written chapter of description; but this fellow had apparently marked time on a bed of gladioli whilst negotiating the French-window, and he had left not only some assorted fingerprints on the panes but the impression of his flattened nose where he had peered in.

As a writer of a quarter-of-a-million words of thick-ear stuff annually, I almost instinctively began to reconstruct the crime. I did so rather self-consciously, with the uneasy feeling that one of my own unerring detectives was watching my efforts with an ill-concealed grin. It was all, however, well within my powers. The burglar's clayey footprints, after wandering aimlessly through one or two rooms in the manner of a visitor at the British Museum, came to rest before a small safe in my study. This he had tried to open with a palpably unlikely key which had become jammed fast in the lock. Failing to crack the safe he had turned away to crack the shilling-in-the-slot meter; and then, flushed by success, he had tackled the drawer of my desk. I examined this with great eagerness. After all these I was pained to find that this real | years of criminal fiction, was I at last going to see what the marks of a jemmy really look like? Not so; he had done the job with my nail-seissors and a

paper-knife.

In the drawer he had found my passbook. A glance at this seems to have put him right off his game, and we next have to picture him reclining on a settee in the sitting-room drinking some odd bottles of beer in great style from a cup for prize poultry. (There may be an uncertainty about my place in letters, but few can come near me with Silver-Laced Leghorns.) An eleveno'clock racing edition which I found lying by the settee led me to the easy hypothesis that he had passed the time looking for a profitable investment for those shillings yielded by my meter. He had underlined his two selections, and I still think that, when a man can pick out winners at 10-1 and 100-8, it is almost criminal of him to remain a burglar.

In addition to all this his patronage was marked by some light touches which contrast sharply with the conduct of my feuilleton crooks. For instance, after briefly sampling a bottle of Aunt Lavinia's home-made wine, he pasted

upon it a rejection-slip:-

"The Editor is obliged for the enclosed, and regrets that he is unable to give it space."

Also he had gone to some trouble in sizing up the portrait photographs ranged round my study, and had recorded his judgments with poultry-show cards. To one of my great friends of pre-marriage times, whom I rarely see nowadays, he gave First and Special; he left my wife's mother unplaced, and he was kind enough to award to my own portrait a Very

Highly Commended.

When eventually he tore himself away from my roof there is not the slightest doubt that he went on my bicycle, perhaps straight over to Kempwick to invest the meter-money on the course. I am sportsman enough to hope that he allowed nothing to put him off his selections, but I do wish the specimen of his work at my house had been suitable for at least the basis of a short story. Of course it may be that there is something bizarre under it all which eludes me, and that the least of my sleuths could, after a mere glance at these clues, turn my plausible theory inside out and make me look like a perfect Watson.

I am anxious to report the crime to the authorities. But the awkward part of it is that they may know my work, in which I have allowed my detectives at all times to be very rude in their references to the police.



Blasé Theatre-goer (to country cousin vigorously applauding). "HANDS COLD?"

NOODLE AND POODLE.

THE poodle mayn't shine in a scuffle; But nothing his temper can ruffle; He's famed for unearthing the truffle.

He's neither a fighter nor craven; He's mostly as black as a raven, And curly, except where he's shaven.

But, though in his speed he's inferior,

In spite of his comic exterior His brains are both large and superior.

Accordingly Jasper FitzNoodle Resolved to accumulate boodle By training and racing the poodle. The scheme was judiciously floated And boosted and boomed and promoted Till shares at a premium were quoted. The training was duly completed And thousands of people were seated To watch when the poodles competed: But, alas! when the hare was uncarted And racing was formally started. Not a dog from his cubicle started.

They sat there, unstirred by the scooting Of Puss, and unmoved by the hooting Of bookies from Clapham and Tooting.

But Jasper is boldly appealing For funds with a view to revealing Electrical eels to West Ealing.



Engineer (to complaining fireman). "Toothacke! Why you're the luckiest man in the ship. All you have to do for TOOTHACHE IS TO KEEP IT WARM.

THE SIN OF SARCASM.

(By our Special Psychiatrist.)

AT the risk of being a day behind the fair I cannot refrain from calling attention to a serious blot on our educational system: the prevailing tone of school reports. The question has been raised by a writer in *The Daily News*, but he only skirts the fringes of a practice which has momentous psychophysiological repercussions on the future of the rising generation.

While it may be granted that modern schoolmasters are more considerate and humane than their predecessors, in some respects they still leave much to be desired. The human boy of to-day is, in the words of a famous advertise. ment, delicate, sensitive and irritable; and any treatment calculated to promote the development of an inferiority complex is fraught with infinite possibilities of disaster. Yet in face of this menace some schoolmasters, both in the class-room and in the composition of terminal reports, are still prone to indulge in the pernicious habit of sarcasm.

The unhappy boy is seldom in a position enabling him to retort, and It is not necessary to proscribe all Forward, Deliban.

the perusal of those brief but acidulated comments frequently leads to friction between him and his parents, poisons the atmosphere of the holidays and exerts a deleterious influence on the digestion of the more liberal fare provided at Christmas. In some cases it leads to over-indulgence as a means of procuring consolation; in others it has been known to induce a general condition of lowered vitality, rendering the sufferer peculiarly receptive to the insidious germs of atarambamphia and apolaustic hedonitis.

To take a painful instance which has recently come within my experience: a patient of mine informs me that his son, having been described by his form master as "rapidly qualifying for the position of a permanent inmate in the down to breakfast during the entire sum-The Christmas report, which has just come in, is confined to two sentences: "Still the same lotus-eating lazzarone. expects everyone else to do his duty."

criticism, but it should be couched in terms of an urbane euphemism. It is futile to go on reiterating the familiar phrase, "He seems unable to concentrate on anything," when it might be stated with equal truth and far greater encouragement, "His versatility is remarkable. He seems to take the same amount of interest in every subject in the school curriculum."

To resume and conclude: inhuman sarcasm is a crime as well as a blunder. It runs counter to the best spirit of the times. The brutal dictatorial dominie no longer exists, but the lash of the tongue is worse than the swish of the cane. Sarcasm promotes mutiny, Bolshevism and anarchy. I welcome the announcement of the formation of a Society for the Prevention of Satire Castle of Indolence," refused to come in Schoolmasters as a hopeful symptom of revolt against a tradition which, if mer vacation; seldom got up before not speedily abolished, is likely to bust midday, and declined to play any games. up the whole Imperial caboodle.

"Wanted.—A refined young lady to vaseline We call him 'Old England,' as he expects everyone else to do his duty."

A young man's head every evening after dark, to make his hair grow. Constant job until hair grows."—Tasmanian Paper.

OUR FRIEND THE PARROT.

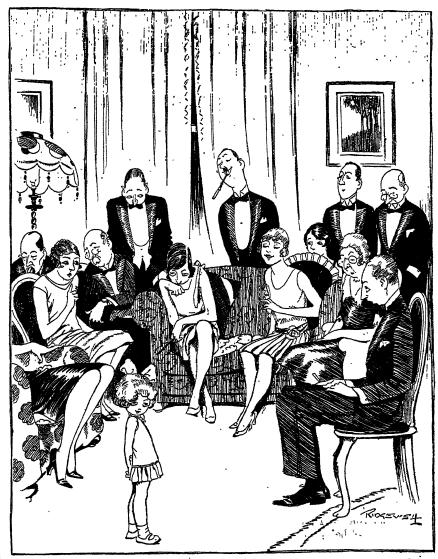
THE sight, some little time ago, at the Hippodrome, of a comédienne singing a song amid a critical commentary from a parrot perched on her shoulder brought to my mind a story in an old magazine, in which a clue to hidden treasure was given to a traveller in a more ingenious way than I have ever met. The traveller, a botanist or an entomologist in the wilds of South America, was struck by the persistence with which certain of the parrots in the trees about him repeated, with unmistakable distinctness, English words which, in the ordinary course of life, none of them could know. They touched a chord in his memory, revived a legend of ingots or doubloons, and-by what means I have forgotten-he was able, by piecing together these words, which had been taught to the parrots by a moribund pirate, to come upon the secret of the hoard.

If there is any history of parrots as the friends of human beings (me they most painfully peck at and wound) I have never read it; but here are two cases, the London singer and the South American naturalist. And I can give one more, from personal knowledge.

In the heart of the Surrey side of this great city of ours is an inn which is visited not only by the business-men and residents of the neighbourhood but also by inquiring pilgrims, chiefly from America, who are attracted to it by its associations with Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Samuel Weller-for it was indeed here that those immortals first met and here that they joined forces as master and man, or, if you will, as Don and Sancho. There still remain proofs that it was a coaching-inn with a central courtyard. Certain of the galleries are left, over whose railings a sardonic young man polishing boots might easily drop provocative remarks.

It is a tradition that in the bar of this hostel must be a parrot; and a parrot there has always been, except in such brief interregnums as must elapse when the Angel of Death beckons one away; for parrot does not succeed to parrot with such instantaneous mechanism as king to king.

It chanced that an American visitor had taken a party of friends to see this historic building—and it is a great triumph when characters in a book, who were never in real life at all, can thus invest bricks and mortar with glamour. DICKENS could do it here and in Ipswich, and Chaucer could do it a little farther down the Boro' High Street, although the present "Tabard" has no such authentic fabric. Well, as I was saying,



Infant Prodigy (reciting "Once there was a little pussy, white, white as snow"). "ONEZA WAZA LIL PU'N WI WI NO." Adoring Parent: "Isn't it wonderful how she's got hold of the words?"

and the gallery, and then, on entering the inn, either for lunch or for casual refreshment, were dismayed to hear that the parrot, a taste of whose eloquence they had been promised, was no more, and that his successor had not been obtained.

"See here, I'm tired," said their leader, "of going into public-houses where the parrot has died. All the same," he so much custom. It's just because it's added, "I'll give you another;" and to one of the bird-fanciers near the Tower he straightway set off, returning with a magnificent specimen.

That was a year ago. The other day he went down to the inn to see how the mascot was behaving.

"It's a beautiful parrot," said the barmaid, "but it doesn't talk."

"Doesn't talk!" said the American. the American party saw the courtyard | "But the man who sold it told me it

was a marvellous linguist - marvellous." Transfer in "It has never opened its mouth here;"

said the barmaid, "except for food." "Then I've been swindled," cried the American—"swindled: T'il take it back and get you another."

"No, please," said the barmaid. "We'd much rather keep it. You see, it brings so obstinate and silent that many people come in; they come because they all know the best way to make parrots talk and are sure they can do it here. Sometimes we have them at the bar seven deep." _ E. V. L.:

Another Impending Apology.

From a wireless programme:

"ABERDEN.—7.45—Pocket-Picking." My
Programme, by the Lord Provost of Aberdeen." ... Dundee Parer.::

AT THE PLAY.

"WHISPERING WIRES" (APOLLO). THE author of this new play of sen-



MURDER BY TELEPHONE. ("SORRY YOU'VE BEEN TR-R-ROUBLED.") Montgomery Stockbridge . Mr. Fredk. Ross.

sational and unreasonable crime, KATE L. McLaurin, manages her prelimin-

which the more experienced of us promptly do, continues to lay false trails to make us doubt our conclusions. Long experience of this ingenuous form of entertainment has convinced me that, if the author has no moral sense, such deceptions are fairly easy to contrive. The test comes, I think, at the end, when one decides whether one has been fairly beguiled or merely impudently spoofed. Missing Lauren is, I submit, a spoofer without conscience. She may possibly, however, go way with it.

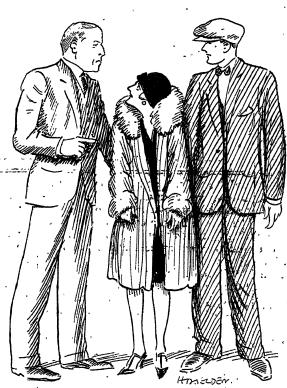
Her granite-faced millionaire, Montgomery Stockbridge, entrenched in his specially-designed assassin-proof mansion on Fifth Avenue, surrounded by his platoon of private detectives, similar med by special messenger that his grave is already dug and that he will be made ready for it before midnight. He is. But how? And by whose hand? Is it handsome impulsive Captain Barry McGill of the Irish Guards, who is wooing beautiful Doris Stockbridge? Or the mysterious man-servant, who treads delicately like a cat and has a sinister eye? Or the be-

spectacled secretary, Miss Cartwright, who seems to have something on her mind, but exceedingly little mind to have it on? Surely it must be one of the detectives, the heavy Irish-American Delaney for choice; or the man who mends the telephone; or the accommodating little French maid. Of course it ought to be Murphy, one of Stockbridge's old business associates; but he is in Sing-Sing and not on the programme. Or why not somebody concealed in the suit of armour in the hall?

Nobody can complain of all this. But perhaps the second Act, which holds the record for the number of exits and entrances and hidings behind curtains, and detectives busily detecting nothing whatever, may cause the judicious to grieve a little. Act III., with its dramatic but arbitrarily and disingenuously delayed confirmation of one's assured suspicion, comes to life again.

An odd title by the way. Whatever the wires do they don't whisper. On the contrary.

There was even less chance for the player's art than is usual in this mechanical mystery business. Mr. Frank CONLAN was perhaps the most for-tunately served with the part of the telephone-repairer, and made the most tomary part of the optimistic and com-



ONCE YOU, GET DETECTIVES IN THE HOUSE! "Triggy" Drew. Mr. James Carew. Doris Stockbridge. MISS MURIEL ALEXANDER. Jackson Mr. Ross Fairfax.

millionaire, barked out his harsh thoughts and contrived to be extraordinarily inaudible. Mr. JAMES CAREW



EFFECT OF CROOK DRAMA ON THE NERVES.

Mr. Bennett . MR. GEORGE MILLER. Ann Cartwright . . MISS LOYTH GOODALL.

walked competently through his cusary mystifications with a certain skill, of it. Mr. FREDERICK Ross, the doomed pletely baffled ballying detective. Miss and when we guess her secret,

be overwhelmingly nervous and fatuous. Mr. HENRY DANIELLand Miss Muriel ALEXANDER were as effective as the stock parts of falsely-suspected hero and distressed heroine allowed.

The play, well enough prepared, must as a whole, I am afraid, be judged as suitable merely for the unsophisticated. Neither in construction nor in production does it approach the generally adequate standard of current practice in this kind. T.

At the Central Hall, Westminster, on Friday, January 13th, at 3 P.M., Mr. H. M. ABRA-HAMS, winner of the hundred metres at the Olympic Games andex-President of the C.U.A.C., will give a lecture on Modern Athletics, and illustrate it with slow-motion cinematograph films of the World's Running and Jumping Champions. The proceeds will be given to the funds of the Tavistock Clinic for Functional Nervous Disorders.

Tickets (Reserved Seats 8/6, 5/9 and 3/6) may be obtained from Mrs. H. L. Wilson, 51, Tavistock Square, W.C.1, and from ALFRED HAYS' Box Offices.



AVE YOU DONE ANY HAUNTING THIS CHRISTMAS, SIR NIGEL?"

"I HAVE-BUT THESE MODERNS MAKE ME VERY NERVOUS."

TO 1927.

OLD year, now swiftly drawing to your close, Whoever seeks your elegy to compose Must find it hard, without resort to fiction, To offer you a grateful valediction-Year of eclipses, year of steamy slackness, Of endless rain, of skies of mid-day blackness, Confusing seasons in a watery welter Enough to drive the hardiest duck to shelter, Bursting the levees of the Mississippi, Damping the spirits of the cheerful Nippy. Nor, if we quit the subject of the weather, In which your exploits quite outrun the tether Of objurgation, can we find much scope For praise or compliment, or even hope. You've taught the typist to outswim LEANDER; You've "riz" Chicago's patriotic dander; You've mechanised our army and our hares And brought about a boom in greyhound shares; Textiles and luxury trades are soaring, jumping, But all our staple industries are slumping. You've dug up Piccadilly, turned the grace That once adorned Park Lane to commonplace; You tolled the tardy knell of Oxford bags, But gave us two discreditable "rags' And in the new, exhumed, bedevilled GREVILLE An editorial lapse from REEVE's high level.

Still, when one scans the annual balance-sheet Of loss and gain, of victory and defeat, In a judicial and impartial mood, You have some claims upon our gratitude. While Transatlantic athletes still mopped up Fresh bays, you let us win the Schneider Cup, And by young Webster's gallant flight at Venice Redeem our frequent failures at lawn tennis. . You sent us Lindbergh, that unspoilt star-scraper, And gave us two long visits from RUTH DRAPER. Boons such as these more than outweigh the loss Of Boran, who refused to come across And visit Lancashire, a deprivation Endured by her with sainfly resignation. Wherefore, since second thoughts the kindlier prove, Old year, I feel that I can fairly move To you, before you join the spectral ranks, A vote of strictly mitigated thanks.

"Very Old Genuine Violin . . . made by Antonius Stradivarius, Cremonenus Faciobat."—Advt. in Provincial Paper. STRAD, of course, was one of the most famous of the Faciebat clan.

"The air-raids carried out in the last war . . . in comparison with the raids in the next war . . . will appear as negligible quantities. And yet—the nations do not call for the Abolition of the Air."

Monthly Magazine.

Because they know it wouldn't come if they did call.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I GATHER that some of the audience, faced with the production of First-Class Passengers Only at the Theatre Arts Club, were so far out of touch with the mind of Messrs. OSBERT and SACHEVERELL SITWELL as not to perceive that the play was a parody. Reproduced in cold print as All At Sca (Duckworth), it is explained in a preface by the first-named collaborator as a period piece of the present day, the quintessence of that comedy which might be effective as a charade but is too home-made for the theatre. Taken in this sense the antics of Lord Playstruck and his fellow-cosmopolitans, who perform and utter the inanities suited to their parts in the cocktail bar of a liner, are not without

their relevancy; but they did not at their funniest afford me a tithe of the gratification I derived from their preface. "A Few Days in an Author's Life" is not a wholly satisfactory apologia. Too much of it is devoted to personal grievances. But it undoubtedly boasts on its critical side what Dr. Johnson would have termed a bottom of sound sense. It plainly apprehends our danger of sweeping away the past and finding no future to replace it; and it goes minutely into such causes of theatrical decay as the social aspirations which have corrupted the player and the professional aspirations which have destroyed the patron. In its constructive efforts there are truths which I feel it has overlooked, to the detriment of the efforts: that no flourishing art was ever produced by an artist for artists; that every renascence has looked back more ardently than it has looked forward, and that no single principle once vital in art—the ideal of contemplation, for instancecan ever be dismissed as dead.

HWUY-UNG Wrote the book; the Rev. J. A. MAKEPEACE translated it (acknowledging

assistance received from TSENG CHING, the original recipient); Mr. THEODORE J. TOURRIER, of Glenferrie, Victoria, supplied a foreword and a note or two, and finally Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS published it. But to which among these we are to allot the responsibility for a curiously clumsy title I cannot say. A Chinaman's Opinion of Us and of His Own Country is a terrible mouthful to produce at a library or a bookstall. Hwuy-ung, a mandarin of the blue (fourth) button, first went to Australia in the beginning of 1899, having narrowly escaped the lot of his brother-reformers who fell into the hands of the then Empress-Dowager Tsu-Hsi. From the house of his cousin, settled in Victoria, he wrote these letters, dealing at large with his impressions of Australia and his rising hopes for a new China. In 1903 he was tempted to return to China to take part in a rebellion, was severely wounded (losing a leg) and only managed to get back to Australia with great difficulty after being concealed in the bouse of a friend

Once more, nine years later, he set sail for Hong-Kong, at the invitation of Sun-yat-Sen, President of the new Republic; but the ship in which he embarked was caught in a storm as it neared the Chinese coast and the unfortunate one-legged author was swept away by a heavy sea. He seems from these letters to have been a most amiable character, a real patriot, a thorough gentleman, an acute observer, and possessed of a charming sentiment. Mr. Makepeace has translated him in a manner that preserves all his ingenuous quaintness, and in fine the book is worth reading for its own sake as well as for the picture it gives of our Australian colonies as they appear to the eyes of an intelligent and well-educated Oriental.

I imagine that a wise schoolmaster will not pay too



Father (reading School Report). "'Conduct, Bad; Reading, Bad; Composition, Arithmetic, History, Bad—Bad—Bad." What is the meaning of this, Gerald?"

Gerald. "I can't understand it, Dad. Do you think it might be a forgery?"

much attention to the requirements of the world in shaping the education of his pupils. Apart from the ethical poverty of the notion, it has an extremely scant chance of practical success, for the schoolmaster himself necessarily belongs to his own generation, and the scene he envisages as the probable background of his pupils' careers will undoubtedly have been shifted before those neophytes arrive. The great educationalist, like any other creative artist, imposes an ideal; whether the ideal is Plato's or Port Royal's, ARNOLD of Rugby's or SANDERson of Oundle's, the world has never shown itself slow at finding a use for its products. It is the absence of any such ideal that makes the literary remains of Miss Mary Bentinck Smith, late Headmistress of St. Leonard's School, St. Andrews, rather disappointing. Believing tha "the proof of education is adaptability to environment," Miss BENTINCK SMITH took extraordinary pains to see ahead of her time, even consulting the more prophetic books of "The Oracle called H. G. Wells" in order to forecast the future. The traditional feminine vir-

tues she apparently undervalued; "humility," she said, "is only good when pride is impossible," and the environment she contemplated for most of her pupils was that of the professional woman. She enthusiastically insisted on an all-round culture for her girls before they specialized, and her address on "Education and the Medical Profession" is the most interesting in the present book. This, a little volume of addresses and sermons, is issued under the school motto, Ad Vitam (Murray). Its contents were not intended for publication, and I feel they perhaps exact a personal memory of the writer and her work if they are to give an adequate impression of either.

with his impressions of Australia and his rising hopes for a new China. In 1903 he was tempted to return to China to take part in a rebellion, was severely wounded (losing a leg) and only managed to get back to Australia with great difficulty after being concealed in the house of a friend.

Not for a moment am I doubtful of the welcome that Cricket Highways and Byways (Allen and Unwin) will receive from all cricketers young and old. To speak of Mr. F. S. Ashley Coopen's qualifications for writing such a book must be almost superfluous, so I will only say that



Habitual Benefactress. "I'm afraid I'll have to owe you this time; I find I have no change."

Performer. "To be quite candid, lidy, I don't like the idea at all. It complicates a man's business, once he starts allowin' gredit."

he writes here with a devotion to the game which is most infectious, that he is anecdotal without being garrulous, and informing without being dull. His pages clamour for quotation, but of his tales (a few of which I admit are not in their first youth) I will rigidly restrict myself to one. Not so very long ago, in 1903, to be exact, a Hampshire clergyman made this announcement from his pulpit: "On Saturday next we play the return cricket match with T——; I shall umpire on that occasion, when I trust that our united endeavours will meet with success." This gem is not to be found in the chapter called "Umpires and Umpiring," but by a happy touch of humour in the one entitled "Cricket and the Church."

If those who wrote novels of crime were to be divided into teams of Possibles and Impossibles, I should certainly put Mr. Charles Barry in the former team, and 1 am not at all sure that I should not ask him to captain it. Perhaps he lacks some of the gusto for which so many of our sensational novelists are notorious, but as compensation for any deficiency in pace and dash he is soundness itself and would pass any trial for reliability. The Corpse on the Bridge (Methuen) is not, let me assure you, as cadaverous as its title suggests. Its scene is laid for the most part in

a Benedictine monastery, and the setting is both original and effective. I shall not reveal the secret which Mr. Barry hides so successfully from his readers, but be content to say that anyone in search of a detective story that is carefully written and well thought out should take an early opportunity to make the acquaintance of Dom Bruno Chavasse and his monks.

Miss Margaret Peterson, with a whole shelf-ful of books to her credit, must forgive me if I confess that Passionate Particles (Benn) has served as my introduction to her work. I have, at any rate, come in at a favourable moment, for with this book, say her publishers, Miss Peterson shows a greater thoughtfulness and strikes a deeper note. And certainly the note is deep enough. Ann Fabian, who for ruthlessness makes a good third to Clytemnestra and Lady Macbeth, tries to poison her sister Dolores, having, many years previously, drowned a playmate in a pool, at the age of eleven. As an engrossing if rather hectic story this book sufficiently explains Miss Peterson's popularity. It does not, however, justify her contemptuous reference to Ethel M. Dell and Gilbert Frankau, to whose works the feather-brained Dolores confined her reading. "Honour among best-sellers" is a good motto.



THE SPECULATIVE INSTINCT.

Mr. Punch. I have been pondering over President Coolings's recent utterance to Congress, in which he enumerated some of the more remarkable of the virtues of the American race. Humility, you will remember, and charity (in the Scriptural sense) were two of them. Following this high example I have been contemplating the virtues of my own race—an unusual exercise, for we rather pride ourselves on our self-depreciation—and I have come to the conclusion that our most characteristic merit is honesty.

The Cynic. Do you imagine that your opinion is shared by any foreign nation?

Mr. Punch. Not for a moment. Though our diplomacy should speak with the tongues of altruists and angels (as indeed it often does), no other nation would credit it with honesty. That is not the way of nations as such. Their standards of morality have barely begun to be civilized. Self-assertion, greed, violence, a passion for attributing the basest motives—vices which would be viewed with the greatest disfavour in social life—are still regarded as patrictic virtues in our inter-tribal relations. Hence this League of Nations for the dissemination of elementary morals among savages. But, while no foreign nation would dream of imputing honest motives to ours, at the same time, in his social and commercial relations, an Englishman's word—and his cheque—is accepted everywhere without question.

The Cynic. I should have thought that our private reputation for honesty was equalled, if not exceeded, by our private reputation for hypocrisy. Take an example that is constantly cited against us—our habit, when missionary enterprise has penetrated a heathen country, of following it up with the Flag and, under its folds, the

fire-water merchant. Isn't that hypocrisy?

Mr. Punch. A very old confusion of thought, The British missionary and the British vendor of spirituous liquors have nothing in common but their race and language; they are not in partnership, or even collusion, with one another. If the missionary were also interested in the promotion of facilities for intoxication, or if the retailer of alcoholic refreshment combined his functions with those of a pioneer of the Christian faith, you might talk of hypocrisy.

Cynic. Well, what about the attitude of our Government—which for the purpose of argument we may regard as a single entity—towards the question of betting? Apparently they consider it a vice which they are under a moral obligation to discourage—in the case, at any rate, of the poor man; yet they have no scruple about drawing revenue from those who practise it; indeed their only trouble is that, owing to a slump in the habit,

they don't draw more. Isn't that hypocrisy?

Mr. Punch. Let us rather call it inconsistency. In the term hypocrisy there is an implication of secretiveness, whereas the Government's attitude to betting is open and flagrant. But, whatever name we give to it, I admit that it calls for correction.

The Cynic. Why can't they recognise that the instinct for speculation is firmly embedded in the universal heart? And why must certain natural habits be qualified as vicious which are only detrimental if indulged to excess? The tea-habit is for some cryptic reason excluded, though women before now have lost all moral sense through excessive indulgence in this beverage. If the Government officially authorized a controlled system of betting, instead of making it legal in one form and overlooking its defiance of the law in another, it would cease to have even the semblance of a tolerated vice and might possibly for that reason lose some of its attraction.

In the advent of the Totalisator they have their opportunity. If this admirable instrument were distributed all over the country, not on race-courses alone, but, like post-offices—and preferably as one of the amenities provided by post-offices—wherever the needs of the locality demanded it; and if betting were only permitted through this medium, except that a few bookmakers might be still allowed to operate at race-meetings; if, in fact, the practice of betting, already tolerated, were regularised on an equal and national basis, we should hear no more talk of the Government's hypocrisy. No one accuses French Governments of hypocrisy because they draw a steady revenue for charities out of the official pari-mutuel.

Mr. Punch. There is something in what you say. Why, we may ask, is the speculative instinct implanted in our natures unless for the Treasury to utilise it? And your system would be logically bound to have the support of the Labour Party, who are all for the nationalisation of everything.

The Cynic. Then, again, what's the matter with State Lotteries? They would, of course, scandalise a section

of society that considers the Church-Bazaar raffle to be the only permissible form of speculation, the lofty end here justifying the deplorable means. But the raising of revenue is a sufficiently lofty end; and as for the deplorable means, I do not find that Tasmania, where State Lotteries are a periodical institution, has suffered in consequence any noticeable decline in morals. What a chance for a Government that is looking about for some way of recovering its prestige before it goes to the country! And, anyhow, this is one of those essentially liberal and democratic ideas for which we can only look to the initiative of the Tories.

Mr. Punch. I notice a movement in that direction. Already I see that some ardent Unionists are reviving the idea of Premium Bonds, with low interest and high prizes. They are out to utilise in the State's service the forces of human nature, just as Emerson was out to utilise the forces of external nature, such as the tides, for the purposes of motive-power, when he said, in that figure of speech so rudely graphic and so constantly misapplied in quotation, "Hitch your waggon to a star." I do not say that there is anything peculiarly starry about the speculative instinct, but there is a good deal to be said for hitching the Exchequer waggon to it.

Personally, I am disposed to be in sympathy with this idea, as one who loves to take chances. You see,

I am myself a bit of a bookmaker.

The Cynic. May I ask if you have done well with your chances during the past half-year?

Mr. Punch (his cheeks suffused with a blush of modesty). Pretty well, I hope. But you shall judge for yourself. Permit me to present to you my

One Pundred and Seventy-Third Volume."





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Cartoons.					
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